

# *A Collection of Poems from a Curious Explorer*

The world is out there to be explored, interacted with, travelled, enjoyed - and so we must do just that. Appreciate all of its oddities and quirks. All of its peculiarities.

Some of these poems may strike you as peculiar, but, as a great friend once said, 'Just feel it.' And when you crack what I mean, you'll understand completely, although you still won't be able to put it into words.

Also, I must warn you that once you step inside, there is nothing to protect you from the wacky and wonderful ideas. Conventions are abused, and standard grammar and structure is nowhere to be seen. Enter at your own risk.

Enjoy the poems and stories at your fingertips, and, at the end of the day, our entire world revolves around stories.

*Trap Number 4:*

Where do I begin with trap number four,  
What horrors will await me behind the dirty door,  
The smells, the splatters, the germs and more,  
That is what you find within trap number four.

Waiting on and on for the person to emerge,  
Bouncing from foot to foot, desperate for the loo,  
A queue is forming now and they need it too,  
Hurry now man, please let us in.

I could of course risk my life with trap number one,  
But the dangers there are different and then where's the fun,  
Instead of the bacteria and aromas that fill the air,  
Something much worse will be waiting there.

A lack of toilet paper, or something more disgusting,  
A broken lock or faulty door, and it's rather knuckle busting,  
Much cleaner yes I know, but not to put your trust in,  
So that leads us back to trap number four.

The door opens, the fingers tingle, and now you're almost there,  
The smell hits you, a pungent odour, and you begin to despair,  
Not only is it grim and foul smelling,  
There's no toilet paper in there!

You've waited for ages now, staring at the floor,  
The time has come now, you see your chance, you can't hold it  
anymore,  
Loosen the belt, unzip the flies, let out an almighty roar,  
This is what has become of trap number four!

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*What to Write:*

If only I knew how to start this,  
The words to write, the melody, structure, or even the message.  
But as I stare at this blank page, nothing comes to mind,  
I try to resist the love stories and resist the cliches, but something  
still feels amiss.

The page, a desert, a desert of ideas, a barren land, a white sea,  
So much possibility and yet I disagree,  
Poetry can be quite a ... hard thing.

I could start with sonnets,  
Shakespearean Sonnets, of two lovers in fair Verona, or savage  
Scotsmen battling to the death,  
But that's already been done, that was Macbeth.

I could start with tales of unknown lands and marching bands,  
journeys into the deep, a world beyond the sea, where murky waters reveal  
hidden waters,  
But that would be challenging and very hard to imagine.

I could talk about political parties, and everyday people's politics,  
and the broken promises & propaganda that fill every politician and policy,  
But that would just raise questions, and a quest for the truth may not  
be something that we wanna see.

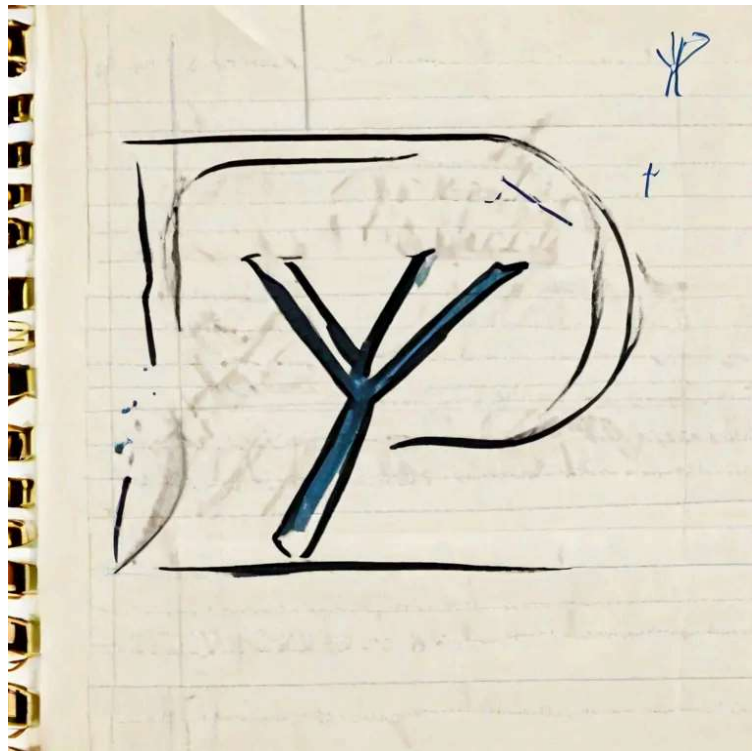
So I'm left on this cliff edge, so close and yet so very far, teetering  
into the unknown and bizarre, which is where I'll have to end this, still  
with not a word to write.

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x:

x. a letter. a number. everything for algebra. the mathematical world is blessed to have x. and yet they don't look after him. every question begins 'find x', 'search for an x' or 'evaluate x'. he is the root of all numerical problems. his partner in crime was usually given ... away. y. yes the number y. alphabetically joined. and yet so very different. she was pure and alone. usually nothing at all. for to find x she'd be 0. x took charge. he was the leader. he ruled the numbers. always lurking in equations, a mysterious foe, leaving us to wonder, what does x really know?

the same doesn't happen for other things. insects aren't ruled by the letter b. although there might be a bright buzzing bee, a honey bee. or butterflies. or bugs. but still b does not rule the animal kingdom. so here's to you x, the letter of the hour, in maths you're the star, you have all the power.



*Knock Knock:*

Knock knock, who could that be,  
Knock knock, there it was again,  
Wind rushing, rain pouring, silence captivating,  
And yet louder still they knock, at this ungodly hour, who on earth  
could it be?

This lone sound in the night, like a bang could cause fright, can  
cause a nerve-jangling, gut wrenching, finger-tingling reaction, who on  
earth could it be?

You prepare for the worst, ready for the unwelcome guest,  
Confused at their appearance in the twilight hours,  
Confused at their reasoning for knocking so late,  
Confused, even by the weather, ripping at the trees, tearing apart the  
calm like a lit match in a gas chamber,  
But still the question, who on earth could it be?

If this were in the daytime, you'd react very differently,  
Happiness and smiles bringing warmth all around, for this would be  
family,  
You'd welcome them in with a hug and a cheer, beaming brilliantly,  
Excitedly bumbling to the door, fetching drinks, and coats, and  
biscuits for all,

As an unplanned arrival is nothing more than a glint of summer sun  
on a dark and rainy day.

You hope to hear that knock knock knocking of joyous friends  
bearing gifts and spreading warmth throughout the home, when it's light,  
But as the sun begins to set, and an ominous glow covers the ground,  
that is far from the case,  
Instead you fear every creak, as though that sparks the intruder,  
sparks the danger, sparks the panic,

In fact there is nothing worse than a knock at the door, at a time like this.

Back to the figure at the door, who could it be?  
A dark mass, tall and built, but oddly shaped,  
A long black trench coat draped over muscular shoulders, and an object.

A spherical protruding object. A shifting, changing object. A moving object.

The knocking continues, like a beating drum, drowning out any sense or logic, the heartbeat to this mystery, who on earth could it be?

There is actually another type of knocking, which isn't quite so bad,  
You're at a party, canapes have been consumed, and drinks have been downed, and someone announces that they have a joke,  
And your heart sinks,

For you know that it's only a knock knock joke. And you know that they are not a comedian. And you know that they are far from an engaging entertainer.

'Knock knock.'

'Who's there?'

And no matter what words are uttered next, you will always get the same result. A polite ripple of laughter, and maybe even a 'That's good that.'

For a knock knock joke will never be comedy gold.

Unfortunately, though, you are not sipping drinks with friends, nor are you even at a party.

You're waiting at your door, at the dead of night, your pulse so fast that it echoes the raindrops like bullets pelting the glass.

One question. You know it by now.

Who could it be?

You reach for the door, and turn the handle,  
Pure adrenaline and fear, rushing through your veins, trying to  
expect the unexpected,  
The figure turns, and moonlight shines upon their faces, and you're  
filled with relief,  
Thank god for that.

Not only is it your brother, but he comes bearing his beautiful baby  
girl, her face warm and glowing like a christmas fire,  
That menacing peculiar object no longer quite so menacing ...  
although quite mischievous,  
Not all mysteries turn out badly,  
Maybe that 'knock knock' wasn't quite so bad after all.

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### *Unexplainable:*

What a feeling. The sweetest feeling.

It warms your heart, like a cup of cocoa on a snowy winter's day. Starting at the fingers and spreading throughout your body. A hug of joy and happiness. Of hope and excitement. These butterflies flutter by, filling your passion.

And yet you cannot explain it. Words are not enough, even with; desire, lust, yearning, and affection. Even a picture, which tells of a thousand words, barely scratches the surface.

Try as you might to put a finger on this sensation, you will soon look like another dumbfounded, lovestruck fool.

The smallest of actions or details can turn your world upside down. A smile, a smirk, a laugh or a cheer is enough to send your mind off, chasing possibilities, hopes and dreams. Still you cannot explain it, no matter how hard you try. But maybe, just maybe, those dreams will come true.

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### *Oasis:*

Lost. Wandering this confusing mysterious world, I can feel a wind whipping around my feet.

Racing. The sand swirling uncontrollably, shifting and changing faster than the tides.

Unstable. The ground, that was once a solid unmoving mass, guaranteed and trustworthy, no longer quite so dependable.

Sinking. Each step brings me closer to the safety of a past life, and yet every step sinks me deeper.

We trudge through, with nothing but a few directions and scraps of a map to guide us. We meet many fellow travellers, some join for the full journey, others just for lunch. We amble through the light, the dark, the treacherous and scary & the safe and warm, all hoping to find our solace.

Our oasis.



## *Waves:*

Waves. To wave hello. Or to be a wave on the seven seas. They aren't quite so distinct. Both have the most profound effect. And are made up of the smallest & gentlest of actions. A ripple.

Ripples form the beating heart of both.

Ripples created rhythmic symmetry held at their very core.

Ripples make the eternal dance that is life's rich tapestry.

Now in a greeting, the ripples are joyous electrical impulses, with a spark and a zest for life.

But in the water, the ripples are undulations, bubbling and trickling down stream.

The latter spreads peace & tranquillity throughout the world, and is ever present, whether somebody needs their guiding hand or not.

The former shines a light into somebody's life, a moment of childlike happiness too pure to put into words.

For each small action, no matter how small, can touch a heart, inspire & enthrall.

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## *Time:*

Sorry, have you got a minute?

That's time. It's the most precious thing that we all have, and yet we are often so wasteful with it.

The sands of time, these mythical waters, I wonder how they'd flow? Would they be solid and unmoving through the most tedious and arduous of paths? But, when travelling past nature & immense beauty, would they run away with themselves, as if her beauty has oiled the eternal clock?

And what about the land before time? What must that have been like?

Anyway, I would love to ponder over these things, but I'm afraid I'm in quite a rush. Time waits for no man.