

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Rhyme and Reason; a Compilation of Verses,  
Rhymes and Senses, by Dom**

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Title: Rhyme and Reason; a Compilation of Verses, Rhymes and Senses

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Release date: March 1, 2004 [EBook #5330]

Most recently updated: August 21, 2012

Language: English

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK RHYME AND REASON; A COMPILATION OF  
VERSES, RHYMES AND SENSES \*\*\*

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Rhyme and Reason- a compilation of verses , rhymes and senses by Dom

**IN MY PLACE**

Pray thee let none shall bar it's not the questions, where or when God grant I shan't be far In place of  
person, spirit then 8>)

**RISKING FOR A SIGN**

The nectar is sweet if the heart so dares never for the meek where riskiness stares Just risking for a  
sign

It won't stay when you stay  
Goes when you're own your toes  
The rewards are from the chase  
Reach for it but never in haste  
Nothing does like it does

By Faith we hope and pray  
Events roll out and lay  
Grasp for handles in a maze  
Readiness with a brace  
I'll take it in if I may

The nectar is sweet if the heart so dares those willing to seek where riskiness bares Just risking for a  
sign 8>)

**RISE AND SHINE**

Gilded sun rays clear the haze  
Lighted lights go out apace

Another rise over the mount  
Live creatures roused from their fount

Beings they gather and disperse  
Shrieking shouts and small whispers  
Wings above while eyes trained below  
all stir for what might follow

Those ordained all fall in line some lie still in thoughts opined chosen ones to fruition live while others Fates weigh and sieve 8>)

#### FOR MY FRIENDS

1  
Courtesy in deeds driven  
Ev'ry gesture plays a part  
Fair regard gladly given  
Fondness well planted in heart

2 Ye fair rovers in life torches glow and fires swell upon the reach of warm hive We wish thee "all be well"

3  
For those true let none deceive  
Be relieved by what's believed  
Within sadness joy's reprieve  
Joy increased from joy received  
8>)

#### YEAR'S END

The present year retires to rest with history Another course expires to lodge in memory

A new course woven and spun while we adorn its space Concerns commence and are done come what may rush or haste

A hope and toast to what's new fond farewell to what's past Let our joys never be few and may fond regard last 8>)

#### BLISS WE'RE FINDIN'

The heart shan't huddle in heavy pinin'  
For as long as there's a silver linin'  
From murky shadows it's hope we're minin'  
Through search and tumble it's bliss we're findin'  
8>)

#### A GLANCE AT TIME

What is this fleeting moment?  
An hourglass filled with cascading sand  
Passes us in joy or lament  
While we compelled or by own choosing attend  
8>)

#### CRUMB, ICEBERG AND GLIMMER

A few things to nourish us  
in this request in verse  
Give us a crumb from that loaf  
A humble comfort blanket  
Grant us a splinter of frost above  
Findings spawn from tip of iceberg  
Save some glow off the glimmer  
Hope preserved and mirrored

Those who give shan't be in want Those who receive in penury shan't  
If they wisely give and they wisely spend There'll be none to grieve  
But much to append 8>)

#### **ANTIQUÉ STREET**

Faded bronze picture pretty where cracks add curiosity mounting age make things vintage authentic  
guarantee's pledge yesterday's streets I tarry Green moss carpets alley 8>)

#### **A VERSE OF THANKS**

I thank thee for thy patronage rhyme like wine improves with age though I shan't be a hermit sage  
I'm glad thou had found this page 8>)

#### **FOR VERSES' SAKE**

There's nothing here at stake But the reasons we state come play for verses' sake lines of prosaic  
prose break 8>)

#### **HOPE IN THE DARKEST HOUR**

The pall of the darkest hour  
Is lifted by Faith's power  
Let burn your resolve's ardour  
There's relief in Hope's harbour!  
8>)

## **NUMBER CRUNCHER**

one over two I am not two of three they said not three times four she had not four from five he knew  
not five and six a naught not six sevens they saw not seven eights it was not eight nines they brought  
not nine a ten it is not Good heavens is what I've got! 8>)

World from my windowpane

The world is well and sane  
From my eyeview's windowpane  
While Good charged and shook its mane  
Thoughts drift on a saunterly train  
8>)

It's not too late

Lady Fortune nudges coyly  
Pandora strikes stealthily  
Hope stays in purposeful wait  
All that's Good, it's not too late  
8>)

The Archer

The Archer pulls his bowstring  
Yonder what lies in hiding  
One shot hits its target true  
Hinders doubts which worries spew  
8>)

Life and Rhetoric I

Though oft cautioned we pass unwarily  
An earthly life's junctures and maze  
Fitting pieces circumstantially  
In wakeful awareness and daze

8>)

### Life and Rhetoric II

Circumstance is fleeting

We run with the current and do what we must

In retrospect fitting

Ignorant of present and wise of the past

8>)

### Here's a Crowd

Chaos plays Jack-in-a-Box

Father Time oils his clocks

Mother Nature preens her hair

Courage makes his own chair

Fate deals her card deck

Past is ever dwelling back

Present plays with Here and Now

Future poses with When and How

Peace reclines in sweet repose

Purity, not a spot on her clothes

Wish speculates wistfully

Reality alters mercurially

Sleep is strictly not to be disturbed

Wakefulness stirs on its own turf

Those which have been named

Our tempers they have tamed

Spans of ages they have reigned

Outlasting Pride and things vain

8>)

### Emerge

From its perch molten orb uncovers day

As diurnal beings emerge to seek hay

From its perch Certainty clears murky

As it hands Conscience the masterkey

8>)

### Digging the heels

We are drunk by sweet claret

Our Fates dealt by tarot

By causes the brows had furrowed

For causes reserves had burrowed

Take us to where redemption's moored

We head forth firm where none detoured

8>)

### Glutton's Delight

Surprise quirks spur a thirst that which quenches hungers a second follows first that which restores changes 8>)

### Allow Me

Allow me your sweet musings

Those worry and hurry overlooked

Fairer than sweet nothings

Solace and Patience shan't be duped  
8>)

#### Curiosity

Curiosity taps my hesitation  
My gaze blinks warily  
What's the price of revelation?  
Mere lunge and peep only?  
8>)

#### Same Suspect

The hand that won the crown  
The same hand wipes the brow  
Look ye all up and down  
The same one anyhow  
8>)

#### Lines of Joy

Our bliss filled wings flutter  
The heart traipses with rapture  
Pure joy has its mirrors  
Smiling delight it sires  
8>)

#### Be the Spark

Let not might expire  
At the topmost spire  
Nor fine sinews tire  
Bogged in messy mire  
Come strike and feed first spark  
Hues to all pale and stark  
8>)

#### Morrow

Within a bewildered mire  
Resolve sires inner fire  
Speedy streaks aimless confusion wrecks  
Like brittle burnt twigs confusion creaks  
An inner spark, emerges, divulges  
Upon mortal frailty, comforts, touches  
Lament not in sorrow  
Embrace the fair morrow

Deeds past lodge in memory's place  
My time now in haste or good pace  
The crook of the trick my conscience prick  
Truth I seek for it I shan't be meek  
A lively spark, emerges, divulges  
Upon mortal frailty, comforts, touches  
Lament not with sorrow  
Embrace the fair morrow  
8>)

## Scaling The Ladder

Mighty obligation curtailed voice  
Left us splinters we took as choice  
I've been bumped from nook to cranny  
Had some, some days crumbs of plenty  
Yet learned and notched miles and hours  
On wet grass to brazen towers  
It's sweat, dread, I'm glad to have left  
Despite and in spite of, unsapped  
On full alert to hit the heights  
Bide in stride and take in the sights  
8>)

The seer said to me

Fear me not I am not Harm  
Unclench fists and ready arm  
I see woven threads, wordly realms  
The beaten track and what it seems  
Crossroads present ripples the current  
Absent indulgence tickles serpent

Bridge the chasmic ridge

Defy Destiny you live in grief  
Welcome what's to be then judge and sieve  
Keep the torch blazing in its glow  
Leave solace basking in the know  
My sanctum now sows the seed  
The seer's form to edge recede  
8>)

SURSUM CORDA-Lift up your hearts

Come my dears the sun yellow  
Beckons thee out of sorrowful wallow  
The pit of tears runs too shallow  
For lively spirits mellow and callow  
Let's be gone with many a-bellow  
We cross the hollow elbow to elbow  
8>)

### **FINICKY FANCY**

Go and Run ,skulk and hide The hazy signs of next delight ever mercurial as fickle tide you say it's done then you might

I shall run and stay beside  
No cell here is watertight  
Evolution's a bumpy ride  
It's not done, might just might  
8>)

### **RHYME JIVE**

Glasses of wine crowns a good dine  
Sips of rhyme to while the time  
I say mine, you say your line  
Brightens the clime, isn't it fine?  
8>)

Taken from a drunk's pocket:

If you said gin and tonic  
I think you're prophetic

But if you called for beer  
Bear the wine drinkers' sneer  
Got caught in my veins some scotch  
Surprised my mind's not scorched  
If I hear of old Bloody Mary  
Let me check out cash and carry  
Now don't you say rum and tequila  
My marushka let's pour some vodka  
I'm really not that taciturn  
Just the burden of some bourbon  
8>)

## SEASIDE SUNRISE

From distance and depths they roll nearer like a constant stroll their formation fluidly rustling  
nearing leaves slovenly shaking salt in my nose, curled up my toes I can see the troopers moving hither

Horizon of scattered specks unheeding fluid troopers' tracks wavy phalanx forward advance prance a  
primordial nature's dance glare in my eyes, from morn sunrise my attention attends along the strand  
8>)

### Requiem

Drowned by the hand of mortality a soul shines where Angels ply with Goodness pure and Divine  
mercy (s)he now dwells where Angels fly 8>)

### Face in the Crowd

When it all rolls over and our hearts sobered I'll be a face in the crowd

When the hurly-burly bustle on its own weight tumble I'll stay a face in the crowd

When I take things slower and I'm less of a mover I'll be a face in the crowd

When I'm less able to bet on the table I'll stay a face in the crowd

When voices speak softer less to excite over I'll be a face in the crowd

Let's pack it all in live off it from within Just like a face in the crowd 8>)

### All in All

All our given sunrises  
All our sunsets ordained  
All our best desires  
All our hearts proclaimed  
All untruth never maul  
All truest all in all  
8>)

## AIR OF SUSPENSE

An air of suspense sweeps over me  
A wonder only seen in dreams  
A great rush of heavenly fidelity  
and my spirit dances among moonbeams

High over valleys my joy rallies I wish and long to dally alas dreams are like snow fade when it's time to go

But this joy I'll evermore recall when among the clouds I stand tall as my heart leaps, among hilly peaks I'll cherish deep and recall the trip

An air of suspense sweeps over me A wonder only seen in dreams A great rush of heavenly fidelity and my spirit dances among moonbeams 8>)

Consolation for a Nightingale

For though it seems the horizon wide was swallowed by the ink of night Hope still resides by your side Strength to resume sparks alight 8>)

Happiness when it Comes

Happiness isn't an all time high But when it comes it does not lie as much as you can without frowning and letting go without drowning Not the mystery tucked in a box or a steeple chase marked by clocks Contentment and an unruffled heart A gift from Life, an acquired art! 8>)

Poet at Play

sparks and thoughts they do combine thy brief verses grant it clime the poetic deed shall be incomplete should verse denied of rhyme replete at rest in this forest I do beseech a pause then to Parnassus reach !

symmetry of rhyme addiction weaves and spins bear fruition past concepts and articulations through the truth and truisms thus the quest of poetic frenzy by far loftier than mere fancy 8>)

## DOM THE GOOF

Footsteps, they clatter as I looked to the mirror is it for the better? I'm a habitual worrier

Your eyes reached for me but I was ever unsure did I transgress decency of this new culture?

It was not what it seemed  
this gaze of avid urgency  
A glass up to its brim  
I carried on nonchalantly

The waiter a while lingered thought he a catastrophe a full glass to him mattered another spill casualty?

I delicately sipped the outskirts of the rim thus in one sip I nipped the bungle at the brim 8>)

## A WORD ON WORDS-revised 2002

Words to proselitize  
Words to hail  
Words to define  
Words to douse silence  
Words to rouse  
Speech is a double edged gift  
In stroke , ails and heals.

Words to state plainly  
Words to choke gasps of worries  
Words to accompany deeds



Words to line void of ignorance  
Words to fill gaps of craving  
Language is a double edged gift  
In a swoop , blights and blesses.  
8>)

### **A SMILING CONUNDRUM**

A simple act of smiling carries abundant nuances. Its appearance unfolds subtleties in spells so brief that attention has to acquire suppleness and clairvoyance in order to trace its intention. An emotional armour, an ignorant smirk, a habitual display, a crack of dismay. It serves as an olive branch, a link of mutuality, a spirit booster, a disarming tool. It wriggles so mildly into the domain that it catches us off-guard in an awkward pose in the midst of some complication, a teaser's toy, a perplexing foil, a facial perk up. It has beguiled hearts for generations, a warm gesture of agreement , nonchalant bravado, unperturbed defiance, a universal affirmation of pleasure. 8>)

### **BETWEEN FASTING AND FEASTING**

Inspiration alternates between fasting and feasting. Let it cascade from funnels of thoughts. Improvise and let fancies weave as much and as often as they please. There is unity despite this mish-mesh . Inspiration gushes more than our fill can contain. It flows till each kernel is milked of its essence, then recedes to miserly trickling.

It hibernates as themes ossify, mummified in rumination's chrysalis. Charges to the fore of consciousness and floats to the spout of the fount when ripeness blooms. 8>)

## **ON PARTING**

I had long anticipated this parting. I had wept in anticipation of this. Intense pain coiled around refusal and vexation, caused by anger that it should pass so soon. To heave our chests with sobs, wail ourselves hoarse, sap breath of air are futile. Part we must.

I cannot offer tears now. I had wept in anticipation of this. Senses stay with me as I go about matter-of-factly. But sorrow is real. Whoever who has emotions and compassion will surely feel the tight knot on heartstrings in times of grief. Part we must.

Mourning lasts not forever. Speak not of regret. Seek joys shared. Extricate the most comely or comical picture of the departed from recesses of recall or from the picture archive.

Caress those treasured tokens. Care for them well. Mortality had usurped and carried them across the walls while those living, are moored here still. 8>)

### **AFTER THE HURT**

We wince, grimace, we deny, we blush, we withdraw, we stumble, grapple for a hold then surge wildly with our hurt, to our sanctuary, for security, for support, for sympathy which we so badly lack. Our egos soothed, our pride mended, our resolve restored, our courage renewed. We make our way out of the zone of our sanctuary to the swirl of life, kingdom of actuality, the playfield of fortune, the polarity of cause and effect. We stand our ground, stake our claim, carve our indentations upon eternity. 8>)

### **AT THE DOCKS**

Pungence of the coast enter the nostrils before sight glimpses the first outlines of the docks. As we gaze around the coastal settlement , all manner of architecture, decorations, signage and paraphernalia suggest an ode to the sea and a boatman's lot.

The utilitarian magnetism of a rugged painted scene experienced live. Water's surface beside ravaged outskirts of the docks. Rusty submerged pillars and barnacles, so common a sight, they go unnoticed.

Foam formations and breaking foam. Reflections of the surface on a good sunny day like fluid sequins

, they gleam. Vessels off to the wide open and vessels approaching. The mutable tide and current. Bobbing buoys and crafts.

An assemblage of scattered generators, expelled fumes, sputtering engines with cadence of speech merge to form a union of din. Picture perfect for a tourist. It's an average day in the lives of those whose fortunes depend on the day's catch and nature's dictates.

Tobacco smoke, grunts, gruff ramblings, murmurs, occasional raised volume, wellingtons, raincoats, overcoats and windbreakers. Footsteps upon tarred passages. Shadows of beings cast on cobblestone walkways. The stooped, hunched, sprightly and nimble.

It's a rare sight for a pristine boat to be moored at the docks or a seafarer in uncreased gear, whose presence is devoid of telltale salty scent. Eyes accustomed to the regular scene spies a newcomer with ease. 8>)

## **WANDERER'S NOTATION**

A trace of superstition still hangs upon them. The past is as tangible as actuality. They live it, they breathe within dominions of their time and those once trod by their forefathers. The legacy is both strong and benevolent. Hence , so is the affinity between generations long parted and the living present. The departed have never truly departed from the consciousness of those still living, though not every name is known but their presence is persistent. The people here, they're a mite superstitious. Youthful formative years were liberally imbued with rhymes and odes of folklore where there is no sharp divide of legend from history. The structured education of logic, truth and reasoning heap upon indentations first forged by lore, diligently learned during childhood. A clear innocence flavour their pursuits. A sense of unobtrusive dignity pervade pursuits spanning from exalted undertakings to prosaic chores. If there is a place where a wanderer would gaze back with longing in heart and a vow to return, it would be this.

## **NO. 11 (A PIECE ABOUT ILLEGAL WEEKEND RACING)**

a trail of cold wetness a passing rain's legacy a weekend's night at the square's hub

pungence of pumping exhaust hazy light beams streak their path through the murky blur

the public mingle at street fringes as streaks of lights mark their motorised presence

has anyone found their night's beacon ? or is it only tonight's attraction destined to be next morning's faded memory ?

screeches and skids upon asphalt surface burning rubber doused by moist surface

thrills in a rush bets on the line for momentary glory without flawless display a reckless fool he becomes

how we've lived and where we're heading vanishes when adrenaline shoots from a quick draw all philosophical speculation abruptly cease

has anyone found their life's beacon ? or is it only tonight's attraction destined to crack up and fade at first light ? 8>)

## **MARKET PLACE**

Peddlers and buyers parley. Each trying to inch to a compromise. When the deal is struck it is a mutual reward of patience for both. Both profit at an agreed cost. Hear peddlers hail and rave indiscreetly about their wares to passers-by with the purpose of making buyers out of browsers.

The market place is where material desire pursues realistic needs and perpetuates the jousting between persuasive wit and adamant refusal. Sweet recommendations slide up to those who pass by without a list and fill their minds with the lure of the next bargain.

Barrage upon barrage of humanity locked in bargaining, scurrying to and from , browsing without

purpose, seeking with marked intentions. The market place is where friends with acquaintances , kinfolk with strangers tread the common way. Fresh links hooked. Old ties renewed. It is up to the individual to disclose or evade the throng of queries.

Smoothen frowns caused by fretting . Weary minds, take a hike along the market place. There's variety to be had within the stream of humanity there. It teases interest and flicks a spark on the fuse of humour. With senses and caution, join the jostling. Emerge none the poorer. So much the richer. 8>)

### **CORNER STREET**

A mob masses at a side street. Something which they hear intrigue them so. It rises above their routine bustling hassle. A booming invitation from a corner street salesman who hones his pitch to perfection. He nets commuters with his velvet lure of promise... for a fee. Wielding his selling lines like a coveted bauble while he tugs with his words. Those touched by his pitch tow along like an entourage of mice, latching on to the Pied Piper. The horde crane their necks for a ring side view , stretch limbs to advance nearer and strain sight for a close up. He stands high , above all heads , on a concrete pulpit and proceeds to wean all to his prescription. He proclaims "For a fee, the majority will attain a share of a rare minority". 8>)

### **PROMENADE MUSICIAN**

A promenade musician with repertoire of tunes to whisk the rhythm of your gait away. Fixes you to a standstill and makes the heart yearn for sweetness which she coaxes from the strings. She plays for her keep. Touched generosity bestow appreciation into a ready hat. The last note done , she raises her head to acknowledge the spontaneous cheers. Gazes back to the tool of her trade, readies herself and plucks the strings again to sweep the next passer-by into the honeyed core of melody. 8>)

### **OF DESIRE AND VIGOUR**

We are charioteers with vigorous steeds, eager to spring off to pace the breeze and pit against the wind. But what is vigour without defined intent ? A fatuous waste of good strength. Fuse desire, vigour and achievement into a singular fruition. When splintered, there is inner vortex which spirals and heckles mercilessly, relentlessly. Restless ambition is unsettled. It leaps in step with rousing craving. Wanting, coveting, desiring, they are emotions coaxed into being by experience, which meddle with our senses. Tame their potency, induce direction and order. To do so , the heart's pounding is reined and driven by reason. 8>)

### **ARCADIA**

A place to grow old in. Verdant slopes teem with pastoral greenery. Waves splinter on craggy rocks and cliffs. They, the vanguards of the coast. Showered and mired with the sea's deep blue depth. Effervescent streaks of foam marks each agitation. Thoroughfares , serenaded by minstrels. Be enchanted by wayfarer's tales, drawn to the romance of fables and ruminates on the bitter-sweet myths. Trace stony mounds with the soles as the feet step on cobble stone streets. Homely public houses, freshly cooked square meals at cabs and bonhomie, as common as courtesy. Live our days in contentment. Good banter abound and rousing humour gallops. It is at once both country and city. Neither be in want of conveniences nor be compelled to forego the space of privacy. A place to grow old in. 8>)

### **PAGAN PRAYER**

Divine Apollo, won't you roll us another day ? Slide the shadows and give us light. Then we'll know that yesterday was not our last. We live another day to tread and carve this earth. Orpheus, won't you play us another tune ? Spur those weary ones. Lull anguished souls. Calm eddies of worried minds. Soothe and entertain those left. Poseidon, bring your chariot over your kingdom of the sea, with your sacred trident, bless the seas with plenty. Let the winds be kind to sailors. Let the catch be rich. Tame the ocean's ferocity when it vexes. Aphrodite, be benevolent to those who seek love. Kindle passion yet temper its infectious intensity lest the glow becomes a torrid pyre. Eros plays tricks with his arrows and bow. Allow us the power to discern with liberty of choice and reason as company. Hermes, we pray that you bring glad tidings to us mortals. We long to hear you proclaim , o messenger of the Gods , that needless bloodshed shall be no more. That goodness rules. Hope subdues chaos released by Pandora. All injustice undone. Suffering's grief and tears shed cleansed from memory. Athene, guide us from

machinations of Evil. Grant us the gift of Courage and Perseverance. The same which you had given Odysseus for we too endure our own odysseys. Demons and villains, they alter their guises well and cunningly. Hades, keep your train beneath the world. Your faithful Cerberus, bark and bite not at mortal heels before our time. Our course governed by Heaven's trade with the Reapers at your command. O Fates, lead us gently and guide us well into the Hereafter. Supreme Zeus, the one of the feared thunderbolt. Mightiest of Olympians, final arbiter. With a fraction of your wisdom, we shall have sight of sense. With that sense, breathe wisdom in our actions and curtail weaknesses. Your blessing and mercy be upon us all still. 8>)

#### Drunk on Rhyme

1

What's to come, to be done  
This while's all future and now  
Impulse leaves with gracious bow  
Straying would've harmed

2

The ebbing glow of twilight  
Brings the hints of hopes bright  
Dispense of loud proclamations  
There's ample from quiet assurances  
Heartening presence in spirit  
Which no one else but us know it

3

We enjoy the delights within our grasp  
Tempted by mirages out of reach  
Forsake comforts for sweat and gasps  
to return with trophies and preach

4

What's said in confidence  
Expects silence in return  
To stay true to intention  
Is the best recompense  
8>)

END

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK RHYME AND REASON; A COMPILATION OF  
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