

# Dreams & Reality

A Collection of our Poems, Paintings and Photos

Clive and Heather Elliott



## A Collection of our Poems, Paintings and Photos

Life's journey, through the flickering lens of brush strokes, images and sound.  
Tentative and ephemeral, language and light reach out. Still figures slowly stir.  
Fluid thoughts find pattern, shape and form. Memories pieced together by  
slender filaments of place and time. Fleeting moments captured in mime.

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## Love



**TO HEATHER – (1993)**

We are lovers, we shout, rant and rave  
I simmer you explode and misbehave

Then you settle down and pout  
I sulk and look about

You're the constant through it all  
I hear your sensible call

But I'm a stubborn fool  
Unresponsive, quiet and cool

So often it's all the same  
You say no-ones to blame

Get over it, no need for a mood  
But I still ponder and brood

It soon subsides, ruffled feathers flat  
The here, the now, the at

But when it's all said and done  
You're my "Baby Girl", the only one



**ELEMENTS OF LOVE – (1994)**

Two elements meet  
supporting each other  
they stand  
together but discrete  
like love  
opposing forces  
united and complete



**CARE BEAR (1994)**

Me's a cuddly care bear  
to keep you warm  
when at home  
and all alone

Me's your bestest friend  
furry and soft  
so hold me tight  
every night

Me's a travel bear  
if you like  
because when everyone's away  
I always stay



## GOODBYE (1995)

A dark and frosty morning  
snow sprinkled ground  
icing sugar nice  
but under that  
hard cold ice

A building stands alone  
subdued  
radiator warm  
keeping out  
the waiting storm

A solitary plane  
indolently waits  
frost-cool  
taking on  
a load of fuel

A young couple  
stand alone emotions bare  
fever hot  
root bound plants  
in a pot

Arms entwined  
a desperate  
sleep trance  
passionate  
they dance

A hand  
through the hair  
tender touch  
so subtle  
says so much

An insatiable  
deep drink look  
selfless stare  
self absorbed

A sigh  
helpless  
terminal tear  
wells up  
time is here

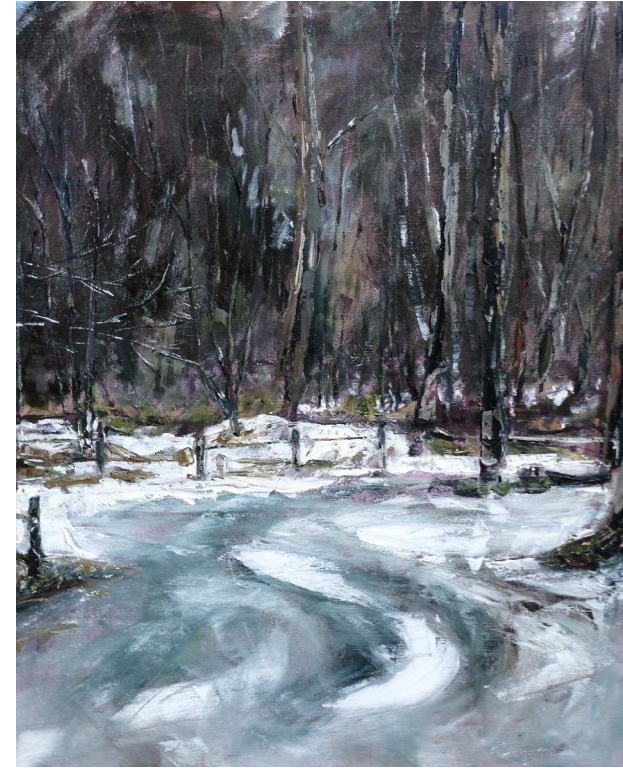
A final  
desperate glance  
a backward look  
a closing  
of a book

Miles high  
as if to dare  
a distant stare but on the runway  
there's no-one there

A pathetic  
tearful wave  
encapsulates  
in a second  
their fates

Suddenly its white  
a cloud  
a forlorn call  
"my love"  
the curtain falls!

A sigh  
helpless  
terminal tear  
wells up  
time is here



A final desperate glance  
a backward look  
a closing of a book

Miles high  
as if to dare  
a distant stare  
but on the runway  
there's no-one there

A pathetic  
tearful wave  
encapsulates  
in a second  
their fates

Suddenly its white  
a cloud  
a forlorn call



**THOUGHTS OF YOU – (1996)**

The outline of your smile  
furrowed but fine  
the contours of your lips  
lightly creased in line

Auburn hair  
reddened but not much  
freshly washed  
soft to the touch

Eyes sure and deep  
reflect an emerald fire  
blaze and shimmer  
until subdued they tire

Skin smooth to the touch  
satin like and fair  
dusted with exquisite  
gossamer fine hair

Gently etched lines  
have started to appear  
faint reminders  
to me so dear

These are the little things  
which vividly come to mind  
these are the treasures  
of the priceless kind

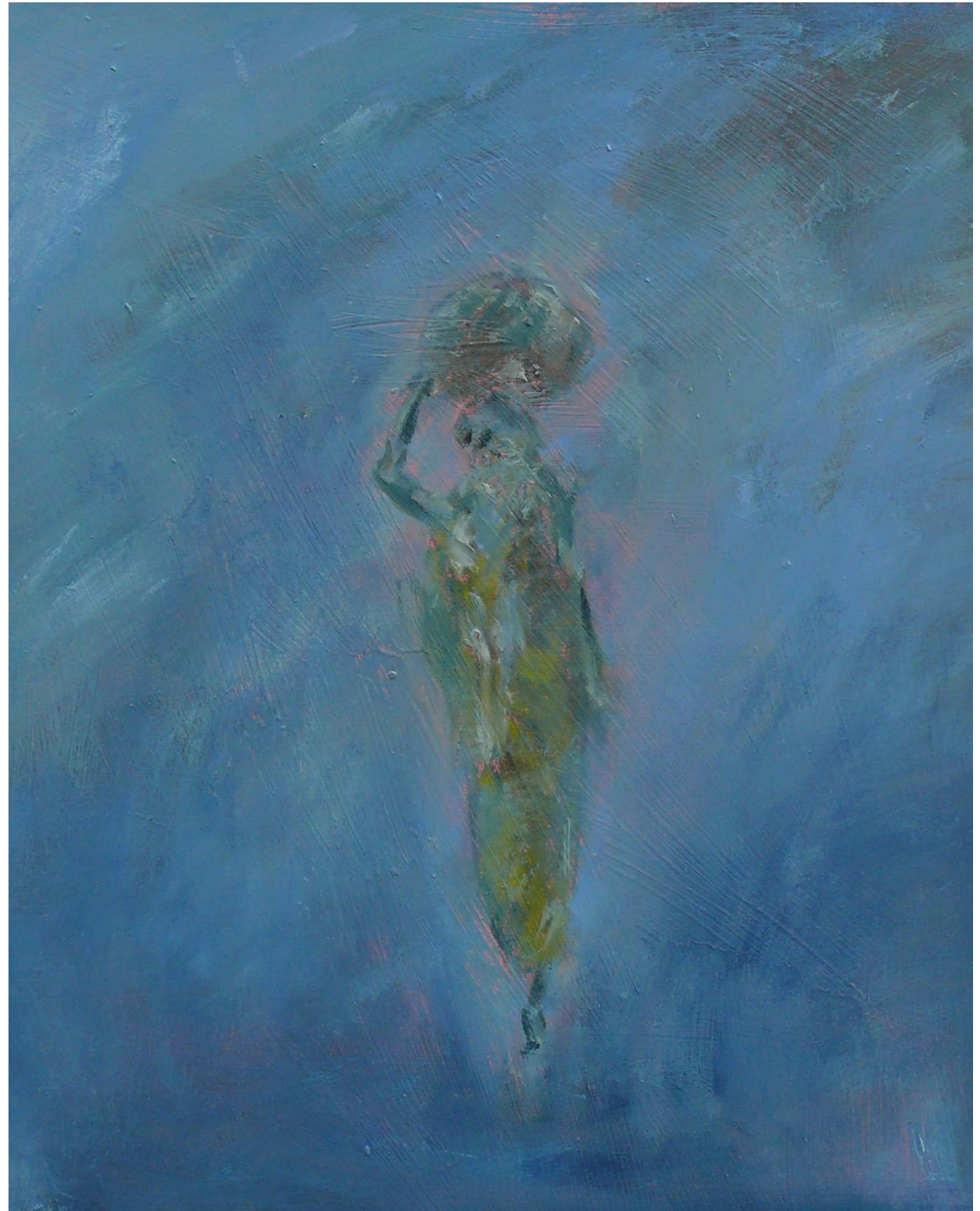
Unlike millionaires  
or covetous kings  
who accumulate and count  
and value things

I am rich  
as all I do  
is sit alone  
and think of you



**A GLANCE – (1997)**

Room  
Crowd  
sightglance  
sip  
glance  
again  
flicker  
wait  
smile  
smile?  
Yes  
lips  
crease  
lightly  
pursed  
look  
away  
turning  
she pivots  
glides  
away  
away!



## MOON DEW – (1998)

A gentle drop of dew  
Slowly starts to form  
Condensed on God's breath      Kindly and warm

It enters the eternal mighty sea  
Where currents ebb and flow  
Brittle strands of sunshine  
Battered to and fro  
For a tiny fragment of time  
A diamond shines  
Secured it seems  
On flimsy fishing nets lines

Facets finite but fine  
Lacy seams  
Filter the light  
Life's fleeting dreams

And then without a sound  
Reflected like a moon  
It subsides  
So soon, so soon

Even so  
Like a gentle drop of dew  
There's nothing as beautiful and precious  
As you



## CLOUDS THAT CRY – (1999)

A brooding washing line sky  
hangs grey clouds out to dry until mist like rain  
the day begins to cry

Its energy ebbs away  
passing slowly by  
The will wanders about  
The winds fidget and sigh

The dark night birds  
Gather their wings and fly  
But memories and love are eternal  
Even when life passes



## VALENTINE'S DAY (1999)

It's Valentine's Day  
And once again I haven't got a card  
Even if frog-like, I try to kiss you  
I will probably only make you cry

But even if this message  
Is not micro-chip controlled  
Remember my Darling  
Neither technology nor frogs  
Could ever match or construe  
The love I have for you!  
So, don't just stand there  
Make the most of it  
And kiss me too!



**MOM - (1999)**

You gave me life  
within a caul  
You loved me so  
You'd pick me up  
Each time I'd fall

You held my hand  
You said my son  
You may be small  
But you've got Viking blood  
So stand and walk tall

And when in doubt  
You'd hold my hand  
And kiss my face  
Your love is everything  
Your love is all

In silence I lie  
Remembering the fullness of life  
The endless ways and means  
The tangled webs  
The recurring themes

Random memories enter the frame  
They appear then filter away  
So real it seems  
The tangled threads  
Of archived dreams

The carriage of time  
Transports me along  
Pillow soft seams  
Swept along  
On silent streams



## THE SYMMETRY OF TWO (2008)

The magnetism of attraction  
The virtue of tenderness  
The reassurance of support  
The primacy of respect  
The reverence of equality  
The delight of laughter  
The reward of trust  
The joy of giving  
The pleasure of receiving  
The value of sympathy  
The strength of forgiveness  
The warmth of companionship  
The eloquence of alignment  
The cadence of harmony  
The energy of mutual critique  
The resonance of understanding  
The value of perseverance  
The wisdom of patience  
The glow of intimacy  
The magic of passion  
The supremacy of unqualified love  
The totality together, of two



### A DECADE'S DREAMS (1999)

One – together, fashioned by the morning sun  
Two – awakened, first it's you  
Three – then a little later it's me  
Four – love cast like warm light through a door  
Five – flat-out, full and alive  
Six – expectations and dreams meld and mix  
Seven – joys and sorrows shape and leaven  
Eight – two free spirits joined by fate  
Nine – your memories merge and become mine  
Ten – I love you now and I loved you then!



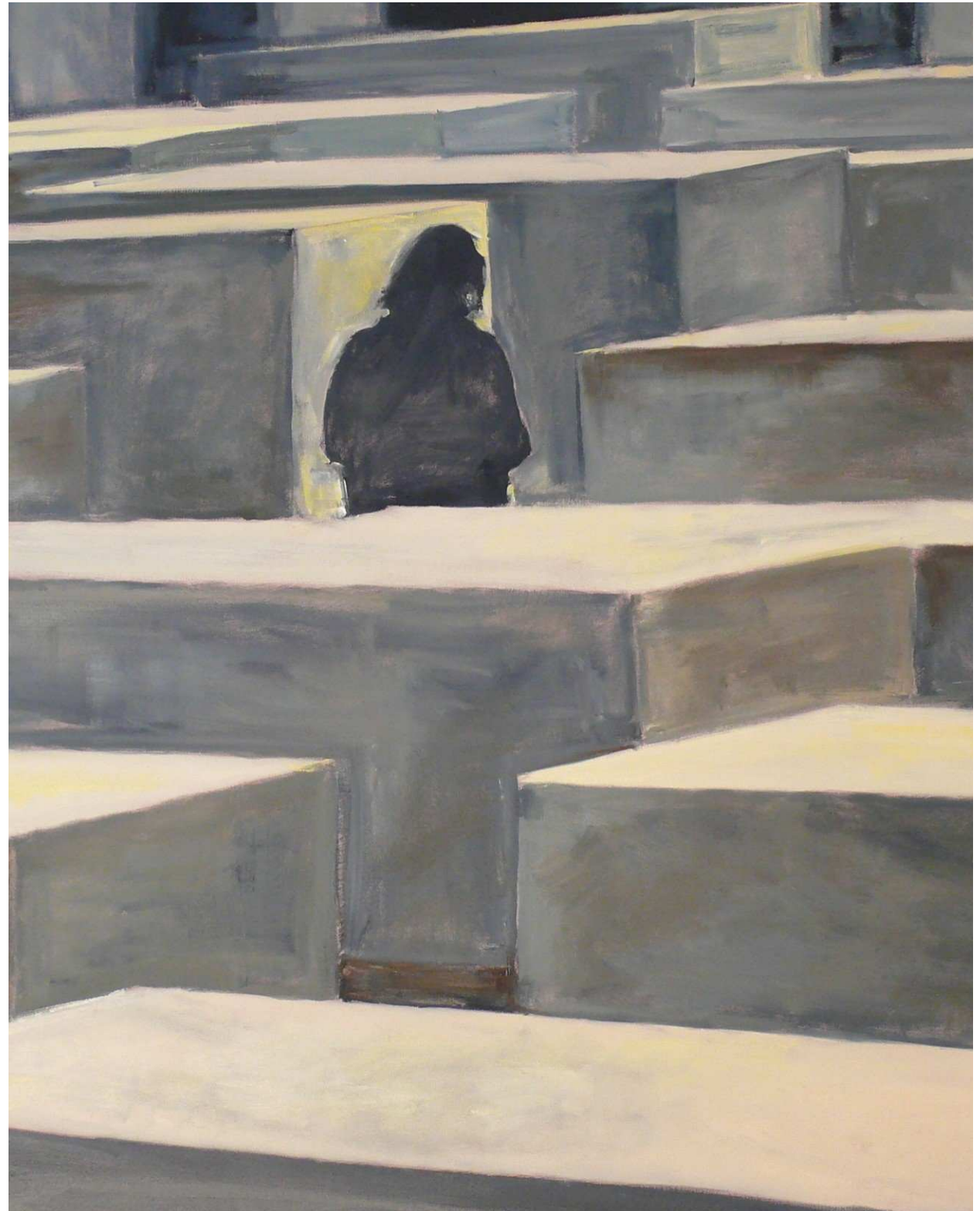
### **LOVE ALIGNED (2009)**

This is my token of love to you  
Parted, together, yet still two  
When you wear it, I say  
I loved you every single day  
In every sense and every way  
You are a fine and precious thing  
You are the song I need to sing  
With all our elements combined  
We are complete in love aligned



**LOVE (2010)**

Lungs denied air  
Art without flair  
There is no night without day  
Love will find a way  
The grass needs rain  
Love needs pain



### **TALISMAN IN THE SAND (2010)**

Seek not wisdom in long written words  
Seek it not in libations and balms  
Nor in objects and wealth  
Nor in the soft embrace of carnal charms

Look to the turn and curve of driftwood  
Fashioned by the watery tongue of time  
Sense the grace and mystery of life  
In every twist turn and line

Wisdom is eternal  
It lies not in mans' creations  
Brutal and grand  
But in the ageless beauty  
Of this talisman in the sand



### THE SIGN OF LOVE (2010)

Love is a religious sign  
Planets in a cluster align  
You lie in the centre bright  
Warm you radiate and shine  
Arms support and hold you tight  
Embrace your love and light



**LIFELINES (2011)**

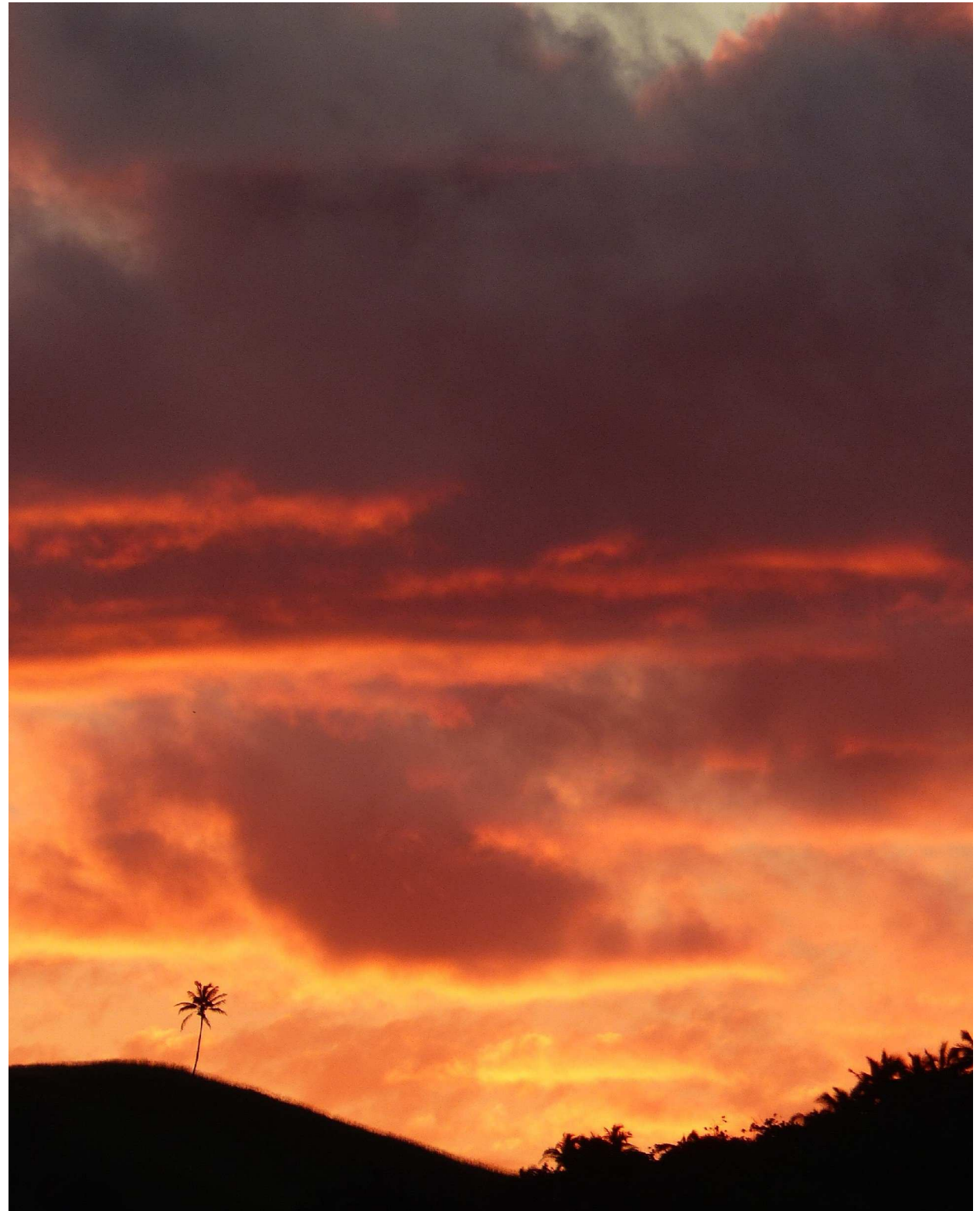
The mysterious lifelines on our palms  
Pathways mingle and merge  
Patterned sinews in our arms  
Linking our lives  
With ancient amulets and charms



**MY AIR (2011)**

You are my air  
Thin and rarefied  
Unable to breath  
When you're not there

My arms reach out  
They twist and turn  
Sinews and tendons strain  
Muscles ache and burn  
Rhythmically they move  
On wings of desire  
Reach for the heat  
To lift them higher



## Loss



### THE RAIN AGAIN (1979)

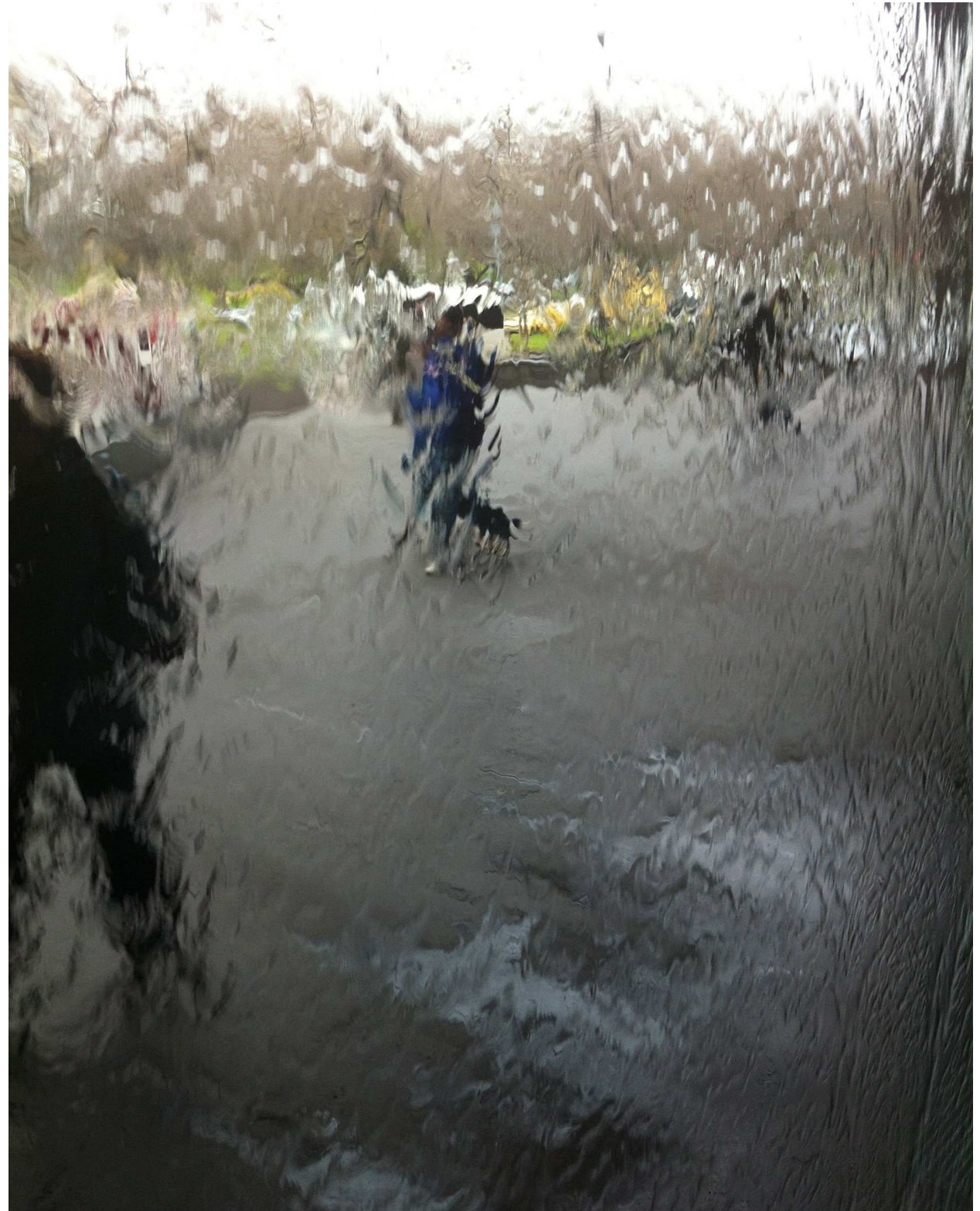
Its been raining for four days now  
I can sense it  
I can feel it all around  
its wet on my pillow  
the window's open wide  
I know the reason  
You're on my mind

Its been raining for four weeks now  
I can sense it  
I can feel it all around  
its even wet on the ground  
you're on my thoughts  
but I'm biding my time

Its been raining for four months now  
I can sense it  
I can feel it all around  
I can hear a near silent sound  
I sit up and listen  
but I realise its nothing

Its been raining for four years now  
I can sense it  
I can feel it all around  
I hear a familiar sound  
you drift through the window  
dressed in a silken gown

I realise I've been waiting  
four years too long  
left with bitter memories  
and this lonely song  
but I always had a reason  
you were on my mind



## A DECADE ON

(March 2009 - 10 years on Mom's Passing)

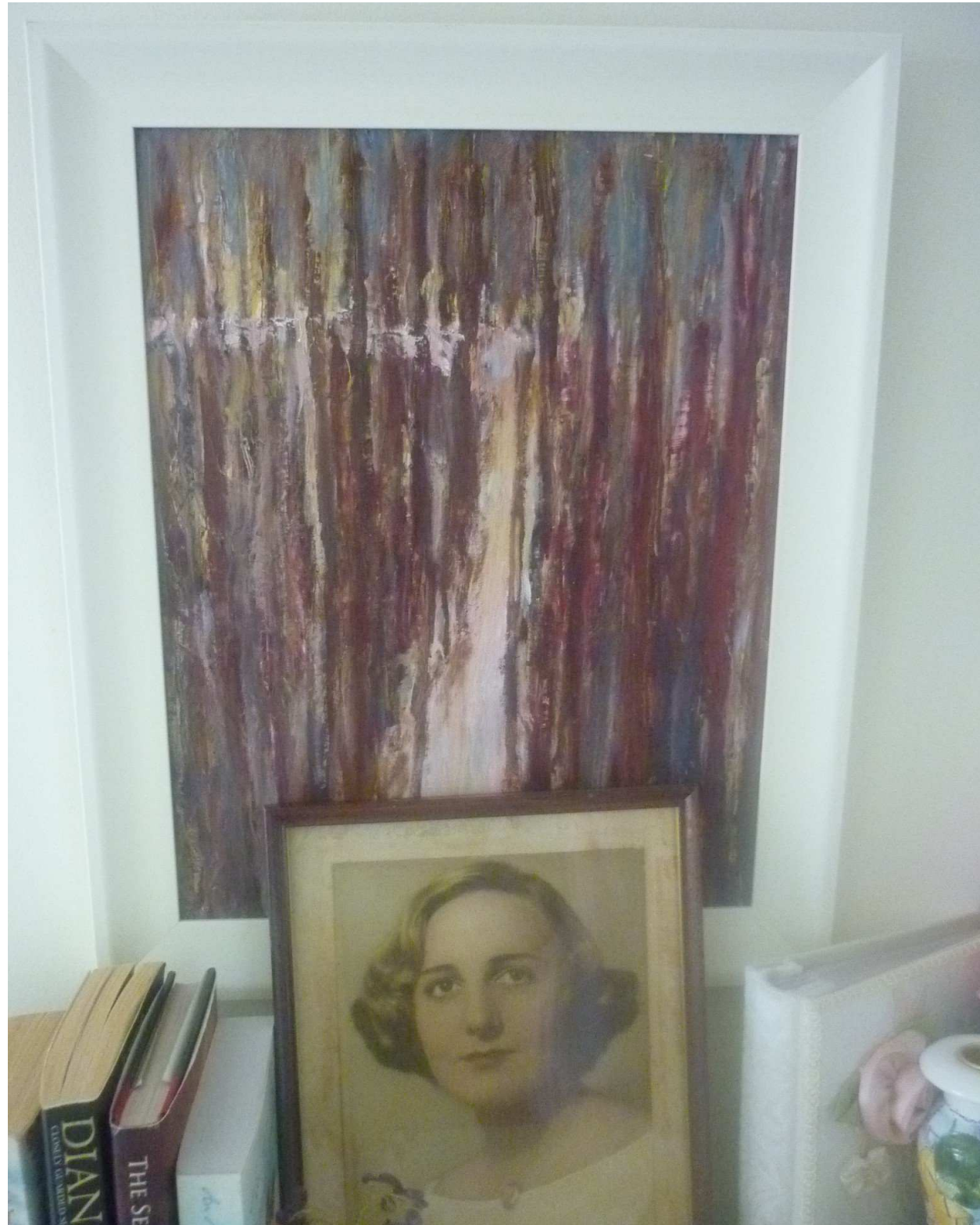
A long and windy morning's walk  
The dark and restless sea welcomes and waits  
The silence of a fading Autumn night  
The new day's uncertain but inviting light

The endless drift of advancing waves  
Gently wipe and wash your beautiful face  
Misty eyes open and offer the promise of sight  
Then melt away and merge in hurried flight

A decade on you reside in splendid peace  
Alive you shine in every facet of every wave  
A high priestess you preform your daily rite  
Golden your gown slender and slight

At peace with time, the universe and God  
Gently you touch the stiffening breeze  
And farewell the fading night  
Your face alive with the advancing light

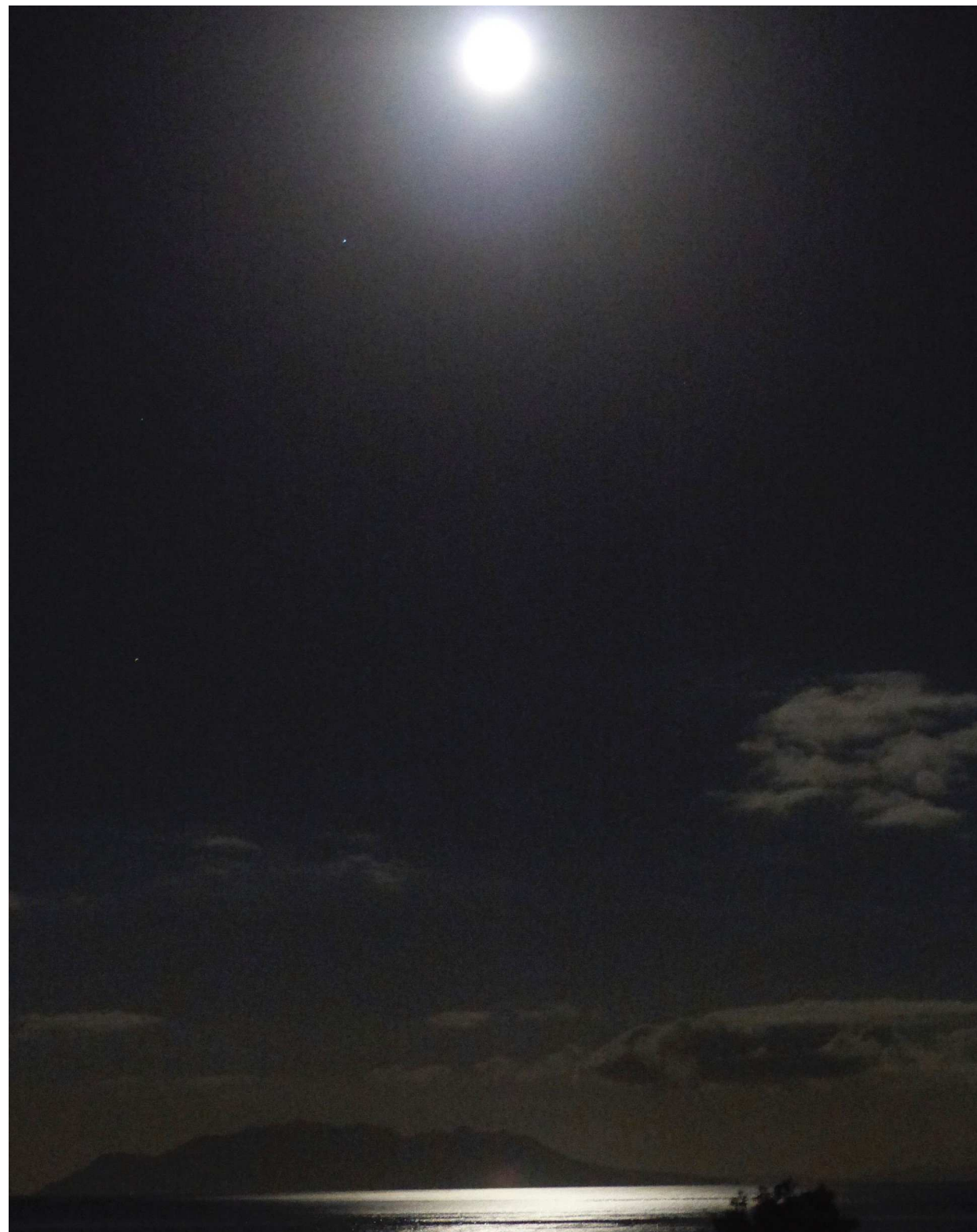
Mum, your spirit and love is strong  
Undimmed and alive a decade on  
Souring like a flimsy kite  
Alive, vivid and alight



## MEMORIES

**(3 days before my dad died - 8 Nov 2011)**

I stood and gazed  
 Across the graves  
 Bolton Street Chapel  
 Stands in state  
 The motorway lies behind  
 Suspended in tortured wait  
 Silent and composed  
 A cruel and unexpected fate  
 Sliced apart by the motorway  
 Alive and loud behind  
 The mountain rising behind  
 Brooding in a new coat of green  
 Where we used to live  
 High in the clouds and wind  
 Down the Terrace  
 The office block I used to know  
 The foyer quiet, empty  
 Lifts in readiness wait  
 The last commuters now late  
 Surreal but real  
 Bathed in gaudy florescent light  
 Absorb the last of the night  
 The car park stands in decline  
 The boom lies in limbo down  
 Memories flooding back  
 Life, work, life, death  
 An omen perhaps  
 Why are we here  
 Past, present and future tense  
 Tension and stress today  
 Why was I here before?  
 Why am I here now  
 Who am I  
 Why am I, I ?



**SUGARMAN (2013)**

The music record industry bled you dry  
The motor city bent your back  
And you never wondered why

The Motown production line  
Took its steady toll  
And bent your willing spine

They sucked your precious blood  
Prospered from your royalties  
As you trudged home forgotten through the mud

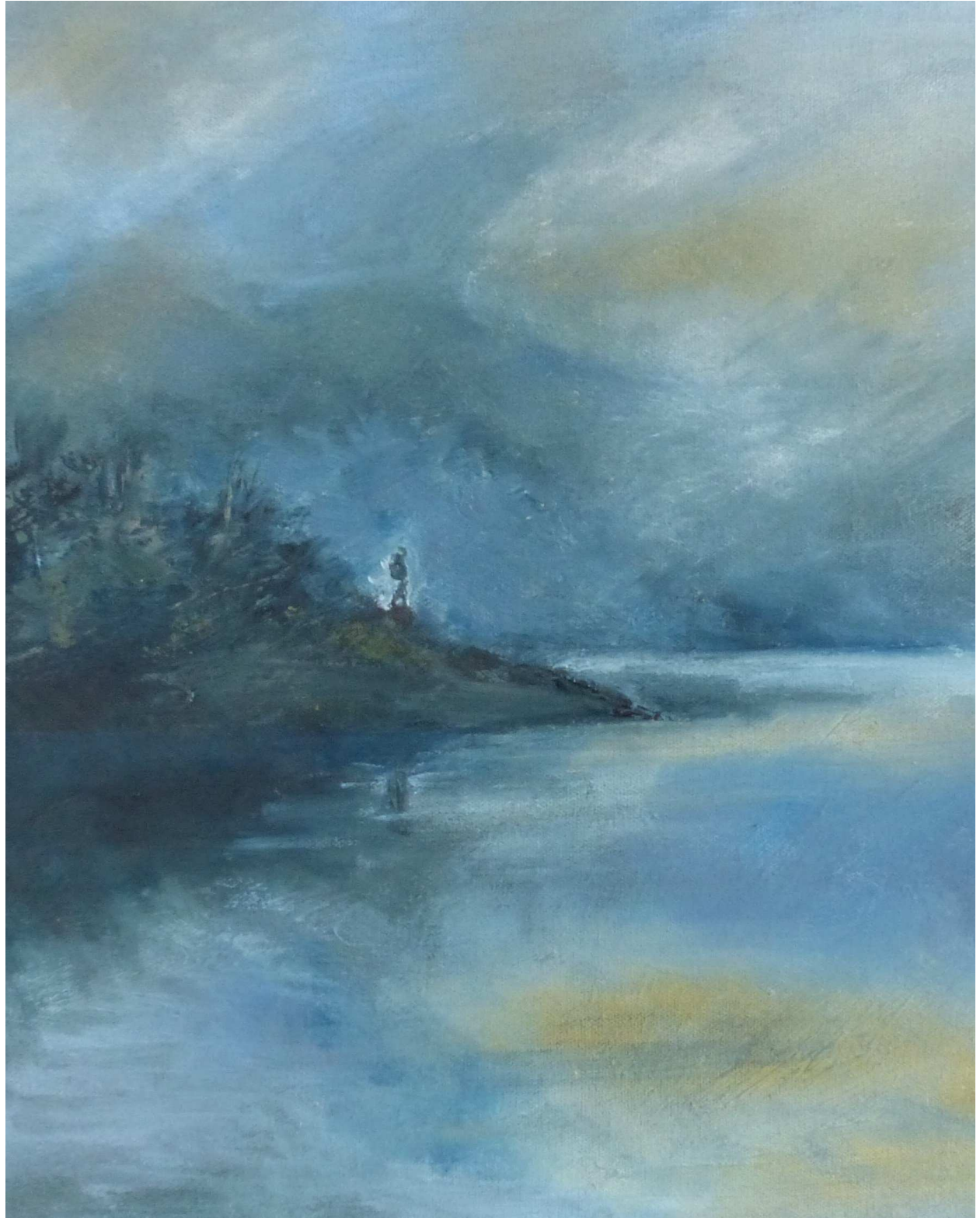
They scoffed and dug you a hole  
But their grimy fingers and derision  
Could never reach your soul

At last you have returned home  
Your free spirit wanders  
With others but still alone





# THE UNIVERSE



**REFLECTION (1976)**

A boat on a quiet night  
I row on my own out of sight  
I sit, listen and see  
just the solitude and me  
how I wish it could be!



## **PINES (1969)**

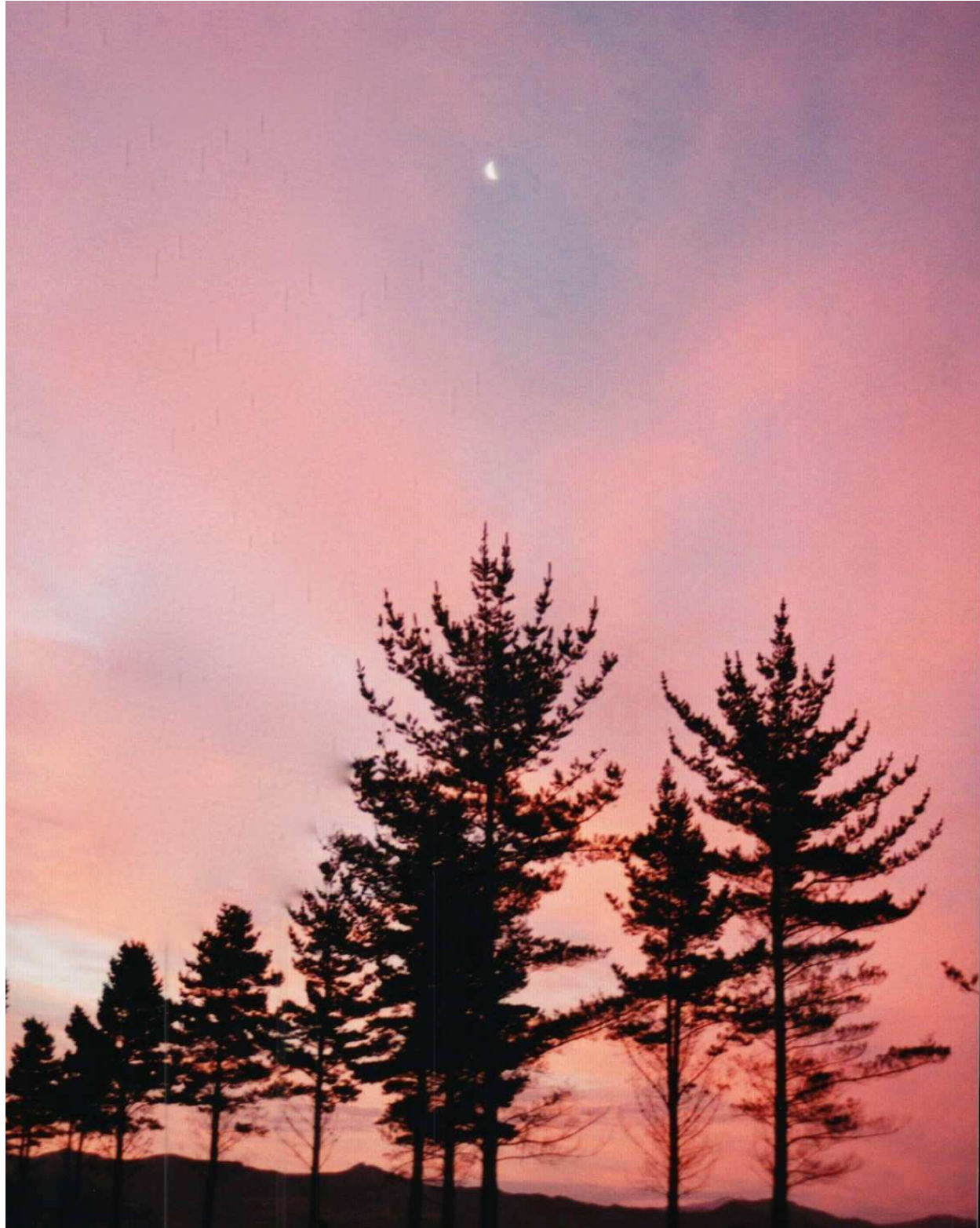
Sitting amongst an army of pines  
standing in many a uniform row  
all racing for the life-giving sun  
from the day they begin to grow

The sun filters through  
seamless lines of endless rays  
warming the soft floor  
as it has done for endless days

The earth is covered and coy  
by a multitude of needles brown  
to form an infinite carpet  
of the aged which had fallen down

Could anything be more idyllic  
not very much more I'd say  
but is it safe  
could it be destroyed in any way?

Certainly, if you listen to distant sounds  
guns and startled birds in flight  
development is coming  
as sure as day follows night

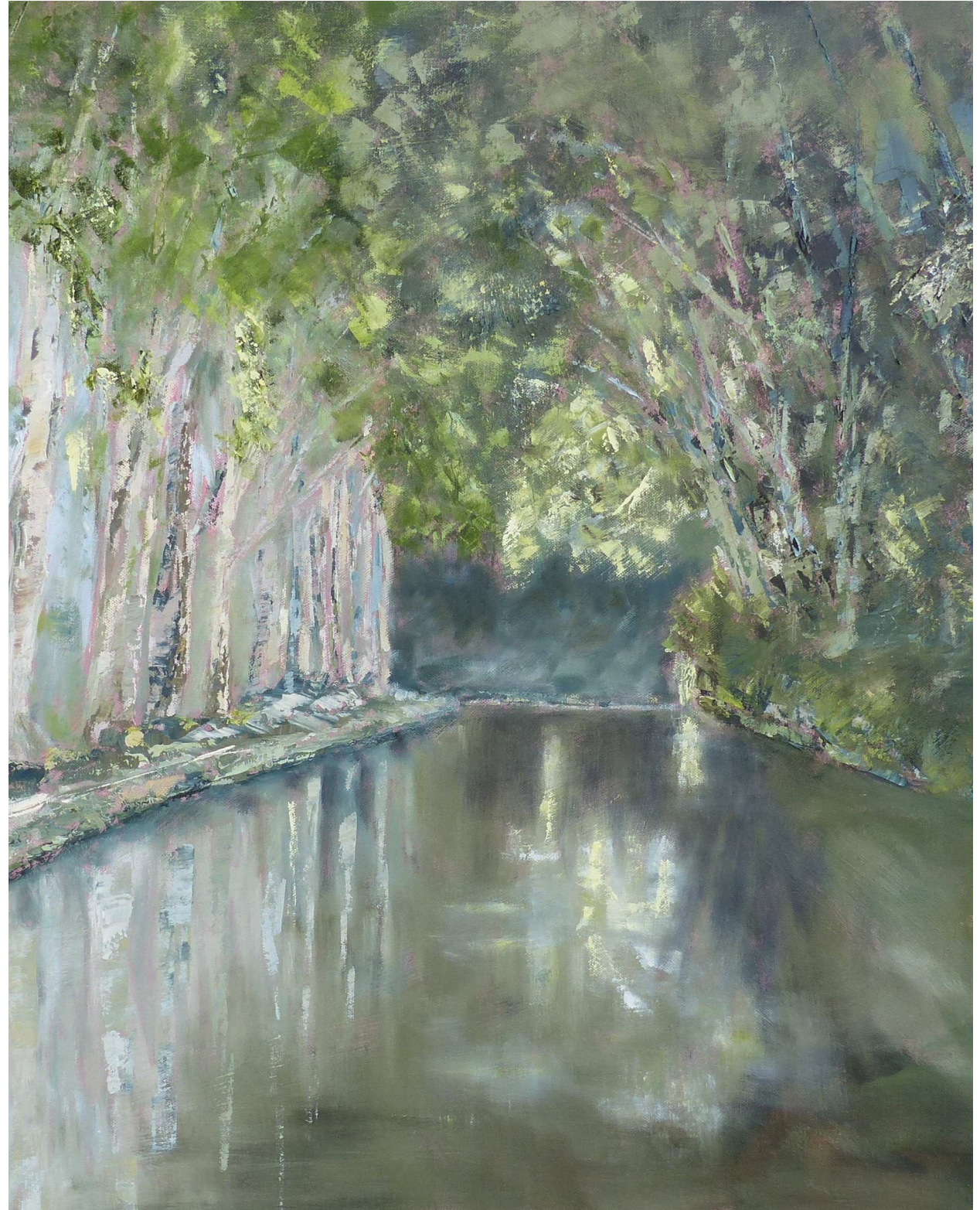


**PLAIN TREES (1968)**

Plain trees are wonderful  
they're not just trees  
each is an individual  
which talks, listens and sees

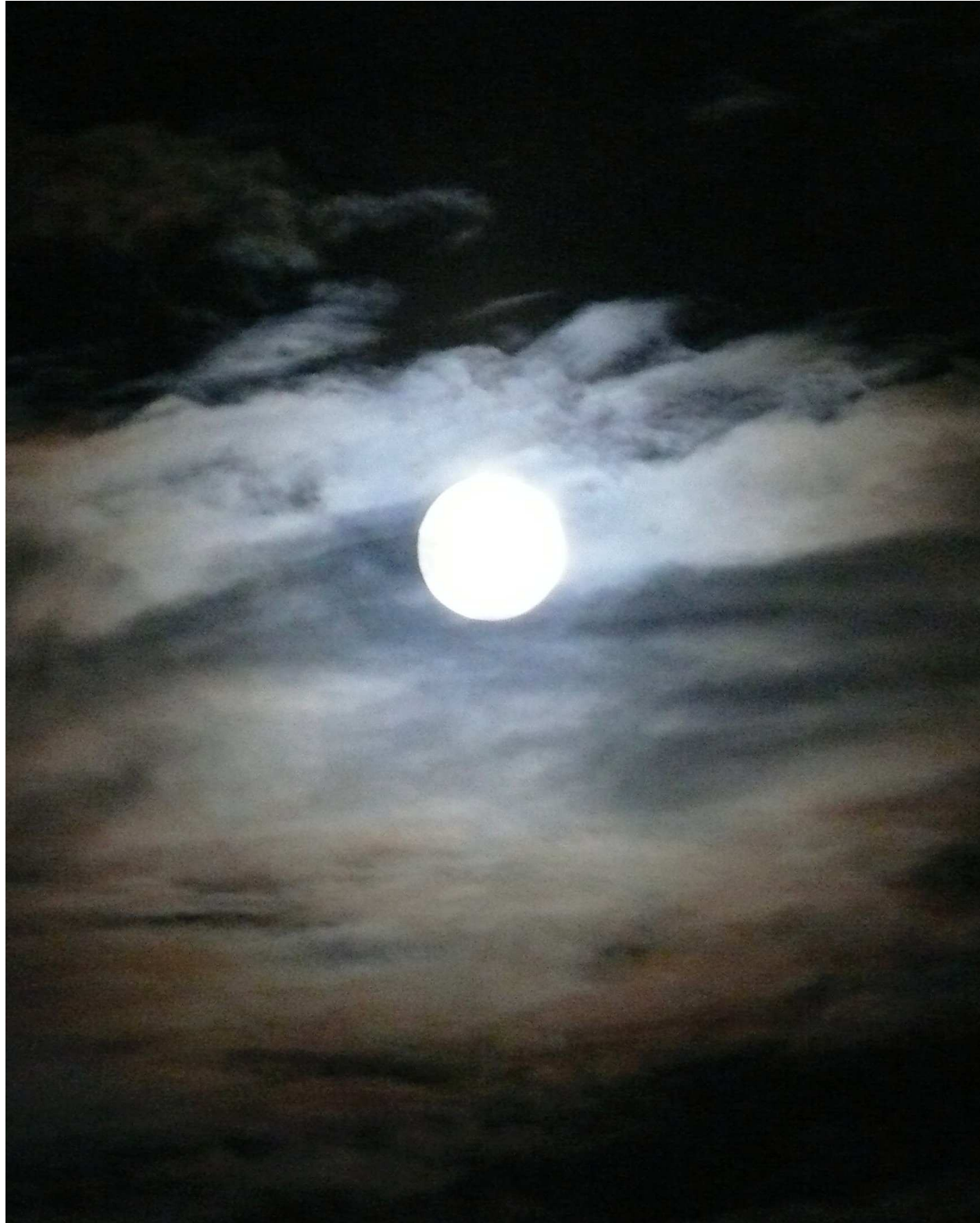
At night so very silent  
waiting for the life giving sun  
at night just a silhouette  
against the day just done

The new day brings the change  
the trees rustle and breathe  
and shade the hot earth beneath  
perfection only nature can conceive



**NIGHT SKY (1968)**

Constellations of twinkling gems  
sink deeply  
into soft velvet cushions  
like a sublime and priceless brooch  
in a jewelry box of dreams



## NIGHT (1968)

The silent moon glides by  
it strikes the waiting cloud  
the light rays try  
to conceal secrets in a shroud

The night and silent trees  
a beautiful sleeping world  
wrapped up and warm in a quilt  
cushion soft and burled

then a flurry and a cry  
as a swarm of fruit bats fly by  
to share my night  
as I sit under my very own sky

I'm so at peace  
its mine to share this night  
silent and solid dark  
but soothed by the moonlight.

The universe is mine tonight  
the midnight hour passed  
the lights doused  
almost to the last

For the moon is at work  
As it sows its magic spread  
with nimble fingers  
and gossamer thin thread

Then it hides in a haze  
with a strange golden glow  
suspended in my sky  
against the ceaseless ebb and flow

Another world lies out there  
regardless of how it may seem  
but, this world is for now  
a real and tangible dream



**SEASONS (1982)**

A group of trees  
plush and full  
against a changing sky  
move about  
in single file

The waning sun  
dips down low  
birds above  
wend their way  
on home

A tender wind  
warms each limb  
but not for long  
for summer's life  
leads to fall

A silent signal sounds  
as floating leaves  
swing and sway  
they strike the ground  
and lay about

Now gaunt and grey  
pencil-like fingers reach  
into the winter sky  
waiting to spread  
frozen fingers and fly



## IMAGES (1995)

Smooth and flowing lines  
surge and wane  
a massive beast breaths  
quiet and assured  
the moon surveys the scene  
farewell's the day that's been

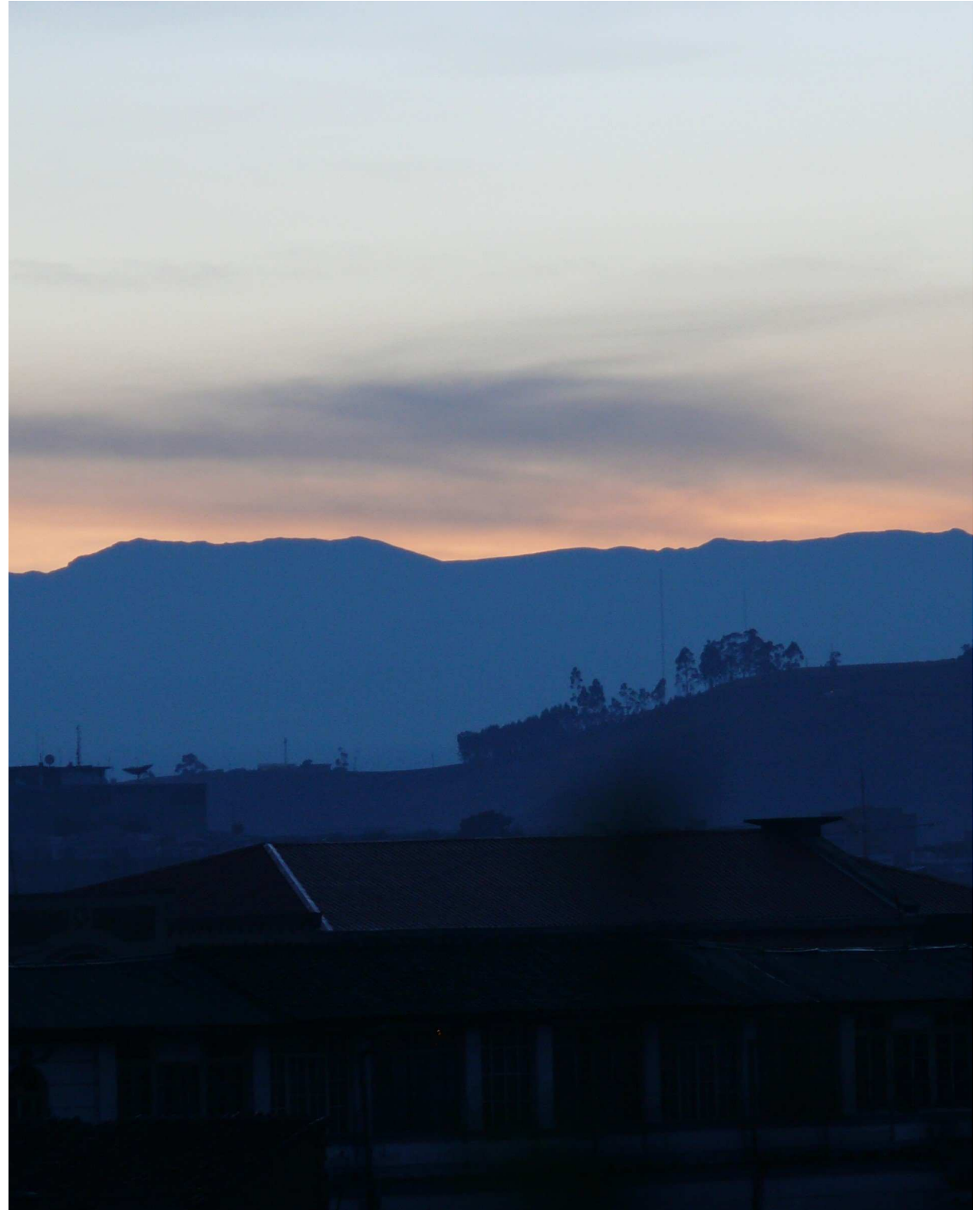
A surface of fragile silk  
alive to the tender touch  
swells and extends  
to tentatively touch  
for a moment moist and keen  
a magic mirror few have seen

A vivid living sky  
changes colour and hue  
first grey then orange  
a majestic luminous pink  
glows and reaches out  
warmth transfuses all about

But soon the moist gives way  
to drier mounds  
textured but soft  
they lie and wait  
shimmer, preen and pout  
ageless beauty without doubt

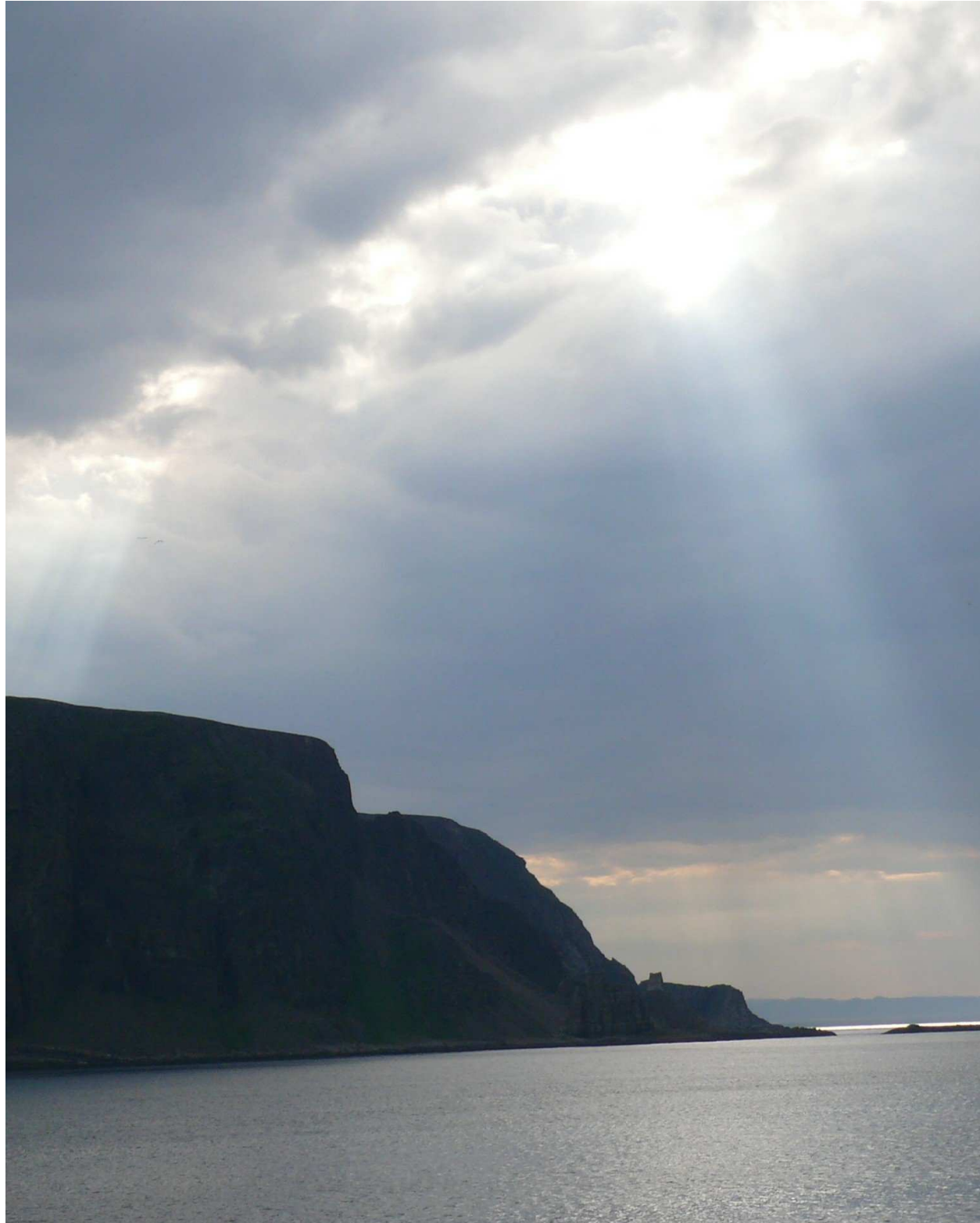
Then living growth  
first feeble fragments  
then deep seated and bold  
reach upwards and soar  
to touch the heavens above  
with the wings of a dove

They rustle and wave  
a whistling shiver  
all in unison  
they talk to the stars  
fine fingers in a glove  
stroke them with love



**MAGIC (1997)**

The fleeting moment a creator's hand touches you and a spark bridges the gap between dream and reality, igniting invisible hairs on your neck - Zap!



**ESTUARY (2007)**

The tiring land steadies and sets its shoulder to  
the sea  
The fluid sky measures the wind and lee  
The leavened sea pushes in towards the  
expectant shore  
The gentle wind sprinkles dust through an  
open door

Shards of sand reach out from fertile land  
Ice cooling balm caresses its hands  
Whilst hardened and encrusted lips  
Are painted with Midas sand

Golden limbs reach into the deep  
Awakened, sleepy moistened eyes  
Reflect and silently weep  
The dawn stirs from its sleep

The land, the sea  
What must be must be



## TREES – (1996)

Rows of trees  
in patient wait  
stand around  
for a cooling breeze

A gentle breeze  
begins to swell  
and touch the fingers  
of the stirring trees

A ray of light  
struggles through  
faltering and doomed  
against advancing night

the infant night  
dark fingers flight  
gradually absorb  
the faltering light

A glow of burnished gold  
settles on the trees  
a final show  
before dark's steel hold

Such vaunted hold  
must stand and wait  
for the receding  
proud but sinking gold

Then its still and dark  
leaves and bark  
a constant space  
silent and stark

So silent and stark  
now fully reclined  
sliding into fitful sleep  
in deepening dark

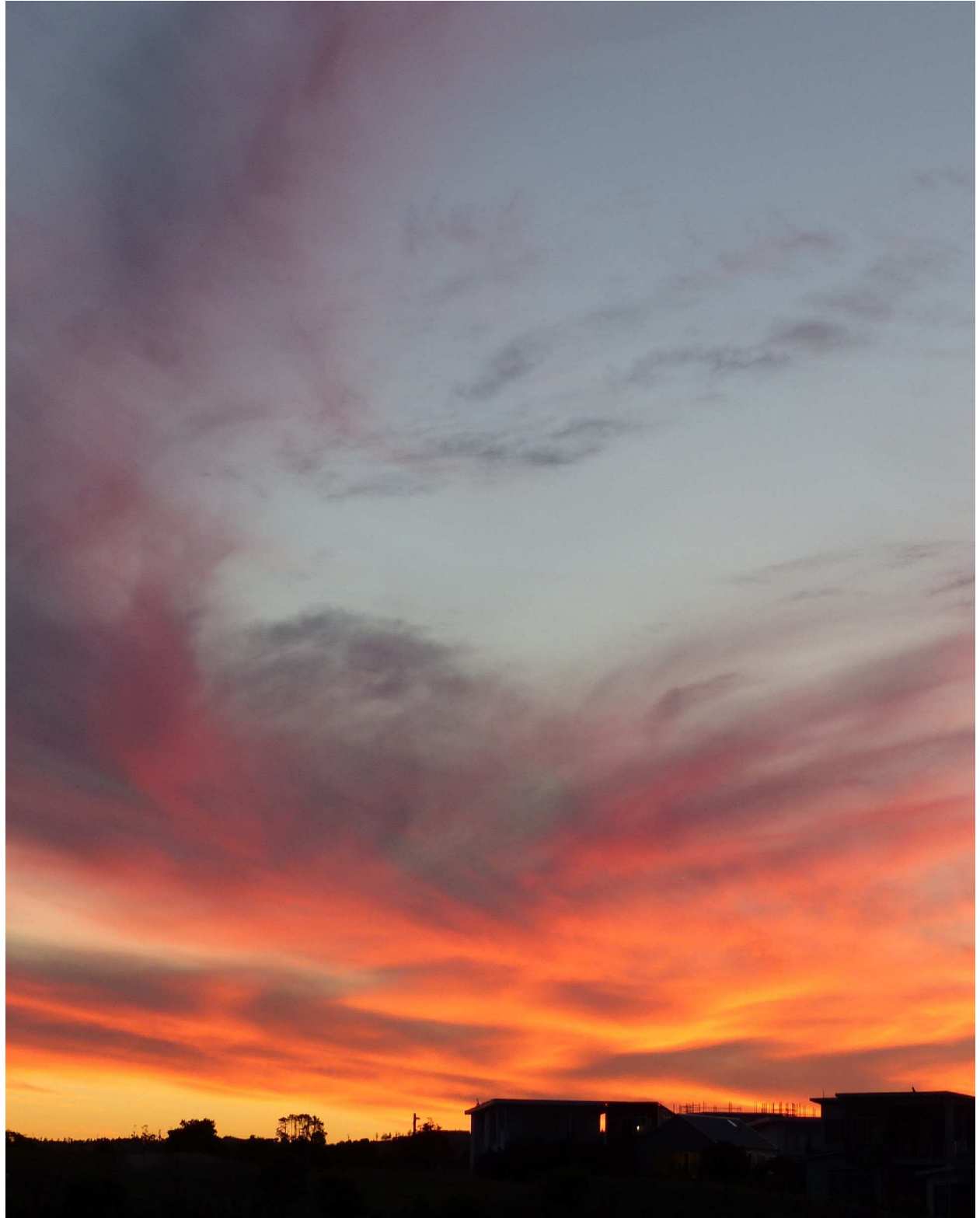


But then a defiant ray  
a flush and full moon  
puffs out its chest  
a sentry until day

A silent wait until day  
patient trees in line  
caressed by a loving  
moon struck ray



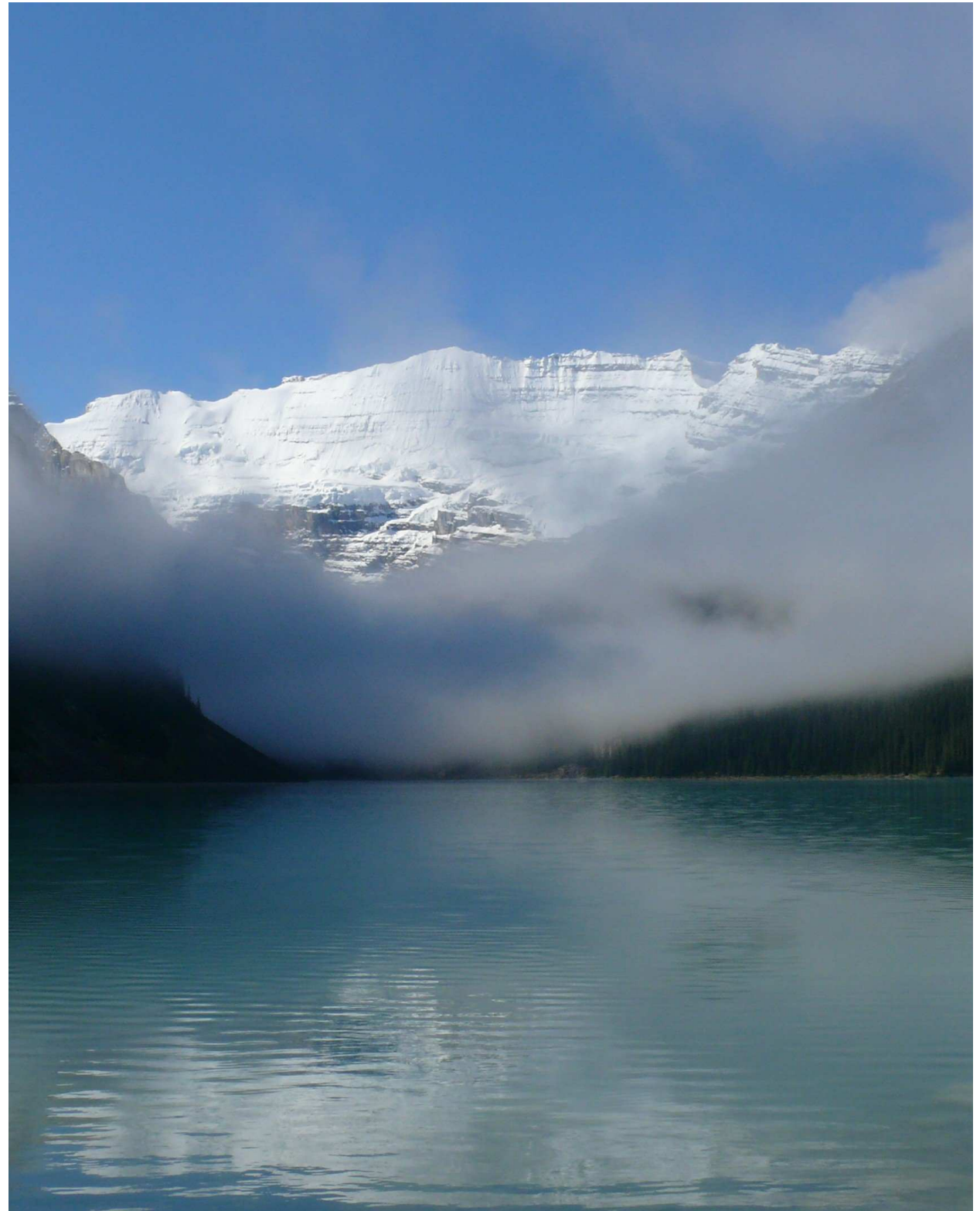
## THE ENDLESS SKY



## MORNING (1977)

Like a sentry posted at my desk  
I glance through my steel rimmed window  
at a magnificent sky  
with a blue that changes from light to dark  
with streaks of cloud  
that shield the wakening day

This blue, no mind could create  
not mixed and placed on canvas  
and just could not be done  
so solitary and fleeting  
as the sun shatters its hues  
and sends it fading into day  
until the morning comes again  
and God's palette holds sway



## MIRRORS IN THE SKY (1982)

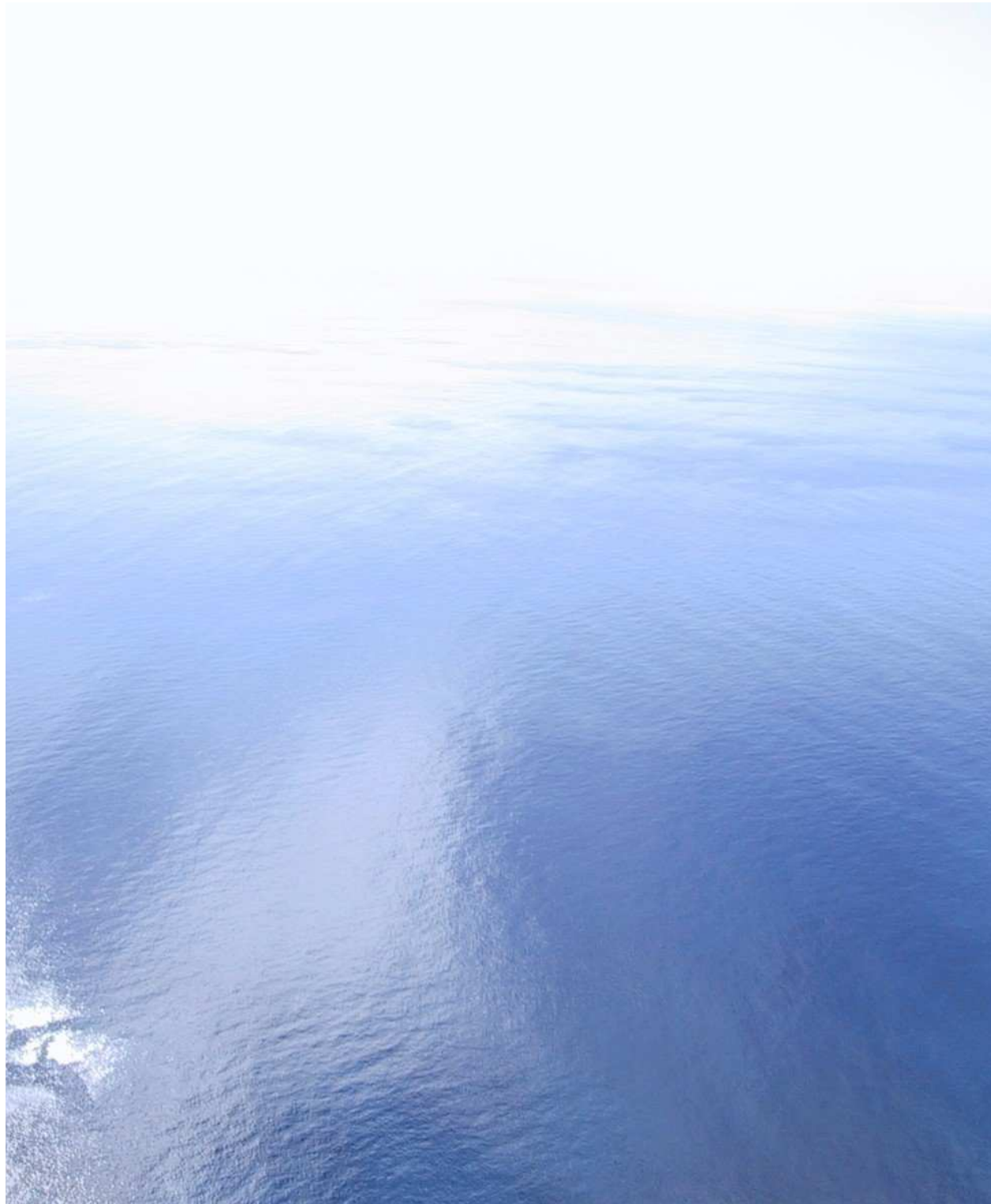
Planets spin and turn in space  
seasons change  
days move to night apace  
hands move across my face

Settled in my airline seat  
alone, in thought  
suspended in a southern sky  
puffs of pastry white ebb by

Mirrors of sun on the sea  
curve into the misty void  
below, swells heave and flow  
up here - soft and slow

We jolt and disappear into grey  
then suddenly emerge  
sun beckoning in a westward way  
into time's advancing day

Philosophers say  
if we look into the sky  
we see God  
I say, that may or may not be so  
but what I know  
when I gaze into the distant blue  
I simply feel a love for life  
and you



# ICE SKY (1993)

From misty grey to blue  
wisps wander by  
below, granite and ice  
an endless day - no night  
just layers of light

The sea silent  
flat to a fault  
lifeless, prone  
like a giant carpet  
uniform and true  
melded yarn-like blue

Then the land emerges  
fingers in the sky  
solid, silent  
dusted lightly  
with icing sugar snow  
just visible below

Suddenly the sea is invaded  
with monoliths of moving ice  
then they congeal  
an ivory-white field  
all life concealed

Suddenly again complete grey  
envelopes in a flash  
then fades  
only to again close the gate  
then open again  
a breathless vista lain

From cotton wool  
to misty waves  
from open skies  
to sun-drenched eyes  
a massive patch-work quilt  
that someone, some day, built?



**CARPET LIGHT – (1994)**

A shaggy carpet sky  
unfolds before the eye  
then yields  
to a layered pastry dye  
and then to indigo blue  
a canopy up high



**HOUSE OF GODS – (1994)**

Cathedrals of cloud  
stand  
against  
shifting shards  
of porous light  
palpable  
proud  
pristine,  
passing!



**DUSK (ZIMBABWE) (1999)**

Just as night leads to day  
Sunlight edges into grey  
Hard edges blur and lose their bite  
Returning geese move across sheets of night  
Slowly, primary colours lose their nerve  
They falter, fade and lose their verve  
The spirits furtively turn the page  
Dark velvet curtains cross the stage



## THE WALL (1995)

Ancient stones and rocks  
molded by unseen hands  
many millennia ago  
piled high  
wait uneasily

A proud  
but brittle show  
for now secure  
all elements at bay  
this flawless day

Rising up  
uncertain  
hard yet soft  
into the mighty  
moving sky

Pock-marked skin  
and craggy face  
testify too clear  
to the lashes  
of cruel time

The vanity of stone  
to stand so proud  
and erect  
so foolish  
enlarged by pride

Against this stone  
fastened fast  
a parasitic growth  
luxuriates  
in naked need

Rising greedily up  
to nourishment  
from the gifts  
of the mighty



limitless sky

Loins gnarled and hard  
merge with its host  
painted on a single sheet  
with a single savage stroke

In temporary truce  
united  
in a common quest  
to withstand the ravages  
of the hand of time

A garlanded fist  
clenched hard in triumph  
defiant  
against the mighty  
patient sky

# TIME





**TELL ME IS THERE STILL TIME?  
(1970)**

Stark stands a wizened tree  
on sterile sands of white  
black against a molten moon  
groping fingers reach into the sky  
the winds shift  
and bear the fateful seeds of time  
and whispers of better things to come  
with a groan she bends  
but quietens soon  
and stands  
and waits!

## LATE NIGHT (1975)

Gazing through a glassy gap  
as the night lies waiting  
freeway lights still shine  
but the world is asleep

This is my time  
just the universe and I

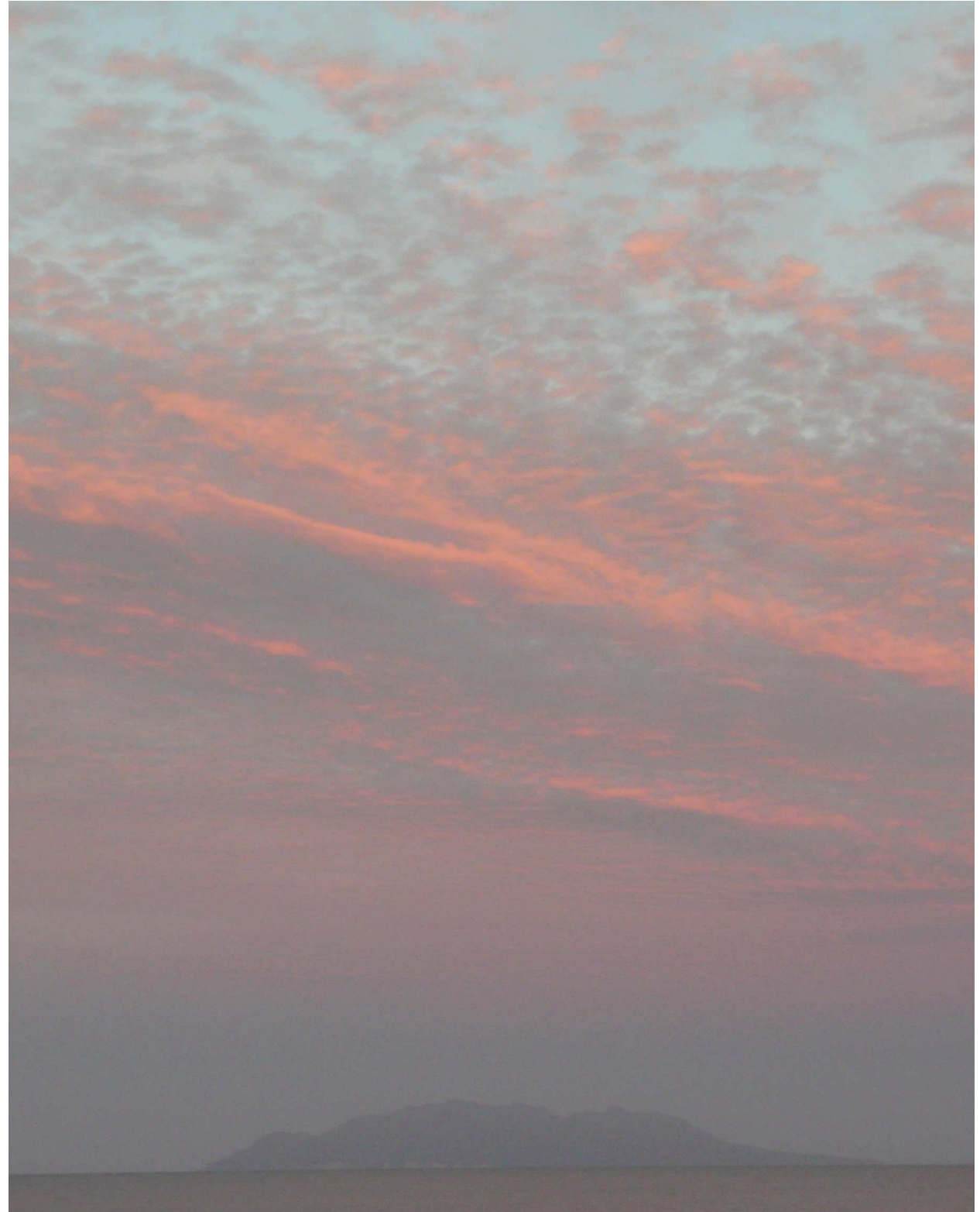
All alone she lets me think  
or work  
or stare  
through the darkness  
towards the flickering lights  
that die when day arrives  
and makes the world  
surge and throng  
and break the spell

But, as the night must pass  
so too must the day



# **FAR HORIZONS – (1999)**

Once upon a time there was a place  
 Set high upon a hill  
 Which looked out across the sea  
 Way across the sea  
 Until eternity  
 And in this place  
 Lived a priceless princess  
 Who gazed out across the Sea  
 And saw beauty  
 Beauty in the deep lines  
 Of the endless sea  
 And she gave precious life  
 It thrived around her  
 And with that life she loved  
 She gave love without condition  
 Love without demand  
 And she gave and gazed  
 Until the far horizon  
 One day said  
 Its time to come  
 And sleep in my warm embrace  
 For I gave you life  
 And I too have loved like you  
 But your time has come  
 So be at peace  
 Come and rest and sleep  
 Let me kiss the tears  
 Away from your tired eyes  
 Come my love



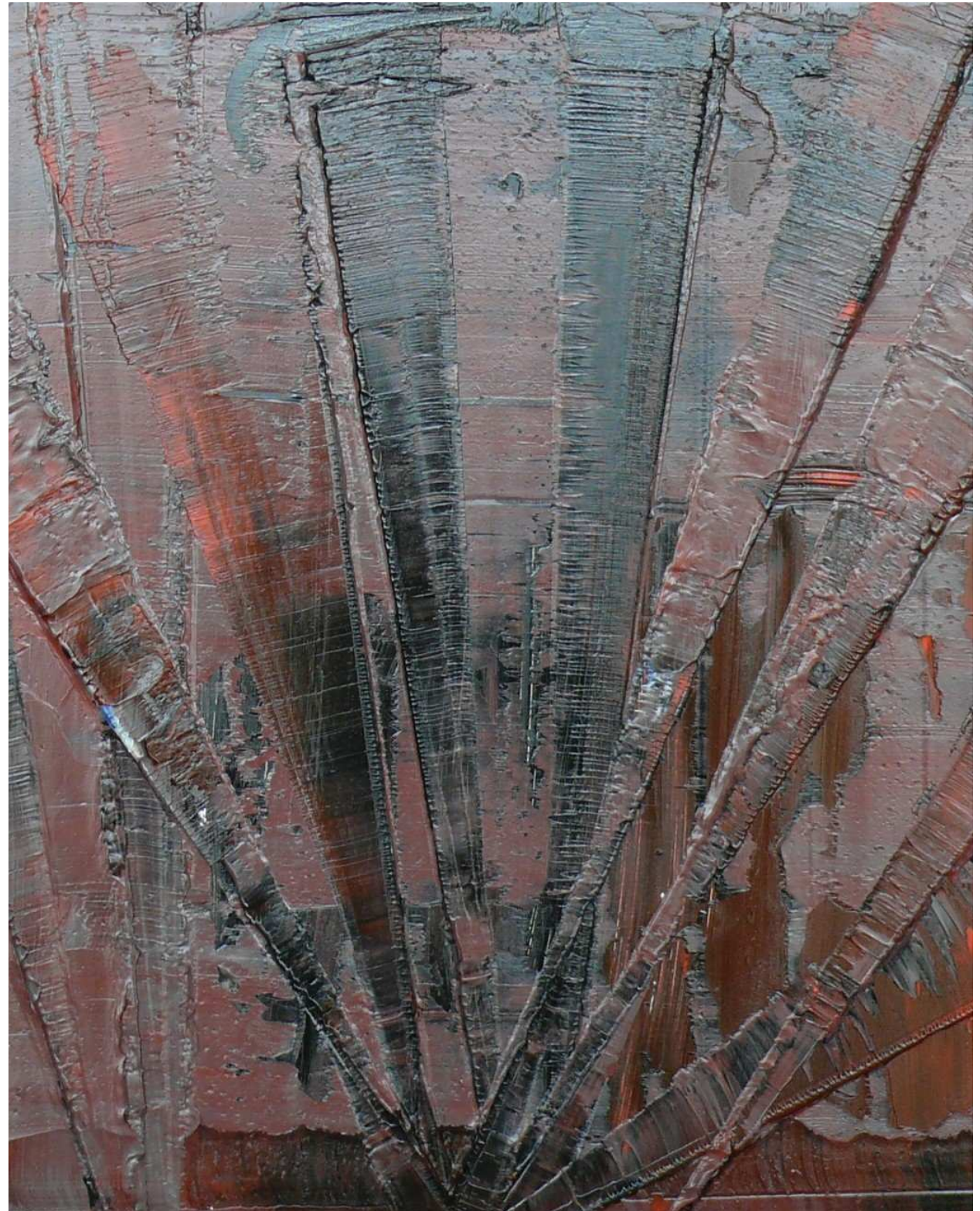


## TIME

The co-ordinated migration of war-birds in flocks  
The predictable motion of hands of clocks  
The dull thud of the meshed cogs of locks  
The love of fingers weaving stitches in socks;  
Waiting

## CLICK CLOCK

Hands of clocks  
Wings of flocks  
Cogs of locks  
Stitches of socks  
Crows of cocks  
Ticks of tocks  
Tick toc said the clock  
Click clock said the lock  
Slip slop said the sock  
Ship shop said the dock  
Ship shape said the jock  
Hard work said the rock  
Ah so said the wok



### TAPESTRIES IN TIME (2010)

Billy Joel sang a song - Zanzibar  
I heard its call  
Then time took its steady toll,  
Zanzibar slid slowly into the endless sands of time  
Then one day, unexpectedly, I heard the call again  
I traveled back to Zanzibar, but only in my mind  
There it was vivid and alive  
And then again it slowly slipped away  
And just like before it re-emerged, in Tofino

Its cords threaded memories through time  
Zanzibar was alive  
Past, present and future aligned  
Dreams and time moments flicker on and merge with mists  
And memories cast upon dream catchers  
Held to the winter wind  
They shimmer and smile  
Then slip away again  
But the thread, while unseen, like a spider's web remains  
to draw me back, perhaps, one day?





# DREAMS



## NIGHTMARE (1977)

I had a dream last night  
it seemed to last so long  
at the time it seemed eternal  
apologies if the sequence is wrong

Like most dreams it was disjointed  
events had no meaning or form  
first I was alive then not  
next I was dead then I was born

I went on a weird journey  
we passed through a bleak city  
we knew of a shortcut, underground  
though unwise we hoped for pity

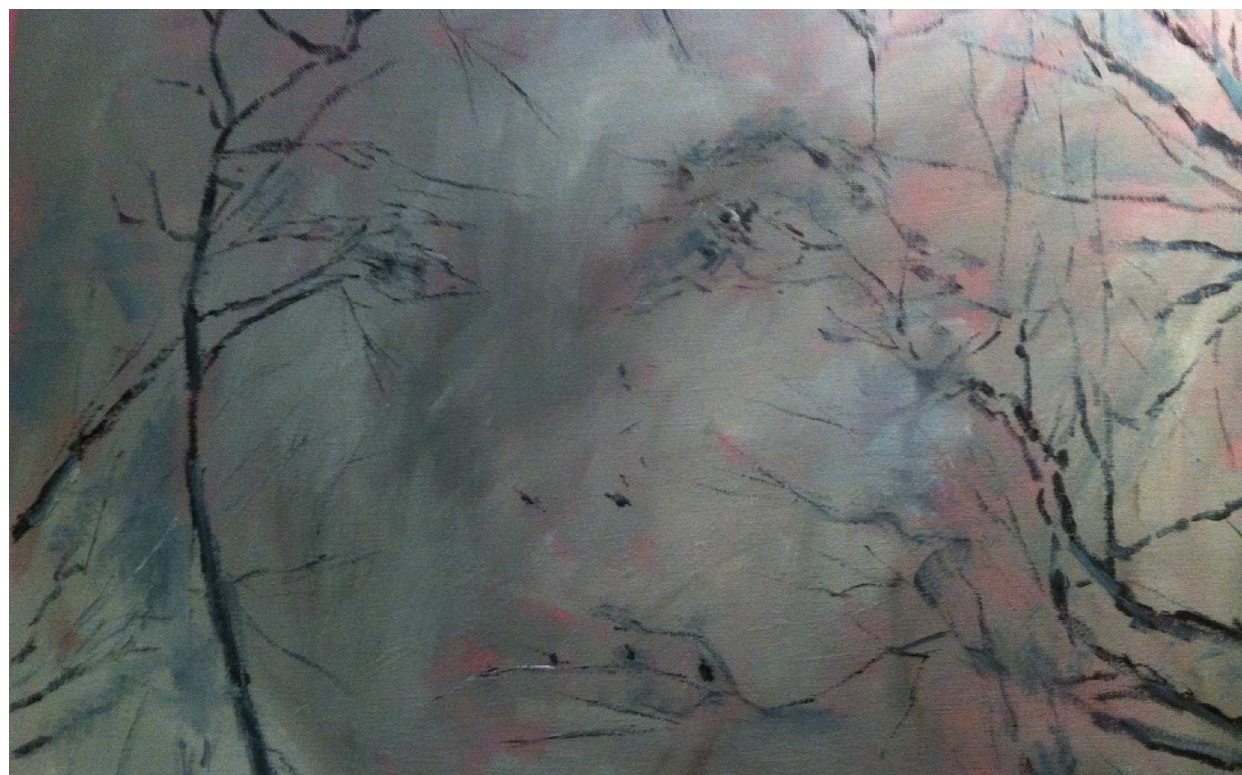
We travelled down stairs  
and entered a subway  
we then began to run  
to reach the light of day

My friend pulled away from me  
I tried to keep up with him  
but I fell back further each step  
I couldn't co-ordinate my limbs

It seemed to last an eternity  
but I reached the other side  
I stumbled up a stairway  
and my eyes opened wide

I was not back on the street  
but in a ballroom during the War  
I was somewhat underdressed  
heads turned as I crept to the door

I escaped and tried to blend in  
I spoke to a gold striped Navy man  
he was a bit indifferent  
so I made a plan



I took my leave  
- and then a relapse  
my mind was no-where again  
I was awakening - perhaps?

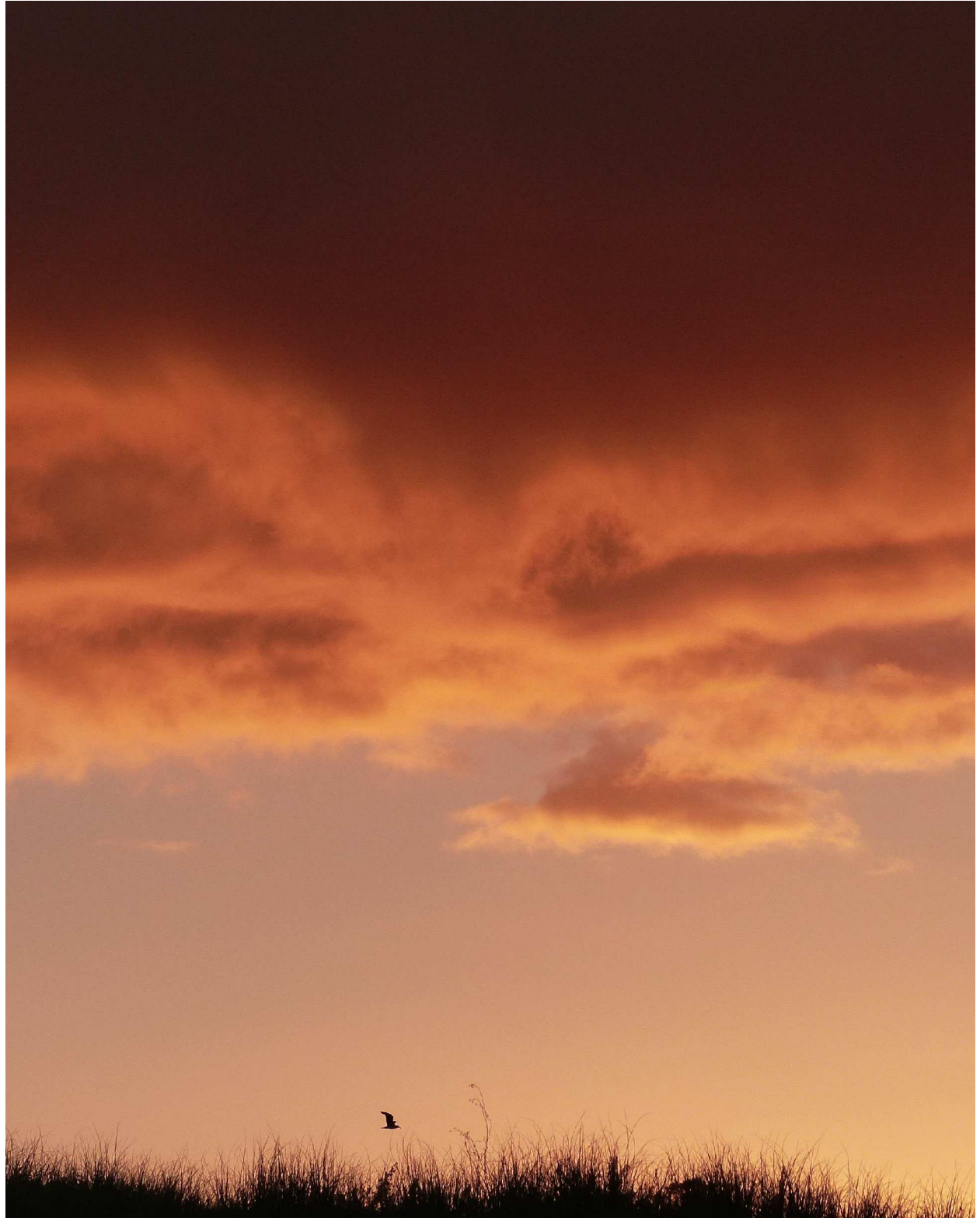
## DREAM WEAVER

In silence a flicker on the verge  
Memories mingle and merge  
Motion and matter and mingled means  
Tangled webs suspend eternal themes  
Random memories enter the frame  
Seemingly dissimilar but the same  
Sepia like shadow-land never as it seems  
The tangled threads of archived dreams



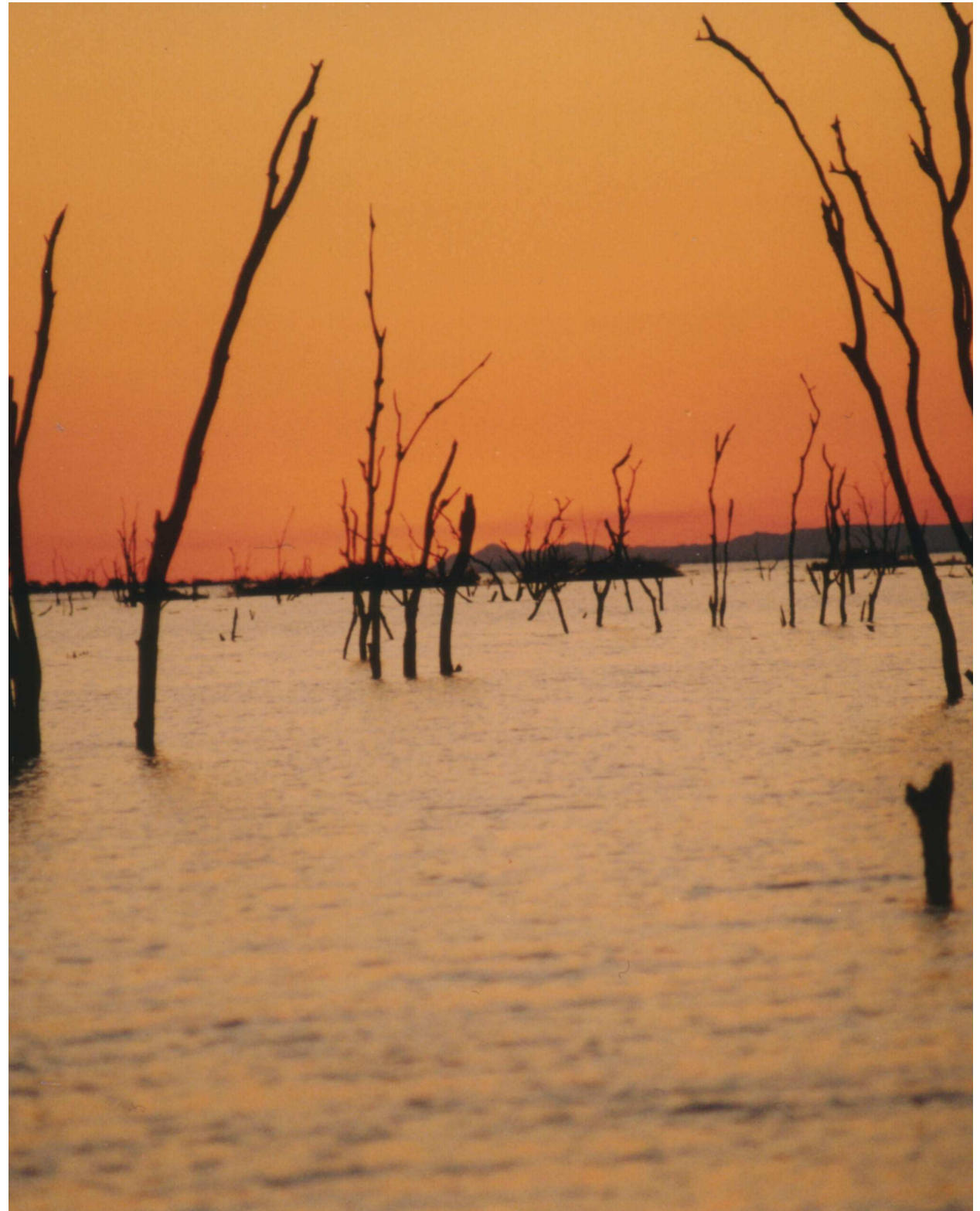


# NIGHT



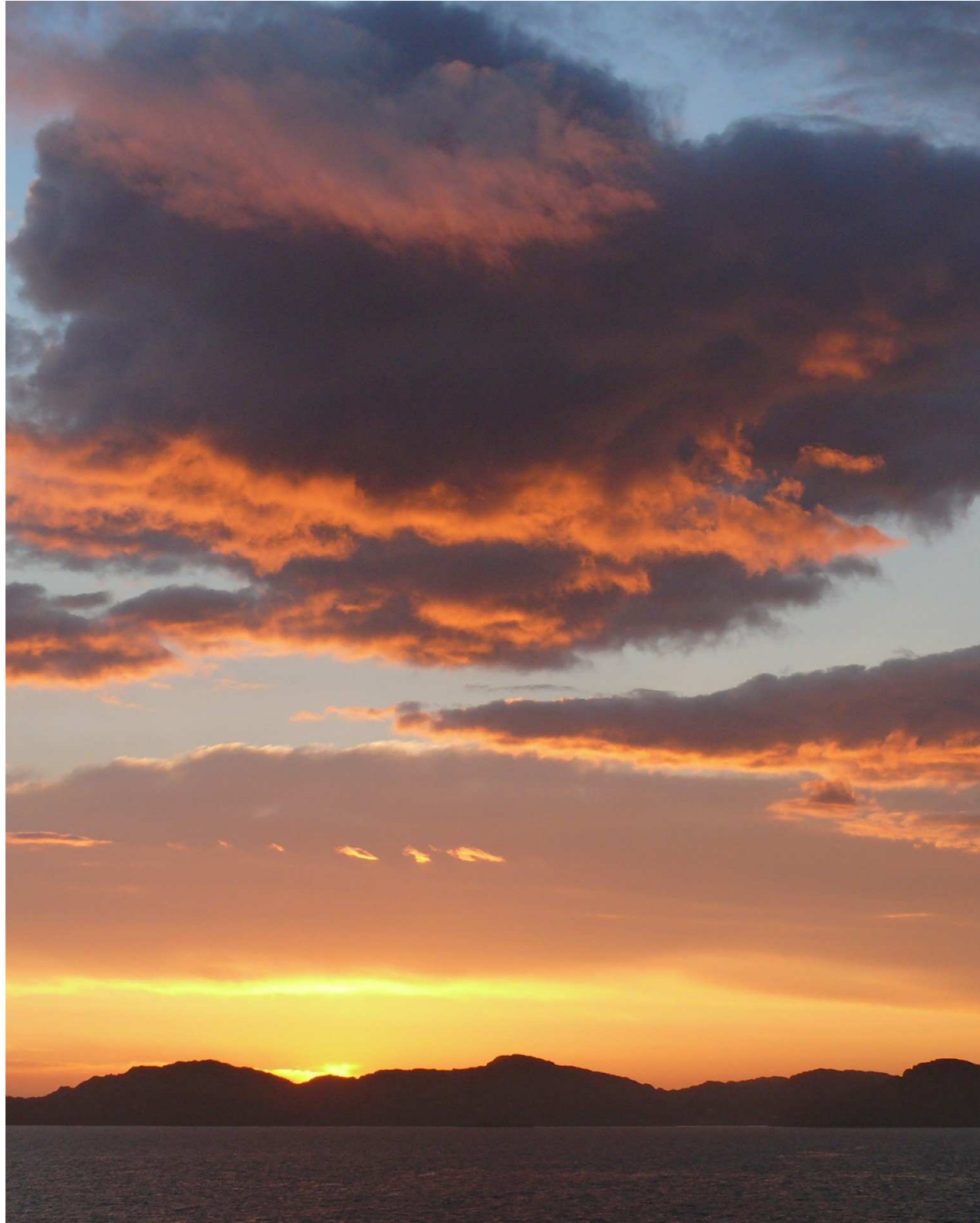
**INTO THE SUNLIGHT (ZIMBABWE)  
(1999)**

Out of the darkness  
Emerging from the night  
Out of the shadows  
Stepping into the light  
Blinding the sight  
Darkness and blight



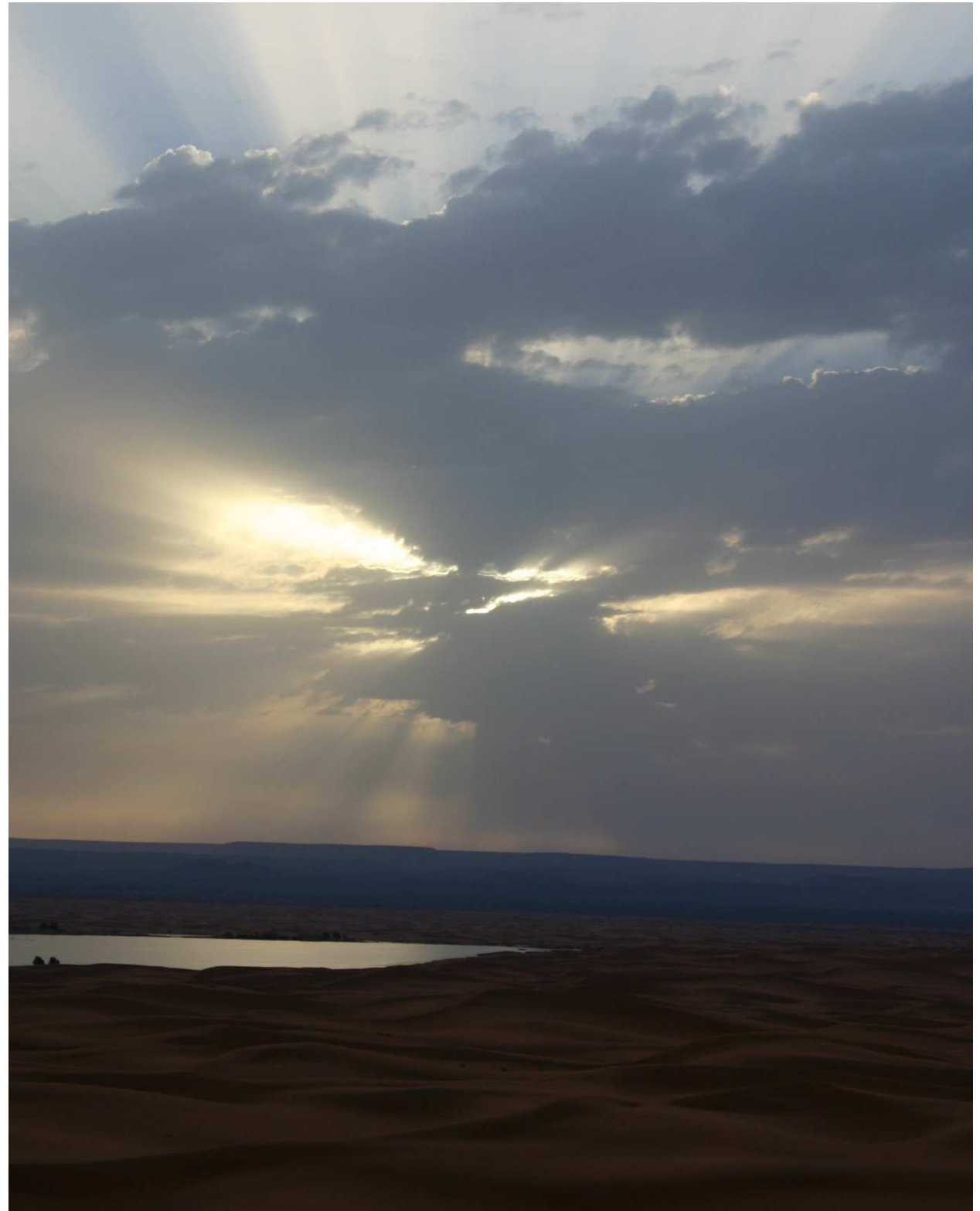
## **FLIGHT**

The mystery of morning  
The mastery of night  
The brooding storm clouds  
The misery of might  
The march of day  
The magic of sight  
The brooding shadows  
Put to the sword and to flight



## AFRICAN CYCLE

Howling wind  
Starlit night  
Rain soaked cloud  
Flawless sky  
Merciless sun  
Fragrant moon  
Scented earth  
Lilting breeze



**DAY TO NIGHT (2010)**

The final vestiges of the dying day  
Reach out their arms and quietly pray  
Scattering ash and embers along the way  
Primeval incantations have their say





## HUMAN NATURE



## SIN CITY BLUES (1976)

The sun comes up  
city hums  
scene unfolds  
benches and bums

curtains draw  
turgid air slides in  
sweaty sheets  
nights in sin

screaming kids, hurried men  
coffee cold  
clock ticks on  
the milk is old

doors crash closed  
hasten to the street  
crowded bus is late  
can't find a seat

sweaty pits and tits  
pensioners moan  
driver curses  
the engines groan

late for work  
what the hell  
what's the future  
who can tell

this is man  
happy, living free  
housed in Sin City  
built for you and me



## SMUGGLERS INN (1978)

Music throbs  
the crowd gyrates  
fills the floor  
dance and shout

Manager enters the club  
looks about and smiles  
good night tonight  
lets have a drink

The curtain's up  
the stripper young and coy  
no doubt a virgin  
she's so sweet

Innocent young girls  
dressed in white  
discard their gear  
to disinterested stares

Yes Folks!  
come to the Inn  
there's value for all  
come on in

A fan wheels about  
stuck to the roof  
it cuts the smoke  
and cuts again

Down at the Inn  
on the other side of town  
the patrons are visiting  
from day to day

Dark black walls  
dim red lights  
reflect off the heavy air  
that hangs about



An honest joint this is  
value for all  
plenty of chaste women  
to take you home

The barman so honest  
he never stole a dime  
the waiter's just the same  
working all the time

A range of males observe  
chuckle and drink  
all out for a clean night  
in a nice decent joint

Brass bar rails lie low  
pushed to the floor  
by a million nameless soles  
on as many blameless nights

The beast at the door  
a female she says  
others are not so sure  
takes the cash

Yes Folks!  
come to the Inn  
there's value for all  
come on in



## A THOUSAND TEARS (1994)

The land of a thousand smiles  
come to paradise across the sea  
come and partake they said  
in a paradise made for you and me

Crystal waters, golden white sand  
jungles, rivers and elephant rides  
enjoy the sites and fun  
without even touching the sides

Like a large reptile  
with a silky smooth sheen  
but its underbelly rough and scared  
hidden from all and unseen

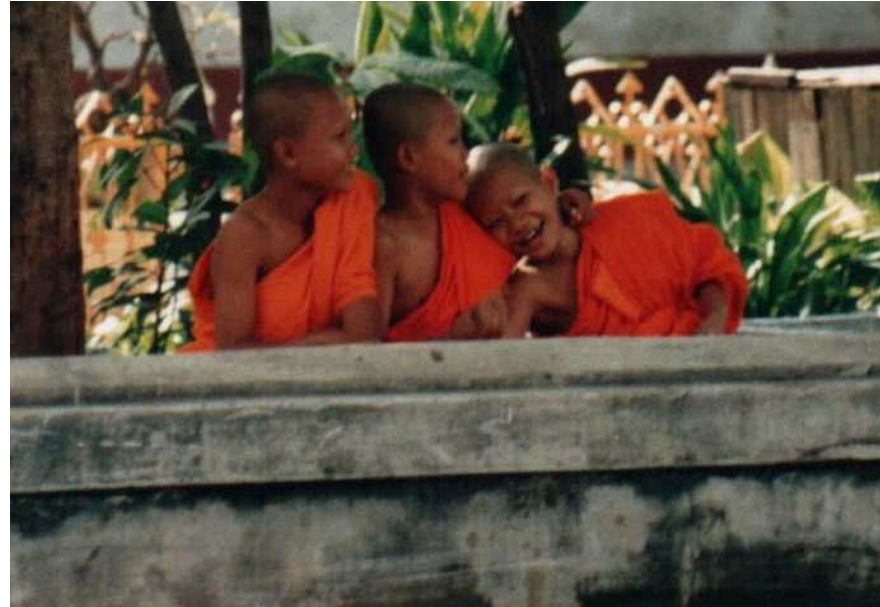
Behind the carefully made facade  
and the slightly drawn smile  
are tales of sadness and sorrow  
of bitterness and bile

I met a vile American  
Randy was his name  
an obvious wig hid his bald patch  
but not his obvious shame

His companion was a young man  
at least half his age  
his secretary and assistant  
living in his gilded cage

I suppose while Randy had his way  
his companion improved his lot  
and when you've got nothing  
you don't tend to ask why or what

But all the same  
this sad arrangement left a bitter taste  
of exploitation and greed  
of a young spirit laid to waste



And it was only one of many  
across this land so fair  
as countless millions of mothers  
mourn a landscape laid bare

Both girls and boys are needed  
to feed the voracious appetite  
of parlours, pubs and clubs  
that function day and night

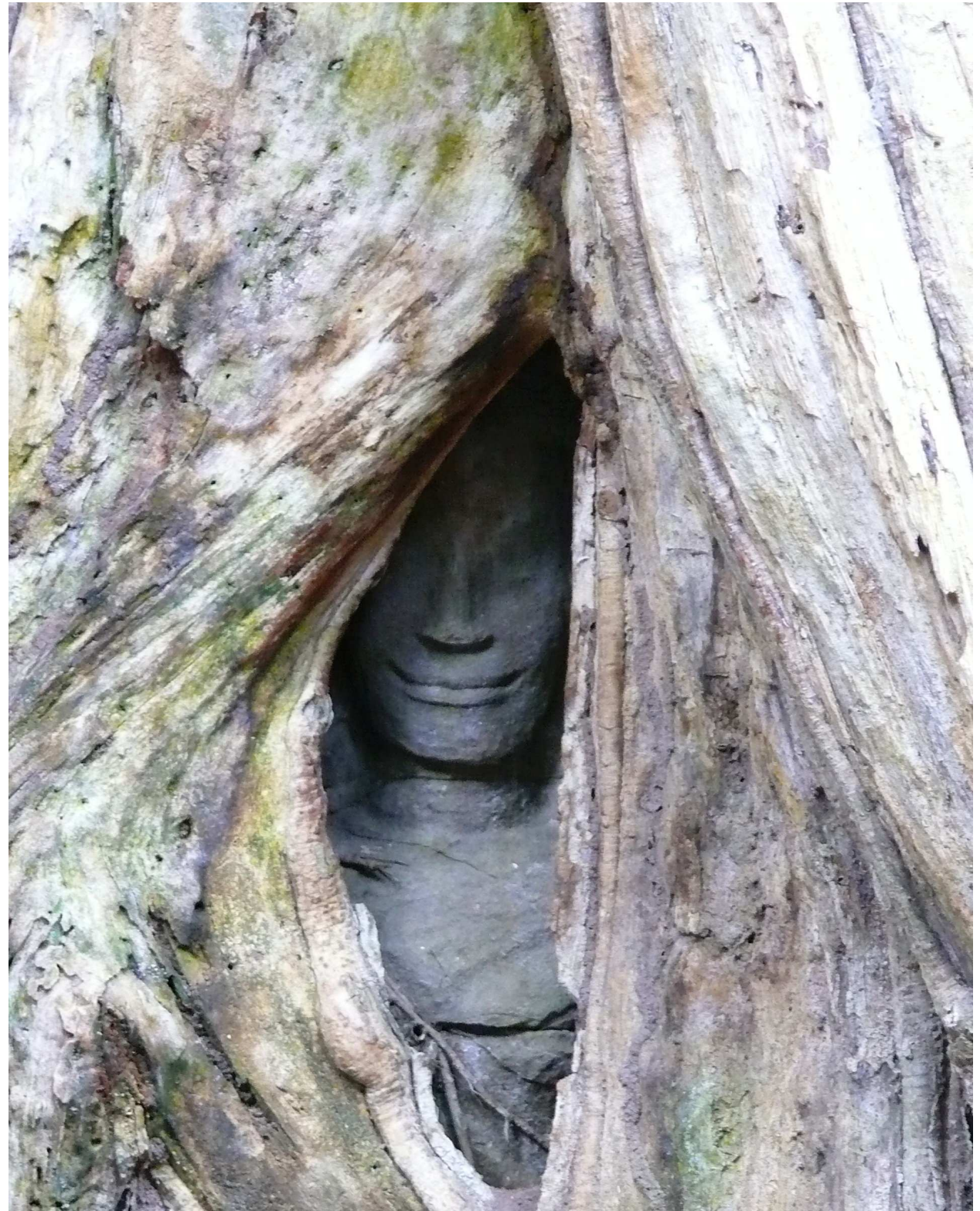
Flashing lights, g strings and smiles  
function in their tantalising task  
they capture attention  
without revealing what's behind the mask

If you look into those sad young eyes  
you might see what's left of a soul  
that little bit left beyond  
the mechanical movements of the role  
But you may need to search deep  
because the light may be very dim  
about to be extinguished  
not from without but within

For every thousand smiles you see  
lie a thousand broken dreams  
and for every broken dream  
lies a thousand silent screams

As the hunger for young flesh grows  
the ages of the victims decrease  
the feeding frenzy spirals  
quite unable to rest leave alone cease

Is this the price of progress  
is this the way to go  
the answer is written in the dust  
in tears it reads - "No"



**SAM (1994)**

I'm Sam  
Sam the man  
that's me  
Sam I am  
Sam the man

listen up  
here's a plan  
you sit there  
and I'll jump on you  
if I can

Now, you kneel  
and I go wham  
and drive you  
round and round  
like a lorry van

what's next?  
a furry lamb  
a piglet pink  
lets get the cushions  
and make a dam

yes, yes, lets read  
Desperate Dan  
Peter Rabbit  
No! I know what I like  
Lets read Peter Pan

I know its late  
and like a clam  
your eyes are closing  
so goodnight  
its to bed I am



I'm a tired wee tike  
I'm Sam I am  
I've had a busy day  
the time has come for the sandman

So, I'll say goodnight  
Me, Sam  
Sam they say  
Sam I am  
Sam the man

**DE CAT WID DE TAT (1997)**

He saunters in  
jet black  
hair slicked back  
so cool  
“who’s dat”?  
its de cat  
de cat wid de tat

A quick preen  
he reviews the scene  
a practiced scan  
eyes deadpan  
“who’s zat”  
I just told you man  
it’s de cat wid de tat

The music starts  
he starts to sway  
then a little spray  
looking round  
a handshake and a pat  
he biffs his hat  
de cat wid de tat

But he’s not here to dance  
he needs a drink  
and some time to think  
he moves to the bar  
“gimme the usual mate  
and don’t ask what’s that  
you silly pratt!”

Buurp! “That’s goood!”  
mmm let me see  
now I needs some food  
hey waiter  
I want to order  
a big fat  
juicy rat

The joint is quite  
hushed  
furtive glances  
distracted dances  
a massive belly-on  
collapso splat  
he falls on the mat

Ah! That's great  
life's so good  
let the drums roll  
gimme an encore  
rat ta tat  
for the one and only  
cat wid de tat!

But, then a curse  
"off there - dam it Cat!"  
A shove - "wake up!"

Oh dear - time to move  
the borders are home - drat  
but I suppose it is their flat

These people  
will never know  
what it is to live  
with a legend  
the one and only  
cat  
de cat wid a tat!





## THE WORLD

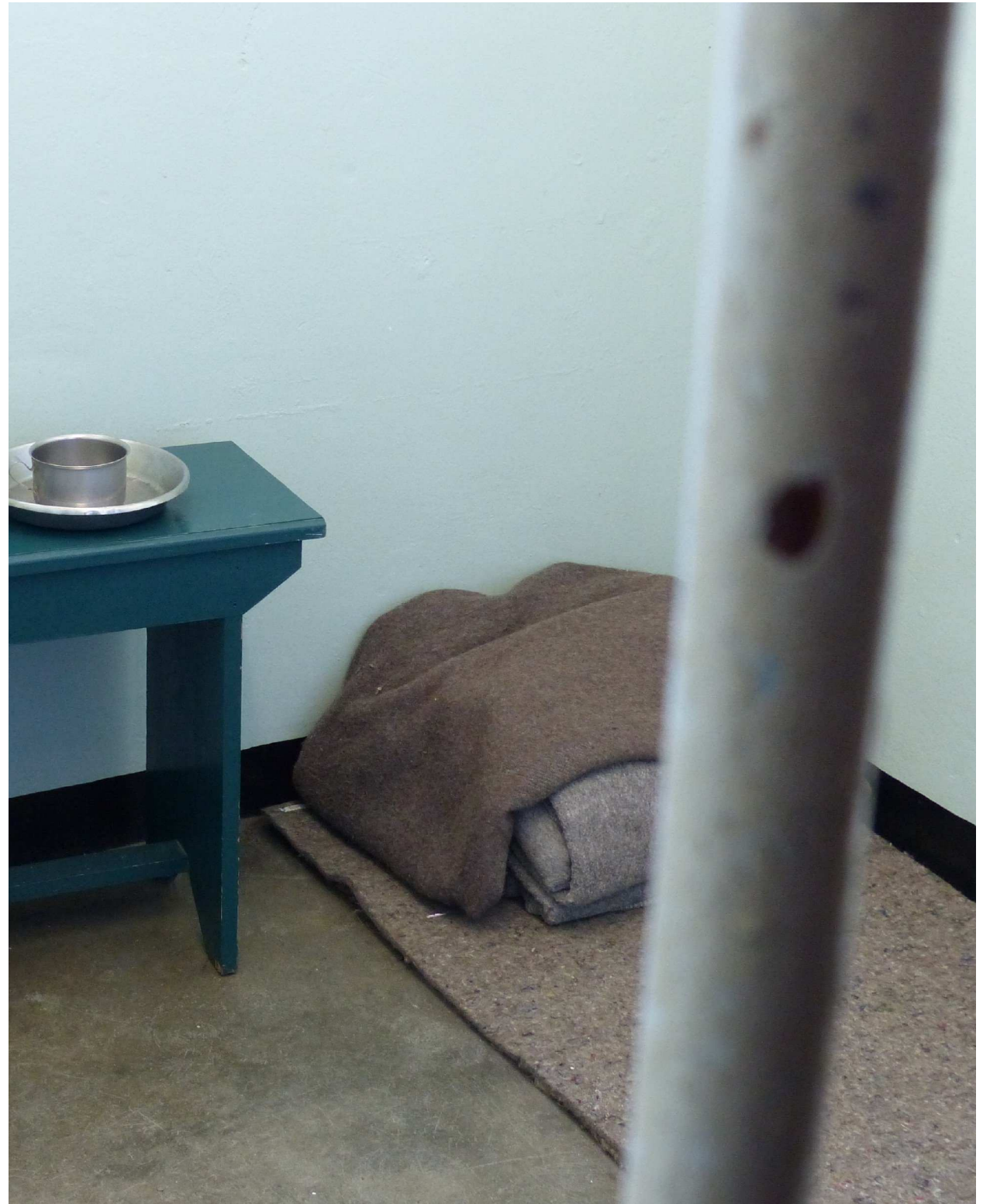


**SOUTH AFRICA (1975)**

Time tumbles  
the heaven rumbles  
the Whites bumble

The Blacks are humble  
but they mumble  
Apartheid stumbles

The Whites bumble  
the Heaven rumbles  
Time tumbles



## **TOMORROW (1978)**

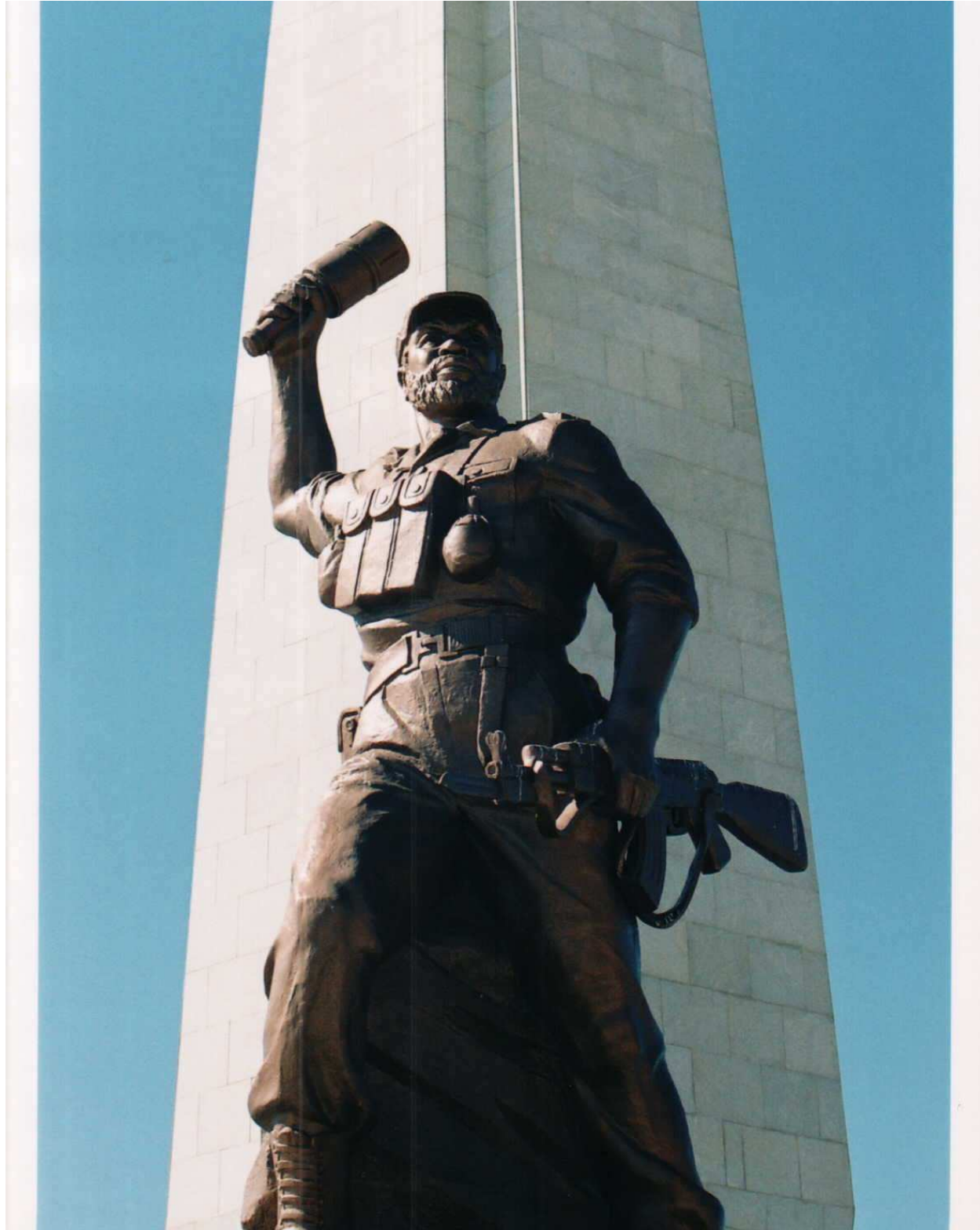
South Africa I cry for you  
for you are blind  
you reject the truth  
and don't seem to mind

You've lorded power  
refused to share  
you've blundered on  
accepted each dare

But now the worm has turned  
discontent around  
so you try and crush it  
drive it underground

the scene is set  
the faces stark  
the curtain rises  
the stage is dark

The play's called "Tomorrow"  
the villains called fate  
the audience is silent  
don't leave it too late

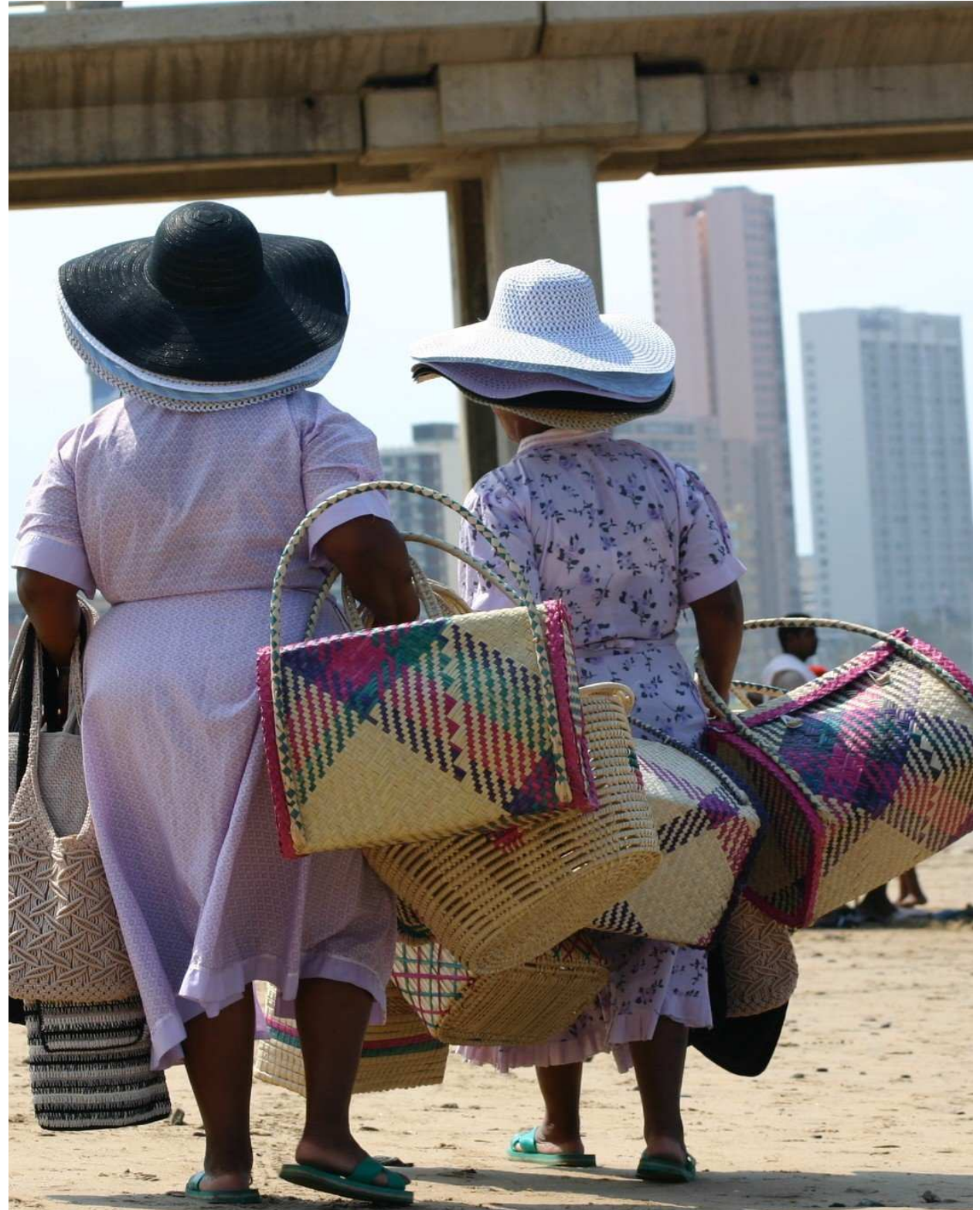


## **SOUTH BEACH (1978)**

I went to the beach today  
the dirty city beach  
thought I would take a break  
from the books and nights awake

But the sand was black  
the sea was brown  
the bodies white  
the fish were off the bite

bellies and breasts covered the sand  
unconditioned frames of city man  
a tattoo on a hand read - "hate"  
I wondered is this our fate  
and is it already too late?



## LONDON (1996)

A darkening sky  
ushers out the day  
weary workers  
homeward wend their way

Stirring, the animal moves  
slowly, joints aching  
it peers out  
drunk-like awakening

Dressed up grand  
with no-where to go  
a motley mane-coat  
sadly all show

Cardboard caves  
at Charing Cross  
the human debris  
of profit and loss

A huddled mass  
contorted shapes  
feeble eyes  
half-drawn drapes

Waiting  
willing or not  
languid  
waiting for what?



**1956 (1996)**

Soviet tanks  
Danube's banks  
diesel fumes  
flesh exhumes  
throated roar  
half-opened door  
futile flight  
tortured night  
brutal tracks  
across bare backs  
forty years  
corrosive tears  
ruthless mask  
why - we ask?



## IMPERIAL HOTEL – (1997)

Loud speakers drawl and bark  
scratchy, intermittent and bleak  
of endless wares speak  
scooters toot  
horns screech  
through the morass  
scooters shoot

tut tuts splutter and tut  
through pools of turgid mud  
phlut  
bursting busses clamber  
creaking human cargo  
willed on their way  
in blazes of acid soot  
by tunes from a seductive  
lilting  
snake charmer's flute

veteran Vespas trrg  
out the way you! - bee beee  
a retort - bee beee  
a stately Worsley's werr  
sedate secure  
then burr, burr  
sorry for the delay  
what would you like to drink  
Sir?

manicured lawns  
marbled halls  
ice cool pool  
creeper clad walls  
buttressed against a chaotic day  
standing securely in the way

but barely seen  
in the shadows  
dark eyes wait  
resigned for now



watchful  
waiting  
in such a fury  
of sound  
a silent vigil  
seeds of change  
ferment  
an inner cry  
no one hears  
hidden  
behind a veil  
of tears

## TEL AVIV – (1998)

Its morning on Tel Aviv beach  
a clamour for umbrellas and beds  
the suntan lotion flows  
onto countless bellies and heads

The macho-mechanical lifeguard  
applies his seemly salami tights  
ready to tackle the mindless  
and precocious kids on Lilo's fights

The browned beach-being  
lathers up her orange-peel thighs  
I should have avoided  
that dessert last night, she sighs

A veritable feast awaits  
creaking boulder holders  
ample well fed flesh  
crayfish backs and shoulders

The sun-dried regular  
butters up her marshmallow butt  
then rolls over to assist her man  
do his much loved gut

The Coppertone anointed glow  
of feral fur-clad backs  
and flimsy pain defying  
body splitting slacks

The endless parade passing by  
from delectable girl figures  
to thunder-thighs and bellies  
accompanied by inevitable sniggers

The girl in Gucci shoes  
with a high-heel swagger  
determined but doomed  
she ends in a soft sand stagger



The tight limbed stunner  
does her best G-string glide  
oblivious to the latent seeds  
of impending cellulite slide

The 18 carat woman watches  
as the stunner is fawned  
if I had legs like that she thinks  
I'd sell them or get them pawned

The army leave lads  
strut their cocky stuff  
fine tuned antennae out  
they sweep the beach for fluff

The board-walk bimboy glides  
an oiled steroidal stride  
sculptured large and firm  
bold with futile pride

Two tough guys have a play fight  
one slips and pulls a muscle  
a final drag on his Camel  
stretchered off amidst the hustle

The haphazard piano-key grin  
of the wizened ice cream vendor  
promising ecstasy on a stick  
in thirst-quenching splendour

The sly Shekel short-change shark  
smiles as another tourist is had  
don't count your change buddy  
too bad, too bad

From the dirty horizon  
the tepid sea laps the shore  
lathered and loud bathers enter  
then more and more

The glorious Mediterranean  
white sun-drenched beaches  
adorned with scalped babes  
with bottle-blond bleaches

The salt stained Speedos  
the aerosol-spray lycra tights  
a simmering patchwork quilt  
of endless sounds and sights

The gunboats like lizards laze  
binoculars ready they trawl  
while on the beach  
the lifeguard's wax and drawl

And so they proclaim  
cigarette and cellphone in hand  
this is it, we've made it  
made it to the promised land



Its Saturday, the Sabbath  
its Tel Aviv at war  
its a beach day  
who would want any more?

No-one in their right mind  
for this is Tel Aviv  
and almost anything goes  
as they say, se la vie

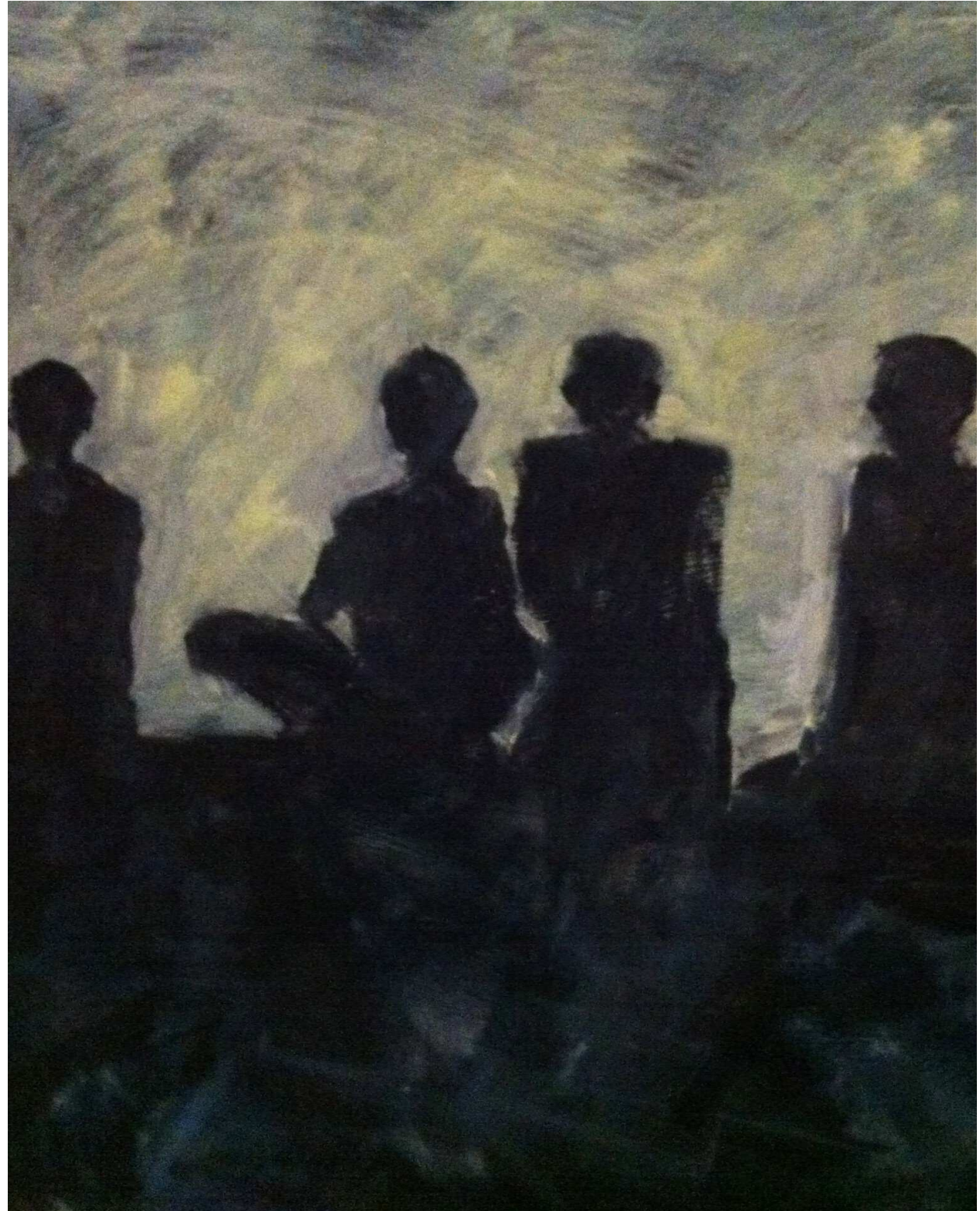
The contended tinkle of chains  
the confident costume-jewelled Jew  
latter day crusaders  
amongst the infidel, so few

But, somehow there's a feeling  
that under the shallow calm  
there lies a certain sense  
of impending harm

Maybe if the surface is scratched  
an assessment will show  
they're much more Palestinian  
than they care to know



## REFLECTIONS



# **A LIFE, A DAY (1974)**

He opened his eyes  
 through a glassy film of tears and glass he  
 gazed  
 focused on a square of bricked light  
 static, staying his gaze remained  
 an echo, the door, a thump  
 food  
 tighten, then relax  
 the contact lost  
 sitting, then standing on the floor  
 moving closer, closer to the wall  
 glaring through the gap  
 towards daylight  
 morning  
 a new day  
 they remained, the walls, the wire, the glare  
 he sighed and turned  
 his body turned and moved toward the door  
 he felt his knees bend  
 two hands clutched a tray  
 he turned  
 his body turned toward  
 a constant companion  
 a bed



**LIFE (1975)**

As our finite fingers grope  
as we reach for a star  
we come back empty handed  
and realise its really too far

Is there gold at the end of the rainbow  
as all I found was mud  
they say there's love in our heart  
all I found was blood

So, man stumbles on  
mundane, day to day  
with clumsy big feet  
getting in the way

High ideals and dreams  
discarded for now  
what's the point in worrying  
anyhow?



**NIL TO NOUGHT (1986)**

Yes and how  
we stumble on  
day by day  
for what  
will we ever begin to know

Foibles  
fools  
no, never, not us  
but  
what then  
nobody knows

Nobody cares  
really  
then why try  
when what you try  
cannot be attained

Why try and touch  
a leaf  
which tumbles  
to the ground  
with an open hand  
which searches  
through the air

Stay away  
let it sway  
and fall  
that's the way  
it will be

Stand and stare  
marvel  
but, try no more  
its folly my friend  
you've tried  
for nought  
I'm sure



**IMRE NAGY (1996)**

Imre Nagy stands alone  
on a peaceful 'Pest' bridge  
gazing west  
a soulful sight  
so sad

averted head  
eyes dead  
avoiding  
the hated Red star  
so sad

But, flowers at his feet  
suggest while Nagy's dead  
his killers couldn't silence  
what he did and said



**PEELING PAINT – (1999)**

A flimsy flake of paint  
Fights and heaves  
Until finally free it falls  
Like brittle autumn leaves  
The universe looks on  
As it bobs and weaves  
Flushed with pride  
In finely fashioned sleeves  
The universe looks on  
And smiles!



## THE FACE OF FATE

Silently I gazed into my father's distant eyes  
Lightly brushed with a glaze of lace  
morphine nights and days  
only to see my own futile face  
Fashioned in flimsy tears  
Strands strung in time and space  
The hand of fate reached out  
And brushed passed my face



## THE BEAST (2011)

The ironclad beast wades  
purposefully  
through the primeval stew  
twisting suddenly to the side  
plunging angrily  
lashing out  
contemptuous of the icy dark depths  
down, twisting  
until the salivated jaws  
begin to close  
to suck the marrow dry  
an urgent turn, then up  
search for a distant lantern light  
then back on course  
rhythmically forward  
a shiver, a shudder  
a rib crushing thud  
a shimmy  
then, on again  
forwards, down, up, side  
a roll  
rhythm back  
self contented sigh  
slithering through the dank mass  
warm shivers  
an ominous groan  
a thump, a shrug  
suddenly a stagger  
a stall  
an angry impatient pause  
punctuated by grating reptile claws  
above any sacred laws  
or expectations of the night  
loins spread in flight  
systematic rhythmic flows  
skeletal creaks emit a litany of woes  
endless chains of to and froes  
dancing a drunken jig  
frenetic and fast  
but just as quickly deathly slow



sinews shimmer and moan  
it awaits a moment  
then delivers a sickening blow  
Rise, pause, fall, stall  
surge, pause, drop, smack  
pause, push, haul, back  
stutter, tension, tighten the slack  
shudder, live rounds then flak  
a deft party, a rip a hack  
an unexpected backhand whack  
and then just as suddenly  
silence.....

## **DUE NORTH (2011)**

A tabular mass, massive, indifferent  
ancient and timeless  
begins its journey down the frozen styx  
silent, contemplative and shy  
reflects on the endless passage of time  
carved free from its icy chains  
waiting quietly in a discarded line  
for the beguiling embrace of the rising tide  
feels the first sign of tainted briny breath  
arms out reached, broad and wide  
beckon an invitation to come along  
on a mystical carpet ride  
to the warm embrace of the sun  
the fresh flow of its distant youth  
soften the salt parched throat  
to quench the insatiable and maddening thirst  
of the silent waiting beast



# ISLAND STORM (2011)

The compliant tree bent to the left  
to accommodate the incessant wind  
arms reached out left  
in sympathy with the flow  
but two limbs kept to the right  
strident and firm  
sticking to their tune  
until angry wind  
turned  
twisted them up and round  
forced them into line  
but just as quick  
they again pointed to the wind  
insistent and proud  
twisting in the violent tide  
fighting each incoming wave  
were they right or wrong?  
Do you go with the flow  
or lead with your chin  
and say no, I must wrestle with the wind  
to rely on our backs prostrate  
or twist and turn back to face the wind  
or rollover and quietly comply?



## LOVE (2011)

The maestro unveils a sublime and haunting tune,  
Pieced together with passion and precision,  
Chanting, he administers to the waiting mass,  
Light, God, peace and love,  
Light, God, peace and love,  
Rhythm and rime painstakingly preserved in folds of time,  
Interspersed amongst arcane spells of silence spun in mime,  
Releasing a satin white, simmering shape it ascends above,  
A pure and pristine message of hope,  
An image fashioned by the gentle feathers of a dove,  
Light, God, peace and love....  
Apprehensive and alone the crowd each gaze above



## PEOPLE (2013)

People and the plural peoples  
Are either young or old  
They die, live and are born  
Endlessly searching for solace  
They bleed, feel and mourn  
Living souls in mortal shells  
Held together in finely spun webs  
Repeating connections of human cells  
Helical lines gesture and sign  
Pasts alive in fables and spells  
Thought and memories align  
Glancing forward and back in time  
Received wisdom and memories  
Endlessly etched and frozen  
In silent gestures and mime









# Dreams & Reality

A Collection of our Poems, Paintings and Photos

Clive and Heather Elliott