

RHYME AND REASON VOLUME TWO

DOM*

Dedicated to the cherished and cheeky peeps.

Bravo ! :

You speak to one and speak to all
Our minds ye have gracefully touched
In joy we leap and misery we crawl
But in Belief and Faith we have much
8.)

The '99 Blues (composed in 1999) :

Then garrisons marched out to conquer
half the world ruled from the center
with mastery of steel and agility
discipline ensured victory
in the reign of conquerors
just a few millenniums ago

The sea a vast briny divide
civilization still ruled by the tide
then brave explorers discovered
new lands and the people conquered
their stake upon immortality
for the homeland's glory
just a few centuries ago

Red flag and sickle brought down a throne
when planes first battled and droned
world wars twice a century
during the first half
the Cold War ended
just over a decade ago

We're not getting closer
even as we get older
resorted to arms
negotiations crumbled
talk in shambles

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just a few years ago

News still blaring strife and scandal
weight of troubles for the willing and able
to cleanse this world of ailments
do we seek the new fangled or ancient ?
we're still searching
just a few days ago

Neighbourhood bustles with communal fussing
jobs, relations, children, gossip and bragging
folks I know and don't chattering
I have the alcohol's fire in my veins
from the drinks I had
just a few hours ago

My thoughts flip back to friends I had
times of delight and mirth made me glad
then commitments led us away
catch up with you soon
I was in the past
just a minute ago
8i)

Passage Of His Reign :

Supple youth gambols with fresh breeze.
Fledgling seeds sprout first roots.
First light flickers from the horizon.
Winds blow with a shrill.
His reign is ascending.

Seasoned vigour reads the seasons.
Roots rush to claim its share of the earth.
Torch of day hangs midway at meridian's hour.
Winds howl deeply.
His reign at its apex.

What was once a peak is now a plain.
The next crest yields a basin of troughs.
Howling winds bewray cracks.

Ripe form moves with care.
Old roots are gnarled.
Light of day is a humble blend of glow and grey.
Winds howl at slurred pace.
His reign at its ebb.
8i)

No. 14 :

He's been up and over the hill
He's lost the horizon
He can't see the end
to his plateau limbo

The parade of younger generations
excite him they do not
he knows the game
the tools have long changed
he a hapless victim
of the course of regulations
which write off able bodied people
on set biological years
not on account of physical decline

He wastes away
He's been up and over the hill
Bereft of direction
He's lost the horizon
which guided previous phases of his life

A man in retirement
without lifelong passion
outside the sphere of his career
hastens his own decline
He can't see the end
to his plateau limbo
8.)

Worth Of Say :

Everybody's worth of say
heard in haunts you roam
Someone else's worth of say
overheard as you flit by
It's not your worth of say
while you stand, watch and wait
You want your worth of say
before pale flag's hoisted
the towel thrown

Everybody's worth of say
in each twist of rhetoric
Someone else's worth of say
you cannot see your name
It's not your worth of say
you haven't spoken yet
You want your worth of say
before the heart's lost

the daredevils retire

Everybody's worth of say
as you glean the scene
Someone else's worth of say
while you keep your peace
It's not your worth of say
when others speak their mind
You want your worth of say
before the flames flake
the embers melt
8i)

Illustration Of Melancholy:

'I saw your face , It was clouded by smoke
I grasped the smoke, and inhaled despair
Was I too late ? Am I just in time
for one last remorse
and to scream myself hoarse
robbed of the thrill of a dare
The wheels turn with a broken spoke '
8i)

For A Friend's Recovery :

My heart leaps at your recovery
Peaks and troughs you did scale
Ease towards hearty and hale
Soon you'll return to normalcy
8i)

Progeny :

Flesh of one's flesh
Blood of one's blood
nature and learning mesh
where two create a third
8i)

I'm Leaving :

Goodbye there's a pensive stillness
A short while to reflect the jolt
There's a blithe smile of carelessness
A short pause to fasten the bolt
8i)

Action Required :

Thoughts that lodge in me
should I bolt them and forget ?
should I say them and release ?
this quandary baits me
with a jerk of regret

Questions play within me
should I price their logic ?
should I leave them be ?
this quandary baits me
with care I am to pick

Resolve swells in me
I should heed apprehension !
I should calm uncertainty !
the last stroke awaits me
with an expectation
8i)

Little One's Hope :

Your tiny feet stumble and knees buckle
yet you walk with outstretched arms
Your hands grapple at awkward angles
yet you come with curious arms
Child of hope and child of trust
Shape your future with our past
8i)

A Toast To Thee :

though the distance for miles swell
much from Fortune we can't tell
savour rewards and joys we had
while sweat and toil made us prepared
your quests ahead, I wish you well
8i)

Whimsical Verse :

There was a lady of wavy long tresses
who pined for short locks of hair
so to her wish she one day addresses
and was delighted by a sight so fair!
8i)

A weave of thanks :

'twas inspired by inspiration
I thank thee for thy plaudit
where reason and words meet
'tis to me a joyous notion
with words Bards shape and weave
while from the Muses they receive !
8i)

Quatrain For Friends :

In friendship and in sport
Trust and faith scaled the fort
In light jest and with truth
Hands clasp with regard true
8i)

The World Turns :

for as long as the world turns
there'll be cause to go on
along its twists and turns
from night to new morn
sparks alight where fire burns
warm embraces and cold spurns
events that press us upon
when cause and effect churns
while hopes and chances spawn
sadness and joy have their turns
there'll be cause to go on
for as long as the world turns
8i)

Pricey Temptation :

Sell us your finest finery
To cheer up lively livery
the earthly passing passions
tempt with comely compulsions
8i)

Your Move :

where does your heart lie ?
when it must be true ?
the hard questions they pry
and they are now due !

to salvation where you're cleansed ?

or reap damnation of recompense ?
judge and make fateful choice
foolish plunge or righteous poise !
8;))

Restless Reckless :

Mesh of contradictions
with likely predilections
flirting with chance
in a worldly prance

Providence queried with questions varied
in a rush hurried of temper unburied

Toasts to eventuality
with a toss of probability
come fame or infamy
taunts decreed mortality
8;))

Three Thoughts at Three Paces :

1

For what is a lavish bauble
but sight to behold and marvel ?
It cares not how you fare
merely a trinket to compare ?

2

Mock not the spartan or ornate
swiftly in haste or in debate
With stealth change alters priorities
makes necessary, luxuries
makes luxuries, necessities
A restless evolving state
fills or wipes a slate

3

Spare traders of things necessary
for their lack of tasteful grace
Their use and place have longevity
with wares to ease passing days
8;))

Some Questions(while Hope still waits) :

1

Will sworn foes swear anew
be seated on common pew ?
though far easier to renounce strangers

bad blood among same blood breeds dangers

2

Will sworn foes swear anew
be seated on common pew ?
or will peace be only enforced
when each choose a separate course ?

3

Will sworn foes swear anew
be seated on common pew ?
or must ill churn till last breath
with no certainty but death ?

4

By own accord, jettison pride
Courage on a limb, bare one's hide
If sincerity resides on each side...

5

Will sworn foes swear anew
be seated on common pew ?
if oaths can be retaken
can they embrace as brethren ?
8i)

Passing Days :

Cry for joy and sorrow
Yet lay hope for morrow
Lift that blanket over you
Till grass is wet with dew
Lift your head to a new morn
you'll be long way from forlorn
greet sunrise with relish
bid sunset with a wish
8i)

A Year Of Changes :

A year of welcomes and partings
short jaunts and long meanderings
of prosaic and verse wanderings
sustained efforts and constant dartings

A year of comings and goings
sure-footed steps and trippings
swift stirrings and quiet mullings
along known paths and new turnings
8i)

Another Round(for my friends) :

Wishing you joys plenty and setbacks few
Like the seasonal changes right on cue
Friendship true cloys not but breathes anew
Bursting with good faith and goodness due
8i)

Eight Lines :

Things said are said fully
Deeds done are done truly
There shan't be lies to grieve
If truth is like a sieve

When wits are matched
Our minds are lighted
When sins are hatched
Our joys are blighted
8i)

Dose Of Happiness :

Feast on meals healthy and hearty
moods brightened by fair company
amidst weather fine and agreeable
chosen activities are feasible
with pleasant and peaceful repose
awashed with life's joyful dose
8i)

Under The Influence :

Resolute we are to mark treasures
with length and breadth of finite measures
as if their expanse explains indulgence
where passion and devotion fuse at confluence
8i)

Grant Me A Moment :

Grant me a moment its tarrying worth
so I may savour my own lingering
that later at length I could with mirth
dub it a spell apt for remembering
8i)

The Best Seat :

Seated amongst fondest of friends
I took my place with much relish
there's truth that happiness depends
on presence of those we cherish
8;)

Simple Worship :

Elaborate rituals and traditions serve to lengthen the divide between what believers wish to state and supposed obligations that come with prayers. More often than not, such rituals are man-made rules meant to lend mystical, mysterious air to worship. In fact how we worship is as bare knuckles as simple sincerity.

Rituals and traditions do not enhance spiritual health of the faithful. They prolong the physical manifestation of worshipping taken to (at times) zealous and elitist degree. It bewilders those who approach religion with the aim of simple worship and sincere intimations. The imposition of man-made strictures and selfish interpretations magnifies the measure of spiritual desolation and logical confusion when welcome and solace are sought.

It is hurtful and spiritually repulsive to have a monk, priest or medium severely chastise a worshipper for menial violations, made out of ignorance, for the common people are not as well schooled in so-called religious conventions. It is their duty to guide and courtesy to instruct. No believer and worshipper comes with willful intent to cause sacrilege. That goes against the purpose and effort of one's presence. Again, it is caused by the imposition of rituals and ceremony which causes the divide.

A believer comes, settles in a prayerful pose and speaks one's heart, spills worries, mentions cares and wishes hopes for the numerous tomorrows ahead. It is a simple affirmation of faith and a private conversation with the Maker. What transpires in every session is a mutual secret between believer and Divine. A simple act that can be replicated at home in the confines of the room.

8;))

Savage Civilization :

Known civilization was once overrun by wild tribes. Humanity once again threatens itself; by overrunning itself from within. When decency becomes an underground outlawed movement, if civilization glorifies its own demise and luxuriates in the stream of crumbling plaster and concrete, that is when the very term 'civilization' becomes a meaningless warble of groans.

Before this desperate nightmare transmutes into hopeless reality, we

need to pinch ourselves and come to our senses by putting our chaotic house in order. We are our own worst enemy and our likeliest saviour.
8.)

Raindrops :

Those who plan to go on foot bide time till lashing water slackens its vehemence upon the earth. Overfed sod forms mud puddles. Drenched concrete turn shades darker.
Windows and screens are glazed with hazy film. Droplets streak randomly along crooked paths, from the steepest incline to the base. Trails of clear watery streaks slice through round and oval drops , speedily and decisively, like drunken comets.
8.)

Circumstantial Standpoint :

It's nothing but circumstances between us. Circumstances determine who orders the charge and who charges, who lords over all and who the servants are, who rests atop pedestals and who shoulder their weight, who stands on the rostrum and who stand on the plains.

Mere circumstances divide us. They determine who bears the moral responsibility, who does or refrain from the deed, those who are garbed and crowned with honour , those besmirched with infamy.

It's nothing but circumstances between us. Their plot is such that there are those who are heralds, those who are heralded and those who are unheralded masses. Mere circumstances stretch and fill possibilities within the circumstantial spectrum.
8.)

Just Passing By :

Questions and reality of mortality meet us head on. They are inescapable in this mortal sphere. With each experience we grow towards maturity and acceptance of the frailties of the flesh in Life's autumn. Mortality steps on our plate. It comes with mounting frequency. Rising generations. Receding elders. They meet , then one of them become recollection.
8.)

Workers Of The Land :

Let's turn our plaudits from urbane beings to workers of the land. Ever so often overlooked in this age of metropolis. Their handiwork beget sustenance which we require to sustain life and maintain our well being. The country's produce douses bothers of hunger, satiates palates. Their bread and butter , our bread and butter.
Workers of the land, at times contemned, dismissed as simpletons. Give

them their due. Short change them not with regard. The earth had been generous to them when our tongues were miserly. Workers of the land, nurtured by the earth and they nurture the earth in return for its gifts.

8.)

Rest :

Sleep is relief between exertions and effort we demand from ourselves. Much as we crave to eject all stops , the flesh craves due rest. The sword misses its scabbard. It returns to its housing when warlike vigilance is out of place. Take rest when your being needs its nourishment. Resume your affairs when refreshed. Thoughts dart. Senses sharpened. Limbs have their nimbleness returned. Go fly into the arena. Spend strength inside. When weariness gives the cue, come right back to the lull of repose.

8.)

Good Times :

The time we had. Life's delights shared. Repartees. Jousting with and jocular bandying. They take stage and fill gaps during bouts of excruciating inactivity. Scene, scents and discerned details. Moments of climax. Instances at the apex of tension which left all ahanging on every second of charged anticipation relieved by laughter when the punch line was delivered. Unexpected turns, surprise when it caught us at the tender flank, we were stupefied. Then senses roused us to cheer the deftness of the deed.

8.)