

Shangra La, Volume 1

Becalmed Without an Alibi



Poems by Ivor Steven
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Preface:

About the Author: Ivor Steven

Ivor is a former Industrial Chemist, who then at 30 years old, became a plumber, until his recent retirement, and now is a serious writer of poetry. He has had numerous poems (not books) published, in on-line magazines such as, Vita Brevis. SpillWords, Drabble, Wolff Poetry Journal, Festival of Poetry, Slasher Monster Magazine, Fae Corps Publishing and Free Verse Revolution. All these on-line magazines are American based publications. He is an active member of the Geelong Writers Inc. and many of his poems are published in their Anthologies. He started writing 19 years ago, after he had suffered a stroke, to help himself with his rehab process. During this time, and for the 30 years of his wife's, severe MS illness, Ivor was also the primary carer of his wife.

Shangri La: Explanation

Shangri La is the nameplate above the front door of Ivor's Villa. The sign writing artwork was done by Ivor, and the meaning of Shangri La is. " a place regarded as an earthly paradise, especially when involving a retreat from the pressures of modern civilization".



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Words To You

I wrote to you

You wrote to me

Your words turned to scrawl

Eyes began to call

A crack crept down the wall

You stood on the rubble so tall

We let the dust settle

Heated up the Kettle

Had a cuppa and a silent chat

Light flows back through the crack

Words were our pearls

Writing is my world

The Sun Kisses Everything

Trees climb toward the unwrappable air
Reaching for the nutritious sunlight
Daylight kisses everything

Clouds flow beyond the blue skyline
Reflecting the illustrious sunlight
Daylight caresses everything

Dust accentuates silhouettes on the horizon
Crystallizing the incorruptible sunlight
Daylight touches everything

We Lost the “A” Side (a Senryu)

There, on the “B”side
Of her undiagnosed moon
Lay my empty spoon

Volume Without Sound

when I am swimming
at the surf beach
and dive deep down
the eerie fullness
of my silent surroundings
enhances the volume
of those submersed thoughts
wafting within my mind

Schoolyards and Lizards

Enter Richard the lizard
A wise and withered wizard
Who stealthily slithered and delivered
His magic beyond pandemics and blizzards

Recreating a safe haven
An unsmeared and inured schoolyard
To be shared by the children
Without the National Guard

A Sweaty Hat Day (a Haiku)

A hot summer sky
Above brown thirsty paddocks
Sweat drips off my hat

Holes In Doors

My owner left me
Locked up in the courtyard
Nothing unusual about that
He left me some biscuit treats
And a full bowl of water

However, he forgot
To close the wire security screen
Well, best I break in
And protect our kennel
“What would you have done?”

I started clawing and chewing
At the exposed wood door
Firstly I dug a small hole
An opening I could bite
My industrious teeth into
Whoops and drats!
There was another layer
On the inside too!

I wasn't sure why
My boss told me off
When he arrived home
I thought I was only trying to help
He didn't appreciate my creativity

Time passed and Christmas arrived
My extended family
Were joking and laughing
At my Aunt's gift for Dad
Woof, woof. “A Doggie Door for me”

Trees Without Shadows

A dry foggy dawn
Eerily gloomy for summer
Deep blurry clouds
Brashly obscure the sun
And thirsty barren trees
Stand starkly without shadows

The becalmed and breathless world
Waits for the anchored sky
To hear the beckoning breeze
Be aroused by the atmosphere's
Guardian spirit bird
Who ceremoniously waves his wings

The Core (a Poem)

The Core (a Senryu)

Existence crawls down
Through my neck into the heart
Of where my soul lies

The Core (a Haiku)

Through the winds of time
Existence descends from trees
Perpetually

A Cup of Coffee on The House

Fantasy.

*A powerful Pacific Albatross
Gracefully landed on fairy-moss
That covered my welcoming pathway
And graciously handed me a sacred Mandala*

Reality.

The postman delivered a special parcel today
A belated Christmas gift from America
A wonderful hand-painted coffee mug
And this afternoon I enjoyed
“A Cup of Coffee on The House”
Thanks to my friends at Coffee House Writers

The Untouchable and Invisible World

The uncontrollable Digital World
Is stuck in an unstoppable whirl
Untouchable like a hot and crazy lava flow
Madder than a mist and snow in the Congo

We do not physically experience the wireless connection
Our world's computer reliance is a mental autoinfection
Desperately requiring a House of Correction
Before we crash into the horizon's unmanned intersection

Haiku (3)

To Blush Alone

Embarrassingly
Crimson roses stand alone
Under the hot sun

Defiantly

Sunflowers do bloom
Through the war of destruction
Bravely defiant

Beyond Darkness

Beyond crescent moon
Stars illuminate our souls
Darkness finds the light

Cool Change

There is a shady gray sky
Sailing above the Cafe
And a sympathetic breeze
Dances across the tabletops

As the liberating cool change diffuses
The morning's explosive heatwave

Tanka (3)

An Unseeded Renewal

Sunflowers of peace
We have not forgotten you
The war has not stopped
Killing fields are still on fire
Young stems need help to survive

A Dishonoured Land

Today, time decreed
Nature's enslaved angry storm
Be discharged upon
The unsympathetic world
To cleanse the dishonoured land

Please Let Them Grow

Ravages of war
Shall not weary their progress
United they stand
Strong and resilient they grow
Let the earth be their witness

Time In A Turbulent Sea

My time, weeks, days, and hours have gone
My time, between one procedure and the next
Time to explore this healing castle
Time to write about realities and dreams
Time to chat to eager listeners
Time to observe the people living within
Time to think about the world's problems
Time to visualise pictures of tomorrow
I am not a patient in his bed
I am free-standing and waiting instead
I am a walking and talking local poet
I am not allowed to vacate the site
They want me near, to study my plight
They want me here, to secure my bed
They need me near, to look into my mind
They need me here, so I am easy to find

The World's Fractured Mirror

At the close of day
Sunset's empty amphitheatre
Descends into a twilight tone
And semidarkness
Oppresses the horizon's
Endangered vanishing point

What loiters beyond
The skylines diminishing aurora?
Will the night-fires of war
Continue to be entrapped
For ever and ever, inside
The world's fractured mirror

Embedded

No more highs and lows
Nor ups and downs
The roller coaster wheels
Have sadly departed
From their weary axles
And the embedded tracks
Now rest underneath
Dried leaves and fallen branches

Words (an Acrostic Poem)

Wandering along this winding road
Over hallowed hills carrying my ethereal load
Rivers of tears overflowed into the sea
Disheartened, but encouraged by the prevailing breeze
Secretly, I keep sailing toward her sacred tree

I'm A Dreamer (Revised)

I am here on a hospital bed, life's not quite right
Today's window, is out of sight
I sense that the sun did rise and the day is now alight
Answering the sky, I'm a dreamer of the night
Morning thoughts of the day ahead, within this quiet

I could be in the park, flying my orange kite
Under a cool verandah, riding my silver bike
On the surf beach, cleansing myself of this blight
Lying on warm sand, sunbathing my body beyond white
Reality strikes, I'm here waiting for the next test's bite

Let Us Grow (a Memento)

The flowers still stand tall and strong

After the ghastly storm

Not long

They cry, before the bees do swarm

All day they hum their song

Perform

And remain a unified team

Work together they say

And beam

Enjoy our colourful display

Retain us in your dreams

Always

Birds on Wires

Weary gray clouds
Lay anchored in the sky
Moist air hangs breathless
Not a wisp to disperse the flies
And an anxious sweaty dampness
Clings to everything

Birds on wires sit motionless
Waiting for a thermal updraft
To lift them beyond this world of smallness
Where greed and senseless wars
Remain the leader's primary craft

Becalmed Without an Alibi

Time to unshackle my inflatable raft

And reignite my charred draft

I left floating down the river

When I was the disabled driver

Of my *Itmims* space craft

Sadly, the fuel tank is running on empty

And the secondhand battery is almost dry

I need to recharge my world beyond page twenty

And being becalmed is not an imaginative alibi

Itmims; Ivor's Time Machine In Micro Space

Tanka (3)

The World's Crimes

One line at a time
We shall persistently climb
Above the world's crimes
That bears no reason or rhyme
For making the peace bells chime

Infusion

Nature inspires us
mere mortals, through the bad times
live on and enjoy
times of preordained sunshine
that infuse our cracks with light

I'm a Walrus

I am not insane
I have lost myself in pain
I know I'ts not time
I have the will to survive
I'm a walrus goo goo g'joob

Birds Under Trees

Below the wavering clouds
Nature's noble trees
Become the birds shrouds
And the world's true trustees

There, under the sheltering steeples
The earth is their sacred temple

Forked Tongues

War clouds cover the sun
The wind hums through dead leaves
They're talking in tongues

Beach sand is on the run
The waves sharply rise and cry
They're talking in tongues

Moon shadows are left undone
Their white light hides under trees
And they're talking in tongues

The new dawn has begun
Sunrise greets everyone
But we're talking in tongues

Birds Walking

Who would need wings
If the ground was safe all year long
A level field for the world's bird songs

No gas filled trenches
No bombs dropping from the sky
No fallen angels waving goodbye

Birds in Flight

Our spirit birds sleep all night
Then emanate at first light
To resume their dedicated flights

Our watchtower sentinels of Mother Earth
Who sacredly ascend at first light
Forever in flight, since nature's worldly birth

Magpies and Butterflies

Our sad solar eye
Is Hiding behind a misty sky
Why do you cry?

The golden age did not die
Nor are we waving goodbye
Despite the state of our pigsty
Verbal bullshit deeper than knee-high

One day soon, we will try
To become nature's ally
Turn ourselves into the good guys
With clip-on clean green bow-ties
Then, save our magpies and butterflies

Haiku (4)

Waterfall

Past the urban sprawl
There is a gentle cascade
Scenic Buckleys Falls

Walkie

To explore his patch
He happily trots away
He then prances back

Nature Remembers

The red lily blooms
In February each year
Memories of you

Alexander

Where do you go to?
My Alexander beetle
Striding so calmly

Shadows Fall (a Musette)

Don't stop
Do not look back
Leaves drop

Shadows
Do not create
Meadows

Walk tall
Don't look beyond
Nightfall

A Fractured Birdbath

I have been staggering
Sometimes stumbling
Beneath the hard rain
but I see no soft puddles
on my cobblestone path

My empty matchbox raft
Is snagged in my tubs gurgling drain
And inside the yard's fractured birdbath
only charred snow flakes
and a dry feather-sponge remain
to soothe my back pain

A Sapphire Blue Canopy

Above the shimmering horizon
Daylight's glow resolutely grows
Like a rising ocean tide
Strutting over hot sand

The sunrise swaggers
Up through the clouds
Brilliantly vapourizing
Their hypnotic silver linings
And gradually exposing the sky's
Sapphire blue canopy

Birds on Fences

What side of the fence
do you sit on?
Birds perched on fences
look down on the earth

The grass is not always greener
on the other side
Is there ever
a winning side
or a losing side

Worms burrow holes
on both sides
Shadows grow longer
under the one sun
Dawn rises on the dark side
and the sun sets on the bright side

Birds on fences know
that the mystery of the universe
can be seen in a blade of grass

The Odds and Ends, I send

Our head reaches for the clouds
But our heart forgets to speak aloud

We are all little fish in a big sea
Swimming below the atmosphere
Created by nature's life giving trees

Not all rocks
Are not just rocks
Some old rocks
When you study their socks
And listen to their knees knock
They "Have rocked around the clock"

The Time-Machine's Secret Code (Revised)

I'm no stranger to this land
The warm hourglass sand
Is drifting past my hand
I'm no stranger to this room
Time has me back here too soon
I've yet to go on my trip to the moon
I'm no stranger to this road
Time has me carrying destiny's load
I'm here after my latest episode
I wait for a new download
From the time-machine's secret code
I'm no stranger to this hospital door
Again, I'm grounded in ward four
But I will beat this unheralded war
And the nurses will say hello, and goodbye Ivor

We Are the Carrier Pigeons

Are our Sunflowers wilting?
Can they survive, prosper, and regrow?
They will need more
Genuine assistance
Our promissory words
And tuneless birdsongs
Are not enough

We cannot forget them
We all need to speak up
Let our world of voices be heard
Draft a poem, a letter
Of protest, today, tomorrow
We are the carrier pigeons
May our messages for peace
Chime over the people of Russia

Dust In My Eye

I felt gravity's pressure drop
When I noticed time had stopped

There, beyond our gray sky
Sunlight was beginning to die

Is Doomsday plunging into our sty?
Or, has future's dust inhabited my eye

Alexander Beetle Sensed the Crime

A crazy Autumn afternoon
Do not call me lazy
I am gazing at a silver moon
Has my finale night
resumed too soon?
My table
has been set without a spoon
Have I misread the event's tune?

A sundial chimes the time
Have I misaligned the rhyme?
My friend
Alexander beetle sensed the crime
and memorized my vanishing mime
then stoically marched-in-time
Away
from the phenomenon's unlyrical lines

A Beetle Called Bertha

I tip-toe among the little critters
That wriggle and flitter
Along our shared grassy track
They like to stop and have a chat
And proudly pose for a photo
When I am on my tummy down low

Today I met a beetle called Bertha
A lady who was frank and earthy
And like my grandma, her family came first
She protected her offspring through every cloudburst
And I seriously agreed with the lady beetle
That little critter's mothers were not unlike people

Twilight's Bookends

The soft clouds have finished cruising
above the prismatic horizon

The sky's golden curtain descends
upon twilight's fathomless bookends

There, behind the world's flickering drapes
the starry, starry universe awaits