

Rhymings of a Disintegrating Mind



a selection of poems

by

the Part-time Poets

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Preface

For those of us who still appreciate a little rhyme in our poetry, 'Rhymings of a Disintegrating Mind' is a compilation taken from the following collections:

1. The Lost Property Window collection of poetry and short stories
2. The Fallen poetry series
3. The Binary Log collection of poetry and short stories
4. The authors' novels and short stories
5. the-rhyme-room.com web site

Contents

For simplicity, and hopefully the convenience of the reader, this offering has been loosely separated into categories which we hope are self-explanatory.

Within ‘Morbid Thoughts’ you’ll find:

[Gods of Bitter Rage](#)
[Poem for a Vampire Fallen](#)
[Happiness Somehow Lost](#)
[Human Kindness](#)
[A Different Plane](#)
[Fond Farewell](#)
[The Bus Driver](#)
[The Passenger](#)
[Poem for an Angel Fallen](#)
[Death of a Hero](#)
[A Doctor Fallen](#)
[Dead on Time](#)
[The Fallen](#)

Within ‘Life’s Like That’ you’ll find:

[Love D.I.Y.](#)
[Leaks](#)
[Call Centre Blues](#)
[Thoughts of an Interviewee Unbound](#)
[Thoughts of an Interviewee Unbound – Revisited](#)
[The Insidious Mr Plaque](#)
[Breathing](#)
[Exercise](#)
[Lament of a Disaffected Foot](#)
[My Cantankerous Friend](#)
[The Ladies’ Grand Excuse Me](#)
[Melting Honeycombs](#)
[Springtime Symphony](#)
[The Gardener](#)
[The Compost Slave](#)
[Avalon, New Jersey](#)
[Fifty Years and Counting](#)

Within ‘Smile, Smile, Smile...’ you’ll find:

[The Perfect Date – An Amateur Mechanic’s Dream](#)
[Teddy Bears](#)
[A Real Room](#)
[The Wily Pheasant](#)
[Encouragement](#)
[Colour-blind Joe](#)
[A Twenty Line Poem](#)
[Hillbilly Spiritual](#)
[Da Frogs](#)
[The Limerick Collection](#)

Within ‘Love – Lost and Found’ you’ll find:

[April Days](#)

[Ode to a Menace](#)
[Certainty Amid Uncertainty](#)
[The Icing Man and the Historian](#)
[Like & Hope](#)
[Passing Time with You](#)
[Moments in Time](#)
[A Love Poem](#)
[In Winter Time](#)

Within 'Real or Surreal?' you'll find:

[The Conscientious Cork](#)
[The Gyrowocker](#)
[The Spider](#)
[The Ancient Witness](#)
[The Emperor's Former Concubine](#)
[Five Senses of Japan](#)
[The Street Lamp](#)
[The Lesson](#)
[Thoughts of a PC Evolving](#)
[Turpentine 6 Chapter Poems](#)
[The Lie](#)
[Why We Are Alone](#)
[Fantasy Enigma](#)
[The Spirit](#)
and also,
[About the Part-time Poets](#)

Morbid Thoughts

We can of course look at life and see its funny side, but here we venture into darker realms, both real and imagined...

Gods of Bitter Rage

A dying warrior summons his God to express his resolve and enter a plea...

Come ye, Gods of Bitter Rage
Do not forsake me now
I bide here, stricken, not in defeat
Still glorious, I avow
My plating cleaved, I strain for breath
Yet still my arms are strong
Sprawled upon this rotting earth, I tense
The hordes advance. Sing the battle song!

Run to me, you sons of hate
Dare to crush my bones
You may not fear this crawling wreck
But I am carved of stone

None within my reach shall pass
I conjure wrath and flame
And while the cowards whinge and wail
The brave fight on in vain

So many corpses stain the ground
All slaughtered by my hand
Death shall hail me, Lord, this day
Reward those I command
No man has ever matched His greed
Have I not earned His pride?
Yes! I see Him midst the ash. He comes!
At last to bid me lead His tribe

[\(back to contents\)](#)

Poem for a Vampire Fallen

Perhaps all vampires finally meet their match, however unusual and unexpected that match may be...

Tonight I claimed a youthful girl
I do not know her name
Unlike the rest, she showed no fear
Or cried for one to blame
Before I pierced her virgin flesh
Our eyes did meet and there
I gazed upon my rotten core
And glimpsed a speck of care

It was as if a sacred cross
Had rammed into my brain
And then for once in centuries
My demon guest felt pain
I fought against the raging fire
Resumed my gruesome task
But as my prey fell silent
I knew she was the last

* * * * *

A year has passed since I have known
The taste of human blood
Beguiled, I have been poisoned
By silly schoolgirl love
I live off swine and insects
Hide deep within the woods
For like a stinking carcass
I'm cast out by the good

This penance is the perfect curse
Perhaps I should appeal

Yet I was evil, sought my fate
A wound our Lord won't heal
In Hell I am a failure
A thorn in Satan's side
I walk alone, then, shunned by all
The dark my only guide

In shadows now I search for rats
But moonlight thwarts my tack
The misery that taunts my mind
Seems worse on winter's back
Thus I resolve to end this pain
Accept what lurks beyond
I seek no peace and that's a fact
I crave no magic wand

Tonight upon this tainted ground
I rest 'til dawn of day
When sunlight flares and dead flesh burns
I hope to fly away
To where I killed the youthful girl
And there my ghost shall dwell
My sentence for eternity – to think
About a child who conquered Hell