

Poems by David Lindsay
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01 - A Tiddler in a Glass Jar on a Shelf

Written 01/04/17 from the above line suggested by Philip

Location, Location, Location

A tiddler in a glass jar on a shelf
A fiddler in a crass bar with an elf
A piddler in a grass spa by himself
A diddler in a gas star cheats a Guelph

Shoal Survivor

I'm not much of a looker -
a smelly fish and small
But I did escape the cooker
when I got caught in his haul

The bigger fish would tease me
and made me feel a fool
But I'm the one still smiling
outliving ridicule

Compared to my compadres
(just speaking for myself)
with guts intact, I state as fact
it's great here on this shelf

This jar is large and comfy
with a view so high and fine
It still smells of jam, and so I am
feeling like I'm on cloud 9

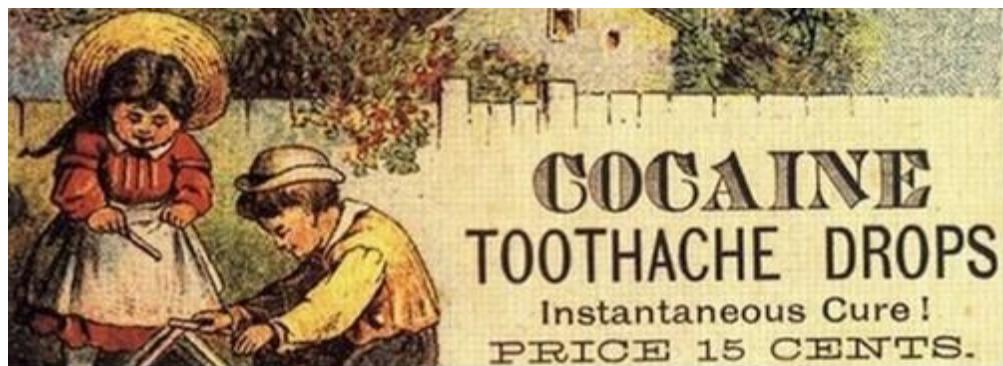
So don't mock my feeble status
as a tiddler in a jar
Sometimes being small, but gracious
leaves you better off, by far

02 - A Cure

Written 02/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2681734-CONTEST--88-Picture-Prompt---The-Picture-is>

4 lines only - Picture is your prompt



Golly Jolly Gum Drops

Cocaine toothache drops are magic
Tackling the issue at the root
No more sad sighs, or doleful cries
and it'll get you high to boot

03 - Betta than the rest

Written 02/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2682802-Betta-Fish>



20 words max - picture is the prompt

I'm a betta fish, a fighting fish
A brightly daring breed
A noble fish, a hungry fish
I swimmingly succeed

04 - Not Magnolia

Written 04/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2682381-FUNNY-BONES-contest---35-PAINT---noguest>



Picture is prompt.

<http://inspirationlane.tumblr.com/post/147260998675>

Let's paint the walls with ice-cream
not dull matt or shining gloss
Let's make our mark on this fine room
and show it who is boss

Who needs humdrum woodwork?
Who needs yawning doors?
Or skirting boards sitting listless
when ice-cream would bring applause

So, let's roll it on the ceiling
with gusto, nice and thick
Chocolate mint, with just a hint
of "admire me - take a lick"

Let's get matching curtains
or a candy floss rolling blind
It'll scream of tasteful decor
and I'm sure the cat won't mind

Some might find it drastic
Some might say they find it quaint
But we could start a revolution
with our lumpy bumpy paint

Imagine if each and every room
had a taste and colour scheme
Wouldn't that be fantastic?...
Please don't wake me from this dream!

05 - G's Post-Apocalyptic Diner

Written 04/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2682196-Gs-Post-apocalyptic-Diner>

Pull up a chair, and share your poem.

Rules - civilization has collapsed; it's anarchy here.

G's Post-Apocalyptic Diner

They say the world is ending
I reckon I'm not sure
But I'm sat here in G's Diner
with one eye on the door

It's getting quite chaotic
it's not a normal day
The staff seem a bit distracted
as if things have gone astray

We've been here for a week now
so no-one's feeling glad or bright
I vaguely recall it started with
a fearsome blinding light

Then they went and lost the toast rack -
a sure sign anarchy's abound
They've searched through every cupboard
but the bugger can't be found

The milk tastes a little funny;
the teapot's running dry
So we'll have to switch to coffee soon
It just makes you want to cry

You can feel the tension building
though they're not a bad old crowd
But some are starting rumours
of a worrying mushroom cloud

Some say that that is bollocks;
claim it was a meteorite
But we've run out of jam and bovril
and I'm stuck with damned marmite

The salt is in the pepper pot
the peppers gone to ground
There's simply no brown sugar left
It's a problem quite profound

They're rationing the bacon
and the sausages to one
But we've sent out volunteers
to go pig hunting for fun

Though some were not so keen to leave
went out screaming "It's not fair!"
Concerned about radiation
from a nasty solar flare

And as the radio stopped working
some wailed "The end is nigh"
I confess to being a little bored
as I can't get on't' wifi

But at least we'll get a break
from all that moaning and that ranting
and the endless pointless stories
of folk with billboards grimly chanting

I mean what is there to gripe about?
You can't argue life's now dull
There's no point bellyaching
Don't they see the glass half full?

You might call me sad and cynical
but I'd say my life's now finer
cos I've something new to write about
in G's Post-Apocalyptic Diner

06 - All Poets (Cinquain)

Written 04/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2682984-Form-Poems-iii>.

I'd like a triple cinquain please. Cinquain is a short, usually unrhymed poem consisting of twenty-two syllables distributed as 2, 4, 6, 8, 2, in five lines.

Line 1: Noun. Line 2: Description of Noun. Line 3: Action.
Line 4: Feeling or Effect. Line 5: Synonym of the initial noun.

poets
hardy wordsmiths
forge meaning and meter
to make the finest tools for life
artists

artists
worthy hunters
seek to capture beauty
their deft movements ever beguile
dancers

dancers
true performers
express soulful rhythm
evoke feelings through choice of form
poets

07 - Hanging On

Written 06/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2682659-Image-Prompt->



Image is prompt. 4 stanzas of 4 lines each.

I'm wondering how I got here
and if it's worth a yell
Would anybody hear me shout
and help me out this hell?

My hands are in the sunshine
I look up and see some light
I'm hanging on, but don't feel strong
I'm in a sorry plight

For every limb is aching
Every moment is sheer pain
Every heartbeat just reminds me
that my soul is down the drain

--

But there is hope here in the daylight
and I trust that that will grow
I'm strong enough to ask for help
You'll be there for me, I know

08 - 15 words

Written 06/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683081-quickie-again->

Prompt word is hiccup, 15 words exactly.

How Rude!

This graceless uninvited guest arrives
constantly interrupts my speech;
gets a laugh at my expense

09 - Des(s)ert

Written 09/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2682449-Des-s-ert>

Play about with the words desert and dessert.

Mirage

Feast your eyes on this;
a glorious hot dry scene
Those endless dunes of burning sand
are mountains of ice cream

Let your tongue catch fire
let your tonsils drool
Follow grainy contours
of that gelato so cool

Let your nostrils flare
in the glory of the heat
Dip and wade, find some shade
in your favourite sorbet treat

Let your ears wax dry
searing in the sun
For no oasis can replace this
desert dessert fun

10 - Droplets

Written 09/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683148-Image-Prompt--1--LNP->

Photo is prompt. 45 words max



It's a joy to watch the droplets dance;
caught on glass
pressed but free

Cha-chaing their way
in solitary whim
Or waltzing together
in happy beads

On long wet journeys
ignore the outside world
ignore the inner chatter;
let them perform to still your mind

11 - Demon Kebab

Written 09/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683286-Challenge-Yourself--WORD-BANK->

Use all the words in your chosen word bank, but make a happier 'spiritual' poem...

Prompt 2- malicious, demons, haunted, hunt, grave, torture, torment, oppression, blood, stab

—

Malicious demons, whilst on the **hunt**,
may choose your shoulder and take a stab
 But give yourself a little shake
 then skewer them like a shish kebab

Then nibble their innards with **grave** glad glee -
remember **oppression** is their one true aim
Torment and **torture**, they understand;
 so beat them at their own sad game

Ever after, with a little luck,
they'll remember you and how you **haunted**
Their embarrassed faces will flush with **blood**
 while you carry on your life undaunted

So always leave room for a little snack
and be ready to munch on a demon or two
 After all, it's always best,
 for them to be deep in a pickle, than you

12 - Extinctions

Written 12/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2682681-Word-Bank>

Words used - Important, release, unheard, echoes, vivid, unknown, savour, streams, mystical, rubies

Unheard amongst time's echoes

Unknown and out of favour

 sit a lonely set of words

a set no tongue could ever savour

Whispered in the dark

smothered by false signs of peace

Misheard. Chewed up. Mangled. Caged

 with no hope of release

Tribal lands and customs lost

in mountains and deep streams

were buried with their languages

along with all too many dreams

Once vivid and important

Once urgent and worthwhile

Once full of loaded meanings;

 all to vanish at Fate's smile

Those fiery rubies glowing red

were to fade like dying embers

 in a future, ever colder,

like inglorious bleak Decembers

Forever to be frozen;

mystical, unknown, they lie

How sad, we might reflect now

 on how those words did die

13 - Spring Break

Written 14/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2682817-Penguins-In-Sweaters>



We're sturdy little fellows
always trying to impress
In the coldest winter climates
we know just how to dress

With a firm tough shield of blubber
topped with the smartest birthday suit;
Pure black and white, which will delight -
it's our favourite attribute

We'll stand firm as winter beats us
with a strong stiff upper lip
in our dinner suits, so resolute
for we know they'll never rip

We meet in busy colonies
as seasons come and seasons go
and get fed up of monochrome
especially in all that snow

So when the springtime comes around
we'll head north to a warmer clime
And have a short break in the sun
We find it quite sublime

But to blend in with the locals
and to try to look less formal
we don our coloured sweaters
and hope we look quite normal

We're not sure if that really works,
but it's the only plan we've got
So just be polite and say hello
as we take a group snapshot

14 - Beating Banality

Written 14/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683392-Pick-a-letter>

Pick a letter - write a poem min 12 words all with the same letter.

Banality beckons because
beaten, battered by boredom
bright brains become blind;
bludgeoned by bearded beliefs

But before being broken by bad behaviour,
Bitten, burnt, belittled, bereft
Be bold, be brave -
Believe better battles breathe beyond

15 - X

Written 16/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683555-Show-some-love-for-the-letter-X>

You must use at least 5 words that begin with the letter X.

Poem length - 8 lines max

Xiphoids cut through all the chaff
leaving a jaundiced, xanthic hue
Xmas shaves off any carol
while xylol burns and sticks like glue

Xerox copies with true faith
Xanax makes you feel the best
Xylates leave a bitter taste
while xenophobes might hurt the rest

8 words beginning with used.

Some definitions of the more obscure ones:

xiphoid - sword-like
xanthic - yellowish
xylol - a type of flammable liquid solvent
xanax - an antianxiety agent
xylates - a salt of xylic acid

16 - Royal Regards

Written 16/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683492-Making-A-Trunk-Call>

Picture is the prompt - 4 to 12 lines please.



A greeting full of majesty
Graceful. Replete with charm
Each share a gentle smile
and think "it's nice to meet you ma'am"

Both have wrinkles they can talk about
and twinkles in their eyes
Layered years of past experience
mean both are worldly wise

So stately and so noble
the pair enjoy their little chat
But while both deserve to wear a crown
only one can wear that hat!

17 - No Second Date

Written 19/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683681-Bizarre-Insults---Freeverse--brevity->

Come up with some poetic insults. 20 lines max.

You listen like a drunken slug
slurping and slurring through a second beer trap

You talk like a smelly wombat dances
after stepping knee-deep in a lemon slice

You think like bear with a dentist drill
emitting ugly growls and whirrs and whines

You eat like a famished octopus
all hands, sad saliva and dribbling beak

You love preening yourself like a jiving dandy
but you've a face to sink a thousands ships

You flash your money, sit back in a smarm-filled chair,
happy as a pig reveling in muddy vulgarity

18 - Funny Honey

Written 20/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683671-Funny-honey>

Read this article and write a poem of around 50 words:

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-europe-19835847>

Bees making blue, green and red honey in France and it's not good.



The French are well renowned
for food served with bold panache
But things went a bit too far
for beekeepers in Alsace

For when honey made with M & Ms
comes out green or red or blue
and tastes a little funny
they can't sell it on to you

19 - Melody (Pleiades)

Written 20/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683457-Pleiades-Poem--introduced-by-Craig-Tigerman>

Write a pleiades on the word "Melody"

PLEIADES:

7 lines with 6 syllables in each line about a one word topic.

Each line must begin with the letter of your word

Melody

Music tickles the mind -
meanders sweetly through
Moulding your memories,
mixing in fresh new ones
Making fine monuments;
mosaics in grey matter
Marvelous is the tune

20 - Iron

Written 21/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683844-Iron>

Write a poem with the word "iron" in the title or the text.

When racing round the board
the iron's the choice for me
For who would be the cat or dog
always stopping for a pee?

Who would be the racing car
skidding off the track?
Or a single wheeled barrow -
I mean where's the fun in that?

The boot seems rather charmless
The thimble way too lame
The battleship too stately slow
for this speedy sort of game

The top hat adds a touch of class
But it's no stimuli
The cannon and the rocking horse
both left us by and by

It's the piece to get the job done;
lets off steam and likes the board
It will iron crumpled money
while expecting no reward

From Old Kent Road to Mayfair
For passing "Go" feeling sublime
You simply cannot beat it
when you're feeling pressed for time

So I will pick the iron
for it's solid, nimble, quick
Reliable. Dependable
It simply does the trick

21 - Healing

Written 21/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683630-26-Words-Exactly---Ijeoma-Umebinyuo>

Write a poem of exactly 26 words based on the quote below.

“healing comes in waves
and maybe today
the wave hits the rocks

and that’s ok,
that’s ok, darling

you are still healing
you are still healing.”

— Ijeoma Umebinyuo, *be gentle with
yourself*

Healing ebbs and flows;
often feebly stroking solid rock
slowly shifting sand
moving pebbles into new places

But give it time
and will re-shape the scene

22 - Finding Gold

Written 22/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683772-Quiet-down--Winner-takes-all->

Write a poem inspired by this:

<https://niume.com/post/299082>

I am looking for creativity, humor and use of poetic devices. Have fun!

Finding Gold

When colours are just heard
and whispers left out to be seen
When your nose is full of earwax
and lullabies are green

When goldfish seem too ready
to shout loudly and be heard
and fiddlers fall right off the roof
in cacophony absurd

When the Devil wears no Prada
to leave no singing in the rain
When the school of rock is failing
in a lullaby of pain

When the music you find joyous
seems to blend in rolling gush
and heavy metal folds
to flow in tasteless, endless mush

When appreciation sinks
and attitudes decline
When no-one knows just what they want
and nothing is sublime

When music is the food of hate
and tastes too sweet or sour
When listening to that CD
is measured by too long an hour

Well, that's the time I worry
about silence, noise and taste
For without discerning moments
there never can be grace

23 - Seeing

Written 22/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683736-Prompt>

Write a poem inspired by the line
“There's a little bit of devil in her angel eyes”

Seeing

There's a little bit of devil in her angel eyes
there to captivate

There to see through truth and lies
There to summon hate

There's a little bit of devil in her angel eyes
a shard of fiery steel
Ever hungry for the prize
and keen to make a deal

There's a little bit of devil in her angel eyes
left there in gruesome grit
Fester in putrid sleep
sinking deep into the pit

There's a little bit of devil in her angel eyes
Demonic. Blazing red
Forever left unsatisfied
Ever waiting to be fed

There's a little bit of devil in her angel eyes
there to pull you in;
Tempting you to sink your soul
and drown you in your sin

There's a little bit of devil in her angel eyes
Absorb. Appreciate.
Then see through her flimsy disguise
before it is too late

24 - If

Written 22/04/17

If

If I wanted to - could I?

Could I bury this worry deep;
drill it through soil and rock
melt it in hot magma
send it into the fiery abyss?

Could I cast it into the sea;
with a strong arm and stronger tide
sealed in a bottle to be found some day
by innocent eyes on a distant shore?

Could I dry it in a desert;
scorch and leave it bereft
of the lips that give it life
Drained of any hope?

Could I take it into a cave;
dark and warm and wet
leave it to form deep in some stalactite
Lose it in the slow drips of time?

Could I send it ever upward;
starve it of oxygen
cut the ties of gravity
Leave it forever scorned in infinity?

If I wanted to - could I?

25 - 35 Words

Written 24/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2683992-35-Word-Prompt>

Write 35 words on the prompt word “Shadowy”

Obscured in shades of murky coal
swathed in cheerless shrouds
the spectre lurks
Uninvited. Intangible. Forlorn

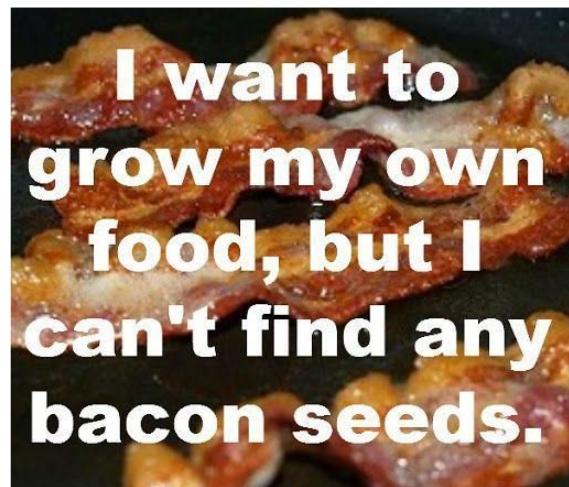
Seen by the bleakest corners of the mind's eye
Emboldened by shivers of the meek and brave;
it lives

26 - Breakfast Plan

Written 26/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2684067-Bacon--Bacon--Bacon>

75 words or less - write about bacon.



I've gone out and bought an eggplant
I'm looking forward to its yield
I'll plant it in the corner
of my favourite mushroom field

Tomatoes are no bother
if they're left to freely range
Hash browns need careful rearing
to keep them free of itchy mange

But to grow my perfect breakfast
to truly meet my morning needs
I really ought to find
where I can buy some bacon seeds

27 - Terrific Twins

Written 27/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2684125-Alternative-History>

What if Elvis' twin brother had survived?... Screams. Faints. Riots. These followed in the wake of every appearance by the Presley brothers. Not only were they extremely talented, they were also drop-dead gorgeous. Talent, looks, charisma and charm was a lethal combination in any individual.

But pour all that into two identical individuals and the results are as mentioned.

"Here they are! Elvis and Jesse Presley!"



Bursting with charisma
These two Kings of Rock n' Roll
sure knew how to pull the heartstrings
and bring music to the soul

They rocked through every jailhouse
Left every hound dog all shook up
With gyrating hips and tempting lips
and eyes of cheeky pups

They synchronised their every move
added blends of looks and charm
The screams and faints awaiting them
caused authorities alarm

Their achievements remain unrivalled
with venues played from coast-to-coast
America's greatest export
or so some like to boast

Now in their aging years
they're growing old with style and grace
Signing pairs of blue suede shoes
for their widening fan base

Their hips are not so supple now -
they're in their 80s after all
But their talent still shines brightly
Somehow, still, they can enthrall

28 - Nut Job

Written 29/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2684250-Poet-Puzzler>



This place is mine -
let me make it clear
that I'm the king of the woods round here
From the leafy ground to the tallest tree
I own it all - I'll make you see
There's no room for ifs or buts
I'll stand my ground and protect my nuts

How dare you enter -
this is my domain
I see right through your cunning game
Sneaking in to try to steal my stash
Well, I'm too savvy and I've got panache
Just turn round and we'll say no more
or try your thieving and leave here sore

Are you up for a battle?
Are you up for a fight?
Are you thinking you'll probably beat me alright?
That might be so, but then again
you've yet to meet my ball and chain
'Cos if you think I'm full of squirrelly wrath
boy you're in for a shock further down this path

Have you met my Mrs? -
well she's feisty and keen
and she likes the taste of human spleen
Are you really so eager to nick our nuts
that you're willing to prove you've got the guts?
Yes, unless you're a squirrel, this is no place to be
But if you're feeling brave, take a step and see

29 - Smaug

Written 30/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2684051-Fantasy-Picture-Prompt-23>

12 lines exactly - picture is the prompt.

Picture Credit: <http://silverfox5213.deviantart.com/art/I-am-Fire-I-am-Dead-501852198>



Fearless Smaug sits smouldering
full of grumpy charm
Watching on from high beyond
he somehow looks so calm

His toes line up with patience
His mouth rests in sweet repose
in the sweetest smile, if for a while
he'll sit in wide-eyed doze

But his halo is unstable -
it's soon bound to slip and fall
And then he'll show, what we all know
that he's a dragon after all

30 - Keeping It Simple

Written 30/04/17 for this contest:

<https://allpoetry.com/contest/2684058-Fantasy-8->

16 lines max - picture is the prompt.



My life is pretty simple
I've just one job to do
Decide between the day and night
then bring it straight to you

Right now I'm feeling rested
I can look so calm and wise
And whilst I control the sun and moon
I dream of eating pies

But it isn't always easy
For, if I may be so bold...
have you ever tried to juggle
when you have got a cold?

I stock up on all the remedies
and should consider vaccination
'cos doing this job with a runny nose
is a hair-raising sensation