

**Here is some of Bob's poetry for possible inspiration.**

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[ Using the poetry in any books would have to be discussed with us first, but we're likely be flexible and accommodating about that. ]

At some point an actual book of Bob's poetry will be published.

### **AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE - Christchurch - February 2011**

© Bob Beresford

Speak to the wind and there's no one to hear  
It has taken us now with no promise to hold to ,  
Taken the streets with no place we can come to .  
Holding the moments we thought we could cling to  
- The earth shook the core of our lives .

Stand in the light in this bright desolation  
Wind takes the sand and the sky fades to dust  
We are lost in the light of a day disappearing  
Washed by the breeze and the sounds we are hearing  
Caught in the light of a Westerly evening  
- And soon in the cool of the night .

Feel the wind take you and everything's clear  
There's nothing to promise - but little to fear  
In a city so damaged by forces unknown  
We have dwelt in our comforts and held to our homes  
But certainty torn in a deafening moment

Has left us alive in a day - then a sunset .

Light in the air - and the quiet - and the motion  
As all you see melts into stark desolation  
Here in the wind and the dust we are breathing  
- Life begins over again .

Part 2 -

Reaching to sea over plains and the ranges  
Gales sway the trees and they howl through the ruins  
Where Christchurch lies barren beneath the long clouds  
That colour the ends of our skies

We are here in a day that we never saw coming  
Caught in the shock waves - changing our lives  
We are here at the mercy of forces beyond us  
And moments that touched us - or captured us running

Still in the quietness of all that surrounds us  
Still in the ruins that fell all around us  
We are still in this city - we hope - in this moment  
- Tomorrow will find us again

## **END OF THE ROAD**

© Bob Beresford

Lay your load down at the end of the road  
When a nighttime horizon encircles eternity  
Here among rocks where the grasses have broken  
Is peace for a wayfarer – caught in a picture

Beyond your last steps see a track heading nowhere  
Find a trail winding up into the hills  
Surrounding a moment submerged in soft breezes  
Night air is warm where the spirit is blown

I came in a night to the end of a road  
Awoken from slumber – and now I am seeing  
Clear sky in pale light, turning leaves silver  
As bound to soft stone I am drawn towards sleeping

## **ALWAYS**

© Bob Beresford

Have you caught me reaching?  
I reach always – I have reached forever  
When you are here around me  
When you are all I see  
When everything is fulfilled through you  
I reach to you – for completeness  
Always

## **SYRIAN SCENE**

© Bob Beresford

The air in this country is heavy with water  
Across the vast spaces a moist winter atmosphere  
Settles itself in a mild drift of wind  
As pleasant to breath as a distance to view

A long way away, from the low fertile plain  
In stark isolation some hills rising gently

Have merged with the cloud that has covered this region  
Where dull moving air pervades all of our senses

A city that's built out of colourless stone  
Into flat-topped houses with roofs you could live on  
While resting for centuries through all the changes  
Is moving in time with the course of the day

Man on the land with a life-giving river  
Still wandering gently into the small towns  
Through glowing red soil and around the low ranges  
Where peaks are concealed in the colourless cloud

Syrian scene is a time for quiet breathing  
And sitting up high looking over a town  
With its temples and water-wheels turning as ever  
Through a day nearly over and rain coming down

## **FOR A' THAT**

( Inspired by Robbie Burns and dedicated to the Scottish  
National Party. Written in Olde Pseudo Scottish. )

© Bob Beresford

Is there for honest puberty,  
That's hung sae well, an' a' that?  
Tho' clothes be rags for monie a day,  
His back is gude for a' that!  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
He's strong an' true an' a' that,  
The tartans but the Highland stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on porridge e'er we dine,  
An' haggis red, an' a' that,  
Gie fools their feasts, and knaves their wine,  
We've oats an' rye for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their bonnie robes, an' a' that  
When kilts are raised above the head,  
A man's a man for a' that!

Ye ken yon Englishman, a lord,  
Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that?  
Tho' wealth has gat, he's worth nae words  
The man's a fool for a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His shining face, an' a' that,  
Tha' man wha plays his bagpipes loud  
Is proud, an' laughs at a' that!

A man can tae a Highland Fling  
Wi' any lass, for a' that,  
An's gude if o'er her groans he sings,  
Or makes a poem an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Gae to an' fro, an' a' that,  
When barleys drunk, an' sheets are warm,  
A lassie's gude for a' that.

Then let us pray, that come the day:  
When men are free, an' a' that;  
Of heather's birth, o'er a' the earth,  
And thistles wee, an' a' that.  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
The days nae far for a' that,  
When man for man, o'er a' the lands,  
Shall Scotsmen be for a' that!

## SONG FOR THE EVENING

© Bob Beresford .

I thought I would write you a song for the evening  
The words are here now and the music is ringing

I hear the sounds down in the streets where they're floating  
That make up a night in the place where we're meeting

Life stumbles on in a line of strange words  
That are mixed in confusion and now have no meaning  
But sometimes a whisper will break through the noises  
And often the thought is a song in the making

I would write you a song but the feeling is gone  
While the words are now only the things I am seeing  
But colours remain in the light that has changed  
And the patterns are moving in ways that are pleasing

## **NIGHT ON A BEACH**

© **Bob Beresford**

Sounds in darkness - spinning around the centre of our lives  
Out to the horizons -  
-so many points of glittering light

A travelling pattern has turned in the air  
Alternate flashes of white and vermillion  
Another as well disappearing

The balanced completeness of our lives  
Young ones playing  
The steady roar and the breeze embalm us  
Wave upon wave drawn into our vision

Lovers together - others apart  
Treading courses in the sand  
Still remaining

At peace with ourselves we harmonize energy  
Surging around us,  
Now so familiar

Hearts singing -  
- We are alone and together

A sweeping presence -  
-we balance the forces emanating from the distance  
- waves of water and sound

Depths beyond us come to our presence  
Mysteries remain  
- Man is complete

## **LOST WORDS**

© Bob Beresford. Possibly written in Jerusalem

I held the lost words in a time long forgotten  
That lingers round time when a flash of new colour  
Has broken through all the old lines of a picture  
Surrounding my sight in a stream of unconsciousness

Night takes a day like a thief in the darkness  
When city lights sing through an evening of noises  
That echo round time in a chain of strange spaces  
Where lost words are hovering between the changes

A moment is gone like a long-buried treasure  
Where sea-winds have blown waves of sand across ages  
And feelings like places now covered by dunes  
Lie outside a consciousness dulled by times ravages.

## **SYDNEY HARBOUR AT NIGHT**

© Bob Beresford

I could walk here endlessly  
But this is not my home  
Water reaching to land

Monumental bridge to a farther shore  
- It takes me nowhere

Structure of shells in gigantic proportions  
Lit up - alive - and teeming with people  
Never again - this shall not be mine

The lights and colours of a Saturday evening  
Strong in it's presence  
- I drift through this scene

Massive stone images rising before  
Banners - standards - and scaffolds in the air

Overhead passages leading away  
And out to the harbour the lights shining still  
Succession of flags with a breeze flowing through them  
Poles wave - lights glow - traffic moves through

Standing statues with lights and names  
Rise way beyond us - surrounding this place  
Harbour at night with vessels in motion  
Moon shines as ever through the clearness of space

Trees sway in rhythm - their leaves flutter madly  
Wind inspires everything - following ways  
Through the gaps and the spaces of all this existence  
Endless forevers - divided by days

## **ICE CANYONS**

© Bob Beresford - written in London

Dreams in our minds have eroded to nothing  
As nothing is all we have lived for  
Colourful lies have enveloped our lives

As always we choose to believe them  
I have seen through the lies when they're broken by laughter  
Like pictures dissolving in torrents of water  
I saved my last hope for a day breaking after  
But woke in the light of the moon.

Night has now found us escaping through streets  
Here where the walls tower around  
Like a cold canyon which funnels the wind  
Here is the ice that surrounds  
Now as I'm lost in the sights that I'm seeing  
In cities of stone where the spirit is freezing  
And lies have no colour as dreams have no meaning  
I wait for a chance to be found.

## **SCENE IN NEPAL**

© Bob Beresford

Mountain refuge is drawing near  
Where valleys are cut by these torrents of water  
Ridges of purple which closer are green  
Come down without falling to paths here below.

Pictures of farmyards have been close around  
They're part of a day in the lives of the people  
Who live out the seasons upon a steep hillside  
Or cling to some level ground here in a vale.

Passing through life on the way to a village  
People forever with loads on their backs  
Or mules tread the paths in a noisy procession  
Where buffaloes lazily feed on some grass.

Up through a pattern that's woven by ridges  
Clouds caress faces of sheer frozen stone

And cover some places where ice will be forming  
While snow-drifts are burning the last of the day.

Light on a peak is now shattered by crystals  
That spray the sun down in a glow of vermillion  
And faces of gold which were vibrant and clear  
Have lost the last promise that daylight could bring

Mountain now rising from shrouds of mauve-grey  
That weave throughout space round the towering masses  
Is stiller than evening when air is descending  
And last breath of wind is absorbed by the night.

Still in the coldness surrounded with clarity  
Pure white outline before a deep blue  
The picture is fading into a dark evening  
While down here a night starts with nothing in view

White streaks remaining upon a grey monument  
- All that is left with the light disappearing  
As now in the darkness some fireflies are glowing  
And stars form a pattern upon the night's ceiling.

## **SCENE IN NEPAL - THE NEXT DAY**

© Bob Beresford

Morning came slowly into the cold valley  
Here where we slept while the air began moving  
Around the quiet hillsides and into our consciousness  
Rising from rest in the warmth of our beds.

Many rock fences that mark out the boundaries  
Lead on to houses with thatch or stone roofs  
And plants that we eat from are growing profusely  
Bordered by young trees that drift with the wind.

Soft early breezes that fill this enclosure  
Are clear as the sky which surrounds all our feelings  
Reaching through space to a star-lit mountain  
Where rays of this morning reflect from the edges.

Sharp glowing outline is ringing with sunlight  
Blinding gold texture vibrating in snow-drifts  
Resting on ridges of motionless stone  
Fractured by crevasses lined with dark shadow.

Glacial bowl has been capturing whiteness  
Draining the moisture that came with a season  
Now falling downward toward lower slopes  
Where life takes a foothold among broken stone.

Higher the peak holds the message of morning  
Clearly the snow shows a pure new light  
Later revealing the sides of the valley  
And warming the air which was held by the night.

## **THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ECONOMY**

© Bob Beresford , written in Bethlehem

(Inspired by Alfred Lord Byron's – The Destruction of Sennacherib)

The Americans came down like a wolf on the fold  
'Cause they'd already mortgaged their silver and gold  
And their sunglasses glared like the stars on the sea  
As the cameras clicked nightly in deep Galilee

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green  
That host with their greenbacks and bankcards were seen  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown  
That host on the morrow was fleeced to the bone

For the merchants of trinkets had ripped them off fast  
And plied them with souvenirs as they went past  
They had been charged for photos by kids who were smirking  
And robbed in the taxis whose meters “ weren’t working “  
They were socked in the restaurants, charged double for rooms  
Paid money for churches and visiting ruins  
Bought overpriced postcards and lost their last cash  
To amateur beggars who spent it on hash

And the housewives of Jaffa are wild in their glee  
'Cause the tourists are floating the economy  
And the might of the dollar, unquestioned as yet  
Has serviced the interest on the national debt

## **DEEP WINTER**

© Bob Beresford , written in London

I'd like to take hours from a day going nowhere  
And rest in the sunlight - ignoring chill breezes  
So just for a while there's a time that means nothing  
As days that mean nothing will lead us to Spring

Remember moist winds that can penetrate everything  
Sucking all warmth from the blood near your skin  
And whatever you do is surrounded by coldness  
As no inspiration remains in a scene

Winter has trapped us in a pool of ice water  
That's now turning solid as eyes are still swimming  
And senses are slowing through currents of liquid  
So heavily sinking and gripping our feelings

Thank a bleak sky for a few hours of sunlight  
And soak up some warmth while away from the wind  
In a city that's lost all its heat to the heavens  
We'll wait for the sun to be near us again.

## **ODE IN A CITY**

sonnet

© Bob Beresford , written in Christchurch

Open the door and the wind will rush in  
Feel what you missed in the tired city heat  
Moments reveal all we gain and we win  
In the stark rooms where we live and we meet

Threading our lives through this passage of days  
Treading the ways that are leading us on  
Till in an evening we sit and we gaze  
Lost in a landscape of warm golden stone

Forms of a city now shaped by desire  
Those who endured made a world that we feel  
Bathed in this colour the streets are on fire  
Last light of day burning stone and the steel

So we have come to an ending we know  
Blown by the wind as we come and we go

## **SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A WINTER'S STORM?**

(Inspired by the Elizabethan lecher Will Shakepeare)

© Bob Beresford

Shall I compare thee to a winter's storm?  
Thou art far colder than the northern gale:  
As thou, his blush hath never blown me warm,  
And scarcely do'st thou lift thy icy veil:  
Sometime unto a coarse and frigid stone,  
Lay'st quiet at rest upon thy velvet couch;

Before thy gaze 'twere sweet to be alone,  
Thy pale complexion numb beneath my touch;  
But my eternal credit shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that cash I ow'st;  
Nor courts shall claim I wander in the red,  
When in hard times my resources are low'st:  
So long as thou do'st lend, or give to me,  
So long lives love, and I'll bring love to thee.

## **ALL THE WORLDS A STAGE**

© Bob Beresford

All the worlds a stage,  
And all the men and women merely stage-hands:  
They have their broomsticks and their spotlights  
And each man in his life works many hours.

## **NO TURNING BACK**

© Bob Beresford

You said there was no turning back  
So you lift your feet higher and lightly you stepped  
On with the breeze of an early spring day  
Swirling dust clouding the edge of the way  
Your body moved on to an impulse you knew  
The rhythm you felt in the road

So it's all you could see and it's all you can want  
Waves of hills leading the passage of men  
Wayfaring souls who have wandered and then  
Found in a place and a moment they held to  
Time started over again

Were you taken aback at the power of this place?  
Taken so far to be here and be found  
Caught at the turn in a season of change  
Lost in the hills and the towering range  
You tread your way softly – and torn by the wind  
Your life begins over again

## **THROUGH - INTO NIGHT (ON THE SHORE)**

© Bob Beresford

Moments are with us – and moments are gone  
A breeze broke the waters – and murmured through silence  
Now we are waiting – and now we are watching  
Wind on the waters – and light in the sky

Here in a sunset – waves are returning  
Tides they are ebbing and carrying sands  
On into twilight the waters are flowing  
Colours cascade and they come and they go

Warm air is lifting the scents of the shore  
Enveloping senses with salt and with life  
Weeds that are rotting and those that are growing  
Running the tide like the edge of a knife

Seabirds are calling and waters are lapping  
Tides draw the memories – till a new dawn  
Colours will lead us and nights will surround us  
Wind takes the moment – and here we are born