

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

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## 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

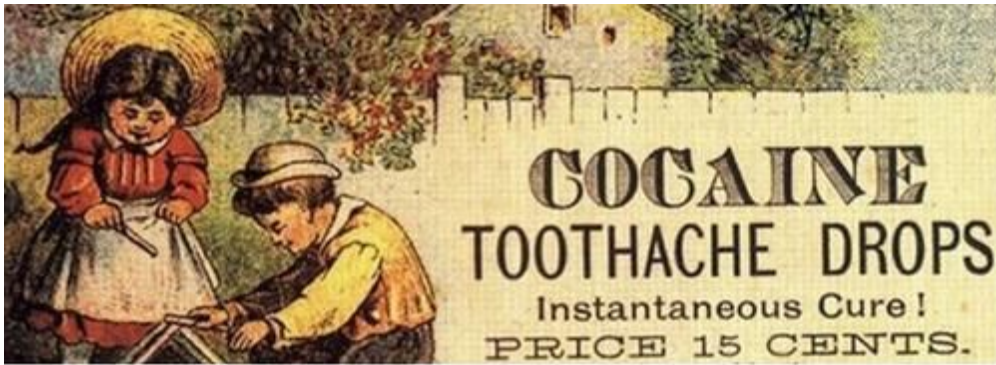
So don't mock my feeble status  
as a tiddler in a jar  
Sometimes being small, but gracious  
leaves you better off, by far

## 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



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### 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

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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.

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### **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.

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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.

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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.

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### **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

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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  
Festering 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

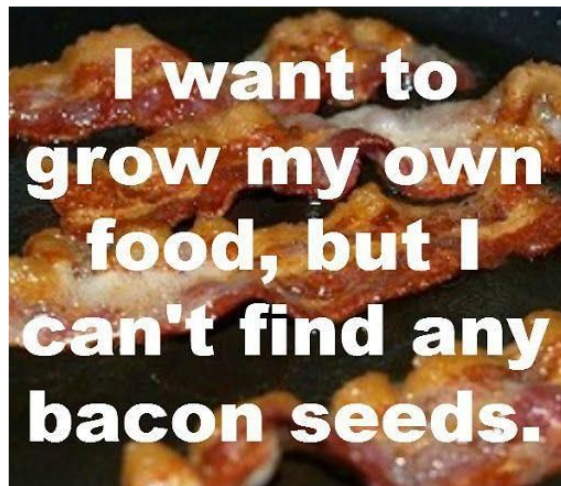
## 26 - Breakfast Plan

Written 26/04/17 for this contest:

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

75 words or less - write about bacon.

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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>



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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 squirrely 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>



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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