

*A  
Miscellany  
of  
Dreadful  
Doggerel*

*Anamedas*

# *Dreadful Doggerel*

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*Anonymous*

*Anamedas*

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This miscellany contains the work of more than one writer, each of whom remains anonymous.

Most pieces were written for, or about, specific individuals or about events ranging from the humorous to the horrific, including love (of course), lesbianism, medical appointments, frigidity, abuse, life, death, the universe (or not), and other things.

Some are of a higher quality than others. None claim to be great examples of the poetic form.

Yet they are honest and many people enjoy reading them so here they are, in one volume, for the first (and last) time.

## Contents

Aged seven	1
A woman's place	2
Chess	3
Dancing	4
Dreams	5
Evil comes	6
Fallen	7
Flashback	8
Flowers	9
Flowers	10
For you	12
Freedom of speech	13
Girl	14
Haiku	15
In my head	17
Just once	18
Knowing	19
Libra	20
Logical	21

Meta 444	22
Mind that girl	23
Never	24
Nothing to worry about	25
Out of order	26
Preparing myself	28
Raindrops	30
Rain dance	31
Reflections	32
Roomsick	35
Senryu	36
Something	37
Sorrow	38
Space	39
Strangers and other friends	40
Surprises	41
Thank You	43
The minimum plural	44
The palace	45
The rose	47

The snow girl	48
Things	49
Thoughts	50
Together	51
To me	52
Tomorrow	53
Truth	54
Two maidens	55
While you sleep	56
Wrapped up in you	57
You can't	58

## Aged seven

i'm a little girl  
i'm only seven  
and my big ambition  
is not to be eight  
don't make me be eight

don't want any sweets  
don't want any money  
don't want any toys  
don't make me do that  
please don't

## A woman's place

word after word

paragraph after paragraph

dutifully copied

copiously duplicated

form after form

letter after letter

carefully completed

contentedly caring

telephone after telephone

sighting after sighting

appointments offered

often disappointed

day after day

week after week

just trying to find

a home for us

# Chess

infinite squares  
cold hard concrete  
leading us on  
don't step on the cracks  
childhood memories  
leading us on  
bringing us together  
tearing us apart  
pawns in surrealist chess  
taking us away  
taking us home  
leading us on  
let's walk - don't run  
but there isn't time  
there's never time  
for sacrificial pawns  
give all for the cause  
breathless steps to somewhere  
somewhere which isn't ours  
the infinite squares  
that make up our world  
and separate our worlds  
and us  
but when the game is over  
we'll take a square together  
the board our own to rule  
pawns become queens  
pieces become players  
playing together  
for always

## Dancing

softer than silk  
more gentle than a kiss  
slower than the sands of time  
the light is fading  
the air is warm  
as poetry begins to rhyme

your lips so sweet  
your kisses tender  
eyes sparkling brilliant blue  
softly you whisper  
holding me close  
as I slowly waltz with you

the orchestra plays  
as the dance goes on  
and around the floor we glide  
until it is time  
for the final movement  
for the playing to subside

resting quietly  
warm and happy  
we cuddle and talk a while  
and I know that I  
could want nothing more  
than I can see behind your smile

## Dreams

when I was younger  
I dreamed of things  
and many came to pass  
while others  
remained elusive  
more than I deserved  
or too much to ask

when older  
all my dreams had gone  
and then we met  
hopes become brighter  
than any sun  
that ever shone  
in you I find  
a life I could live  
a reason just to be

I want to touch  
your fingertips with mine  
look into your eyes  
and smile  
make tingles flow  
along your spine  
like a sparkling stream  
but hopes are hopes  
and dreams are dreams  
I have dreamed you  
why won't you come true

## Evil comes

evil comes  
in many forms  
the wings of an angel  
the heart of a demon  
it feeds on the spirit  
it drains the blood  
eats away the heart

goodness comes  
in a single form  
pure  
and white  
and clean

evil comes  
and the fight begins  
on and on  
unending  
good doesn't always win  
but everyone  
always loses

evil comes  
evil comes

## Fallen

Oh come with me  
To the great below  
Under violent light  
Blood-red rivers flow  
We will sing and dance  
While the curtain falls  
And take our chance  
When the siren calls  
We live our dream  
And dream of death  
Until our final game  
Takes away your breath

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by Giovanna Stefani

## Flashback

In the bleak mid-winter of seventy-five  
on the festive morning and feeling cold  
from black vinyl, Linda sings me alive

Is she a prisoner, still, in disguise?  
I sit there, freezing, while listening close  
the music plays on and I close my eyes

Then in the evening, Caroline plays  
always there on the sound of the nation  
going back in time so many long days

The magical mystery tour, they cried  
floating away on radio flashbacks  
to long ago before the flowers died

They promise to come and take me away  
music inciting and inviting me  
until I wish they would take me today

# Flowers

original free verse

when i was young  
peace and love ruled my world  
and every hippie had at least one flower  
in her long, uncut hair  
now, i am older  
the petals have fallen and died  
yet still i cast the seeds  
of love upon the winds  
and who knows  
just maybe  
one day, i may bloom again.

and after many moons  
of drifting on the winds of life  
the seeds of love fell  
on the warm and fertile heart of another  
so sweetly she pours  
the water of love upon the flowers  
the petals return, one by one  
and as my heart blooms  
i know, finally, how it feels  
to be alive  
and happiness lies in her arms.

a summer's day  
the sun shimmering in a sky so blue  
and you dressed in white like a goddess  
from some historic myth of love  
in a golden haze  
flowers bloom fresh in the afternoon  
perfume carried on a whisper  
of warmth through your hair  
fluffy white clouds  
so gentle  
remembering the daisies in the park

# Flowers

sonnet sequence

When she was younger, in a world of war,  
In her own realm, peace and love held power.  
Every hippie had at least one flower,  
In her long and unbound hair to adore.  
Soon older, the flowers alas no more,  
Withered and gone, fallen like a shower,  
Yet still she cast the seeds like a sower  
Of love upon the cool winds as before.  
But yet, who knows whenever seeds may fall,  
If they shall perish, or endure and grow.  
To be watered and nourished by the rain,  
Until in summer's sun grown straight and tall.  
And then, as perhaps only time can show,  
One day, one summer, she may bloom again.

So many moons, passing along their mile,  
Drifting along upon the wind of dreams,  
Seeds of love fall according to fate's schemes  
Upon another's heart, warm and fertile.  
A small pitcher, sweetly she pours awhile  
The water of her love so gently streams.  
Until flowers return as new hope gleams,  
In the gentle breeze to flutter and smile.

Days pass, the blooming of her heart so slow,  
She begins to know how it really feels  
Now loved and alive to another's charms  
Days pass, along with the nights that follow  
A spirit wounded by loneliness heals  
Now her happiness is there in her arms.

A summer's day with the warmth at its height,  
As the sun shimmered in a sky of blue.  
Like some historic myth of love come true,  
With her dressed like a goddess, all in white.  
In a golden haze so perfect and bright,  
Flowers fresh bloomed in a rainbow of hue.  
While on whispered breeze fragrant perfumes blew  
Through her soft hair as it glowed in that light.  
Soon the sun sinking towards a green hill,  
All senses appeased and each one's heart full.  
Brought back to earth by the trill of a lark,  
A sky so alive yet perfectly still.  
The little white clouds of soft cotton-wool,  
Small echoes of the daisies in the park.

## For you

for you

I would write volumes

if I could

for you

I'd speak my thoughts

if I could

do these things

so simple

though they seem

but for you

I'll give my heart

as I should

## Freedom of speech

ten minutes to the bus stop  
not too far to walk  
even if the light is fading  
and the funny folk are about  
well, they think they are

dyke!

aha. i spy a creep

lezzie!

with limited vocabulary

freedom of speech?

maybe creeps have rights

me?

maybe i have rights

go fuck yourself!

rights exercised

## Girl

another day

dawning

look from my window

yawning

sometimes

I want to be alone

sometimes

I want to be with you

today

the two things I want most

I shall be alone

with you

## Haiku

six poems

Captain Spoon looked out  
She saw the snow on the ground  
and she turned away

\*\*\*

Slowly falls the snow  
gentle and light, soft and white  
Winter of my life

\*\*\*

Summer is coming  
Sit in the shade of the trees  
Siskin singing songs

\*\*\*

What joy there may be  
such peace of mind and of heart  
Bluebell woods in spring

\*\*\*

Walking in the sun  
Clouds passing on gentle breeze  
Mid-May in Scotland

\*\*\*

Blue sky, fluffy cloud  
Summer's gift standing so proud  
A blue sow-thistle

## In my head

there are thoughts in my head  
of you lying in your bed  
there are thoughts of you in my head

there are thoughts in my head  
of your blood sweet and red  
there are thoughts of you in my head

there are thoughts in my head  
of which no more may be said  
there are thoughts, such sweet thoughts,  
in my head

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## Just once

an endless winter  
cold  
frozen  
a lifetime - almost  
without a spark  
of warmth to drive me  
onward  
upward  
then spring comes  
gentle  
soothing  
the ice is broken  
the water still cold  
beneath a clear blue sky  
forward  
homeward  
and the joy of summer  
hot  
burning  
sparks burst into flame  
fires burn within  
driving me, driving me  
onward  
upward  
until the rain falls  
smothering  
quenching  
and i know there are places  
where i may not go  
for the rain must fall  
cooling  
confirming  
but just once  
just once  
i had to try

# Knowing

there is joy

in knowing

curiosity ...

frustration

learning ...

pain

knowing ...

peace

## Libra

balance  
the symbol of the sign  
the meaning of life  
for an autumnal dyke  
my life a struggle  
an effort  
to achieve balance

fall in love  
with a Libra  
walk the tightrope  
two up, two down  
one down, one to go  
fall in love  
with no-one

perfect balance  
on the fence  
of indecision  
on the precipice  
of nothing  
on the edge  
of a blade

perfect imbalance  
the scales tipped  
in my favour  
coming up roses  
from the pit  
left of somewhere  
going nowhere

being loved  
a Sagittarius  
arrow to my heart  
through my soul  
smooth security  
soft and warm  
in the balance  
of the womb

## Logical

once I was far away  
and we were very close  
now I am very near  
and we are far apart  
this does not seem  
logical  
and that does not seem  
surprising

## Meta 444

today a spanner will be cast  
before the troubled waters  
while the oily swine  
pours a pearl amongst the works

## Mind that girl

Mind that girl, she's a little odd  
The neighbours frown and turn away  
Scare the child, more toil for the rod  
Surely she must have gone astray

The neighbours frown and turn away  
Seldom saying more than a word  
Surely she must have gone astray  
Conversation would be absurd

Seldom saying more than a word  
Her deepest feelings never shared  
Conversation would be absurd  
Within a world where no one cared

Her deepest feelings never shared  
Scare the child, more toil for the rod  
Within a world where no one cared  
Mind that girl, she's a little odd

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## Never

dreaming

I must have been

wanting

more than I could deny

hoping

with no right to hope

needing

more than I could have

believing

there could be a way

learning

only what I knew

knowing

if not with you, then never

## Nothing to worry about

it's like a western  
'reach for the sky'  
or cops 'n' robbers  
'assume the position'  
but it's neither  
it's a horror movie  
and i am transfixed  
frozen  
please get out of me

'ah yes, good'  
now it's a cartoon  
'what's up doc?'  
'nothing to worry about'  
a thaw appears on the horizon  
'just use this'  
a slip of paper  
illegibly inscribed

the credits roll  
it's time to leave  
but slowly, don't run  
mustn't let them know  
or let them see the tremble  
outside and freedom to think  
to be myself  
inviolable

## Out of order

a loving hand  
forceful  
recoiling quickly  
frozen  
tender moments  
lost  
end this chapter  
fast  
running away  
hurt  
trying not to tell  
cannot  
pursued and questioned  
sullen  
now you are hurt too  
stop

holding you close  
explain  
tears on your cheek  
kissed  
want you to sleep  
forget  
want you to feel  
peace  
want you to be

happy  
it does not matter  
now  
I just needed some  
time  
just a little time to  
thaw

close together  
again  
I say I love you  
again  
you say you love me  
again  
tomorrow we can try  
again  
together

## Preparing myself

i spend a whole day  
twenty four hours of my life  
preparing myself  
in advance, i take steps  
tear up all of your letters  
[so many of those]  
and your photos  
[lots of those]  
and i wait  
for the big moment

you arrive  
and i tell you  
straight!  
[that's cute, for me]  
silence falls  
so loud it's deafening  
we know it's all over for us  
then a word - here and there  
and a tear or few

we talk  
we hold hands  
you're wet from crying  
i'm wet from my heart melting  
and you know  
and i know  
that i wasted a whole day  
twenty four hours of my life  
preparing myself  
to leave you

## Raindrops

her eyes widen with anticipation  
as she lies so eager and yet restrained  
warm and waiting in the wavering lights  
the sensuous golden glow of soft skin  
and soft shadows of a vision in white

quietly a light hovering above  
she squirming only as much as she may  
then the soft splatters of the warm and hot  
quickly cooling and gently contracting  
and all the while, the softly falling rain

a bright new light for another new shade  
pretty picture below begins to build  
relentless rain yet so warm and so dry  
causing the pressure to build fast within  
and she gasping for air, gasping for more

all too soon comes the image's intent  
soft swirling patterns of colour throughout  
she relaxes, sighing for passion spent  
and finally, as all the lights go out  
the artist sits back, now smiling, content

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## Rain dance

summer showers  
a rainy night in July  
warm, peaceful, wet  
somewhere a Goddess cries  
long, lonely tears  
for a love that cuts the heart  
a love that fills the soul  
falling, ever falling  
slow and steady against the fabric  
you and I beneath  
shelter from the storm  
huddled close together  
arms entwined  
hearts entwined  
thoughts enshrined  
passing strangers on their way  
wouldn't turn a dog out  
no haven for two lost bitches  
shouldn't be out here  
elsewhere together  
sleeping - let them lie  
it's that time again  
separate the inseparable  
torn asunder  
two hearts are raining  
two souls are crying  
eyes dry with the confidence  
that too much practice brings  
how much more of this can we take  
as much as we must - no less  
how many times are our hearts to break  
before we are allowed to be  
together

## Reflections

an incurable romantic  
at fifteen  
dreams, hopes, promises  
dreams of someone special  
I would meet her - someday  
hopes of a perfect love  
we would have that - someday  
promises to reserve  
the ultimate expression of love  
my love  
for her  
others would come  
and go - or stay  
with them I would share everything  
give anything  
except the one thing  
reserved  
for her

a cured romantic  
by twenty six  
with no more dreams  
with no more hopes  
only an old promise  
survives  
but she never came  
stop looking  
no waiting  
the end of a long  
and fruitless journey  
others, there had been  
the last now gone  
with each I shared my heart and more  
everything  
except the one thing  
reserved  
for her

an incurable cynic  
in later years  
tired, cold, alone  
memories of anyone special  
now lost to me forever  
and you stand before me  
reflections of a memory  
you lay in my arms  
and I love you  
I am fifteen and I know  
I have found her  
I am old now and I know you  
will be my last love  
though you could not be my first  
for anything  
except the one thing  
reserved  
for you

## Roomsick

days would come  
and days would go  
but you were always there  
something happened along the way  
and a dream led me to here  
now that I am so far away  
imprisoned in this room  
often I sit and often I think  
I wish I could go home

## Senryu

one poem

Tired. So very tired.

Too weary to think or write.

Insomnia reigns.

## Something

so much more  
than anything else  
i want to give you  
something

anything  
in return for all  
that you give me  
all this i have

the dreams of a lifetime  
the happiness of a dream  
the contentment of being happy  
the peace of being content

so much more  
than anyone else  
and i want to give you  
something

## Sorrow

'I've been hurt'  
a tear on her cheek  
weight to her words.

only you can hurt you  
others seem to  
because you let them  
your fault  
not theirs  
the thoughts of others  
for their minds, not yours  
your thoughts  
just for you  
my thoughts  
to help you see  
happiness is in your heart  
sorrow  
is in your mind

## Space

oppressed  
but today, it is only the heat  
the sun burning our skin  
yesterday, the creeps  
we moved on  
reluctantly  
resignedly  
searching for a space to be  
but there was none  
for us

but today we searched  
undaunted  
by the sun  
by experience  
we found a hill to climb  
like the mountain of life  
and on the summit  
with life spread far below us  
we were free

## Strangers and other friends

and so along our paths we tread  
knowing not what lies ahead  
moving on to journey's end  
pausing now, our ears to lend  
each to the other, perhaps to relate  
tales of fortune, tales of fate  
yet do neither ever learn  
the reasons for the other's concern  
travelling on their separate ways  
seeing different nights and different days  
practical, seeing only fact  
facets perhaps one stranger lacked  
intangible images of faces fair  
joys the other could not share  
grasping eagerly with both hands  
different treasures in different lands  
forever onward, winding trail  
marching both to win, not fail  
morning comes, each other greet  
though neither does the other meet  
each shall not their path forsake  
another's journey one may not make  
neither to ever understand  
the other's purpose, however grand

# Surprises

life, it is said  
is full of surprises  
yet the days pass by  
unchanging  
routine rules the world  
nothing is new

always looking  
for the lining in the cloud  
but which part is silver  
which part grey  
what is unknown  
and what is just old

and a new day dawns  
as life proceeds  
no expectations  
the journey goes on  
the endless cycle  
and then, there was you

no matter what  
becomes of these lines  
no matter who reads  
of my surprise  
or how I shall entitle  
this attempt at a verse  
you will always know  
it was written for you

## Thank You

the day dawns  
the skies clear  
and I can see

enticed by a siren  
entranced by a psychopath  
entrapped by evil

cut the worm from the apple  
cut this maggot from my heart  
and I am free

Thank You Oh Goddess  
for letting me see

Thank You Oh Goddess  
for setting me free

## The minimum plural

the world is large  
millions of them  
so few of us  
outnumbered

it would not be so bad  
them and us  
but it is not that  
it is them against us

flocks of sheep  
herds of cattle  
crowds of people

just you and I  
alone together  
two of us against the crowd  
the minimum plural  
a duet of dykes

## The palace

far beyond the watchtowers  
exists a world  
cold, hard and brutal  
where people live  
and people die  
and I?

I go there sometimes  
when I must  
but never could I think  
of staying there forever  
or too long.

Within the walls  
lies the palace  
and there I live  
with my loved one  
warm and secure  
peaceful and happy  
the envy of the world  
for we have that  
which few others have  
especially those  
out there.

The people gather at the gates  
angry fists raised  
seeking to take what is ours  
and leave us  
with what they have  
which is nothing  
the towers watch on  
the shifting crowd uneasy  
waiting their moment  
but the guards are round the palace  
and we shall not fall

## The rose

I gave my love a rose  
as white as untouched snow  
beside her sweet head  
upon her pillow it lay

she turned to look  
reached out her hand  
then lifting it to her face  
savoured its sweet scent

briefly she returned it  
for it was unkissed  
I touched it to my lips  
filling it with my love

replaced upon her pillow  
she reached for it again  
and kissed the place  
where my lips had been

I gave my love a rose  
along with all my love  
my love gave me her heart  
as lovely as that rose

## The snow girl

The snow girl paused to listen as she spied,  
The lonely cottage standing quiet and dark.  
Softly walking, so silently she tried,  
Her bare feet making but the faintest mark.  
Imprints in fresh fallen snow that instant,  
As far away an owl called out aloud.  
She hardly hearing its call so distant,  
As the moon peeped from behind passing cloud.

Sparkling crystal light on motionless wing.  
Close by a silent movement in the whin.  
She turns to the house, her keen eyes searching,  
For the cause of a sound now from within.  
The Moon from clearing skies so brightly shone.  
The faintest flicker then and she was gone.

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## Things

some things are the way they seem  
because that's how they've always been  
be it luck, fate, or providence divine  
i only know that what i have is mine  
and if things aren't as they ought to be  
then blame the fates but don't blame me  
i don't know why the world goes round  
i only know what i've lost - and found

## Thoughts

through my window, i can see the snow

winter - cold - interminable

or so it seems on a day such as this

oh the sun shone of course

for two or three minutes

so as not to over-tire itself

thoughts of you – who else?

are you happy or sad?

laughing or crying?

i'd know if you were here, not there

but you have to be there sometimes

just as you have to be here – sometimes

summer walks, hand in hand

whispered thoughts, unspoken words

i'm dreaming again, of course

but some dreams come true, don't they?

and through my window, i can see the snow

winter - cold - interminable

## Together

we laugh and we cry  
we dance and we walk  
we love and we hate  
you con me and I believe you  
I say I'm leaving and you make me stay  
we are so perfectly happy  
when we are not hurting each other  
but if nothing else  
at least we do it all  
together

## To me

I wonder  
sometimes  
just what you expect.  
You have in your hand  
your heart's desire.  
Why the surprise  
when you realise  
there is nothing else?  
Isn't she  
enough?

## Tomorrow

you're no good  
we both know that  
no good to yourself  
nor to anyone else  
me included  
but I stayed  
while you promised  
and I closed my eyes  
while you didn't deliver  
now, I'm alone  
I've sent you away  
forever  
am I better off?  
or worse off?  
just a little cold, perhaps  
maybe tomorrow

## Truth

what can I say

that you haven't said

what can I do

that you haven't done

what can I write

that you haven't written

how about

just a little

truth

## Two maidens

I chanced upon a maiden fair  
one fragrant summer night  
emerald eyes and ebony hair  
in all a wondrous sight

our hearts were filled, our eyes alight  
with the love that we should share  
and in our minds no thought of flight  
from the path which led us here

within my chamber slumber'd there  
until the dawning of the light  
for I came upon a maiden fair  
and she on I that night

## While you sleep

While my own sweet princess is fast asleep  
I softly and gently stroke her long hair  
So easing away every pain and care  
As her precious spirit, I safely keep  
She dreams of me and the light of the moon  
Walking together on a secluded beach  
Always the closeness yet still out of reach  
As like all the best dreams, it ends too soon

Within her thoughts, the sweet memory stays  
Dreams that will linger and remain a while  
She suffering sometimes, so sweet the pain  
In the distance always our music plays  
Sharing gifts to make the two of us smile  
Until the next time, together again

## Wrapped up in you

I am all wrapped up in you  
your love is my clothing  
keeps me warm  
your love is my sun  
lighting my day  
your love is the wind  
that freshens my skin  
your love is the sky  
the air that I breathe  
your love is my world  
and all that I am

## You can't

you can't defeat me

i am already defeated

you can't hurt me

there is nothing left to hurt

you can't chase me away

i am already gone

you can't take anything from me

there is nothing left to take

still

one thing i own that you can't take away from me

one thing no one can ever destroy

i have planted a seed

and i know it will grow

one thing i knew how to say from my heart:

please forgive me