

FRAGMENTS

Selected Poems

E-book - PDF Edition
[Sample: Poems 1-14 Only]

CHRIS FLINT

Silvan House

FRAGMENTS

SELECTED POEMS

Chris Flint

[Sample: Poems 1-14 Only]

[E-Book - PDF Edition]

SILVAN HOUSE[®]

Published by

Silvan House®

General Book Imprint of Eruditions® Publishing

P.O. Box 133, Kallista, Victoria Australia 3791

email: publisher@eruditions.com

website: www.eruditions.com

or: www.silvanhouse.com.au

ISBN 978 1864910520 (E-book - PDF Edition)

© Chris Flint 2023

This book is copyright. All rights are reserved. Apart from any fair dealing for the purpose of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the Copyright Act, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, digital, optical, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher.

This e-publication, or any part thereof, may not be made available for distribution, sale or re-sale in any digital, electronic or printed form without the prior written permission of the publisher and without a similar condition being imposed on any subsequent purchaser.*

Moral Rights: The right of Chris Flint to be identified as author of this work is asserted, including all other moral rights of authorship for this work in all legal jurisdictions.

The right of Chris Flint to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by Chris Flint



A catalogue record for this
book is available from the
National Library of Australia

in accordance with the (UK) Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

This copyright of this work is also Registered with the US Copyright Office.

* A Paperback edition of this book is available ISBN 978 1864910506.

A Epub E-book Edition of this book is also available ISBN 978 1864910513

Cover: Front, Fragments Design, Silvan House with Permission V2.0-pdf.

Table of Contents

Preface

FRAGMENTS

1. In The Long Gentle Minutes of a Summer Evening
2. A Snowdrop With a Weakened Stem
3. Whose Measured Tread is This I Hear?
4. May My Words be Like Raindrops
5. A Beetle
6. A Cloud
7. As Practised Builders
8. I Walk Upon a Tightrope
9. Regret
10. How Many Caves
11. Nine Minutes
12. City Workers
13. What Distant Light is This?
14. The Life Cup of the Universe
15. I Sit and Watch the Day's End
16. Every Flower
17. Find Peace
18. A Peach
19. I Met You on a Mid-Day Walk
20. to 299
300. The Stones of Ignorance
301. Insights
302. Age and Illness Creep Up
303. Empires
304. Final Poem

Subject Index

Dedication

To Stephanie, without whose love and commitment this book would not exist.

Preface

This easy-to-read collection of poems was written over a period of six decades, and includes many different life experiences. The subjects range from love and humour, to grief and despair, and sometimes even insight and inspiration. The collection is deliberately not ordered by time, style, or subject, but rather for variety and the reader's entertainment. Perhaps if there is any unifying theme, it is a search for meaning in our everyday life experiences.

This collection of poems is very much an edited selection. The reader may rest assured (no doubt thankfully) that for every poem selected, at least six others lie 'discarded on the cutting room floor'. Here, the reader will discover no mind-numbing ten-page odes, no obscure literary allusions and no inscrutably complex wordplays. The poems are short, varying from a few lines, to little more than a page.

Many of the poems invoke universal natural images such as clouds, trees, rivers, seasons and sunrise. Some refer to specifically Australian subjects, such as the outback, small towns, gold mining, bushfires and drought. Some poems use rhyme, some just rhythm, some use neither. Some move jauntily, others have a quieter, more reflective pace. Some tell a story, others are more direct and heartfelt.

For those to whom literary issues matter, none of these poems is intended to satisfy any specific form of poetry, such as sonnet or haiku. Similarly, the author is not an adherent to any particular theory of literary criticism. The author is, of course, familiar with many poets and other literary works, and so gratefully acknowledges a range of potential influences. However, these poems are not intended to refer to, or mirror, any other writer's work.

Here, a poem is intended to engage a reader by words, just as an artist does by a picture or a sculpture. Of course, as in art, no-one responds to every creative piece. We all have far too different tastes, experiences and sympathies. So, as at an art exhibition, if any poem seems laboured or rankles in some way, just leave it behind and move to the next. Perhaps, among the many, the reader may find a few that are moving or that resonate, and so render this collection worthwhile.

Chris Flint

30 May 2023

Editor's Note:

To assist readers, each poem is numbered and there is a Table of Contents hyperlinked to the text. In the full book, there is also a useful hyperlinked Subject Index at the end of the book. Although not exhaustive, the subject index lists key subjects, titles, expressions and images to help readers relocate poems and/or memorable passages.

FRAGMENTS

1. In The Long Gentle Minutes of a Summer Evening

In the long gentle minutes of a summer evening,
When the sunlight lingers despite the deepening shadows,
And the colours have not yet drained from the day,
When only an occasional car passes on a distant road,
And the evening meal is over and it's time to wind down and relax,
When thoughts wander to times and people elsewhere,
Then, remember me, as I do you, with a love not wholly forgotten.

[Return To Contents](#)

2. A Snowdrop With a Weakened Stem

Sadly, a snowdrop's stem is weakened,
And the bell bends low, almost a farewell kiss,
To the soft green, moss lawn,
But tiny dew drops sparkle in the sun's first light,
And the snowdrop's beauty is born anew.

[Return To Contents](#)

3. **Whose Measured Tread is This I Hear?**

Whose measured tread is this I hear?
Whose heavy steps right outside my door?
Fear in sudden fevered panic cries, 'Don't answer!'
It must surely be the darkest messenger, unwanted Death,
Delivering to my doorstep the mortal gift,
Wrapped in sickness and suffering, bound in pain!
But listening the steps retreat, move on,
And rushing, fearful, peering round a curtain,
I see only the familiar, disappearing figure of my old friend Time,
Walking wearily away, down the deserted streets of life.

[Return To Contents](#)

4. **May My Words be like Raindrops**

May my words dance and move lightly about,
Like raindrops on leaves in a hot summer's drought,
May my words resound and sing like a choir,
May they entice, entwine and gently inspire,
And at the end of the day may my lines hold meaning,
In words that preserve my soul's deepest dreaming.

[Return To Contents](#)

5. A Beetle

I heard a tiny beetle talking,
When I was out beetle stalking,
It said, as if to another,
'Pleasant day it is, good brother!'
I grinned and bent, poised to pounce,
But on its tiny legs it bounced,
And then upon its landing said:
'Not so soon shall I be dead!'
Stunned by this sly little bug,
I turned away, with just a shrug,
Yet thinking on its words to me,
I set all my other beetles free.

[Return To Contents](#)

6. **A Cloud**

A cloud blocked the sun briefly the other day,
The sun shone warm and bright, before as after,
But thinking back upon it, I am so much surer now,
That the sudden chill that made me shiver,
Was the bleak passing shadow of death.

[Return To Contents](#)

7. **As Practised Builders**

As practised builders working on a new project,
Larger and greater than any in previous experience,
We build with confidence, revise plans, modify as we go;
Then all at once we feel a tremor through the structure,
And despite experience, we hold our breath in instantaneous doubt,
Lest by some fundamental error, the whole structure should collapse.

[Return To Contents](#)

8. **I Walk Upon a Tightrope**

I walk upon a tightrope
And when e'er I take a step
I must be very careful
Lest in thoughtlessness I slip.
This tightrope is my lifeline
Each step a minute spent
Caution's not sufficient
Frugality is meant.

[Return To Contents](#)

9. Regret

Regret, a heartless miser, lurking deep inside,
Judging our investments for risks he won't abide,
He's quick to talk of penalties when things don't go just right,
And seeks full restitution when losses loom or might,
And yet there's worse, for then he gives a scurrilous report,
As prosecution witness in the highest court!

[Return To Contents](#)

10. How Many Caves

How many caves whistle and scream with wind,
Crying it seems all the louder when we go near,
And by this calling, a brave distraction to our mind and senses,
We are led to think something significant is afoot,
When in fact all we hear is the noise of intrinsic hollowness.

[Return To Contents](#)

11. Nine Minutes

We set out on our journey here, from very far away,
It only took nine minutes though, to travel all this way,
We were delighted you were here, greeting our arrival,
Watching as we help make food, essential for survival,
Prettier still the flowers we touch, in yellow, red and pink,
The petals shine translucent thin, the nectar insects drink,
And to our joy we see you love, all these things we've done,
And bless the sunlight we give out, as photons from the sun.

[Return To Contents](#)

12. City Workers

Busy ants, like city-workers, bound by rushing spell,
Recognise each daily task by time, or is it smell?
They gather food, feed the young, follow, never still,
And blindly lift and heap the dead onto a mounting hill.
Ah, but lucky ants! Untouched by human fate,
Of struggling with the torment of wanting to escape!

[Return To Contents](#)

13. What Distant Light is This?

What distant light is this, flickering among the furthest trees,
An eerie unsettling sight out here in this isolation and darkness?
Could it be the haunting Min-Min lights, frightening spectres of outback myth?
Or some ancient spirit, guiding long-lost souls to their ancestral home?
Perhaps the divine hand of Angels, ushering in some new Messiah?
Or yet the risen God, at last returning to take His Place,
Or is it just the battered truck of my old friend,
Struggling through the night, bringing stores?

[Return To Contents](#)

14. **The Life Cup of the Universe**

The life cup of the universe
In turn the poets grip,
Holds truth in weak solution
A fraction to each sip.

[Return To Contents](#)

[Editor's Note: This is the final poem in this Sample publication. The full collection has over 300 poems and may be purchased as a paperback or ebook from www.silvanhouse.com.au]