

*It all goes 'round*

L P King

***It all goes 'round* by L P King**

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## AWARDS

Some poems have previously been published in the print media and have won awards. All of these works and all rights are the sole property of **L P King**.

‘Corporate Boogie’ published in **BEST POEMS OF 1997**, National Library of Poetry, Maryland, USA, 1997.

**Editor’s Choice Award, 1996**, National Library of Poetry, Maryland; ‘Backyard Ritual, published in **BEST POEMS OF 1996**, National Library of Poetry, Maryland, USA, 1996.

**President’s Award, 1996**, Iliad Press and the National Author’s Registry, ‘The Restaurant’ published in **ACHIEVING EXCELLENCE: THE 1996 PRESIDENT’S AWARDS**, Iliad Press, Michigan, USA, May, 1996.

**Accomplishment of Merit Certificate** (Top 10%), Winter, 1995, ‘Death of a Coral Reef’ published in **JOURNEY TO OUR DREAMS**, Creative Arts and Science Enterprises, New York, USA, March, 1996.

The Marquee’ published in **POETIC VOICES OF AMERICA**, Sparrowgrass Poetry Forum, Sisterville WV, USA, February, 1996.

‘Scent Sellers’ published in **PERSPECTIVES**, Iliad Press, Michigan, USA, Summer, 1995.

‘**Honourable Mention**, ‘The Restaurant’ published in **INSPIRATIONS (CHII)**, Iliad Press, Michigan, USA, Fall, 1995.

**Second Prize**, 1994 North American Open Poetry Competition, ‘Of Then and Now’ published in **AFTER THE STORM**, National Library of Poetry, Maryland, USA, Winter, 1995.

## INTRODUCTION

### *From L P King:*

In this eclectic volume the past has a niggling habit of loitering alongside the present, whilst all sorts of people and situations betray subtle hints as to what the future may bring. It is no coincidence that there is a deliberate intention to share both the journey we call Life and the Poet's world. Muddled snippets from the past creep into our personal memories and surprise us with their frankness. Thus, in all honesty, taking stock assumes a role we traditionally take for granted.

At some stage we will all pause to reflect on people we've met, places we've been and events which have influenced us in some way. Often our circumstances make such reflection a necessary part of the journey to understand our place in the order of things. We can only hope that such enlightenment, however simplistic, will give birth to greater understanding, empathy and compassion.

To put it another way... being on the outside looking in is, or should be, the Poet's lot. Part of the poetic gift is to be privy to people's most intimate thoughts, desires and dreams. Indeed, Poets explore and give voice to that which is usually kept hidden. Emotions expressed, however, add depth to our lives and all the words and techniques which Poets have available to them in turn take the poetic mindset to a higher plane.

Thank you for affording me the great privilege of being able to share that journey with you. I now appreciate that my personal quest to be a better Poet is also a quest to have a greater understanding of the world around me. *I'm looking forward to the journey continuing....*

## **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

**OF THEN AND NOW... 11**

**DEATH OF A CORAL REEF... 12**

**THE MARQUEE... 14**

**THE RESTAURANT... 15**

**BACKYARD RITUAL... 16**

**SCENT SELLERS... 17**

**LAMENT OF THE CAT BURGLAR... 18**

**MAMBO?... 20**

**WANDERLUST... 21**

**CORPORATE BOOGIE... 23**

**SWEET SIXTEEN... 24**

**BALLROOM DANCER... 25**

**OF LOVE UNKNOWN... 28**

**LONGING FOR LOVE... 29**

**MORTAL LOVE... 30**

**THE BALLAD OF BILLY JONAH... 31**

**OLD DOG... 34**

**THE JOURNEY... 35**

**A LIFE DENIED... 36**

**A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED... 38**

**DOLPHIN SYMPHONIES... 40**

**BIRD SONGS... 42**

**A PLEA... 43**

**HOMEWARD DREAMING... 44**

**BINGO AND GIN... 46**

<b>WALK QUIETLY...</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>DESIGNER MANIACS...</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>SOMETIMES...</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>AUTUMN LEAVES...</b>	<b>50</b>
<b>MORTALITY LIVES...</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>STREETSCAPE...</b>	<b>52</b>
<b>NATURE'S CALL...</b>	<b>53</b>
<b>BOOMER CHRISTMAS...</b>	<b>54</b>
<b>VACANT MOON...</b>	<b>56</b>
<b>FREEDOM...</b>	<b>57</b>
<b>MINDS OF CLAY...</b>	<b>58</b>
<b>TREES...</b>	<b>59</b>
<b>GINGHAM TO GINGHAM...</b>	<b>60</b>
<b>SOUL MATES...</b>	<b>61</b>

**CALL FOR LIFE... 62**

**MOUNTAIN ASH... 63**

**MOUNTAIN DEW... 64**

**JOURNEY'S END... 65**

**TRAVELLING YOUTH... 66**

**HYPOCRITES... 67**

**BURIAL... 68**

**THE SINGER... 69**

**SOUL SEEKER... 71**

**SEAM SEWING... 72**

**APRON STRINGS... 73**

**TIME TELLS... 74**

**LOVE REQUITED... 75**

**BLACKBERRY JAM... 76**

<b>O, JOHN WAYNE...</b>	<b>78</b>
<b>SHOPPING GARDEN...</b>	<b>79</b>
<b>CHERUBS...</b>	<b>81</b>
<b>I HARDLY NOTICE...</b>	<b>82</b>
<b>TRANSITION...</b>	<b>83</b>
<b>TIME FOR LIFE...</b>	<b>84</b>
<b>THE OLD KITCHEN STOVE...</b>	<b>85</b>
<b>NURTURING...</b>	<b>86</b>
<b>WHAT PRICE LIFE?...</b>	<b>87</b>
<b>TRUTH'S DARE...</b>	<b>88</b>
<b>BURB DREAMING...</b>	<b>89</b>
<b>SUBURBAN GUERILLAS...</b>	<b>90</b>
<b>BETSY BE-BOP...</b>	<b>91</b>
<b>PRAY TO THE EAGLE...</b>	<b>92</b>

**OLD TOM'S CLOUT... 94**

**COOLNESS... 96**

**TEMPTATIONS... 97**

**HEARTS... 98**

**KRIS KRINGLE... 99**

**WINDCHIME... 101**

**SPINNING WHEEL... 102**

**WAR... 103**

**OF WISDOM... 104**

**SHADOW DANCING... 105**

**TEASES A SOUL... 106**

**DAPPLE GREY... 107**

**OLD SABLE... 108**

**OF THEN AND NOW****L P King**

I wash my hair in pure soap  
and dream  
Time's luxury  
suppressed by my evolution  
Supermarket shelves beg  
a solution

Child pulls my skirt  
in flagrant denigration  
My self is never let alone  
to remember  
Elegance  
and red nail polish and French perfume  
and joy

Kitchen oozes fishy odours  
and filth  
TV game shows and football  
and my mother-in-law  
Beer and peanuts deride  
champagne and caviar

I must wash the kitchen floor

**DEATH OF A CORAL REEF****L P King**

Surf rolls, soft and warm  
over coral supremely majestic  
Salty air caresses my senses  
in relentless pleadings  
so much dying to taunt  
peace and beauty belie treachery

I kid myself that I understand  
but I am forever helpless  
frustration and guilt  
gnawing away at my soul  
Little chips of dignity  
descend into my heart the abyss

Tranquillity veils the turmoil  
of millions of years of toil  
it somehow hardly seems fair  
how strangers do not care  
how they marvel at this garden  
aglow with unbridled colour and light  
hundreds of prized polaroid pictures

Night mostly brings out the pain  
of a million blistering sores  
while the fat lady the story soars  
showing off her sparkling new necklace  
glass-bottomed boats in peaceful slumber  
yet eagerly will work another day  
tomorrow a new lot of frenzied scavengers  
clicking and smiling their ignorant smiles

*Ask them... Go on, I dare you!*  
*What is it they **really** see?*

Before the dawn the pain surges  
and the swell in my head  
dies down in beaten surrender....

## THE MARQUEE

**L P King**

Festive lights and trendy brights,  
they feed as piranhas feed,  
from the trestle beneath the marquee.

Music cradles each and every one  
with a dreamy veil white and light,  
making them sing as someone serves tea.

Who's to know the glamour and glitz  
will fade at midnight?  
Cheated by a gray and sombre morn,  
recapturing life's perpetual norm.

Yet they may dream,  
as youngsters often do,  
of better things, or so they seem,  
as if enchantment were but a wink away.

So let them dream before they know  
the truth that chases the sparkles away,  
in but a moment, a whisper in time,  
and with nary a hint of the fairytale.

**THE RESTAURANT****L P King**

Oysters beg  
Surrounded by a sea of German beer  
I cannot pronounce  
Yet I pretend

I alone  
cannot perceive  
the emptiness of betrayal  
so complete

The waiter brings  
fresh crusty bread  
and his smile  
obliterates

Seagulls  
weave and remonstrate  
as I repel  
the inevitable

A gentleman always  
you open the door  
I am relieved  
you didn't see

**BACKYARD RITUAL****L P King**

Barbecue may sizzle with pork and passion  
and fill each nostril fit to quiver  
while the flames that singe and burn  
may yet die away and fizzle  
as the coals their bed they seek.

Hunger duals with the thirsty heat  
as the fire crackles and takes care  
to leave no trace of gristle to soil  
as paper plates patiently await  
dessert's most succulent pie.

Week by week the ancients entreat  
the hopefuls their games to play  
and ever fearful they come  
lest their precious turn they miss  
to make the organ play.

And backyard altars all tantalise  
and tease the pious the more to cajole  
with saucy scents that stir the cinders  
of some smouldering love set to inflame  
veils of white afloat on citronella seas.