

# Innocent Eyes

A  
Collection  
of  
Poems  
by  
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To

My Family

&

Thanks to  
Gordon, Ivan, Jan, Jane, Julie, Maxie & Pippa  
for their encouragement.

## Contents

- 5 Poetry - Where to Start ?
- 6 The Jones
- 7 Temptation and Success
- 8 TV News
- 9 In the Globe - A Hamster
- 10 In the Globe - A Human
- 11 Love
- 12 Innocent Eyes
- 13 Parliament
- 14 In Committee
- 15 The Invisible Cage
- 16 The Mystic Girl
- 17 Bypass
- 18 Insecurity
- 19 Amicable Solutions?
- 20 Harvie Street
- 21 To Wilfred Owen

## Poetry - Where to Start ?

Poetry is a tricky game.  
More often than not,  
it brings disdain.

What it is,  
or  
what it's not.  
Tight rhymed verse,  
or  
Chaotic thought

To me it's simple freedom,  
expression at it's best.  
A therapy, an outlet,  
in this world repressed.

## **The Jones**

Hello Mrs. Jones can I show you how to rhyme,  
it really is quite simple if you just give it some time.  
Hello Mr. Jones I was saying to your wife,  
can you really live without some rhythm in your life.

No I'm not selling kitchens or wall cavity  
insulation,  
I just want to help you out of your curtain  
twitching isolation.  
Religious! no not me I just want to set you  
free.  
I see people drowning and I just can't let it  
be.

You stifle in your small world, trapped in your petty  
mind.  
You just don't hear the music the rhythm or the  
rhyme.  
The world out side is waiting and there still might  
be some time.  
For you to learn the rhythm, the beat and the rhyme.

## **Temptation and Success**

In those dark days,  
when I saw no light.  
The love you gave,  
shone clear and bright.

But now we only struggle,  
in this matrimonial fight.  
Our love is in darkness,  
now the days are clear and bright.

Forever is what we promised,  
and in bad times it held true.  
But the good and easy life,  
was not good for me and you.

Temptation and success.  
A friend's fond caress.  
Marriage vows, forgotten,  
in the rush to undress.

So we part with nothing,  
but memories to fade grey.  
Like the one that I forgot.  
Our wedding day.

## TV News

A mortar falls on a sleeping town.  
Images of war spin round and round.  
A reporter's tone, full of false feeling,  
about body trapped beneath a fallen ceiling.

Just another product, something else to sell.  
A Wedding.  
A Funeral.  
Someone's day in Hell.

Information has value,  
only if, the ratings right.  
Hospitals closures,  
hidden by tonight's Prize Fight.

Executives run a mile,  
when the Government says BOO.  
When they fail democracy,  
they fail me and you.

## **In the Globe**

Running,  
running,  
heading for the door,  
don't think I've been through there before.

This damn thing is hard to steer,  
children's feet come very near.

Coffee table, large plant pot,  
no reverse gear, no way to stop.

Freedom waits for me out there,  
as I head for the top of the stair.

"Stop the little bugger"; Father does declare,  
children's concern is very rare.

Back in the cage and straight to bed,  
by next winter I'll be dead.

A Hamster

## **In the Globe**

Waiting on the bus.  
No panic.  
No fuss.

I see the faces going different places.  
All creeds.  
All races.

Inside they're just like me.  
Scared of things they cannot see.  
Not knowing what to be.

Home and work,  
my Perspex sphere,  
break down coming very near.

Crack the globe,  
even the score,  
show them that you have more.

Write a poem,  
a book,  
a play.  
Dreams that keep reality at bay.

The globe is in your mind,  
don't let it constrain ,  
don't let it blind.

Open you heart and you can find,  
love,  
peace,  
some better time.

A Human.

## Love

Poetry about love,  
so hard to write down.  
You know what you want to say,  
but feel like a clown.

The subject so powerful,  
it eclipses all the rest.  
Love can be many things,  
but pure is the best.

Love can mean heartache,  
when it has gone bad.  
Love can make you divine,  
and love can drive you mad.

Love can be unrequited,  
in this human zoo.  
Love may turn to hate,  
but love will always win through.

## **Innocent Eyes**

When I saw the world through innocent eyes.  
I saw without hate, without despise.  
I only saw truth; I did not see lies.  
When I saw the world through innocent eyes.

Then I saw the world through blinkered eyes.  
I learned to hate and to despise.  
I saw only truth that suited myself.  
I saw only lies from everywhere else.

Now I see the world through wiser eyes.  
I try not to hate or to despise.  
I see the world is made from truth and lies.  
I wish again to see the world through innocent eyes.

## **Parliament**

Have you seen the people in this place,  
covering their tracks while trying to save face  
They gather together their lies and hypocrisy,  
they give it a name,  
they call it "democracy!".  
They don't know the meaning of the word,  
only how to use it.  
We give them the power ,  
but they all abuse it.  
Sensible suggestions, denounced as "out of touch"  
Can a peaceful society ever cost too much?

## **In Committee**

Talking in committee,  
while trying to save face.  
Shouting in committee,  
while trying to keep the place.

Snoring in committee,  
these things go on and on.  
Correcting in committee,  
I think you got that wrong!

Laughing in committee,  
the suggestion is absurd.  
Break in committee,  
tea and coffee preferred.

Leaving the committee,  
this has nothing to do with me.  
Innovation in committee,  
something we'll never see.

## **The Invisible Cage**

Your deep down inside yourself trying to hide.  
You really want help, but can't swallow your pride.

Friends ask "Are you okay"  
You smile and you nod and wave them away.

You cry with loneliness and scream with rage.  
Depression forms an invisible cage.

The cage, a strangely comforting place.  
You lie in the dark keeping light from your face,  
waste precious hours staring into space.

You can and must win through,  
there's still a lot for you to do.

Reach out, accept a hand.  
Your life's worth fighting for so take a stand.

## **The Mystic Girl**

The mystic girl walked up to me and fell down to her knees.

“Why do the gods punish me when I do so much to please”

Her eyes sought comfort I could not give,  
for a mystic's life I have not lived.

The Mystic has more strength than I,  
she dares to ask the question. Why?  
She lives her life as her own,  
where I don't struggle, I just conform.

The Mystic waltzes in the street,  
dances on cobbles with naked feet.  
She's suffered many a bitter blow,  
that would have broken me and that I know.

The Mystic sang her haunting song,  
turned around and then was gone.  
I'll remember her for a year and a day,  
then the memory will fade away.

## **Bypass**

Towns in gridlock,  
carbon monoxide in the air.  
Take a deep breath,  
take it if you dare.

So you have to build a bypass,  
move the problem else where.  
So the motorcars can quickly dash,  
saving minutes here and there.

Do you know what your destroying?  
'cause I don't think that you do.  
I don't think you really care,  
where your motorway runs through.

Protected sites fall to the might,  
of the tarmac gods and kings.  
The fox, the owl, the "Hanging" tree,  
won't see another Spring.

But you'll need your hired muscle,  
and the police force as well.  
Before you turn this part of heaven,  
into tarmac hell.

## **Insecurity**

Outside you seem noble and bold,  
dispensing the knowledge of ages.  
But really you're frightened and cold,  
for inside insecurity rages.

You say you hate people you don't even know!  
A standard defense mechanism.  
You bad mouth people as they come and go,  
but silence is much better wisdom.

Friends will turn away,  
as you moan on and on.  
And if they stay,  
you won't let them tell you, you're wrong.

If you open your heart then you can be,  
a truly beautiful person.  
But watch out or all you will ever see,  
are the walls of your self made prison.

## **Amicable Solutions?**

She screamed again,  
He screamed again.  
It was all starting to sound the same.  
All the broken cups and ornaments,  
didn't care who was too blame.

"Your a unreasonable Bitch!"  
"My mother said so from the start"  
"And to answer your last question"  
"Yes I do think we should part"

"I am unreasonable!"  
"You Whoring Toad!"  
"You were never faithful from the start"  
"And for the sake of the Goldfish and the  
neighbourhood "  
"Yes I do think we should part"

Two shallow creatures soon become bored,  
with each other as they do with anything else.  
But they'll never learn from the experience  
they've stored.  
They'll just move on to someone else

## Harvie Street

The ghosts of the shipbuilders  
walk silently down Harvie Street.  
They stop at the corner  
where they used to meet.  
They drift to a pub,  
knocked down, long ago.  
They don't know why,  
it's just a place to go.

The Grandson's of the shipbuilders,  
wander down Harvie Street.  
They stop at the corner,  
it's a place to meet.  
This morning they signed,  
on the dole,  
So they stand here,  
with  
no Money,  
and,  
no Place to go.

The empty docks bring nostalgia,  
they also bring pain.  
But it's too late and pointless,  
to try a lay blame.

They stand on the corner,  
the corner of Harvie Street.  
For ghosts,  
Living,  
and  
Dead.  
It's a place to meet.

## To Wilfred Owen

I write to a poet  
Who knew true pain.  
Who saw his generation slain.  
Who the war took way.  
With the armistice only days away.

I have walked, as you did, on Craiglockhart hill.  
Where the golfer and glue sniffer now have  
their will.  
I was educated on its southern slopes  
and in the once hospital, where you  
convalesced and wrote.

As I look over Edinburgh skies.  
And reflect on the changes, since you died.  
And of young men who still fight without question.  
And seventy eight years on, still believe the  
old lie.

We also have our own Doomed Youth  
In search of some chemical truth.  
But the 'E' and Heroin of today,  
are nothing to the gas and machine guns of  
your day.

We still fall in love.  
We still fight wars.  
We are only human.  
As you were before us.