

The Angry Poet

Jonathan Alan Solis



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THE ANGRY POET

by Jonathan Alan Solis.

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Foreword.

This publication contains poetry, thoughts, prose and philosophical musings accompanied with personal reportage and photo art taken on various travels. Let unencumbered travel to distant horizons and experiencing the wonders of life become eternally free.

Introduction.

Poetry is the unsung hero of the written word. It is lesser appreciated, valued, marketed or respected in the commercial literary world. It is as a rare, precious, distilled and concentrated perfume. Where few words can convey the essence of life, emotion, truth, honesty, insight, pathos, catharsis, and even satire where it can be hardest to find. All Served in a concise and intimate way. It can also be tooled surreptitiously for implanting fowl and fabulous ideas. Words and in this case poetry, can be as wolves in sheep's garb, even as witches or white wizards.

My journey down poetry's often lonesome road started relatively late. I concede that there be offerings not complying with accepted technique or convention. Any that I studied in younger years are perhaps thankfully near forgotten or righteously torn down. The first poem, which incidentally was my first; materialised effortlessly from whence I know not where, inspired by an oil on canvas of a women looking out her window to a horizon across the sea.

In gratitude to all that and those who have inspired, both the sweet and the bitter. There are no new wondrous words here. To say otherwise would be dishonest. The most important have all been written and said in many a language and even those lost to time. Any thereafter are modern faceted echoes of the past, both the remembered and forgotten. The poets, philosophers and wise of old, who spoke keenly on many matters, conveyed and extolled; are as heralds to those ready to read in each age.



from land to sea

Sea breeze brushes blushed cheeks pale,
beyond roaming gaze from wave to taut sail.
Light is the heart, shallow the breath,
but deep passions play as wind with her hair.
Upon tides he'll fly, against elements try,
with a pounding chest,
longing for the comfort of her breast.

the times

They were not the best of times,
they were not the worst of times,
they were ours.
Now, before me lies another path,
contemplating tomorrow,
observing today become yesterday.

adrift

We are cast adrift in different boats upon the same sea.
Pass, look, you are not me, yet we travel the same sea.



i am no more

Do not cry in despair or pain,
those demons have lost domain.
Save your sorrow for I remain,
upon branch, of feather, pecking at window pane.
In summer's smile I'll kiss your cheek,
Upon gentle breeze in your ear speak.

moon

Moonlight glistened in her eyes,
kissed her silhouette raising desire,
in dreams gone by, I was that moon.

human

Light and dark, spark and flame.
All within perception's frame.
Time and space, ceaseless race.
Earth and sky, between those fly.
Let loose cries, for flesh's lie.

what is this love

I know the words,
and heard them often spoken.
I graced them with my lips,
deeply and sadly in token.
That which filled the heart,
now torn down and broken.
Upon solemn shoulders taken without asking,
and as mourners lamenting at their passing.



tide of life

You may swim against the tide to no avail.
You may swim askew the tide and be dashed upon the rocks.
You may flow with the current and be swept to a waterfall.
Leaving the tide of life is the way, but an early exit a waste.

blessings on the way

May the warmth of the sun great your day.
May a gentle breeze ease you along.
May your path grow free of thorns.
May your needs be met on your journey.
May your destination bring you peace.



thought in mind

Cast a pebble into a still pond,
watch ripples confuse the water.
Once the pebble sinks,
ripples are gone,
still is the pond,
forgotten pebble,
ripples and all.

photographer

Labelled as professional or amateur,
with what we have we take the tour.
In search of content colour and light,
we fix our view and hope it's right.
Without care for praise or fleeting fame,
we smile alone and fill the frame.

words

Words are empty vessels,
their captains' villains and heroes.
Sent forth, to unsuspecting port.
By day and night,
under darkness and in the light.

of pride

Be vigil where waves of pride crash,
against rocky shores of arrogance.
Arrogance is the complete evolution,
of ignorance and its bastard condescension.

more on pride

You cannot buy it,
You cannot sell it,
Eat it and go hungry.



to be a cat

If I were a cat,
I'd happily grow fat.
You'd hear me purr,
and stroke my fur.
I'd lick my paws,
and cough fur balls.

old steamer

We are not down,
and hardly done,
while pistons pump,
and engines run.

jesters' wisdom

Is the fool who is foolish,
less or more the fool,
than the fool who follows?

to Kipling and Einstein

If may be the middle word in life,
but why is the constant.



silent chimneys

Brick by brick they were built,
by the many hands now broken,
for the pockets of well spoken.
Cheap labour and life,
prosper crown and cross.
With lies of wealth and freedom,
the dead silenced of wisdom.



old steamer

We are not down,
and hardly done,
while pistons pump,
and engines run.

seasons

Summer's comforting warmth departed.
Autumn's falling leaves and ochre embers.
Winter's icy grasp stealing living breath,
but not spring's hope.



old industry

The fires are out, the motors still.
Chimneys house birds' nests.
Pillars of progress, silent memories,
close to forgotten.



year's end

A season for contemplation,
pending thought and expectation.
Another year fades into the past,
upon future's horizon we are cast.
Celebration with family and friends dear,
without forgetting those not near.
A moment's pause for dearly departed,
before raising a glass to what's granted.

truth is not a friend

Truths care not for opinion.
Truths care not how we feel.
Truths are not bigoted.
Truths have no prejudice.
Truths care not for faith or race.
Truths in truth have few friends.



behind the veil

Hide no further truths of face unfair,
gruesome sights in place of lies I'll bear.
Behind the veil upon guided chance I did glance,
and sickened from the sight came from a trance.
For in the spew and wrenched forth tears,
furiously down was cast meagre fears,
replaced by a burning bright light,
and sabre sharp quill with ink so right.
The fanged hydra, low of purpose and false self-right,
strikes and infects people's peace and purpose bright.
Down the ages they slither, void of soul and love's might,
they make men fools to turn and with each other fight.
The powerful whose cups can never be filled to the brim,
feed on each other when poor meat covered bones are thin.
Garish pompous ceremonies and bastardised signs,
raped from sacred geometries and stars so divine.

division of perception

When common folk speak from the heart,
they are called fools.
When high educated folk speak foolishly,
they are called eccentric.

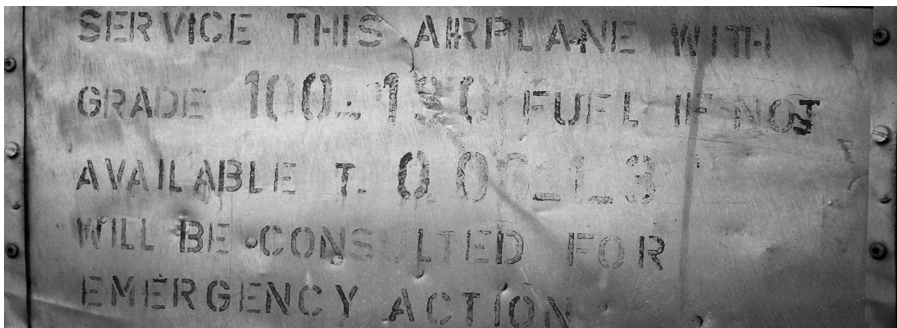


fisherman's friend

She sat gracefully upon her doorstep,
legs folded beneath her, regarding her coat.
Stepping from shadow into light, he turned to her.
He observed her, observing him, observing her.
Slowing to a halt by the open gate,
she drew herself up, arched and swayed,
brushed his leg, curled her tail and purred.

not to be

It was not to be,
between you and me.
midsummer's floral crown,
and long pretty gown.
Full of illusion's promise,
ending in deep frown.
For nothing lasts,
and all must pass,
between word and less,
farewell princess.



painted beaten ww2 plane panel

Bright red, as blood are my letters,
as such, many times I have spilled.
Pitted, pummelled, as land once pounded,
echoes of honour, pride and righteousness,
once forgotten, bloody echoes return.
World kings' goblets are drained,
thirstily filled to the brim again.
Business booms for golden purses,
dripping blood, considered a game.

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pub sanctuary

Spring time, autumn and winter,
before or to late afternoon.

By a great window to sit and sip,
sunny, cloudy or watching rain.

As me, a few quietly the same,
often men of age rarely young.

No raised voices or vapid sounds,
old boards and creaking floors.

Panels and decor of times before.

In sanctuary to read,

write or think,

out window gaze,

wonder and drink.

how much

How much blood, sweat and toil will satiate your greed?

How many resources of our world must be in you grasp?

How much poverty, war, disease and want must you make?

How many lies and deceptions must we all take?



bank owners curse

International banksters a festering grime,
heinous legal acts are abhorrent crime.
Occult owners insatiable soulless greed,
upon poor disenfranchised they must feed.
Producing only paper debt and coveting all,
from ground beneath dusty feet to fine hall.
Pestilent prostitute politicians on bended knee,
sup false money's member to sodomise the free.
They made many a promise to serve,
all lies for themselves to preserve.
Those foul fungi of creeping decay,
squeeze the poor to make them pay.

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ballad of the bipolar

Which emotion will win and strive?
My soul is an unpredictable sea,
my mind an ill prepared captain.
Sunrise heralds new collision.
Between joys or frustration,
love, melancholy or pain.
White coats grow ever bolder,
proudly publish new disorder,
to fill with drug's unsound order.

division of perception

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freedom war

Who bang beats the drum of freedom-war?
Those who deal and bet so profits soar.
Fine pressed suits and faces stern,
are the hallmarks of minds infirm.
Action masked righteous upon whose say,
perhaps cattle people who stupefied chew hay.
War here, war there, pick and mixed treats,
at dawn friends, at dusk coveters of sweets.
The soulless move chess pieces with dead stares,
deal, loan, here, there, for psychopaths all is fair.

Can we see past shock, trauma and misdirection,
powerful parasite zombies with firm erection.
Your gnashing teeth, filthy fear and greed,
cannot hide the sowing of your seed.
Perhaps greater plans and cycles are afoot,
to draw real people from within your soot.

cries for competition

Competition, cheer fat cats of economic perdition,
licking cream off others plates claiming high vision.
Suited sinister sloths of shameful savoir faire,
lounge in clubs to discuss bones they'll pick bear.
Taught business by bastards, according to Sun Tzu,
rather than just greatness in the Dao, by Lao Tzu.
From north to south and east to west,
ancient perverse patterns never laid to rest.
Spawned seeds from fear and callous greed,
disgraceful crimes are never redeemed.



dreams of the sea

A child upon a shore fell in love with the sea,
its distant horizon of dreamed glinting promise,
shimmering depths of aquatic animals unknown,
to discover all manner of sunken treasures old,
upon ships at sea pen stories yearned to be told,
but not all dreams are placed in our lives to be.



a spent shell in cambodia

An old dry encrusted muddy rifle shell,
Drew attention and put me in a spell.
Ruins beneath a blistering sun,
Where folk in fear would have run.
Ruinous red doctrine spread with skill,
Many millions its evil desire did kill.
The elephant's memory is known as vast,
in broken stone silent watch on the past.



sharpen no expectation

cool breeze shakes trees,
the cherry blossom fall,
forgotten silent petals,
sword with no expectation,
the breeze will not recall.



canal memory lane

Click clack, loud rolling trains upon a track.
Roar and pound, powered pistons sound,
dirt and diesel, smoke puffing all around.
Once proud redbrick buildings of transport and industry,
tired grimy forgotten glorious yesterday in decaying misery.
Derelict canal walkways near still, patchy grass as reminders,
where city head heavy horses trod, yoked to burdensome barges.
Echoes above of muted city sounds as one felt half under ground,
pacing a path by buildings in slumber, that can't wake from the past.
Quiet corners with lingering smells beneath damp dark bridges.
Slouching bargain prostitute shift changes by canal arches,
to looks of shell shocked fallen through cracks to canal benches.
Raw deal that tender eyes filled, focusing thought of those trenches.

Sights and sounds from council estate to common comprehensive,
in a grey uniform of many, wide eyed with promise,
of future bright, pushed down from above by drab cloudy light.
Now joggers, suited cyclists, cups of franchise coffee abounds,
amid concrete and glass, brushed old brick and swept grounds.
Prime public ground sold for a pound of flesh from people taken,
to fill discrete development Barons' large plates of bacon.
The blinkered city work horses once four legged now two,
corporate kool-aid of empty opportunity freshly served for you.
Pristine gentrified property professed for loyal hard workers to taste,

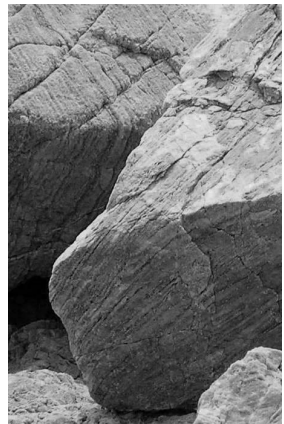
will they sit pretty once squeezed dry of life and left for waste?

Buckle up Bob and get a backbone, it's dog eat dog,
that was the mantra they taught to escape the lowly smog.
Glass half empty, muddle mind middle age driven fear,
they'll jeer from high, while in tv land all is painted grand.
With clear opened eyes, solitary counsel I'll keep,
insights considered ramblings of failed who fell deep.
So play their game, and don't dare it to disdain.
With time weary wondering feet have found a seat,
to sit in contemplation of all climbing construction,
which no doubt will serve a multitude of function.

There is little point in looking up to changing horizons,
they are not bright when your fit is not deemed right.
So keep your pace and run that race,
remember the finish line makes it all sublime.
Hurry, there is little time in this wonderland to shine.
It will be the weight and measure of your treasure,
that will bring you rich satiating pleasure,
to stand on podiums of victory, taste opiates illusionary,
for a speedy paced spell before the end and final ferry.

boasting rock

The rock said, I am mighty, I shan't change.
To wind and rain it said, you cause no pain.
To ocean tides in time, its boldness waned.
Stone became pebble, and boasting refrained.





not fallen

They think me the fallen angel,
metal cast, reviled by first to last,
but I am soul's winged spirit free,
struggling from serpent's coils,
not from earthly matter's illusion.
All is vanity and in vain,
searching for creative clarity,
anything to alleviate all pain,
yet much is under elite insane,
keepers of transparent chains.
Pursue the sick pleasures,
realise no true treasures.
Look, see not, listen, hear not,
think, yet deny the mind,
sensation, yet deny the heart.
From shadow say they are light,
against truth and love they fight.



one day

Embrace the idea that one day we'll say,
we need no longer think that way.
When our diversity shall be a joy, not a category,
when fear does not dictate misguided action,
when creativity supersedes competition,
when who we are is greater than whence we came,
when truth liberates rather than incarcerates,
when faith is no rope to bind flesh, bone and soul,
then shall we be much more than a sum of parts.

treadmill weary

When the treadmill is near done,
worldly lights sparkle no more,
motivations are empty of future,
fellowship near gone, some abandoned,
weariness slowly seeps into the soul.
I see a shortened path among the trees,
sunlight beaming warmth and colour,
comforting sounds ease all that was,
low soft mist upon the green,
soon this time will not even a dream.



sage say, light

There will be those who would reflect it,
there will be those who would quench it.

sage say, path

Different path, same destination,
forgotten in daily expectation.

sage say, search

A spirit in search of peace.
A being in search of love.

sage say, do

There is much to do,
much less to say.

sage say, expect

Expect no good fortune upon you to shine,
nor kind words or deeds from many,
and sadness shadows cannot taint.

sage say, just be

Gurus sell enlightenment,
gurus of naught but breath.
We are not here to follow or lead,
we are not here in mind to learn.
Minds forget lessons discerned,
make a decision, foolish or wise.
There is little time to apply,
matter here is not in that far side.

sage prejudice is upon ego's horns

Weeds of prejudice require no water,
they grow strong in every land,
of all types are found at hand.



bloody thrones

The rotted rulers lied,
war for gold is their pride.
Young and hardened fight,
made to believe it's right.
Dust settles on buried bones,
halls fill with gold by thrones.
Grieving children left alone,
who makes monsters atone?



the forgotten

The trees heard not the praises of people past,
silent bones buried, mortal voices could not last.
Words are hushed by wind through leaves.
Roots dig deep, between bone and stone,
walls weakened, old and tired must lean.

am i

Let me fly, unbound by earth and sky,
free from weak and willed grasping lies,
I am another and not me, presumed by thee.

part of the one

My father didn't make me to chew grass as cow,
nor bend to rod and staff and bleat as sheep.
For I am my father's son and part of all,
from speck of dust to heaven's fiery hall.



changing children

The children no longer, dance, play and smile,
plugged into bleeping mobile devices they prowl.
Their minds fresh prey for marketing fiends,
and foul psychologist groomer diseased reach.
State proclaims protection, guiding tiny minds,
behind shut doors, a child's imagination declines.
Parents pummelled under planned monetary yokes,
wearied spectators unknowing of defilement taught.
Insidious innocence abusing charities claim concern,
icebergs of truth dispassionate depths only discern.
Who bankrolls the twisted academic book deal?
Who hears the children? Not those who do not feel.
So they turn within, on each other, in despair dwell,
their future a monstrous made mire can not do well.
Abused childhoods, a sullied and made rotten dream,
so masters of marketeer madness from it can cream.
Molested since gods and godless man came to defame,
crown and cross, minarets, synagogues, many to blame.
Children brainwashed, mutilated, ruined, and stained,
corrupt courts shuffle, gag many abuses and disdain.



Commute

We wait not for sun to rise,
or morning coffee to arrive.
Side by side we stand,
as sardines in tin cans.
Faces of many reflections of one,
zombies waiting till journey done.
Had dreams vanished with youth's years,
and former easily shed tears.
All is not well in green unpleasant lands,
banker and politician take with both hands,
and corporations poison and grow fat,
void of ethical compass, lower than pig or rat.
Darker is the well of media manipulation,
hand in hand with profits of faux education.
But all with time falls under light,
hoping those who learned make it right.



unbaptised

Would my father love me any less?
For I was not dunked in water,
while others openly professed.
As parrots repetitive rituals observe,
what, from whom do they deserve?

right light

Crowns and crosses from up high they cry,
woe unto fair man of good mothers born,
from them divine human rights are torn.

who named

Saints they say number many,
whom so named other than by man?



kings of old and new

Wretched eugenicist Malthusian insane elite,
your blinkered infirm intellect is no great feat.
Recruiting foul gluttonous evil drones,
to help you remain upon soiled thrones.
Incest, murder, crimes, and filthy bloodlines,
your sickness zealots and fools follow through time.
Interbred traumatised to lack soul's true love,
of which all humanity is made to pay the toll.
Kin of colour across lands and of stardust made,
should not toil and bleed to fill your halls with jade.
Ceremony and conferences dressed in fine thread,
the world is perhaps better if they were all dead.

if at least

But as long as the sun rises,
things of beauty can be seen,
joyful memories and smiles remain,
at least one last time hope again.

a gift

No trinket or bauble bought,
nor fake gesture of philanthropy,
can quash suffering by many felt.
Without reward or praise,
a kind word, an extended hand,
or even love, a life could raise.
Flittering fleas upon a furry planet,
are small minds who at fur tug,
form rugs before graves are dug.
I believe we are much more,
than flesh and bone at death's door.
Upon this day and more to come,
I vow a better person to become.

philosophy

There's no room for philosophy in an empty belly.

remain

No temporary riches,
nor fleeting fame.
Just be read,
and thus remain.