

## He's a Pirate, a Poet, a King

he's a pirate. a poet a king,  
when he reads, we all dance and sing,  
Forget what you do, you know it is true,  
He's a pirate a poet a king.

he's a pirate a poet a cat,  
he wears a blooming great hat,  
on his head when in bed, so the story is said,  
he's a pirate a poet a cat.

He's a poet, a pirate a king,  
we all laugh, when he starts to sing,  
and dance in the air, when he's over there,  
this poet this pirate this king.

He's a pirate a poet a cat,  
you know he'll never get fat,  
doing this and that, wearing a hat,  
as a pirate a poet a cat.

He's a pirate a poet a king,  
on his finger he wears a great ring,  
the seal of a clown, when he is down,  
he's a pirate a poet a king.

## **As we dance together, like some golden prayer**

Dance everyday, with those you love,  
One day the chance to dance maybe too late  
So never turn your love away,  
But dance forever and a day.

One day you'll know, and you will see,  
This angel dancing close to me,  
Is in my heart for all to know  
And I will never let her go

A short step here, a long one there,  
A pirouette, a golden prayer,  
A twirl from me, then you will stare,  
At the gracious lovers over there.

This dance of grace, you'll see her face  
As she dances closer, just for me,  
My angel with the human face,  
Will make you stop, and make you stare

As we dance together like some golden prayer,  
Whenever you see her there  
And when you see her, you will know,  
That she will never let me go

## My Muse

My muse is a Mystery, to all but me,  
she is gracious, and kind, and she sets me free  
she is all that I need, when I am alone,  
and when she is here, I need not a phone,

My Muse is blond, or dark and red,  
my muse is the phantom, inside my head  
my muse is an angel, or devil you see,  
my muse is the goddess, and lover of me.

my muse is a fairy or fae, so they say.  
my muse makes all my pains go away,  
my muse dances and leads me on,  
wherever she is, the music is strong.

my muse will not leave me, all by myself  
My Muse won't leave me alone, on the shelf  
she leads and I follow, I know not where,  
but wherever she is, I have not a care.

My Muse she teases, when she is not there,  
and hides but a little to see if I care,  
and when she is here, she makes me whole  
she is on my mind, and in my soul.

## The Dragon

The battle, it was ready,  
on each side of the hill.  
the armies stood apart,  
ready for the kill,  
the clarions calls, they summoned,  
the soldiers to the fray,  
for some, who stood there standing,  
this was the judgement day.

it started at first light,  
on a rainy day,  
it seemed like, a long low rumble,  
was coming round this way,  
it grew louder,  
the nearer that it came,  
and men who heard it coming,  
would run away the same.

The Armies met in battle,  
with this fierce foe,  
they had nowhere to run,  
they had nowhere to go,  
the battle raged before them,  
on the left and the right,  
it lasted all day,  
and most of the night.

the only one left standing,  
when everything was done,  
was the armour plated dragon,  
who didn't have a gun,  
he flicked his head,

© 2009 Sabreman Carter

from left to right,  
and gnashed his teeth,  
with great delight.

His gleaming teeth, were now all red,  
for all the soldiers, they were dead,  
the battle raged, and rages still,  
in the hearts of men, who'd kill,  
if this dragon, you should meet,  
then beat from him, a haste retreat,  
and if you chose to run away,  
you'll live to fight another day.

.

## Victory Roll

Called to fight a battle royal,  
in the air not on the soil,  
called to serve, and called to kill,  
few there were, and fewer still.

all were brave unto the last  
they'll live forever in our past,

a mighty roar of engine noise,  
and merlin's fight, and merlin's scored,  
the spitfire came with wings of death,  
and saved this nation, we love the best.

to those braves souls who fought and died,  
a nation filled its heart with pride,  
so spare for a though for the past,  
what you've got, it may not last

VE day came and went, the war was won,  
and many spent,  
engines roared and brave men died  
and tears fall, not just with pride.

those who gave their lives you see,  
gave us back our liberty.  
the victory roll that you see,  
is one of honour just from me.

I am too young to know that war,  
but old enough to know the score,  
brave men fought, and brave men died,  
and honoured all, should be with pride.

## The Welsh Dragon Roared

WWII was over, the Germans had won in Europe,  
and after bitter fighting the Allied forces had surrendered,  
but England was still not concurred,  
Hitler had commanded,  
that the invasion of Britain takes place as soon as the weather permitted.

They landed at Hastings and several miles either side of Hastings,  
German forces quickly over came any resistance,  
and the pressed north west towards London.

Little or no resistance was offered as the Germans marched  
triumphantly into the capital city of London, it was July 7th 1945,  
a day marked in infamy by those remaining Englishmen.

who woke to find that the English royal family had fled to the US,  
along with Winston Churchill and several senior members of parliament,  
to form a government in exile,  
and to get away from the advancing Germans forces,  
the Royal Family had deserted the common people.

Stepping back in time,  
the battle of the bulge had seen the German forces win a great victory,  
forcing the allied troupes back to the beaches were they had landed on in d day,  
this time Germany's superior firepower had won the day.

And although a rescue attempt was made, to bring the allied forces back,  
the Germans sank the Amerada of small boats,  
and the sea was on fire with sinking vessels both large and small.

Now we jump forward again to the 9th of July 1945,  
the Germans started to round up minor royals in the city of London,  
who had been left behind, when the Royal family left.

it wasn't long before the Germans advanced as far west as the city's of Worcester and Birmingham,  
and in the North they got as far north as the city of Lincoln,  
they would have bypassed the Town of Doncaster,  
except it was an industrial town where weapons could be made.

Doncaster became a German Garrison town, with many troupes stationed there.

The Germans advanced north to Scotland and west into Wales,  
soon the Germans were on the outskirts of Glasgow and Edinburgh,  
the Scots put more resistance up than the English but they were quickly over run,  
the Welsh were joined by several English Regiments,  
who were fighting a last ditch battle,  
many good soldiers died in the ensuing battle for Wales.

I said earlier that the Germans round up the minor royals who were left behind,  
but they missed a rightful king of England and Wales.

one whose family line had more right to the British Crown and thrown,  
than the house of Handover, this was the unofficial king of Wales,  
the Welsh king was called Luther,  
and he stood head and shoulders above most men in the Welsh valleys,  
he had stayed with his wife who was heavy with child,  
He was a good Husband and Father  
they were forced to flee, east into Yorkshire,  
a Journey on foot that was no mean task for a pregnant woman,  
it was now mid November 1952.

King Luther of Wales, was killed on route, to a small east coast fishing village,  
near the town of Hull,  
Queen Sara went into labour when they reached Doncaster,  
whilst in the maternity ward, she met and befriended a young unmarried English  
woman,  
called Alice who was also expecting a child.

At that time in England, there was a stigma attached to being an unmarried mother,

but her lover, a soldier had been killed in action,  
she did not know when, or where he had died,  
later that night Queen Sara died in child birth,  
as did the Young woman's son he had lived for a few moments,  
she named her dead son David, unbeknown to the Young English woman,  
Queen Sara's baby was also called David.

A Nurse came into the ward where Alice was grieving,  
the nurse spoke softly but urgently,  
she explained to Alice about the child.

And told her not to tell anyone that the baby,  
was the son of the welsh king and his Royal queen,  
at first Alice didn't believe her,  
she explained about the birthmark on the babies shoulder,  
and how only those who were truly the male heir of the royal family had this  
birthmark,  
it was in the shape of a horse and rider or was it a dragon,  
after they chatted for awhile Alice went to sleep,  
she woke up the next morning, the baby was still there,  
Alice nursed him dressed him and fed him,  
all the time being watched by the nurse, who was smiling at them both.

she spoke in welsh: saying you will make a wonderful mother,  
( chi bodd gwneuthuriad rhyfeddol mam)

Alice didn't understand what the nurse had said,  
she looked up again, but the nurse wasn't there. and she never saw her again,  
it was as if the nurse had disappeared into the ether.

As David grew, the Germans were still in charge of the country,  
and the welsh were still harrowing the Germans,  
giving them a rough time, David kept a wary Eye on the Germans,  
he didn't know why,

but he didn't feel comfortable with armed German soldiers around,

he had, had a run in with a German soldier when he was younger,  
he had been stripped and beaten, with a whip, it hurt like hell at the time,  
and he still had the scares on his skin to prove it.

although he had reported it to the authorities, nothing had been done about it,  
you had to learn German in school, and David's German wasn't very good

The Germans frowned on you speaking English in public,  
home was a mining village on the outskirts of Doncaster, called Armthorpe,  
the miner were a rough and ready bunch,  
His official Mum Alice was the daughter of a miner,  
she later married a railway worker who became a coal miner,  
when David Left school he couldn't get a job,  
so the mine was the only option,  
but he hated confined spaces, due to an incident when he was 13,  
that was sorted out, but he never spoke about it again.

When the Welsh attacked the Germans, everyone else suffered,  
the day he was due to leave Alice asked him where he was going,  
she understood more than he gave her credit for,  
she told him to find an enclave in the north of Wales,  
she said it was near to Prestatyn,  
he asked his mom why, but she didn't tell him.

you needed papers to get around the country,  
and if you didn't have to correct papers,  
you were either arrested imprisoned or shot,  
and he didn't fancy any of those options.

He would have to lay low and avoid the Germans,  
by travelling at night,  
it meant that he could sneak over the border in the shadow of darkness.

how many miles was it, from Doncaster to Prestatyn,  
he didn't know, would he get there in one piece,  
again he didn't know.

he was worried about the journey,  
and what ifs kept coming into his mind,  
plus there was a burning desire to know,  
and he had to know,  
who he was, where he was from, and why was he here.

My Journey was long and I was travelling by night along unlit country lanes I would  
lay low  
and sleep by day, the country was still swarming with German troops, although the  
war  
was over we were still occupied and they were everywhere..

I found an hiding place in an old barn, it wasn't very warm, but at least it was dry,  
I could move on that night because it was raining heavy so I had to stay there  
longer,  
about halfway through the night I heard voices, I was hidden behind bales of hay,  
but the need to sneeze almost gave my position away, I didn't understand the  
language t hat was being used, I knew it wasn't German, I didn't recognise the  
tongue that was being used, plus they was whispering, something told me I should  
keep quiet, it didn't help having a could of large black rats at my feet,  
I heard a clicking sound somewhere to my left, my view was hidden by the bales of  
straw,  
I thought I heard at least three voices, a male and two females some giggling and  
unknown sounds,  
I almost gave my position away, but managed to stifle a sneeze,  
it didn't help wanting to sneeze all the time.

I didn't know if I would get any sleep either, I looked around from my vantage place  
the next morning to realise that I was alone again, at sometime During the night I  
had had a strange dream,  
the Image I saw was a person in a big blue gown leaning over a baby , the baby was  
fascinated with a large  
medallion this person was wearing the baby was reaching out to hold the medallion,  
which was dangling down in front of him, his little hands were playing with it

the sky was grey, the mist was thick and a white glow enwrapped him as he stood there in this mystic after glow, that had suddenly encompassed him in a thick black morning cloud

