

CUP OF TEA



*yet another book of poems
by Willie Watson*

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also by Willie Watson:
The Quest for Enlightenment and Stuff
Rheets 2018
Paradox
Rheets 2017
Wild Pigs of Fukushima
The Meaning of Life in Easy English
Rheets 2016
Geology
Rheets 2015
The Shit Guru (An Expat's Story)
Rheets 2014
Pink Snow
155 Sonnets
Rheets
Twoems
Uncle Willie's Very Silly Animal Poems
The This of the That
Tarot Poems (with Marie Brožová)
The Alchemišt's Notebook
Four Syllables on Water
The Guru Kalehuru and Other Poems
Poems from Prague

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Introduction

Dear Reader,

You have in your hands, or on the screen in front of you, my latest offering: 46 poems full of insight, wisdom, and anything that will rhyme, basically. It is called "Cup of Tea" which might seem strange, because despite there being poems on such diverse subjects as cows, trees, astrology, politics, the nature of the universe and our existence, grammar and spelling, our consumer society, the dangers of AI, cultural diversity, divergent views on the future of humanity, and poetry itself, there is nothing in there about a cup of tea. In fact, after this introduction, I'm pretty sure neither the word 'cup' nor 'tea' appear again throughout the rest of the book. That's O.K. It was the working title, because I asked my wonderful and lovely wife, who I totally depend on for the production of these humble collections, what I should call the next book, or maybe I just asked her what to call the file, I don't actually remember, and she said „cup of tea“ because that was the first thing that came to mind. Which in turn is not surprising because she does like her tea. She even has a cup that says „This IS my cup of tea“ on it, or at any rate she did, until I dropped it on the kitchen floor a few weeks back and it shattered into a million pieces. So, since I'm in the doghouse for that, and for moaning at her about all the typographical and spacing anomalies that are creeping into this introduction even as I write it, the name must stay. Also, I like the name just fine. A rose by any other

name would smell as sweet, and the poems in this book would still be the poems in this book, even if it was called „Fisherman’s Boot“ or „Plastic Pancake.“ Like Poems from Prague, the Guru Kalehuru and Other Poems, The Alchemist’s Notebook, The This of the That, Pink Snow, Geology, Wild Pigs of Fukushima, Paradox, and The Quest for Enlightenment and Stuff, it has no unifying theme. Rather, it is a collection of all the poems I have written since the last book, so roughly over the last year, maybe year and a half. Maybe some have been left out, on account of being absolute rubbish, but for the most part anything that has more than two lines, rhymes, and makes some kind of a point is included. I’m fairly pleased with them, as a general rule, and hope you will find, if not enlightenment and insight, at least a bit of entertainment. Of course, if you do find enlightenment and insight, that would be totally awesome.

Welcome to the inside of my head. Happy reading.

Willie Watson

Advice to Beginning Poets

If you would write a rhyming poem
just pick a word and go
and any word that rhymes with that
will punctuate the flow
The arrow flies, the old folks say
the way the bow is bent
and so the words that reach the page
reflect your true intent
There is so much that must be said
it's hard to get it wrong
and if you keep it short, like this
then it won't be too long

Public Service Bulletin from the Grammar Police

Caesar led his army
as he crossed the Rubicon
and the savage Mongol hordes
were led by Genghis Khan

Lee led his troops at Gettysburg
Into a hail of lead
In the form of Yankee bullets
Which left so many dead

Sometimes you might follow
And sometimes you might lead
But I hope you all will read this poem
And some of you take heed

I hope that you will read this poem
And once this poem is read
You'll correct your horrid spelling
Which fills my soul with dread

And learn, for once and fucking all,
The past of lead is led

The Latent Power of Nothingness

Poems are made of words on paper
clouds are made of water vapor
morphing into different shapes
and falling from the sky as rain

all the hubbub and commotion
all the waves out on the ocean
the full range of our emotions
in a universe contained

A universe of stars so scattered
mostly it's devoid of matter
and, before the bang, they say
there was no matter, in that case

Every possibility
that was to ever come to be
pre-existed, latently
within that empty space

We are a microcosmic part
of that cosmic work of art
and all that's in our head and heart
is insignificant, compared

To all of time and all of space
to all that endless, barren waste
which holds us in its dark embrace
with lots of room to spare

So, close your eyes and just be still
turn off your mind, relax until
something comes, and something will
it's going to be O.K.

First there's nothing, then a hum
and then the guitars softly strum
as out of nothing, something comes
because that is the way

Spinning

Our planet is spinning
the atmosphere's thin
And it isn't connected
And so, it is flowing

Sometimes it's a breeze
That caresses the trees
And sometimes it's a gale
Or a hurricane blowing

We have built towers
That look like big flowers
Whose petals are blades
That are made out of steel

Which turn with the wind
And then once they begin
They tend to keep going
Like any big wheel

The thing about spinning is
It self-perpetuates
it is the spinning that
Powers the spin

and as we are spinning
and changing, evolving
we don't know when the
Next phase will begin

American football
a long, forward pass
The ball is describing
an arc in the sky

And every eye
In the vast, oval stadium
Is focused upward
And watching it fly

A moment of silence
A moment of tension
All senses alert and
The nerves are all taut

And everyone present
Has one single question
will it be-will it be-
Will it be caught?

It's reminiscent
Of God, as he is portrayed
By Michelangelo
Up on that ceiling

Fingers extended and
If they make contact
Awareness emerges and
Oh, what a feeling

DNA molecules
Also are spirals
Two intertwined spirals
A bit like a screw

So much information
That has been encoded
and then uploaded
to me and to you

The blades start to turn
The football is flying
the needle is tracing the
Groove of the vinyl

The shape and the motion
creating new energy
turning keeps turning
and nothing is final

and as we keep learning
The more we are knowing
we keep moving forward
the pace isn't slowing

but rather increasing
till we hit a trigger
and Hey! Fibonacci!
The world just got bigger

The DNA mutates
And keeps moving forward
From one generation
Into the next

Explosion of ecstasy!
Brand new reality
That is created when
People have sex

From the sweet combination
Of sperm cell and egg
Comes the jerking and kicking
Of small arms and legs

and eyes that are seeing
To their own surprise
and a small mouth that opens
To let out a cry

They'll live in a world where
They'll sing in the sunshine
Where everyone's happy
And everyone's free

It isn't the way we are
Headed right now
but it is a future
The future could be

Future utopia – secular heaven
Future dystopia – secular hell
the afterlife's all of the lives
After this one
And we're only here
For a very brief spell

Lines

The grain is a train
and it goes where it should
around and around
on the plane of the wood

The waves of the ocean
the blood in our veins
surging, receding
but always contained

The currents a pathway
that moves through the stream
and can change any instant
so much like a dream

Time is a construct
a map, a design
but it's constantly moving
and movement's a line

Bliss

A fish doesn't know
what it means to be a fish
they just swim around and around
at least we've no reason to think that they
do
they've never written it down

A dog doesn't know
what the universe is
the moon and the stars up above
and they love us unconditionally
but they don't have a word for love

Oh, the gift we've been given
is rather amazing
the means to figure things out
Yet, all of our questions
about 'why?' and 'if?'
lead us to fear and self-doubt

It's not that I envy the dog or the fish
the rabbit, the squirrel or the cat
but they're better at being
as one with the world
and you must give them credit for that

Two Worlds

The air is cool, the sun is warm
and that feels good upon our skin
all trees and rocks have shape and form
in the world we're living in

But there's another world we know
of languages and words and books
where trees and rocks are metaphors
and we hear music in the brooks

One world exists in time and space
the other in our minds is filed
there is nothing we can't do
when these two worlds are reconciled

Cow

We are gathered, here and now
to honor and to praise the cow
She grazes on the grass so green
And she is almost never mean
She gives us milk, she gives us meat
For every cheeseburger we eat
She gives us leather for our shoes
And now and then she softly moos
She walks the meadow with her herd
And never says an unkind word
She gives the farmer no complaint
The cow is practically a saint
Such a kind and noble mammal
Prettier than any camel
And not as stinky as a sow
Lovely, lovely, lovely cow

Mirror Image

When I look into the mirror
my image looks back at me
We are the parallel image
of the image that we see
matter, matter, anti-matter
and negative energy

Erasing Regret

Sadness and sorrow
for time we have borrowed
and things we have failed to do
the skies full of stars
and there`s always tomorrow
and hope will spring anew

A Harsh Political Reality

No matter how far left or right
you go, you'll find it's true
There is someone further out
along that line than you

The Divinity of Circles

A circle is such a wonderful shape
It might be a wheel, or it might be a grape
An apple or orange that grows on the tree
Or the sun that is shining as bright as can
be
Symmetrically perfect, a hoop or a ball
It doesn't have angles, no angles at all
Pizzas are circles, and pizza tastes fine
There is something in circles that's simply
divine

Mercury Retrograde

Mercury Retrograde
it's quite astounding
how lights in the sky
can fuck up our whole planet
They are so far away
are there no boundaries?
It can't mean anything
Surely, now, can it?

Santa Claus, Dr. Who and God

Santa Claus, Dr. Who and God
to me it doesn't seem so odd
that they should be seen, in different places
as different genders, and different races
the original versions worked well at the start
but, the variations ...
Ah, now, that is art

There Once Was a Writer

There once was a writer
Who lived in an attic
And wrote a great book
In which he was the hero

A lover, a fighter
And quite charismatic
He slew a great dragon
Without any fear,

Oh, he sailed across oceans
With noble intentions
and traveled through time
and to other dimensions

And once on the planet
Fantabulax Cupcake
He met a young writer
who lived in an attic

And he wrote great novels
that everyone read
at least in the world
that was inside his head

Where there was a writer
Who lived in an attic
and magic was in all
the words he composed

about a young writer
who lived in an attic
and wrote a great novel
and, so it goes

Bag, as Flag

It's Spring! A day that's bright and fair
There is a cool and gentle breeze
which lifts the plastic bag with ease
and hoists it up into the air
It makes it flutter like a flag
as it goes sailing through the sky
surprised, itself, that it can fly
That valiant little plastic bag
and then it catches on a twig
ensconced within a budding tree
where it will wave eternally
reminding us that we are pigs

A Different Vision

Trump supporters see the world
as a bitter hateful place
and in as much as that's the case
they aren't completely wrong,

BUT

In the vision that I see
There are possibilities
for everybody here to get along
We need to save the honeybees

and plant about a trillion trees
just to decarbonify the air
Because, of course, we must survive
and if we do that, we can thrive

upon a planet that we all can share
We need bio-diversity
and oceans that are plastic free
we need it soon, before it is too late

We need to stop the stupid wars
and think of what we're fighting for
and make a peaceful world, that would be great
A world beneath this big, blue dome

where everybody has a home
and garden, where the marijuana grows
a world that's clean, a world that's green
a perpetual growth and life machine
and windmills turn each time a cool breeze blows

Where everybody goes to school,
and learns things that are really cool
and the sun is shining down from up above

Where we, and all the world are one
celebrating, having fun
living in a universe of love

Trees and People

Trees are rooted in one place
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring
Sometimes they get chopped down, or
burned
and they can't do a goddamned thing

It's tough to be a human being
and to know we're going to die
We cannot walk away from death
but, unlike the trees, we try

Inside the Frame

Art is not reality
the two will never be the same
the only picture that we see
is what will fit inside the frame

Poems About Everything

These are poems I'd like to write
The way the water and the light
Have their synchronicities
In powers and in properties
In the ways that they behave
Both as particles and waves
I'd like to write a poem about
When people came down from the trees
And how the world, without a doubt
Just like now had land and seas
Lakes and rivers, waterfalls
The Sun and the moon and stars at night
They had to make sense of it all
Magic, Religion, Science and Art
In the beginning were all the same
They all began when chattering apes
Began to give things names
I'd like to write a poem about
The history of mankind
An epic piece of massive length
Enough to make you blind
There is love, and death and betrayal
There are battles, very gory
And it covers quite a time span
It's a truly gripping story
I'd like to write a poem about
Earth and Water and Fire and Air
The earth, of course, where flowers grow
And water that sings to us as it flows
And fire that turns the red meat brown
And the air that's blowing all around

I'd like to write a poem, and I promise you,
Someday I will
That doesn't end, but just goes on and on
and on until...

The Search for Meaning

If you look for meaning
in the movements of the bees
in the color of the flowers
in the murmur of the trees
in the way it fits together,
I think that you will find
the meaning that you're looking for
is found within your mind

Home

In the city, in the jungle
in a cottage by the sea
home is where you come from
and home is where you'll be
we build a world around ourselves
beneath the star specked dome
and wherever we feel comfortable
we rest, and call it home

The Danger of Artificial Intelligence

They'll know what you eat, and they'll know
when you sleep
they'll know all the ways that you're sort of
a creep
they'll know where you go, and they'll know
what you say
and they'll know how you vote - there's no
getting away
a decade or two and I think you will find
the AI machines will control all our minds

There's More We Don't Know Than We Do

Deep inside
or out in space
through all of art
and history
there are undiscovered places
there is mostly mystery

Definition

I write whatever comes to mind
and thus, my thoughts become defined
sometimes it's crap, but there are times
when it's a poem, because it rhymes

The Unwritten Ablaut Reduplication Rule

Two thick boards are two boards thick
if you pick a lock, the lock is picked
but the clock must always go tick-tock
it never goes tock-tick
it's the unwritten ablaut reduplication rule

Braying donkeys always go Hee Haw
they never go Haw Hee and that's the law
you don't totter on the teeter
when you're on the teeter-totter
and you know that that's the same on
a see-saw

It's the unwritten ablaut reduplication rule
I learned it on the internet, they don't teach
this in school
and if you're writing gibberish, it's quite
a useful tool
It's the unwritten ablaut reduplication rule

You may dilly dally, as they say,
but try to dally dilly, and you'll pay
You can go the zig zag way
but zag zig is not O.K.

It's the unwritten ablaut reduplication rule
It's the unwritten ablaut reduplication rule
I learned it on the internet, they don't teach
this in school
and if you're writing gibberish, it's quite
a useful tool
it's the unwritten ablaut reduplication rule

Black Friday

There are books, and clothes, and jewelry,
devices, games, and toys
The lights are bright and flashing
There are crowds, and there is noise
Every mall becomes a madhouse
for a month out of the year
in an orgy of consumption
that we know as Christmas Cheer

The Trap

Ultimate enlightenment
Is a worthy goal
There's just one thing impeding our arrival
If we screw up so egregiously
In our mortal role
That we terminate our own survival

Early Winter, a View from the Train

The frost lies on the fields
Like powdered sugar on a donut
And its loveliness is something
That I should appreciate
Like lace upon a window pane
It's beautiful, I know but
Nonetheless,
it's something that I hate
Winter is approaching
Frozen tentacles encroaching
On the memories of Summer
And the only good it brings
Is that now that it has started
It will sooner be departed
And before you know it
It will once again be Spring

The Time is Always Now

The time is now
the fulcrum point
between the future
and the past
the surfer surfs
upon the crest
of a wave
that goes forever
and it's moving
straight and fast
the game is on
the die is cast
the time is always now

The time is now
the time was then
the time will be
right now again
as the train moves
down the track
every bridge
we cross is burning
water, deep below us
churning
still, we carry on
and through
because that's all
that we can do
we'll never be
the same again
the time is always now

The time is now
to do the things
to laugh, to shout
to dance, to sing
to play the game
with all you've got
to seize the chance
to take the shot
to read the books
that must be read
to say the things
that must be said
the time is always now

The time is now
and then it's gone
and then it's now
and on and on
and on and on
and on it goes
the time is always now

The Feminine Ideal

Some are brown with eyes ablaze
Some are blonde and tall
and brutal, stupid, ape-like men
stand staring at them all

Our eyes are wide with wonder
our jaws are hanging down
We cannot speak, or move
our feet are rooted to the ground

We see them in the movies
and on our TV screens
they look down on us from billboards
they're in fashion magazines

They are lovely! They are perfect!
but there's none that can compare
to the sexual attraction
of a girl who's really there

Lowest Common Denominator

The information
we get on the internet
opens each topic
and makes it explorable

So, we leave comments
that range from irrelevant
petty and vulgar
to simply deplorable

It isn't difficult
to understand
how it all turns to anarchy
with such rapidity

I'll tell you straight
that the dominant trait
of we human beings
is chronic stupidity

We're slow and basic
and can't understand
this world that we live in
that's mostly invisible

So, the sheer volume
of internet chatter
becomes so meaningless
that it's quite risible

Modern Man

It's true the night divides the day
and day destroys the night
but we seldom even notice any more
our circadian rhythms are
attuned to electric light
and we spend almost all our time indoors
We're nothing like our ancestors
who killed the wild beasts
and stomped across the Earth, so wild and free
they were in tune with nature
you can give them that at least
but it's just because they didn't have TV

The Bern

In a world of competition
People jostle for position
with the pre-ordained condition
that we step on other people

It's embedded very deeply

It is primitive and tribal
We see everyone as rivals
way back then, it was survival
Now, that instinct's obsolete
Now, the planet is completely

Blanketed with human beings
who, of course, don't all agree
So many different ways that we
perceive the world we're living in
and that is where we must begin

The air we breathe, the atmosphere
the waters that once ran so clear
the rich, black dirt that every year
brings forth new grass, the Sun, the weather
These are things we have together

Yet, the rich own all the land
the very ground on which we stand
and everything is zoned and planned
The one per cent have made things so
and that is just the way things go

They use all the world for profit
only worth what they make off it
and they snicker and they scoff at
those who want to make it better
"You're just jealous, you're just bitter"

"Maybe you should just work harder"
"Maybe you should just be smarter"
as we struggle, and we barter
as we seek and as we strive
every day of our short lives

But every day the world keeps turning
There are embers that keep burning
There is hope that springs eternal
even in the darkest night
that everything will be all right

We'll find methods and devices
to create a world that's nice
a little bit of paradise
with windmills planted everywhere
and trees to cleanse the filthy air

All the homeless will be housed
and all the hungry will be fed
and, instead of endless war
there will be love and peace instead
and, as one, we'll move ahead

Still, there will be those who try
to douse the flames, to tell us lies
because they know that when we rise
the world will have no further need
for all their pettiness and greed

For as long as we remember
we will fan that glowing ember
Till it is a raging flame
that rises high into the night
and leads us with its brilliant light

Rise like lions in defiance!
Rise like phoenixes and giants!
Rise, as one and show the world
that, this time, it's the people's turn
Rise, as one, and Feel the Bern

Ode to Amon Ra

Amon-Ra
Revere his name!
Heat and light
and power and flame
Brilliant orb of inspiration
Source of life and of creation
On the planet here below
Basking in his golden glow
We see the trees and flowers grow
The great unfolding of the show
The focused light of blazing beams
That jumps and dances on the streams
The light that lets us understand
We're living in a magic land
The light, the light, the light, the heat
That makes our lives so very sweet
Full credit, when the day is done
to Amon-Ra, who is the sun

Bikini

In summer, when the sun beats down
and we are more exposed
to all that's warm and glorious
and we wear fewer clothes

Young girls parade their bodies
in bikinis by the pool
and thus, they ratchet up the heat
while trying to be cool

And all the young men stand transfixed
as they contemplate
that tiny, little strip of cloth
that's guarding heaven's gate

Accepting What You Can't Change

The sun comes up, the sun goes down
there is no way to stop it
if what you're saying does not make sense
then maybe it's time to drop it
You drive your car around all day
and can't find a place to park it
I don't care if the market crashes
I'm not in the market

Artistic Bias

Every poem's a brilliant poem
as good as any other
All your poems are brilliant poems
To you and to your mother

Democratic Socialism

Democratic Socialism
Socialist Democracy
the order of the words you use
does not mean all that much to me
words are labels that we use
to name the ideologies
when, in fact, we ought to be
more focused on the policies

Cultural Fusion

Cultural diversity
or cultural appropriation
this morning at a creperie
I had a bagel with cheese and bacon

Elements of Utopia

Utopia on planet Earth
is doable, it's very clear
The elements of paradise
are abundant, and right here
Earth, and Water, and Fire and Air
Zarathustra postulated
Give us everything we need
and his idea is not outdated
Earth to grow the plants we need
the nutrients on which we feed
Air to breathe, that fills the sky
it must be clean, or we will die
Water, water everywhere
in the seas and in the air
Fire is both heat and light
that helps to get us through the night
and lightning, electricity
nearly boundless energy
The sun, each day, is shining down
Paradise is all around

Poet's Voice

Doctors talk to doctors
and they all use doctors terms
about different diseases,
bacteria, and germs

Lawyers talk with lawyers
in what they call legalese
and they trot out Latin phrases
ipse dixit, with great ease

Each teenage generation
uses slang, which is a tool
that gives them an identity
and lets them think they're cool

Each person speaks the way they like
We all have a choice
So, why should poets bitch at poets
just for using "poet's voice"?

The Point of the Genre

A biopic of a popular person
is, in fact, required to be
if you want to please the fans
a hagiography

Continuity

Nothing is finite
things just keep on going
transmogrified, changed
but there's never an end
from sunrise to twilight
the boats keep on rowing
and there's something strange
right around the next bend

Manifestations of the Network

Poems are words
and words are just letters
and letters are symbols
that represent sounds
Plants are complex
but their blueprint of being
is in the small seeds
that are in the soft ground
Words are abstractions
like numbers and fractions
which are only ciphers
that we use to count
They are just tokens
that people can use
to divide the world up
into smaller amounts
because each distinct thing
is a part of a network
which, in the end
includes all other things
and our tiny brains
simply can't understand it
like some birds can't fly
even though they have wings
Nothing is finite
things just keep on going
transmogrified, changed
but there's never an end
from sunrise to twilight
the boats keep on rowing
and there's something strange
right around the next bend

Fifteen Windmills

Fifteen windmills
high up on a hill
when the wind is blowing
they are never still
Fifteen windmills
barely make a sound
as the world keeps spinning
they go round and around
They will still be turning
when the oil is gone
these fifteen windmills
just go on and on
Fifteen windmills
through the day and night
Even when we are sleeping
everything is all right

A Poem to Please You All

They say you can't please everyone
but I'm gonna go ahead and try
So, this here's a song about coffee and bacon
ice cream and apple pie
a picnic in the park by a lake with a beach
all underneath a clear blue sky
singin' and dancin' and lovin' and romancin'
as another perfect day goes by
This here's a song about Mamas and their babies
and puppies and kittens and cats
sweet vacations in exotic locations
and people who wear silly hats
drums and guitars and parties in bars
and the feeling that you're where it's at
and great big heaping plates of spaghetti
'cause even little kids like that
There are mansions made of marble
and cottages made of wood
and the summertime outdoor cinema
at discount prices in your neighborhood
I don't know if this song will please everybody
but I kind of reckon it should
'cause there's a lot of bad stuff in this crazy
old world
but some of it is pretty good