

In a world of possible.....

dreamweaver

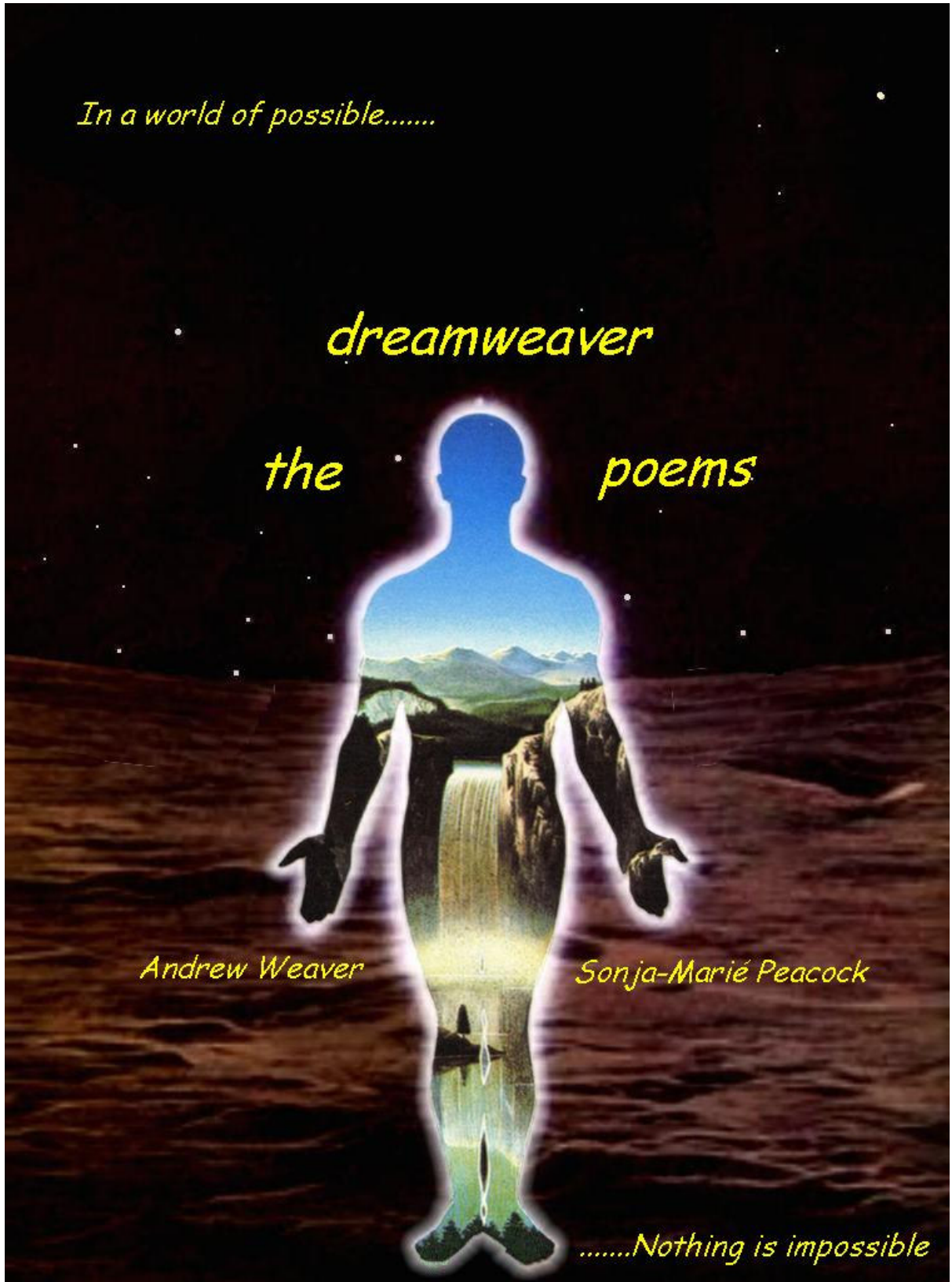
the

poems

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.....Nothing is impossible



dreamweaver – the poems

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This ebook is of original poems from
“dreamweaver” the book.

By

Andrew Weaver and Sonja Peacock.

Dedicated to

All our friends and poets from around the world
and to all those residing at Poets Corner, CS.

Idea for cover picture from Peter Goodfellow

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“dreamweaver” the book.

“dreamweaver”, A modern day love story of two strangers who meet on the internet. Though living thousands of miles in distance away from each other, they strike up a friendship. Unknown to them, ‘dreamweaver’ has taken an interest in their friendship. “dreamweaver“, is the story of that friendship, taking us to different times and dimensions. Battling Knights, Wicked Witches, and Faeries are but a few things encountered on the dream path, with a sprinkling of real life, just for good measure.

Life's greatest gift

Poem and Picture by Sonja-Marié Peacock

Life's greatest gift to me...
is just to be..



In The Beginning

It was an accident.....No..... It really was!

I had really had enough of women on that singles site. Them all saying that ALL they wanted was Honesty and Loyalty, along with a dirty great long list of other attributes they want to see in their dream man. Then..... Just when you start with the first thing on their wish list, they suddenly and, without warning, find someone else they urgently need to talk to.

So..... There I was, moving the pointer thingy on the screen, to sign out for the last time. When it hit the poetry tab and stuck there!

I didn't even know I liked poetry before then, I thought it was like..... A sissy, girly thing.....Y'know.

..... And to start with, it was hell!..... I mean, nothing worked!

But, there was this woman on there, and I liked her writing, dunno why, just something in it, it was different, know what I mean?

So.....I ended up staying awake all night, just to write her a little poem to put on the site, I hadn't even looked her profile up to see what she looked like, andI mean it took me all night to do it,... Right.....And she lived on the other side of the world, for Gods sake!

It was after then, I started getting these dreams, really weird ones! Well, not so much dreams, as feelings and happenings,..... Experiences, Y'know.....One of those things, you can't quite put your finger on! But, you just KNOW it's there!

Then.....It was Amazing, I just started to write.....Not all in perfect poetry.....Just what I saw.....

"dreamweaver"

We all dream,
you are there, you wander through them,
choose, one or two,
here and there,
a couple at a time,
as, and when, it pleases you to,
just taking them,
as you do.

With a touch, like a feather, so light,
sweetness of mind,
in thought, of a kind,
intangible colours, softly flowing,
of honest hue.

A magical aura, gently glowing,
with genuine affection,
true hope growing.

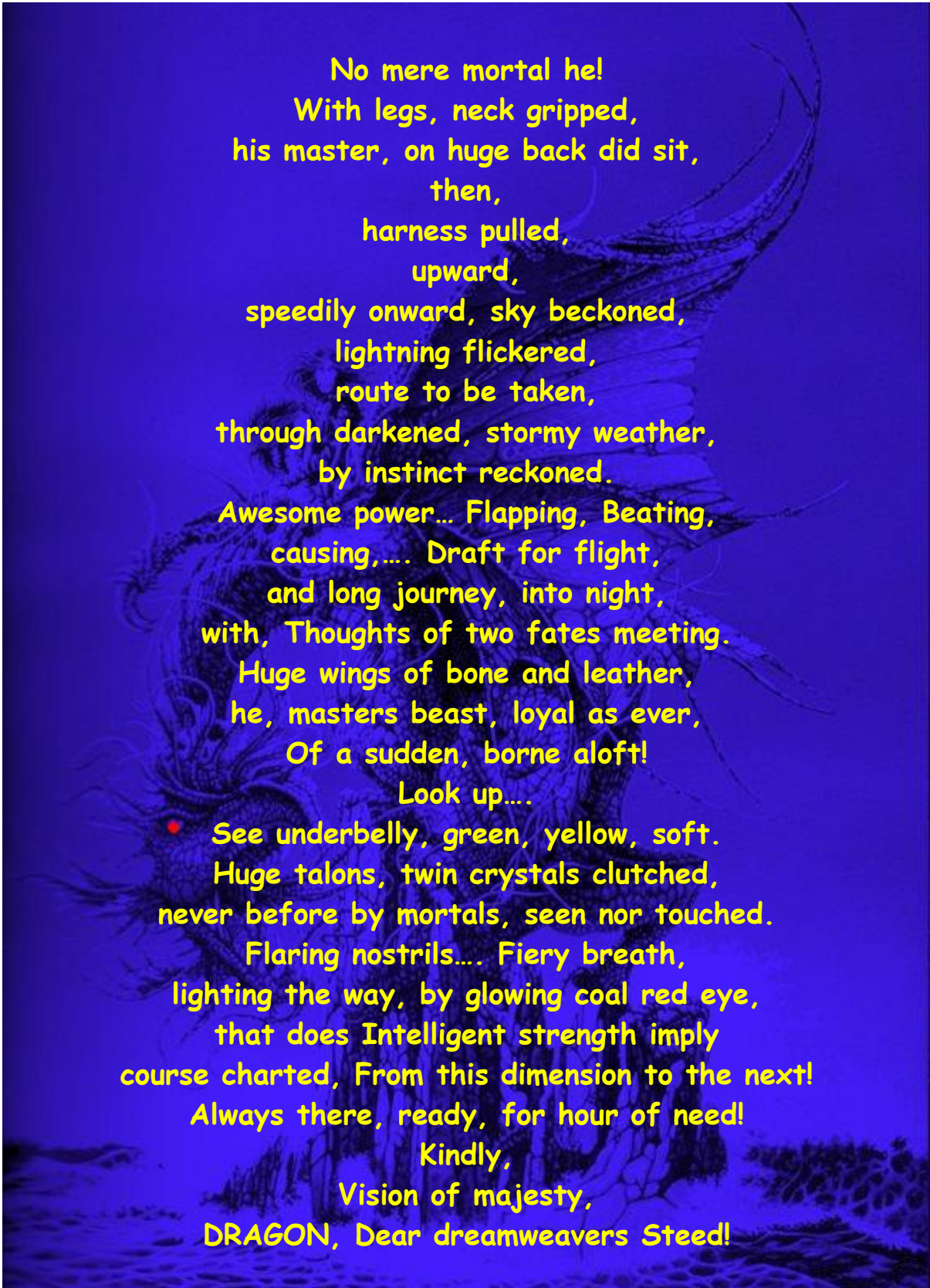
Cosseted, fondly nurtured,
supported,

coaxed and persuaded,
like a beautiful flower,
with wisdom watered,

all gathered, subtly altered,
cared for, sorted.

Then woven, with threads so mysterious,
included of all life's essence,
soft incandescence,
finally, making sure,
everything is golden and of benevolence.

Dragon



No mere mortal he!
With legs, neck gripped,
his master, on huge back did sit,
then,
harness pulled,
upward,
speedily onward, sky beckoned,
lightning flickered,
route to be taken,
through darkened, stormy weather,
by instinct reckoned.
Awesome power... Flapping, Beating,
causing,... Draft for flight,
and long journey, into night,
with, Thoughts of two fates meeting.
Huge wings of bone and leather,
he, masters beast, loyal as ever,
Of a sudden, borne aloft!
Look up...
• See underbelly, green, yellow, soft.
Huge talons, twin crystals clutched,
never before by mortals, seen nor touched.
Flaring nostrils... Fiery breath,
lighting the way, by glowing coal red eye,
that does Intelligent strength imply
course charted, From this dimension to the next!
Always there, ready, for hour of need!
Kindly,
Vision of majesty,
DRAGON, Dear dreamweavers Steed!



While there is hope there is everything

You're out there somewhere,
You know?

I don't know where you are,
I don't know how I know.

But you'll love me,
You know?

So,

Now I'm on my own,
Maybe that's why I feel so alone.

But look,
I have faith,
You know?

Time or distance is nothing,

You're not far now,
You WILL find me,

Soon.

You know

A place called home

"Shosholoza Ku lezontaba Stimela siphum' eSouth Africa Wen' uyabaleka
Wen' uyabaleka Ku lezontaba Stimela siphum' eSouth Africa"

...your train song run your tracks straight into my heart embracing me in your coat of arms-
to become the perpetual pulse in my veins... like millions of drum beats heard over miles...
at the hoist of your flag and with nine million bicycles in Beijing, i feel you under my skin
my labola has already been paid by the white crashing waves on an endless shoreline...
Nkosi sikelel' iAfrika written in my heart and for when the tale of my land is told...
my soul stands proud and firm in patriotism like the feet of the mineworker in his gumboots
a place of freedom-where Table mountain stands proud and tall-i've explored and ran wild into
your mix of the Ndebele's colourful world with a blend of endless inter-racial faces in
street-markets interacting just like the beads in a zulu woman's artwork, always with a story to
tell...

of metropolitan's existence - busy, hustling and trading in need for daily survival...
of jazz coloured street musicians playing saxophone echoing your tune into my lungs
dressed in brightly red and white standing at the corner of cape ratanga junction,
of daytime safari expedition's escaping into a bushveld where lions roar and springbok leaps
and the big five walks hand in hand in peace-the pride and joy of Africa...
Your taste of boerewors ,braaivleis, biltong and rugby still lingering at the tip of my tongue...
I am as content with your soil between my bare feet like the click in the Khoisan's language...
your remote corners of cave paintings ,wire artworks,sarie marais,fynbos, kwaito and karoo
with your sunny sky on my face and your Indian ocean's wind in my hair, i've explored
a world where the millions of happy smiling faces of your different cultures like woven baskets
always reflected a welcome like gold and copper and diamonds and Nelson Mandela...
"I'm leaving on a jet plane..." just to return back to you once again... my home in Africa

Shosholoza is a traditional South African folk song meaning 'Go forward, make way for the next man'. Xhosa, Ndebele and Zulu are tribal groups. Labola is a traditional custom whereby the man pays the family of his fiancee for her hand in marriage. "Nkosi Sikelel i Africa" is part of the joint national anthem of South Africa. Boerewors, Biltong, a sausage and cured meat. Braai, a barbecue. Big Five, the 5 most difficult animals in SA, to hunt. Lion, Elephant, Cape buffalo, Leopard, Rhino. Cape Retanga Junction is a theme park in Capetown.

Here ends the brief taster extract....

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