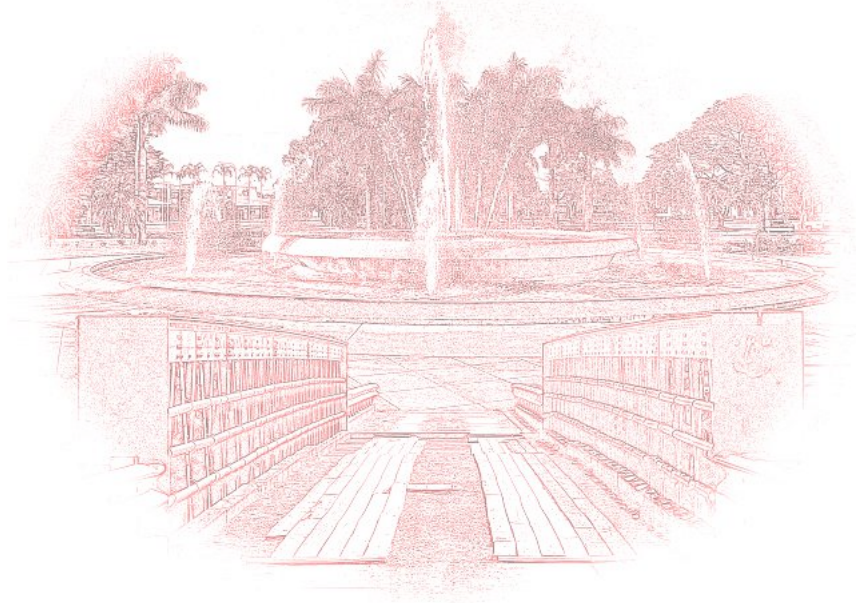


# ***JUST PERHAPS*** Conversations and Duets



LaToya, HastyWords, Shade & Sean Bidd

Third Edition 2014

Authors:  
LaToya  
HastyWords  
Sean Bidd  
Shade

Copyright © 2014 by Hasty @HastyWords  
Copyright © 2014 by LaToya @Mentalnotes1  
Copyright © 2014 by Sean Biddulph @SeanBidd  
Copyright © 2014 by Shade @AShadeOfPen

All rights reserved. This publication may only be reproduced as a complete book for the purposes of reading and/or review, for any other purpose, requires the prior written permission of the authors. For permission requests, visit any of the author websites on the following page.

For further information and other works by the authors, feel free to visit each of their websites below.

[mentalnotes1.wordpress.com](http://mentalnotes1.wordpress.com)

[hastywords.wordpress.com](http://hastywords.wordpress.com)

[ashadeofpen.wordpress.com](http://ashadeofpen.wordpress.com)

[seanbidd.com](http://seanbidd.com)

'Just Perhaps' forms a small collection of ten co-authored poems (duets) that were hand crafted during the period from 2013 to 2014. Each poem forms its own story and world from which they emerged on parallel strings of words and verse to their own accompaniment.

A closing poem graces the back cover, not a duet, but something to symbolise just the beginning to a journey.



# Table of Contents

Time Travel .....	1
Faded Handprints .....	3
Finding Myself .....	4
Autumn Dreams .....	5
Conversations Wild .....	7
Moore Support .....	9
The River finds The Sea .....	11
Summers' Wildflowers .....	13
Memory "Vs" Ink .....	14
Shrouds and Cloakes .....	15

# **TIME TRAVEL**

*by Latoya & Sean Bidd*

I have loved you for over two thousand years  
If I could find you in a million faces  
Your place  
A speak-easy  
They're a million faces of you...  
I can smell only traces of you  
Residue and relics lost  
I'm caught between worlds searching to find silk just as soft  
Behold the tares of 18th Century gods  
Held in high regard  
Amongst our tethered Frey  
Searching for the most qualified rhetorician  
To convince the gods of something tangible today

Once again  
Here  
Caught  
Caught in our slow dance  
Oh I love that way  
The way your words  
They climb through the seasons  
And give them meaning  
Till here we are  
With the wild sea roses  
As they rise up, upon each wave of sand  
Can you tell me, the direction we're headed?  
Spirit, lover, soul mate  
We are headed towards ripples of sand storms  
Slaying beast that come between our worlds that were torn  
Through old lovers and street huggers  
We are headed towards cowboys and Indians

And will move rummage any kin to them  
We are headed towards Transylvania  
Where we were first bitten  
Socrates, Plato and Aristotle will gather the town hall  
They will convince them all of why we should be together  
We are headed towards Jack the Ripper, Shakespeare and Vladimir  
Mozart, Beethoven and acapellas with compose a song for us  
You must purchase for me a Mona Lisa or a Moana  
For when the gods brings us together  
It seems like centuries till the day  
And not even I will tire of this search  
This unquenchable thirst  
So I search this bruised place leaving not one crevice untraced  
I time travel  
Skimming the surface  
Searching for you

Whisper it loud into the storm's wild wind  
Let the gods give Romeo and Juliet their chance to start all over again  
To take us flying above with your songs  
Where each atmosphere  
Sweats thick with your thoughts  
If I could find you in a million faces  
Your place  
A speak-easy  
They're a million faces of you  
I have loved you for over two thousand years  
And the gods have denied our request  
And now  
We roam this bruised place  
Obsessed  
Chasing  
Only traces of you  
And so, We time travel

# Faded Handprints

by HastyWords & Sean Bidd

Collected hand prints, colour their conversations  
Pockets full of words, in dreams their imaginations wasted  
Stories lost in cracks, where the darkest shadows know  
Disappearing prose, shallow sow evade the rampant senses  
Faded voices listen, leaving echoes upon walls  
Tongues speak of notes, inflections deep in tone  
Sounds evade in valleys, as ghosts dance in the dark  
Dissipating song, whispers vanishing into night

Collected hand prints, leave their history upon rock faces  
Pockets full of words, tell of legends old and ancient  
Stories lost in cracks, for the passing of a people  
Disappearing prose, passed along the generations  
Faded voices listen, as we tread upon their land  
Tongues speak of notes, but only in our heads  
Sounds evade in valleys, but the air offered no escape  
Dissipating song, is all that's left of lives gone so long

Collected hand prints, dance in a fresh breeze, where  
Pockets full of words, wake from within their sleep, to  
Stories lost in cracks, as they journey far beneath, a  
Disappearing prose, where the lines they challenge first  
Faded voices listen, as stories are left to be retold  
Tongues speak of notes, in pictorial display on cavern walls  
Sounds evade in valleys, as we let them live inside our head  
Dissipating song, reviving the spirit of those now dead

Collected hand prints, may we see in each reflection  
Pockets full of words, might we share once more a time  
Stories lost in cracks, grant us strangers on the moor  
Disappearing prose, hand us morning's mist escape  
Faded voices listen, as historical works of art are seen  
Tongues speak of notes, a wisdom for modern society  
Sounds evade in valleys, battle cries embedded in fabrics  
Dissipating song, all part of a memorial to our ancestry



# Finding Myself

by Shade & Sean Bidd

I am lost in this crowd..  
I am looking to find myself..  
Someday, somewhere I will find the mirror..  
That will help me see the someone that is “me”..

A reflection in a waterfall, natural, unforced, wild and free..

Waiting quietly till sunlight arrives..  
Out in the world, or in the city to see..  
As waters rush fast from far places to sea..  
We might see a rainbow in the flighty..

Mists’ of their gravities..

Lingering thoughts of yesterday..  
Mix beautifully to tomorrow..  
As a new day breaks..the lazy eyelids sketch the image..  
Which teases the stories I have lived..

Here to step outside..

To wake from the dream beneath..  
A weathered ladder of trees climbing..  
Each taled moment lived not of sleep..  
my stories to share, to believe..

As the different scenes blend..  
The full plot shines and I smile..  
‘coz in between the lessons and reflections..  
In the ripples of flowing water..  
I see the depth of your eyes..  
...That is the mirror that bears me

# Autumn Dreams

by Latoya & Sean Bidd

The thunder of a thousand hooves like late Autumn  
Rains upon the Serengeti  
Where leopards of the storm chase as the fading light dwindles  
And we try to rekindle spring which was only a fling  
Shhhhh  
Because we promised never to speak of those thing  
That grew puppet strings  
Crossways of secrecy mingle with winter  
Inviting summer to join in its drunken slumber

That bullied him wrong and turned loves emotion several notches to  
strong  
And still I loved her turbulently  
Diligently  
Consistently  
Blatantly  
Loving her on purpose  
Yet, all I want to hear are the sounds  
The songs  
But desperation takes too long

In the distant Rift Valley far from here  
Between the faults of atmosphere  
I peered into echoing goodbyes  
And a trillion tears fell from my broken cries  
Beneath the changing evening sky, bliss, sublime, nights  
Where river veins unravel

To share cherished life  
Filled with tales deep and ancient  
Thoughts  
Trapped  
Tainted  
The sun and moon  
Conflicted  
We missed it  
Love

Far from a dark heart which dances to the shadow  
And light of distant times  
As I listen to your voice in the lines of words  
And I know if she could be anything  
She'd be a bird  
I hear her thoughts

Thoughts like those of a dreamer  
A believer  
A chance to redeem her  
Of places  
Take form above  
Forgetting all that time has borrowed from a past

I wake  
Knowing  
That sometimes  
Even dreams don't last  
The thunder of a thousand hooves like late Autumn  
Rains upon the Serengeti

# Conversations Wild

by Shade & Sean Bidd

If you could tell me  
something about this place  
Maybe I'd stay here  
to pass the time awhile  
Rather than venture out  
beyond the evening sky  
So instead lets talk a bit  
to listen to the conversations wild...

Sometimes, the place calls out  
And fills your heart with bliss  
while the sky may look alluring  
You would still be at ease  
As the morning dew will wake you up  
And the crickets at night  
Sing a lullaby  
That shall force you to smile  
Even in your sleep...

If you might share fresh  
a new day's travels  
A foot to the many miles  
the many moments to cover  
For my evening sky falls once more  
here above the sparse urban glow  
Adrift, let's stroll awhile within words  
the places where conversations gather...

Too often I have travelled these roads  
I still feel I can hear the beats  
Of the grass as I trod upon them  
They never complain even when I march  
Without greeting them a good morning  
So, today I shall introduce you to the land  
That I have lived and loved since times  
I knew what it felt to be alive  
I am a part of this place  
And shall forever continue to be

If you can find the time  
between the divergent spaces  
Where convergent happenings  
linger on a pause till bursting  
Like opening the door here  
to greet the rushing wall of sounds  
A wander upon the creak of lines  
amongst the conversations roam...

I only smile at the direction  
Of your thoughts as they are  
In tandem with what I believe  
Yes, you are standing exactly at the place  
From where we started to take this tour.

Beneath the strobing of a rising and setting sun  
Spinning across the winds of your sky  
Rising deep within the warmth your earth  
A passing moment in conversations wild...

As you gaze at the serene beauty around...  
I simply stand, stare and smile

# **Moore** **Support**

*by HastyWords & Sean Bidd*

Heavy was the weight  
Of the building storm  
Roaring rain screamed  
Angry clouds barked  
The black sky fell  
Scouring the hard earth  
Land rendered muddy dust  
Nature at her most depraved  
Our freedom laid waste

Do you hear them fall?  
As the unbelievable fades  
The tears of the brave, the lost  
In a place torn asunder, twice  
Terrorized faces within chaos

With a will to survive  
Heads held up, brave  
For the children  
We do what we must  
Harsh circumstances  
The reality of life  
Confronts each of us  
Weakness is devoured  
Our mindset, survival

Yet, patience testing every thread  
These long waiting moments  
Seeking lives short of time  
The whole world waits for good news  
Needing all the positive we can get

On into the night's darkness toil  
Sounds of victory and heartbreak  
Mix in their own tornadic whirl  
Rescues and re-uniting of kinds  
Till morning breaks as witness  
Dreams of better days a challenge  
As support floods in around us  
The world's arms embrace community  
Sympathizing with nature's tragedy

What has now passed, left a scar  
Upon the earth and in our hearts  
Memories of what was before, tainted  
By the trauma laid upon their door  
In time they will rebuild in triumph

Moore, Oklahoma will resurrect again

# The River finds The Sea

*by Shade & Sean Bidd*

In the times high above the snowline  
where the mountains venture up above  
To the valleys deep with their darkest dells  
Trust flows fluid as a mountain river  
cool, so calm flowing fast

Seeking out the sun's warmth in valleys  
down through the forests of green  
Making life in connections  
the love of the River to the Sea  
All what came to mind

Shade the River, and Hasty the Sea  
where love resides in harmony  
Within the lines passing by  
where life dances in the dappled sunlight  
Brave so full in peace, so full of life

A healing comfort in the words  
Each wash over me time and time again  
Truly the value within trust  
Can never be painted in its fullest form  
It consumes the soul to make it strong

To grant power huge far beyond  
Just like love deep in beautiful words  
Warms my heart does wet my eyes  
As I am touched by the fierce love  
Which your trust in me always evokes



Here set up high in a rock vaulted ceiling  
The fire light glows dull above glacial tundra  
Shallow within the warmth of earth's womb  
Weather gather in words wrap gentle around us

I am startled by the beauty the moment holds  
Speechless yet again as emotions surround me  
And all I do is gaze at the ray of perfection

As it bends low across the ancient horizon's fringe  
Where those of old walked out to their futures  
In a ride gather in the seasons' willingness to shelter

Before release, the Shade, caught between the rain

Slowly a rainbow pops in the sky  
And Dazzled by its brilliance, I am lost in the sight  
Alternating shades of rain and sun  
A beautiful canvas lights up the world  
Peace, love, and conversations  
Like The River, with The Sea..

# Summers' Wildflowers

*by Latoya & Sean Bidd*

Reaching between the red cracked clay  
Where the rains passed last wet season  
And gave beauty meaning and reason  
To be anything but dry because wildflowers were alive  
And had eyes that saw everything  
And nothing

Parched now waiting once more  
For the dry, the drought to break  
To come alive in the wet of snowflakes  
The embrace of a season new  
To hear the laughter on the old tin roof  
In the long pause

To hear fresh again  
The giggle of the trees  
Birds playing hide and seek with the breeze  
The water's edge pressing at the front door  
To bring on the wildflowers once more  
Their dreamy scents  
Sounds

Of colours out beyond eyes reach  
Buried between the martyrs of fall  
Preserving its innocents until the seasons call  
Sit with me awhile  
To take it all in

Waiting to be beckoned  
To kiss the rain again  
The aroma brings a shift in power  
As the moon shines on

A summer of wildflowers

# MEMORY “Vs” INK

*by Latoya & Sean Bidd*

Should your pin run out of ink  
Seek out small pieces of chalk on a wayward journey  
Or  
Pledge allegiance to the clouds  
Grip your memory up  
And say the words out loud  
We are not always promised this liberties end  
Say goodnight to justice  
And sweet dreams to your pin  
Find shared pavements and walls  
Grace them with poetic voice  
And colors of the temporary moments in changing worlds  
To an underworld of unheard and lost verbs  
Waging war between ink and brain  
The fear is not what's lost  
But what's replaced between the pains  
Ink injections make way between your veins  
Let them yell  
Scream  
Talk

Have conversations between the earths  
But after the ink is gone  
It will be my memories transformed this silent birth  
Rising energy from beneath this tattered girth  
But above all always set them free  
The words  
The thoughts  
The lines  
The memory  
Will never let go of me  
Even when the ink dissipates  
And deviates from my pin  
Challenging my thoughts to bring forth memory again

The lines  
The words  
Let them be free to discover their atmosphere  
Because deadlines won't wait for the ink..

# Shrouds and Cloakes

*by HastyWords & Sean Bidd*

Can you feel her breath beneath the city lights,  
Out to walk the streets beyond the mile limits,  
To touch her scent scattered within a fog's drift,  
Where her face shrouds cloaked in cold's gasp...

Can you feel her eyes gazing down from the sky,  
Peeking into shadows and along mountainsides,  
To touch the dew that gathers in her loving caress,  
Where her heart beats life into each blade of grass...

Can you hear her voice speak on a travellers wind,  
Bending through the labyrinth between wattles wild,  
To touch her sounds living while leaves listen bold,  
Where her feet pass murklins to a sunflower's hold...

Can you hear her whisper like an embers glowing flame,  
Radiantly torching the dark with a forgiving amber heat,  
To touch the night with a piercing compassionate burn,  
Where her lips swallow sight where the shadows yearn...

Can you see her roam where the waking treads water,  
Far above a stilted forest moments' blue shallow crush,  
To touch her apparition's reflection amid each rivulose,  
Where her hair cascades across slow swift rendezvous'...

Can you see her rise over vaulted skies of coloured glass,  
Watching her eternity twinkle where only mysteries grace,  
To touch the magical collective she has bundled you within,  
Where her eyes hold yours every time you gaze into space...



# A Longing Goodbye

by Sean Bidd

A longing goodbye to a thirteen degree sun  
Thick black curls roll in waves across the  
Brown gold surface to her back, a t-shirt adrift, a wind.  
While with the slightest gate in her movements  
Julie Ro drops down through the waking gears  
Her Bonneville's exhaust crackling beneath the  
Thunder to its unbroken heart's compression.  
Together they lean right, swing off the highway,  
A long way from the far north, passed by Canadian Rockies,  
Dust and pebbles, flick up as deceleration kicks in,  
Down between a multitude, stationary road rigs.  
These juggernauts of long haul men, women,  
And a few others in the count, some dormant.

Some bursting to life, and the odd few rolling out,  
Returning to wandering reaches, a wylie black top.  
Such highways from once they came at times  
In their endless rumble through the isolation within night.  
Julie Ro, cuts a slow path, steady passing amongst the  
Giants emerging out from their parallel drift in tales.  
To reveal an expanse, an odd collection of buildings,  
A truck stop, the last of the roadhouses before  
Ten or so miles to one in many borders between lands,  
On each, to look forward, to make haste down below the equator  
Pointing her Bonneville to a near vacant pump, her mind at rest  
Julie Ro pulls up alongside, dragging the bike up on to its stand

Her slim six foot Maori frame, brisk at the break  
Unwinds from the early morning miles left behind.  
Where the past night's feet find their cradle unto the  
Earth once more, on parched dust covered concrete.  
Coated by the winds to early Autumn's (Fall's)  
Favour in a day's rolling start beneath a ten degree sun.  
Before long, Julie Ro quenches the Bonneville's thirst  
From its journey, in slow haste her feet cover two  
score or so feet, making an exchange, a hand full of US  
For fuel and a bottle of water with a little time to breathe  
To roam around a few coloured corners, in search for the  
Bathroom, when passing a woman, tunes she's singing,  
Humming notes, and writing them down in a notebook.  
Sing it out loud sista, get it down, and let it run in song  
Julie Ro says, as both women exchange smiles, and  
Continue upon their individual unwoven paths as a sun  
Clocks eleven degrees to a distant red washed horizon,  
More dust dances to the songs along the road giant lines

Rounding the last, through a swinging door corner, and  
There she was, a solemn empty stare right back at her  
Tangled red hair, small tears rolling down her cheeks.  
Words, then silence. They're all gone, they're all gone, here this  
Road grinds to a halt, bolted with no choices left. Who's all gone?  
As Julie Ro washes her hands, the woman, in unbroken silence

Stares at her through the mirror, tears still meandering  
Tender contours to her face. Then soft echoes escape her  
Everything, all I want is out. As far south as far south as I can go.  
Listen Sista, a peaceful ocean and a little luck is with you today,  
And with just few shots more in conversation, the girl turns,  
Silent leans the woman back inside a stall, black bag at her side,  
Julie Ro takes her by the hand exiting the bathroom, silent a woman  
Trailing close behind as they walk direct, almost in slow-motion  
Back out around each painted corner in tin, concrete, or brick, on a  
Clear path towards her Bonneville, not a word is spoken, not a  
Sound, the world seems silent around both Julie Ro,  
And the woman, a stranger, her tears slipping beneath the silence,

Beneath a twelve degree sun as they arrive close together  
Pausing at the pump, where in one movement, Julie Ro  
Turns as the woman hands her the rucksack, it contents  
Split between the Bonneville's saddle bags, finally to  
Leave it empty atop a pump. As keys slip into a warm  
Ignition, both women mount up to go, while as Julie Ro  
Pockets the stand beneath the Bonneville's belly, sounds,  
A crackle to the exhaust, and thunder in its heart. Life  
Breathes for the road once more, now a company of three.  
Wait no longer for a transit sun, the vast journey South  
Taking a few moments more, Julie Ro ties her long  
Black curls back in a ponytail, fastened in four

Places as it stretches the length along her spine,  
To then with the silent woman at her back, she looks  
Up once more, to see a thirteen degree sun, passing  
In time with the day, a share to distant southern roads ahead,  
Pulling away a roadhouse exit, behind rising dust across distances,  
Slices awake upon seeking a free stillness between each stories'  
Movement once more, until day for Julie Ro slips, sinks a slowed  
momentum. Before too long finds its way passing into an estrange to  
night, with a silent woman in hours for miles across vast unbroken days,  
A longing goodbye to a thirteen degree sun..

# LISTENING