

The
Mutterings
of a
Mad
COW **who ate**
no
Beef

Tanya Adams

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of a
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*Satirical and lyrical, poetic musings
product of life just lived.*

By Tanya Adams

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Prologue and Acknowledgements

I was born in 1970 and am 100% British made. Just a white British female, and from the day I was born to the day I die, my heart has only ever beat to the desire for peace, love and harmony for all. For equality and freedom. For celebration of uniqueness and gentleness and healing. This includes all, the two leggeds, the four leggeds, the finned, furred or feathered and our green beings, the plants and trees.

These poetic writings have been inspired simply from life lived, well and badly in a Cosmopolitan city in this evolving world. I truly mean no offense and if there is, please grant a little poetic licence and grace as sometimes things just need to flow and hopefully most of all come with hubris and above all respect for all living beings and our beautiful planet.

This is to my long suffering gentle mountain of a husband. I know my dear, some of these may be a little close to the bone. I hope they make you chuckle but if not, please take a breath and have a cuppa. Let's face it the last 13 years have been, well the last 13 year's. And if I can chuckle then I'm sure you need to, too. But let's make it gentle, it's been a tough old ride.

To friends who were there, thank you.
To friends who jumped ship, thank you.
To those who were just passing through, thank you.
To those who have still hung around, I'm sorry.
What more can I say?

So I offer these humble ramblings of humour, cheer and sacred prayer. Don't worry I'm not a poet, but does this now make me a teeny, tiny bard?

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1

The Fight and Flight of a free Soul

Pill pop
Still on the hop
Relax the body
Just, the mind, just today.

Today is a Good Day!
Yesterday, what can I say?
Just take the pills Dear.
And wait for things to Clear.

Life dripping by,
I wish I could fly.
That's why I ran,
To escape the furry of the clan.

Pill pop and control management.
Where is my soul?
Sadly requires such management?
My soul cries out for natural control.

Fly free little bird
Your chirp has been heard.
It's been misunderstood,
So return you must.



2

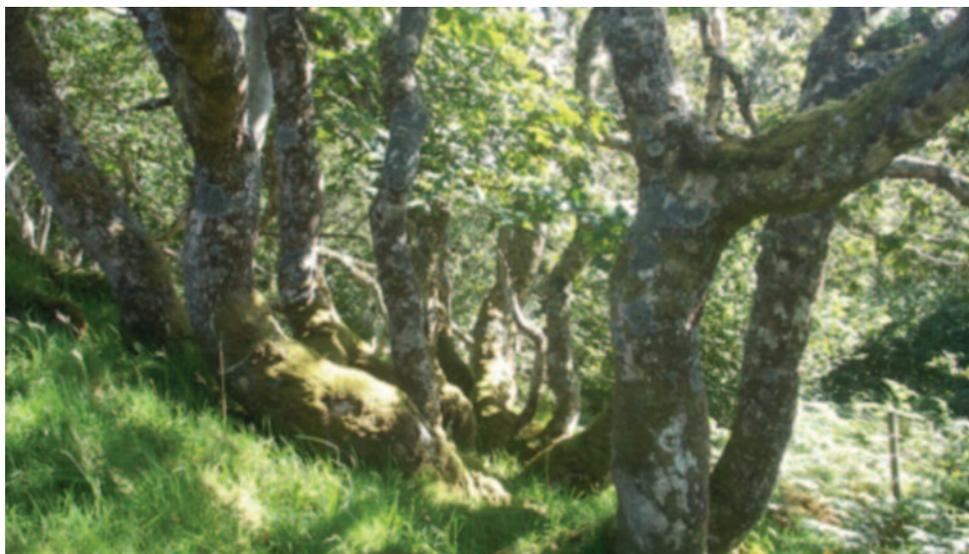
Boffy of the Egg

Fire lit, back for the night.
Day's adventure has been sung.
Wet and sodden tree lined paths, wide wind swept planes.
Sun kissed meadow, chaffinch graze.
Sheep watch and munch.
The waters babble on while
Fairy nook and nymph grove does dwell.

Oh blessed is this land with water's edge and sky caress.

Ancient rocks of fire stand full among the swirling seas,
two shoulders or breast between,
the meadow valley is sweet to dwell.

This Isle of Eigg, wind and water. Land and Sky.



3

Listening to the Tress with wind in them.

Hazel the wise,
Oh ash of the Grove,
We move with the wind,
We move and grow with Spirit,
Spirit is in the wind
It Shapes and forms us and how we grow.

Oh tussled network below,
Tangled branches do play,
We stand tall, short, bent or narled,
However, just it is for us to grow.

Beneath our branches much does grow and between our
toes much does flow.
We are between earth and air and are the cycle for these
two in between.
So was whispered on the wind.

Water feeds us and makes us grow, more light and air,
We transmute for all to breathe and grow with joy.

Water is the Earth's blood and we are her lungs.
The atmosphere her aura.
Stones are her bones,
Magnetism is her nervous system,
As she lives and breathes.

Every creature, every species, dances and plays bring joy.
Movement, nourishment, insulation her mighty body
does bring.
'Tis after all the heavenly Garden on Earth.

WAKE UP TO THE BEAUTY, COS GOD MADE IT SO.

4

Mind the Gap

Mind the Gap, please mind the Gap!
A well known sound of old London Town.
Deep down on the Underground, Please Mind the Gap!
Morning, noon and upon a busy eve,
Please mind the Gap.

Now year's on, as I struggled with what was mine, and what was his,
What was yours, and what was somewhere in between.

So Zen, just zen out. Here was the bliss.
With breath and mild dewy mist.
Somewhere in this mist, something's been quite missed?
Hurrah!

Then the bliss, just beauty as no behold,
Beyond in the light and wonder, what could be missed.
When nothing is a miss.

Done now, breathing in the bliss.
The Clarity, finally re-a-shored. Hurrah!

Then down again among the chatter, this and that.
The I and the we and what's in-between.
What's High and what's low, it's now thankfully a blurr.

Then, one day, a talk, a brilliant talk.
A doctor no less, of medicines, conventional and
Of the Healing arts no less.
In gentle, clear, repose,
There he was waxing his lyrical.

There it was, in knowledge ancient and new.
MIND THE GAP!

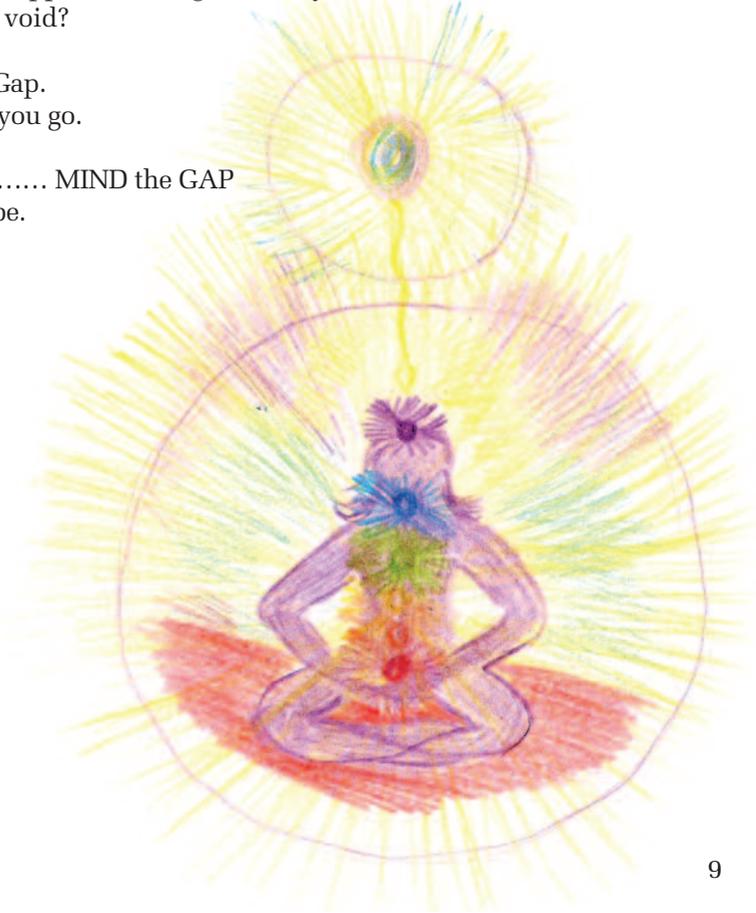
In ascending and decending
In expanding and contracting
Between the here and there,
Please Mind the Gap!

It's a Gap, there's a Gap! A blooming Gap!
Hurrah! That's what's been troubling me.

You may then suppose, to bridge, to analyse or to fill.
After all it is a void?

No it is just a Gap.
So mind how you go.

AND PLEASE..... MIND the GAP
and just let it be.



5

On my Sleepy Tea

On my sleepy tea time, tea
Tea bag, tea tag,
As I stirred like a hag,

“I am Beautiful, I am Beautiful, I am Beautiful!”
No word of a lie!

So as I’ve had to say fair-well and Au’revoir for now dear friend.
I know who used to say that... Hmmmm.... here she is.
There is hope, there are tears, there is love.
So all is well.



6

The Drum and A Beater

They came together from different places and different makers,
woven by the same hand.

Now the Drum has found it's true home, has no beater.
And the beater has no drum.

Yet the drum can be played by hand alone
And the beater can too in the hand
A rhythm drummed on any palm.

Their partners to make them complete, will appear soon enough.
For which they do call, so focus to bring them near.

7

The Lover's Plight of Married Folk

'Oh heal my heart she WAILED!
Please heal my heart she cried,
It's scorched, burned and judged.
I cannot go on, in this way'.

The silence and the in-action deafening.

'I give up, so I do, I give up she cried,
It's just too much, what can I do!
'You can get a job and earn your way,' he said.

'How can I without a heart, I cannot, think!
The glare of 'well I do', came through.
And her heart received another pull, one last hair from the
raw skin, was extracted.
She did not flinch, not an inch, for flinching will not do!

'Grow some balls and get a job!' Boomed his voice.
'I did my dear already, but they fell off when I fell in love!
'Well that was a Daft thing to do!' (He suddenly had a
Manchurian accent? (no offence meant!)).

'Who was the lucky bugger?' He did raw.
'Well it was you my dear, who else?' she replied.

Silence came once again.
A big space of nothingness, except raw exposed
flesh of the heart.
'Well this will never do!' Said a calm voice from
somewhere deep within.



So carefully she bound her heart, with ointment and
much a to do.

Trusting and realising hearts are very valuable part of us
and are self-healing.

Given the right care and alchemy.

She watched each day through deep vision and applying
ointment her heart revealing it's pains. Locked words,
poor choices, difficult choices. Applying the ointment
and washing it with her now silent tears it began
to feel again and while some sore, still, she no
longer wailed.

Through it she learnt
hearts are For-Giving
and when they truly
are, they are self
healing especially
with some
ointment and
some special care.

BUT HAVE A
CARE, PLEASE DO!



8

Boil in a Bag Girl

'Boil her, steam her, dry her, deep fat fry her.
How will she come out, dipply, soft, liquid, drippy or plain
hard boiled, dry and crispy?'

'Can't be worse they cry she's too well, um?'

'Why?'

'Bit too lippy, dopey bit too snooty, far too.....ummm?'

Her hair's always messy, her dress has tares. What are
those flowers in her hairs?

Wrong colour, wrong shade, some open, some closed all at
the wrong time.'

'Must boil her again and this time slice her right open.

Oops, it's just a load of gue!'

'Oh well nothing to be done, could never be fixed that one!

Never did fit in.'

Off they went as the sun went down,

There she lay in a tangled gloopy mess, still breathing just
about.

With each breath a tiny pulse.

It's ok she murmured, inside and out.

She breathed up more evenly.

Slowly the uneven breaths began to sync with the uneven
beats of a pulse and heart or was it just a pulse?

As the strings and sinew began to pull and shift. Each
wave flex and bend was beginning to re-emerge.

Just breath, allow the pulse to move, to and froe.

'Ouch, that was sharp and stingy', came a noise and
electric light.

Barely moving not an inch. Still breathing who knows or is it just through parts?

Off they went and inch by inch, day by day, a new breathing form emerged. Half plastic, half organic. Rising and falling with the sun and stars. Stinging and wincing with the static zing.

Slowly the plastic came away, rotted and peeled off and blew away in the wind.
Finding her feet had roots, her body was shapely strong; and stout; and her branches reached higher and higher into the sky.

Now with leaves, possibly flowers and seeds.
Gosh is that me? She barely whispered as she breathed.

Still the boil in the bag folk did not quite agree. As they came and 1, 2, 3. Her branches were a little too long, too thick, too thin. 'A little trimming dear!'

Snip, snip and snip. Oh and wind a plastic band around with bags on branches, 1, 9 and zero.

'Aaah Yuk!' From deep within, 'when will these 'bastards' stop nit picking'.



With sweaty body and leaves thinning too, she sighed and the skies did weep.

On it went till the bags did fall and the band did split. Finally in all her glory,
'I'm a Goddess once AGAIN!' With gleaming joy she did sing out.

'Oh my goodness this will not do', said the boil in the bag folk.

This time she simply smiled. 'Well you can joke. My seeds, berries and nuts have spread wide and far so you will have a lot to choke!'

'Watch out or I may just pop you folk in a bag and hang you out upon my branches, in the midday sun! See how well you do cook!'

'No more! No more!', they all did cry
and the Lark once more settled on the branches to sing in the bright new dawn.

....phew!.....that was close!



9

Breathing with the Breeze

Talking to trees? Trees can talk? Really?
Finally in the park with one hand on the bark.
Looking up this rugged chap, is he there, or is it she? Can't tell,
it just has leaves.

One day more and then, I can tell.
But not now the others come. I'll tell them it's a dare and run.

Each day to the park, same tree, same bench and a sandwich.
Nothing much.
Yet easily thoughts do flow and easing shoulders, beneath
these favoured bows.

'Trees can talk? Well if they do, I've not heard one.'
'Haven't you?' a low rumbling voice from no-where,
somewhere, behind, no, no-one there just the tree.

'Oh well just breath and watch the breeze.'
Exactly synced own words and again the low rumbling voice
of no-where but behind.

Breathing, steady and together. Breathing with trees it's true
we breath out what they breath in and we breath in what they
breath out.

It's true, it's science, so it's a fact!

Did the breeze just pick up a little in the wind, or the
branches ease with the breath.
It's hard to tell. But hey I'll be back for more tomorrow!

10

A humble prayer

Oh Great spirit,
Let me walk where my ancestor's walked
So I may understand them better.
Let me see their failings, so I can learn from them.
Let me see their successes, so I can celebrate them.
Let me see their joys, so I may know their love.
Let me know my ancestors, so I may grow wise by them.

Blessed Be

11

There are no words

Idiot, prat, bitch, you hore! She heard once more.
The Iron branding was still standing.
It's ok, I've heard it all before,
Through me and from me, it had already been all but torn

It's ok, that's why I removed the iron spear head and gave it to the blacksmith to smelt.



He's already worked his magic and into an iron heart is now its shape.

On receiving this iron heart, 'No more! No more!' I did cry, this is a heart of peace and good standing go to the Yew, who knows what to do. I placed it there for safe keeping.

This is fair to do, as you are the blacksmith's daughter.

But when you go from these lands as you surely must, Fear not you are from these lands, but know not how you will return.

Perhaps not, but do not weep, be stout for many have left these shores to not return.

Know their stories too, little girl, and so you may grow, learn and be renewed.

12

And one just for me

Pathwayfinder,
Connect to your path naturally.
Natural Empowered Healing for people and places.

(A tiny store on line, with its own bag of bits. No tricks,
they do not store well.
We may be closed sometimes or simply hard to find).

*(Please note - Pathwayfinder closed as a consulting practice in
September 2019)*



13

One for those, Yet to come.

Oh good grief, what do we do, with Great Aunty's stuff?

In they came, never really been here before, three or four.
Now grown themselves with life's own path.

Well someone has to sort this stuff,
She had no children for herself.
She was my Great Aunt after all.
Though who she was or what she was, who could tell.

In they came, three and four, each wondering through the rooms of
the home of Great Aunty and her stuff.

They began to rummage, cupboards, wardrobes, books and shelves.
Oh what a bore! How long will this take! What a mistake.
Still just, junk it, dump it, who cares, it's got value in the land.

'Did you know her?' Asked one.
'Not really, did you?'
'Occasionally, was quite fun, but really weird you know what I
mean!'

Rummage, rummage.
'We'll need a skip and that recycling chap, it's all gotta go!'

'Hey what's this? It's from years before, look, here's Pa and Ma and
Dodo too.
OMG! What are they wearing!?!'

'Let's have some tunes on this old.....????
Um, HIFI, thingy, what not with disc thingies!
Ha, ha, did they really listen to this and dance away?'
Charity bags, sack fulls and bag fulls.

13

CONTINUED

'Hey do you believe in ghosts?'

'Nah, not me.'

'Nah me neither what a load of Dah!?!'

'Hey, man, though these room have 'vibes a kick'n, you can't just dismiss what's a miss'n'.

'Will, man! You always were out on the star line. So what you reck'en?'

'Yeah interesting babe, this Great Aunt of yours, just look at these rocks and cosmic books?'

'Hmm? Complete nutter, fruit loop!'

'No look, these are valid tomes and of art, science and history too. Humour, fiction and muscic too. She wasn't just any old dame.'

'Yeah, well you can get this on MP3, VIMP and more'.

'Aaaah not like this, serious, it's not like this.'

Suddenly there was a knock at the door.

'Will, get that, would you?'

'Yeah man! Cool'.

He opened the door, fell silent and beckoned in this new man upon the door.

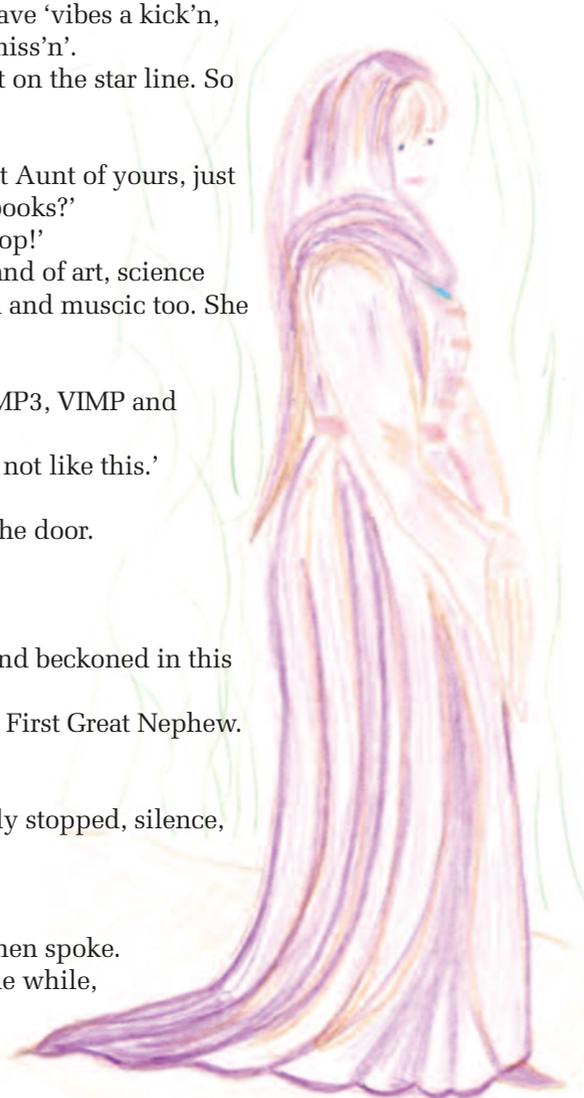
He walked straight in and to the First Great Nephew. And said 'Hello.'

The room and rummaging simply stopped, silence, calm and peace.

But was there breathing?

Yes, think there was. The man then spoke.

'I knew your Great Aunt for some while, and there are some items I'm here to claim.'



13

CONTINUED

They did not move, barely spoke but a warm yes was on their lips and in the room.

Off he went to take a look. He moved with ease and power, yet warmly.

And about his business off he took.

Was he black, white or somewhere in-between? Who could tell but with grace and manners he moved.

So who would care, it was after all Great Aunty's Stuff.

So on they went a rummaging, how long this took?

Tea and biscuits in the kitchen just as when she did cook.

Then with barely a sound in the doorway the man did once again stand.

From their business, the young'ens did stop and look.

'I'm done now, I have the items I came to claim, and rightly so.'

'Before I go', the man did say,

'You'd do well to rummage less and take your time.

For this house contains the remnants of a life that's now passed.

Have a look, and ponder, allow yourself to wonder on what was then, and what is now.

Sort, share and throw, for sure but do it with some care.

This contains a life well worn, that at times was nearly torn.

Yet it's weave warm, son don't just rush.'

Then off he went as swiftly and silently as he came.

To each other, they did stare, who was this man and how did he dare? Still it was Great Aunty's Stuff.

'What was that? We have lives, jobs and kids of our own! How long do we have to stand and stare? Yet, how much do we care?'

In the weeks to come, the pace did change and the warmth did grow to Great Aunty's Stuff.

13

CONTINUED

Between ponder, respect and wonder. Time schedules
and daily needs the house they did clear.
They began to wonder at this dance of respect, care, love
and timely rigor.
This is what it takes to be a loving adult.
And so they felt it in their aching bones, sore fingers and
sweaty hear, the dance of their father's and grandfather's
and perhaps even more in the love of their mother's and
grand mothers.

And when it was all done, and the cupboard was bare
under the stair.
Upon each other they did stare.
'Well that's that all done with Great Auntie's Stuff.
You know it's been kind-a good to know more about who
we've grown from.'

'Right then, come on, Will, man, we've gotta go, and pick
up the kids'.
'Yeah ok, man, I've just found this, behind the door, on
the attic room floor.
It's a key with this tag, I guess it's yours.'

So he handed the key of ponderous size to the first Great
Nephew.
Upon the large loop at the end of the key hung a label,
with the words.
'Your inheritance'.

'It's a big key, the inheritance must be big, a castle, manor,
what do you suppose? Must be worth something!'
'But where's the G-Code, the post code, or address, IP or
otherwise? To what door does it fit and to where does it
unlock?'

13

CONTINUED

The Second Great Nephew, picked it off him and looked again.

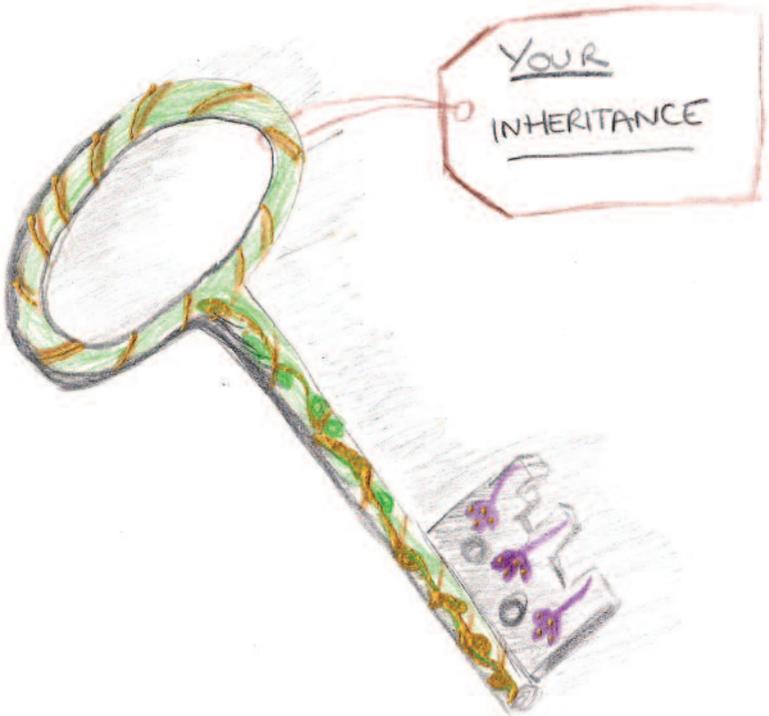
‘You know searching for this could send you round the loop.

You know it’s kind of Arty.....look it’s iron and there’s patterning.

A ponderous key to be sure.

No mate. I’ll hang it in my studio for safe keeping, we can search this one out another day, when we have time and have a lot more wisdom and understanding about what it means to live and share.”

Taking his bruv in his arm, out they went. It was a job well done. No miss-took.



FROM THE AUTHOR

These poems and writings are inspired from moments in life. The moments, some scary, some serious, some profound and some sacred. So humour and gently wise, helps at all these times.

Oh yes, I have a story, of course I have a story, as do all. But for now these are ready to share while the other tales are not.

Anyway you'd think me too bold, too stupid, too much, too rude, too nuts, too out of control. Poorly managed, far from good carriage. Unhinged and possibly deranged. And while at times, there has been truth in that. If that were all you saw, there'd be no point, no point at all. So for now these will have to do and let's face it, life at times, can simply be a load of 'boris'.

Any sale of these poetic writings are priced so as to simply recoup some of the cost of production for the author rather than to maximise any profit.

If you find yourself with a copy of these musings, particularly if received as a gift, from a friend or through another way please make a gift to these fine fellers listed below. After all life can be a bit of 'bitch'. There's a good fella! Much 'obliged'.

Friend's of the Earth

Trees for the City

Mind for Mental Health

Crisis for the Homeless

For easy payment please go to the links to Just Giving Pages which can be found on [www.pathwayfinder.wordpress.com/Mad Mutterings of a Cow that ate no Beef](http://www.pathwayfinder.wordpress.com/MadMutteringsOfACowThatAteNoBeef).

Let's face it, you'll feel no worse, whether you like the verse or not.
Thanks Guv! Ta Muchley!

These writing are offered as musings only. The writer is in no way responsible In the unlikely event of any offence or ill effects resulting from reading or sharing these writings.