Penny for the Guy Mister

Rosy cheeks warm head to toe
Marshmallows toasting nice and slow
Shadows dancing through the fire
Squeals and whispers to conspire

Little hands hold sparklers tight
Falling stars cascades of white
Coloured fountains overspill
Just one minute there to thrill

Looking skyward to embark
Noisy rockets light the dark
Stand well back and watch them shine
Hear the crackling noise entwine

Piled high the guy is sat
Not for him a cosy chat
Soon to disappear from view
Very short his first debut

Sadness fills the kiddies eyes
As the magic slowly dies
And from the flames which burned so bright
Now hot embers scorch the night

Judy Clegg
BONFIRE NIGHT

Let the bonfires crackle let the sparks fly free
Let the children's faces light the way for me
Glowing in the darkness eyes like Catherine Wheels
Let their happy voices all ring out in the night
Let their yawns be stifled as they enjoy the sight
Show them light and colour show how happiness feels
Let the rockets hit the skies let colour rainbow down
Let the sausages cook and sizzle in their coats of brown
Everything about this night gives each of them their thrills
Soon they'll go home to dream, of the sights they've seen
Remembering all the colours the reds, the blues and green
Tonight will hold such memories for all those Jacks and Jill's

Patricia Taylor
LET'S CELEBRATE OUR WORDS

Britain might have lost its empire,
   We might, no more, be Great
But we will always, always have
   Our words to celebrate….

In our ancient English language,
Which with others can’t compare,
   We have a great variety
Of words I love to hear…..

Their roots are many, various,
   Latin and Celtic, Greek,
Norse, Anglo-Saxon, Indian,
To name but few we speak….

The result is quite dramatic –
The greatest you have heard –
But it is a real “hodge-podge”
(Another lovely word !!)…

Throughout the ages writers have
Written in our lovely tongue –
Not only written, spoken too
   And, very often, sung…..

We have Chaucer, we have Shakespeare,
   We have Bacon, we have Yeats,
We have Tyndale, we have Dickens,
We have Betjeman, we have Bates…

We have Newton, we have Tennyson,
We have Donne and we have Clare,
We have Collins and Longfellow,
Ogden Nash and Edward Lear…..

The list goes on for ever –
Since the written word began –
As books, plays, poetry and songs
Are the greatest works by man…. 
And they have all been translated
To every language you can name,
But the words, of course, are different
So they’re never quite the same….

It’s those words that make the music,
That just ask to be heard –
Let us celebrate that music,
Be seduced by every word….

Some words that I, now, love a lot
Are not encyclopaedic –
They suggest the subject to be named –
They’re onomatopoetic….

The subject can be physical,
Aural, abstract as well,
Suggesting thought or sight or sound
So that they ring a bell….

Words like grunt or twist or piddle,
Like mumble, wish or quack,
Like fling, tick, tock or fiddle,
Like tinkle, smash or smack….

And others, they can resonate,
Bring pleasure to the ear –
Like jubilee and buttonhole,
Like glebe and disappear….

They make our language beautiful
For speech or prose or rhyme –
Let’s revel in its wonder and
Let’s use them all the time….

But my favourite word of all,
Without doubt or reservation,
Has got to be “flocinaucinihilipilification” !!!

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Christmas, well tis like Spring, Summer and Autumn rolled in to one.
It is all those memories of days gone by,
all those lovely smiles you have carried inside.
Tis a time for family to be reunited become one,
To share their passions and love and have fun.
Tis a time to celebrate what has passed by,
Tis a time for trinkets to be on the tree,
Tis a time for the Holly to hang over the key.
But most of all tis a time to wrap your arms round your family, for this present is free it
does not need wrapping to sit under the tree.
Let your hearts sing to the hymns of yesterday's,
Raise a glass or two for those who have passed by.
Then under sparkling tinsel and Christmas light fill up your tums with Christmas delights.
Oh the smell of Christmas so divine.
Happy Christmas One And All.
May Happiness come knocking on your door.

Pauline Price
TOAST TO LIFE

A toast to life, to living, here before
We reach our special requiem,
And find we are not different to them
Who entered the passageway through the door.

So long ago they lived, a puzzle sure;
I’d like to be an architect –
To build the stones, make pyramids erect,
And drive their point into the sky’s blue pure.

Yet even so, what would prevail, endure?
What could I make eternally
That seems, besides the universe, high?
Against something, nothing is not even poor.

A toast to life, then, and living this hour,
Accepting stuff just deconstructs
As through a film we cannot see we’re struck
To some end mysterious, fine as flour.

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NOT LOST

You think it so, the way the compass points
To where I am and never was before;
It seems a long way from the egg, the store –
A folly indeed time built and anoints.
But, for it all, I am not lost, not lost at all.

You think it so, such distance in the steppe,
So much further than I could ever know
That if I’d known why truly, then, why go –
For safety’s sake? Forget it on this trip!
But, for it all, I am not lost, not lost at all.

You think it so, I guess you know much better;
There’s logic, reason, all that humans have
In topless towers of their sequestered love -
Not freedom, just one unbreakable fetter.
But, for it all, I am not lost, not lost at all.

You think it so, you think you can make sense,
Can understand the way, the God, the Tao,
Exalt to why the mere science of how –
Believe your eyes and their thick evidence.
But, for it all, I am not lost, not lost at all.

I think it so, and enter mystery:
Why being is and nothing is not so;
How from the smallest something wills something grow –
And then I know the conscience of the sky
And for it all, I am not lost, not lost at all.

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Life Art

Dress up in our costumes
the latest fashion trend
make up, pose, approval
from all our pleasant friends.

A smile is the expression
deep down i knows there's more
cover myself for someone else
a desperate fashion whore.

The Earth is the mind of creation
the rivers flow with dreams
but the play of life is harder
for those who swim upstream.

Dreams infect the soul
for me there's another side
i won't pretend for anyone
i'll live safely in my mind.

Georgina Smith
CELEBRATE LIFE

Enjoy the world around you, take a slower pace
We'll all get there in the end, life is not a race
Savour Springtime's perfume, feel Summer's heat
Autumn's vibrant colours, Winter's snow 'neath your feet

Listen to the birdsong on a Summer's day
Hear the owl at night time as he flies away
Hear the foxes barking as they travel in the night
Keep your ears and eyes open capture every sight

Smell the Harvest, tightly tied in the bales of hay
Your senses are your being, feed them every day
Listen to the cutters as the mower nips the grass
Enjoy every sound and feeling, never let one pass

The plane, that drones across the Summer's sky
The splash a raindrop makes, after the spell of dry
The crackle of an open fire, as it bites into the log
The ray of sun that always comes, after a day of fog

The laughter of a happy child or even a babies cry
The fact that we are living should be enough to satisfy
Enjoy each and everything before your time has past
Savour each experience celebrate and make life last

Patricia Taylor
Firework Poem by Cara & Lacey

As a bright night sky
Fireworks blast into the air saying a ‘Hi’
When they go by.
Bright colourful colours shine in the air
Giving a wave when they disappear
As they wave goodbye they reappear
Sending smiles when they laugh
See how much fire they blast.
IN CELEBRATION

Celebrate that which is splendid and profound
the irony of majesty in natures footprints all around
the winter solace and springtime joys the wonders of the world
painted skies and forest glades woodland spruce and meadows shades
joys of days gone by and the wonders we are yet to see
the harvests of the seasons and the summer revelries
the tides of the seas and the sands of time and man
the joys of the moment like lovers holding hands
carousel rides and festive spread tables laden with good things to eat
thanksgiving everglades promises given and accomplishments praised
festivities and merriment families all in one moment of time
like the hands of the clock they have their moments in language and rhyme
diction and fortitude all in free speech like the wisdom of poets woke up from sleep
joyful and passion flowing in praise in fun and the laughter of yesterdays raves
all in the moment of man kinds great mirth joys of the Christ childs nativity birth
lest we forget the reasons to see the wonders of life on the celebrate tree
like the grandiose moments and the good times still yet to be

Raymond Wills
Poem
Celebrating Christmas
By Ollie

Lots of people opening the 25 windows on their advent calendars in December
Singing all the carols, and spending the Christmas period with their family members

The Many children hanging up their Christmas Stockings with delight
With Santa coming down the chimney to fill them whilst they sleep at night

In the morning they'll go downstairs to open presents by the crackling fire with glee
Beautifully wrapped and tagged under the lights and decorations on the tree

Loads of happy smiling faces with the shouts of Christmas cheer and joy
From the loving family recieving their gifts be it a new book, necklace or toy

Then they'll get ready to have their Christmas dinner round the table to full
To devour the traditional roast turkey and trimmings with crackers to pull

Then comes eating the Christmas pudding full of fruit with cream in a bowl
Whilst drinking mulled wine and roasting local chestnuts over the glowing fire whole

After that comes the entertainment like a game of charades and pontoon
While eating mince pies and listening to the kings speech on in the afternoon

Come the evening Dad and Grandpa will have a nice snooze in their armchairs
Whilst poor Mum clears away and Granny with the kids play quietly upstairs

As night falls the many families get ready for bed, after such a busy day
Of celebrating Christmas, whilst giving and recieving presents in their own way

Merry Christmas!

Ollie
Poem winter by Ollie

What is winter, but a season of shorter days and cold
With many leaf less trees looking so frail and old

In the quiet spooky mist ridden fields so bare
Except for a silhouetted stag & galloping mare

As the smoke rises in the distance from chimneys so tall
With towns people by their fires as the temperatures fall

The glowing sun setting in a hellish sky so bright
Revealing the vivid pinks & red of a shepherds delight

Then the full white moon rises as stars start to appear
Revealing constellations like Ursa Major & Cassiopeia

In a very dark cloudless sky so foggy and black
With barn and tawny owls going on the attack

Now with less hours of sunlight to keep us warm
With the strong winds and rain of a violent storm

The harbour lighthouse keeping ships safe from the rough sea
As people panic buy ready for Christmas, going on a spree

The many birds desperately looking for food so hard
Like the pretty robin red breast you see on a Christmas card

All the mice and squirrels burying their nuts all around
As the hungry urban foxes knock wheelie bins to the ground

With Christmas coming, and Santa on his sleigh
People put up lights and decorations in their own way

When all that is over, the local church bells will ring
To signify a major change, the onset of spring
The Senses There to See

There’s wonder and there’s reason for everything you see
The beauty that surrounds us in every flower and tree
First rays of sunshine at the Dawn of each new day
Sunsets crimson glow as the daylight fades away
The stars that fill the night sky with full moon to behold
Suspended in the blackness a sphere of shining gold

First kiss, first touch, first flush, as new love comes your way
Small changes that can go unseen in living everyday
First breath new life cry’s out at the moment of its birth
A cry a song the laughter that resounds around the Earth
The scented smell of flowers as springtime blooms anew
And the smell of pine at Christmas, the New Years promise too

The summer storm and thunder as it rolls across the sky
Each raindrop freshens, cools the air as dark clouds pass on by
Take the time to listen and appreciate the view
These gifts are free for all there’s no cost to me and you
If life should bring you heartache and its hard to face the day
Pause then for a moment and you’ll find a better way

Janet S Rogers