

Poetry Wall

Arrival

In between the branches
I sit in faded colour
Soon to expire
But for a rare glimpse
I have been ignored
Now as I start to fall
I will be noticed
My name is Autumn
And I have arrived

Judy Clegg

Poetry Wall

THE RED HAT

'Twas a drab and drizzly morning,
The sky as heavy as lead –
The sort of morning when you wish
That you had stayed in bed.....

We drove in silence to St James
To attend the Ten O'Clock,
And add another couple to
The Sunday Morning flock.....

When, as we turned into the drive
To park outside the church,
A lady walked in front of us –
Our hearts, they gave a lurch....

She had a long dark coat on but
Sat there upon her head,
Was a quite wonderful cloche hat
In glorious, shining red !!

It made our spirits rise, it did,
Our souls began to sing –
It turned that dull and gloomy day
Into a day of Spring !!

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Poetry Wall

Love is yellow like when the sun shines bright .
Pink for how your smiles hold you tight.
Green for how you see the harmony among the trees.
Purple for the mystery of life that waits for thee.
Orange for the determination in oneself. Blue for the giving in you to share the stars.
And Red for that desire that sets your heart on fire.
Love is truly like the colours of a rainbow.
For your heart sings when it is coloured in love.

Pauline Price

Poetry Wall

The Leaf Path

The turning leaves are falling through the years,
Veined and glorious, their bronze explosions
Cried-out and forgotten. The falling years

Behind us now, break brittle underfoot;
Our unreal pleasures and our foolish fears.
A spark ignited, burns, then fades and dies.

But the heart will listen to the voice it hears
And Mind shrug off the body that it wears.
I am a weak tree shaken by the wind,

And leaves lie silent on the path of years.

James Manlow
Poet Laureate for Bournemouth

Poetry Wall

Blood red Evergreen memories

Blood red berries nestled in evergreen thorns
White berries of Mistletoe over the door
A kiss for the season and time of the year
Present stuffed stockings filled with Christmas cheer

A table laid full of Christmas fare
Perfect roast turkey and tatties to share
Crackers to pull, Christmas pudding with cream
Grandad in his paper hat a sight to be seen
Serviette tucked under his gravy stained chin
Dad with his pint and Nan with her gin
Sucking segments of Satsuma, tries to keep her teeth in
Speculation on what the Queen may say
In her speech to the nation this Christmas day
Grandad dosing in the armchair
Disinterested grunts pretending to share

Sweet memories of child hood of Christmases past
Of a child in a manger of angels and stars
The traditions of Christmas bring a smile and a tear
Draw ghosts of the past close to those who are here
Remembered a moment one day of the year

Janet S Rogers

Poetry Wall

Purple walls

I live in a black room,
But it's got purple walls;
Digging round in the ash,
I hear that darkness calls;
There's no food in beer cans,
'Cause the pheonix has flown;
Hope exists under 'H',
Certain wisdom has shown

Weeks, months, years, days,
Cold comfort heart farm;
Amazonian power,
Female functioning harm;
Dark blood in my veins,
Automatically on;
Large queue at the turnpike,
The syncopated have gone.

I live in a black room,
But it's got purple walls;
Digging round in the ash,
I hear that darkness calls;
Feelings of a used man,
At your beck and call;
Prostitute of loving,
Now I see purple wall.

And I'm still waiting...; Give me, give me food!
I'm still wanting..., Give me, give me food!
I'm still waiting..., Just give me real food!

James Fuller / Dominic Monaghan