

# Poetry Wall

## **Oh to Dream**

From the beginning  
to the end  
I do not shake  
I do not bend  
I do not turn  
to walk and leave  
I do my best  
not to deceive  
like turning pages  
of a book  
I learn to read  
and write  
and cook  
but oh to dream  
and float away  
with special thoughts  
of yesterday

**Written by Judy Clegg**

# Poetry Wall

Do you remember the days with no or few worries?  
A brick wall  
What was that?  
When dreams were not fluffy clouds but reachable  
Let's go back there  
Now.

**Sophie Griffiths**

# Poetry Wall

Let me tell you about my first love...

Sweetness and light

Dark, crisp

Bitter

Chilli

Put it in chilli con carne

Melted, marshmallows dipped into it

White

Milk, my favourite

Also with pralines

I have it after dinner, my comfort, treat

Grated over cream

Fudgy

Goosey

Minted

Sex or ...the other nearly always wins.

Heart shaped, I can dream

With nuts and raisins

I bite hard into it. This piece I have trouble breaking.

This square melts onto my fingers, I suck it off. Sticky, sticky. Still.

I had it over my face, once.

Orange bit, in it.

Caramel centre –

# Poetry Wall

Layered

It just looks so pretty

Spooned over

Cooked with the sauce on top and it slowly goes to the bottom, it's sinking  
Deep beneath  
I am floating above

Plain

Coconut middle

This is my thing, deep down, this is it

Cherry liqueur

I spread it over toast

The bill arrives and there's a surprise

It takes the pain away

Boxed

Just one

For one

An egg

Multiple

Fun size

BOGOF

342

Flaky

It gives me so much pleasure

# Poetry Wall

Sickly

Cheap

Expensive

Title of a book

For drinking

Spiced, not twice as nice.

Chilli and lime

Butterscotch

Mouse

Pot

Custard

Tart

Sauce

**\*\*saucy\*\***

**Sophie Griffiths**

# Poetry Wall

## **RETREAT**

Everyone has a story about some animal  
they hit and killed,  
or knows someone who did  
who told them. Badgers, Michael says,  
follow the same straight, ancestral path;  
No good building an underpass,  
they'll go the way they've always gone.  
Once Pauline saw  
a sick deer  
kneel down beside the road.  
In the darkened car park,  
we speak each other's names:  
'Bye, Richard!'; 'See you, Michael',  
'Nice to meet you, Pauline. Anne.'  
Headlights on, I exit Church Street,  
driving in the shadow of the ancient Minster;  
then out through open country.  
All the way home, I find I'm looking for  
a badger, deer, fox, squirrel, rabbit, anything.  
Just to see one.

**James Manlow**

# Poetry Wall

## **THE DOOR**

Bedraggled, skin-soaked to the core,  
I scrambled from the rainswept moor,  
    after sunset, into a dusky wood,  
some years ago, before the war.

And there, between some trees, I saw  
the strangest, simplest little door.

    It cast a peculiar light  
across the darkening forest floor.

    If only I had knocked.

                                    So sure  
to find it where it was before,  
I did return, after the war,  
but could not find it anymore.

But could not find it anymore.

**James Manlow**

# Poetry Wall

## A STREET NAMED FAT CHANCE

Hilda lived in perpetual despair  
Her feckless old man never took her nowhere.  
(She'd not had a real celebration  
Since the Royal Coronation)

With pinafore, curlers and headscarf  
She wailed to her other half,  
'Aw, Stanley, pet, I could do with a laugh  
Pour me a Babycham. Sweep me off me feet.  
Pop the cork in the middle of 'The Street'

'Hilda, chuck, you know I'm down on me luck'.  
He couldn't really give a free flying duck.

Now as every Corrie fan knows  
She's gone and popped her clogs  
And turned up her toes,  
Posing problems and a cease up  
Of her ninetieth birthday knees up.

(Wave 'Ta Ra' to Jean that erstwhile librarian  
Charlady soap star and nonagenarian).

(Jean Alexander aka Hilda Ogden 1926 - 2016)

Miriam Troth 2017



# Poetry Wall

## *My Grandfather's Grandmother*

When my mother went, eventually, into a rest home, it was necessary for us to sell the family house in Thanet and divide up the contents between myself, my brothers and sister and our families. As I have always loved clocks and have a house full of them anyway, the Grandfather clock, which had stood in the hall for as long as I could remember, came to me – it is now in my hall. This is a shamelessly sentimental, but horologically true, reflection:

In my grandfather's hall,  
In my grandmother's house,  
Stood a grandfather clock  
With its resident mouse....

It had Westminster chimes,  
Melodious and soft,  
That, at night, could be heard  
From kitchen to loft...

It stood straight, like a guardsman,  
So rigid and strong –  
As long as it stood there,  
Nothing could go wrong....

As a child, in my bedroom,  
I lay drowsy, up-curved –  
That chime it assured me  
All was right with the world....

No imaginary spirits  
Lurking were in the gloom,  
No spectres or werewolves  
Were plotting my doom....

I was safe and secure –  
Better far than a lock –  
I was cared for, safeguarded,  
By that grandmother clock....

Now that clock's in my hall –  
Still I hear its soft tones  
After great restoration  
(By Taylor and Jones)....

And I wonder..... I wonder....  
In many years time,  
When I have grandchildren  
To hear that soft chime...

# Poetry Wall

If they, when they're older,  
Will look back on it all  
And write a verse starting:  
"In my grandfather's hall....."

And now that we do have two grandsons and another on the way, we will see.....

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# Poetry Wall

## Words

Words, words, words – whirling round, unspoken words,  
Silently written, loudly spoken.  
A big part of our lives, they are our token.  
Words show there is no smoke without fire,  
They show the colour of our ire.  
We eulogise but in the same breath, curse,  
Greet with pleasantries and sing in verse.

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With words we stumble, misunderstood,  
With words we reach out for the common good.  
False images summoned when trying to impress,  
Those words unspoken are anyone's guess.  
Words that lay stagnant in the head,  
Angry words that are better left unsaid.  
They can flow like a river  
Or be dammed up by the giver.

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Words spurting forth in a vicious stream,  
Hitting in more ways than you can dream.  
With words we flirt, hurt, cajole yet show we care,  
Words are our passport to communal fayre.  
In our future with words we invest,  
With banners unfurled some do protest.  
Words are messengers of the news,  
They externalise our views.

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With words we are lauded to the skies,  
With words we are plied with certain lies.  
Words justify and words condemn,  
Bad choices may cause mayhem.  
Words that cast a shadow of fear  
Words that bring about a tear.  
Words can be a party game,  
Words can bring the user shame.

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# Poetry Wall

Intonations, invitations, denigrations,  
Words that vilify the nations.  
Words are a dangerous weapon when misused,  
They have the power to abuse.  
They tell the story,  
They reach for glory.  
Words that beguile,  
That make you smile.

**By Karen Lawman**

*Karen Lawman describes herself in one line "I'm into planning (in the reverse!), have a thirst for knowledge and wish I could paint as well as I can write poetry"*

# Poetry Wall

## **A New Sunrise**

A new dawn asking me to erase,  
Erase everything and lift my gaze.  
See the bright light across the sky,  
Giving me thousands of reasons to smile.  
The beam of light falling on my face,  
Asking me to get ready and chase.  
Don't be afraid and come alive,  
It's my life and I have to survive.  
This rising sun is giving me a hope,  
I have to reach at the top of the slope.  
No one is going to give you a clear way,  
They are going to trouble you anyway.  
Night does try hard to hide,  
Even an iota of daylight.  
But chirping birds celebrate with pride,  
The arrival of every new sunrise.

**SHAIFALI GUPTA**

“My inspiration comes from living a meaningful life. life's experiences drive me and my husband inspires me to write. I am not a professional poet but I love to express things as and when I get time”

# Poetry Wall

## **THE POETS JOURNEY**

I have been on a journey of discovery for a time.

With my good companions metre and rhyme.

Weaving alliteration, assonance.

And iambic pentameters into sense

Using the guide book thesaurus, until

Verses are complete, imagination is still.

I have sailed seas of poetry on winds of thought.

Toiled with introspection where ideas are caught.

I have got lost now and then nearly ran aground,

But with these tribulations myself I have found.

There are superlative adventures to find.

In the infinite hemispheres of the mind.

**TOM MURPHY**