

Poetry Wall

Who are we

Planets spinning worlds apart
were much closer at the start
going nowhere round and round
do not whisper there's no sound
lost in wonder time and space
are we from another race
are we all like human man
or part of some greater plan

Are we here for a reason
will we change with each season
eyes wide open can we see
is it bright for you and me
towns and cities are alive
without them we can't survive
looking up into the night
which of us has got it right

Sun and moon will stay the same
no-one there to face the blame
they look down they never falter
unlike us they'll never alter
now's the future not the past
let's make sure that it will last
changing earth could cost dear
don't destroy it whilst we're here

Judy Clegg

Poetry Wall

Mill o' Mists

A dragon-breath
has crept in
on the stealthy
night carpet,
ensnaring
this stone giant;
the clouds have
fallen
at her feet
and seep in
at the casements

While the constant
river-rushing
power
held deep in
her stony bowel
would spin the mill-stone
still

As the veil lifts,
and hazy shapes of
leaf and branch
are painted sharper
with line and colour,
the scene shifts
to a late summerscape
of wood-fringed fields
and reed-edged leat;
the water-ribbons of
stilled-silver
horizon-rising
and sky-melting
beyond the bridge

While the constant
river-rushing
power
held deep in
her stony bowel
would spin the mill-stone
still

Jane Skellett

Poetry Wall

This Contrast

A rose dusk blaze-flames
the mountain skies
with scarlet feather-plumes
sky-flying the line
that never wavers;
stone-solid, rock-fixed
of ages old – unmoveable
foot-steady bed-covers
for the sleeping earth-giants,
pregnant with the past
While –
The heavens dream in a
raspberry-swirl of
streak and stain;
the blood-trails of
their glorious show
now bleaching black
in the night-dyed veil;
leaching the ethereal light
and birthing this
night.

Jane Skellett

Poetry Wall

VISIONS AND VOYAGES

Im traveling with visions on a voyage to see
the splendour of mysteries beyond sky sun and seas
im following pathways that mystic and fools
wondered in visions so recklessly true

ive walked through the beauty of nature to see
the transcripts of time set out for me
ive talked of this journey and wanted to please
the masters of rhetoric just born and set free
where the thruth comes alive each time that you sneeze

Where pastures of plenty are harvested true
in the ranks of the poets set out for to see
where the clocks of time are set in the minds
of the masons of intellect with their instincts so blind
im travelling on to where no man has been
in the world of the mystic and the light of hopes scenes
im wandering over the times of the past
where the wonders of life flow by so swift and so fast
im counting the minutes and im wondering why
theres a world up ahead where horizons meet skies
now the visions are there like a free open book

Ray Wills

Poetry Wall

ARE WE THERE YET

Sitting in my fathers car, sinking into leather Skies blue clouds grey - both define the weather Are we there yet!

Watching trees, dark tall - rushing past my eyes Driving off pastures new - destination a surprise Are we there yet!

Playing games eating sweets, longing to run wild No more I spy where's my teddy - do sit still child Are we there yet!

Engine droning mother moaning father getting fraught So much traffic another stop its further than I thought Are we there yet!

Daylights going nights approaching still we travel on Through the dreamworld of my journey now as one Are we there yet!

Silence golden no more dreaming shaking of my chair Wake up now it's all over can't you see we're there!

Patricia Taylor

Poetry Wall

FOLLOW THAT DREAM

Im going to follow my dreams across the new highways
where the rivers flow free and theres peace and liberty
im going to walk on the tracks where poets once roamed
im going to count all my blessings n im going to roam n im heading home
im going to search for the treasures im going to speak to the dames
im going preach to the sinners that love is the game
im going to light a new candle n say a new prayer
im going to sail from my harbour to be with her there
im going to follow my heart to where it belongs
im going to be faithful n im gonna be strong
im going to follow the pathways where poets have trod
im going to bask in the sunshine walk on the sod
im going to build a new frontier where the Indians once roamed
im going to fashion my poetry cause im heading home
im going to follow my dreams lift anchor n sail
im counting the days now im begging at the well
im counting my blessings from daybreak to dusk
im singing that song now to those i can trust
im following that dream along the new trail
they've been there before me I can sense their grand spell
im following those blazers those old timers writ
im rocking n rolling sure got me some hit
im following my dreams im counting the days
im praising my lord there and im whispering the page
im following those dreams afore im waylaid

Ray Wills

Poetry Wall

The day Mum died

It is as if all the years have rolled away,
While back home for a short stay.
The Embankment is just the same,
The trees and woods of Tamar fame.
I broke a toaster, it was a shame,
Mum could have joked, "don't come again!"

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The air is full of winter gloom,  
That settles round the living room.  
Though friendly neighbours face to face,  
Make the world a brighter place.  
There is nothing for us on this earth,  
If not to bring love where there is dearth.

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Home for me has cast its spell,
A sanctuary that now is hell.
Deep down I know this was meant to be,
The grief that washes over me.
Thousands have walked this way before,
Until joy once more opens up the door.

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Our lives will never be the same,  
The scenery changes in this game.  
Grief is part of life's rich plan,  
We deal with it as best we can.  
Tomorrow is another day,  
With it a new phase that's here to stay.

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Mum's in my head and everywhere I look,
Her life before me like an open book.
She is now at heaven's door,
No pain or suffering any more.
We were glad to hold her hand,
And help her to the promised land.

By Karen E Lawman

Poetry Wall

VOYAGE.

They were kissing on deck under the soft light of the moon.
Kissing with conviction , as the ship began to roll.
I am a rich man. I have acquired a maritime fortune.
Watching their tender kissing I felt bankrupt in my soul.

I have behaved like a shark with girls, from the Cape to Rio.
My vanity needed feeding and my sexual appetite.
No caring or commitment just the impetus of libido.
Seeing their deep affection I disliked myself that night.

I watched them from the shadow of the smoky blue saloon,
Leaning against the capstan as the ship lengthened it's roll.
We were all serenaded by a catchy mandolin tune.
Which escaped from the blue saloons open porthole.

They kissed, clung to each other as the deck rose, fell.
Oblivious to engines throbbing . certainly not their own.
The sea was a catalyst for love with it's buoyant swell.
Above them nocturnal seagull's wings wafted up, down.

They cast of kissing , and came down to the blue saloon.
Intoxicated by wine or the narcotic of each other.
Lingering there enjoying the catchy mandolin tune.
On that tropical night my conscience made me shiver.

Near to me, yet unaware they were being observed,
Do not look my way only having eyes for themselves.
Mandolin music stopped. Above the lapping waves heard
Halyards ping on the mast, and the bosun ring out ten bells.

They started down the far gangway for their cabin below.
To the ebb and flow of sleep ,dreams. Surely something else
I went aft to the master suite bathed in a lustrous glow.
Inside I was in quarantine with the sediment of myself.

Standing on my balcony, heard a distant gramophone.
Saw the ship's undulating prow cleave a salty furrow.
Made up my mind there and then, never to travel alone.
I would set course for the prospect of love tomorrow.

TOM MURPHY

Poetry Wall

CLOUDS THAT ARE NEAREST TO THE SUNSET.

Clouds that are nearest to the sunset blush.
Those further away are green perhaps with envy.
Then gold and haunting scarlet saturate the moment.
Before the night watchman darkness can hide
These jewels of light, I steal them for this verse.

TOM MURPHY