

Poetry Wall

My Blood

My blood is red.
My blood is best.
My blood! The colour of deep sunset.

My blood provides.
My blood saves lives.
My blood goes back one thousand times.

My blood went west.
My blood walked east.
My blood fell faint from wearied feet.

My blood reaped food.
My blood helped feed.
My blood will rise up; conquer, sleep!

My blood has dreams that reaches trees.
My blood builds futures, plants the seeds.

My blood hurts and hopes and heals.
My blood cried, concerned, congealed.

My blood held memories strong and sweet.
My blood looked back on loss, defeat.
Our blood components, when we seek,
Transfuse a soul, revive the weak.

A heart is lost that does not beat;
Your blood is you.
My blood is me.

Marcia Thomarel

Poetry Wall

More Questions Than Answers

A bright blue day but that's not here
storm clouds gather doubt and fear
thunderclaps add to the gloom
there's no sunshine in this room

Predictors had a smiling face
full of hope to win their place
now a torrent sweeps along
where's the happy victory song

Rain falls down on soggy ground
heavy going for the pound
winds of change will soon arrive
in choppy seas who will survive

Now we've voted had our say
could there have been some other way
or do we have ourselves to blame
for this confused political game

So will the sun shine here once more
before we close the open door
or will our future be so cold
for now that answer is on hold

Written by Judy Clegg

Poetry Wall

THE HONEY OF ST HONORAT

We took the ferry to the Lérin Isles:
St Honorat our first choice –
Cistercian monks there, cloistered in silence,
Seemingly without a voice.

But our choice good: no fort of horror, war,
Reminding us of blood spilt, useless;
Instead the gardens, vines, tended, pruned;
Each thing itself and being blessed.

And so it was we, in their perfect peace,
We found the shop, the honey jar;
Considered ten thousand bees and all they'd done
In sweetness no world could ever mar.

Yet, how we mistook our find, our treasure,
As heading to the airport we
Found no light way with honey, from monks
Or no; instead, Customs' drudgery:

All Europe and beyond aflame, Brussels struck,
And one informs us there: the bin
The place for honey in this troubled world
And so – as must – we dumped it in.

Somewhere, but soft! - somewhere not visible,
All good collects below the rubbish
We see and hear; and bees of St Honorat
Aren't futile, for all is accomplished.

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Poetry Wall

THE FORCE

The Force that drives the breath's
No easy thing
To understand,
But to the heart belongs.

The Force that makes the mind's
No thing at all,
And mind can't reach
What is essential soul.

The Force that paints such beauty
Defies all law,
Except the one
Defining what love's for.

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UNITY

The majority have spoken let's listen to their voice
Whatever your decision they've made the choice
Let's all be in unity now and bring about some order
We've got what we wanted some control of our border
We can still be united with all our fellow neighbours
Still have their friendships and keep their labours
After all we're brothers right across the world
Each and everyone of us all can have a word
We just need to listen to each and every other
Treat your fellow man as if he was your brother
Show future generations we can pull together
Whatever comes our way we will try to weather
To make this World a better place do what you can do
Because our futures and theirs depends on all of you

Patricia Taylor

Poetry Wall

No race, or religion, colour or division should stand in the way
If only we all could understand that
And care about each other a bit more
Then this sadness that surrounds us all might just lift and once again those colours in
the rainbow would stand out bright and the warmth of the sun would make our hearts
smile
join hands our little ones show us all how great this world of ours once again can be-
come

Pauline Price

Poetry Wall

FREEDOM CONUNDRUM

By Karen E Lawman

Who knows what sort of future enfolds,
Now that there are no barred holds.
A surge of out, yet almost in,
No landslide victory, perhaps more of a sin
Against Europhiles, migrants, markets and more,
For those who do business on our shore.

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Clear signposts are now blurred,  
In which direction now the way is furred?  
Will nations rise up and follow suit?  
Muddy the waters and not give a hoot.  
Our changeling nation starts from here,  
We ponder on the pervasive atmosphere?

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The Brexiteer may now be having some doubts,
When earlier was heard the flamboyant shouts!
Will the City now grind to a halt?
Will more migrants now be at fault?
Uncertainty gathers pace,
After all, we're all part of the human race.

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A certain arrogance on both sides,  
Now on rather a vague future rides.  
The vote is cast,  
We've hoisted our colours to the mast.  
We can only hope and pray  
The new captain will steer us along the right way.

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Poetry Wall

More in Common than Divides Us

Sharing can mean dividing,
Or taking appropriate turn
When unity comes out of hiding
Then shall humanity learn.

A fair division of labour
From harmonious collective plan
Everyone equals their neighbour
Sharing all things with every man

If we are talking fair distribution
Standing tall in mutual esteem
Never rivals in participation
But all holding back the extreme

A life with connection to everyone
Respect is a value held high
Uniting each father with each son
Truth admired much more than lies

If we were driven by that which unites us
And collective ambition fulfilled
Let one person's loss offer brightness
And working together instilled.
In every day, every country, all language and race
Let common hope lead us and dividing thoughts replace.

Teresa Barton

Poetry Wall

Better Together

Despite our common outward appearance

Judgements are bound to be made

Did my sweater come from Armani?

Is my handbag brown plastic not suede?

Despite our common number of noses,

Lips, hands, feet, head, bodies and eyes.

Why is it that skin colour matters?

Is this where the difficulty lies?

We all breathe the air on our planet

We share so much more than our race

We all share polluting our inheritance

Instead of protecting our common space.

If we could share aims, act in union,

Combine hands together on the wheel

Preserve the quality of our joint lives

And help every hurt person heal.

Together let's stand up for humans

United in race, colour and creed

If we could just all work together

Removing all selfishness and greed

Life is too precious to argue

Our humanity unites us all

We have more in common than what parts us

And we know – divided we fall.

Teresa Barton

Poetry Wall

Desigual

We are not symmetrical
yet we fit
each in our own way
we shape-shift
our yin
and yang
we drift in
and
out of each other
tangential
we touch
rebound
we fly
to the opposites
unopposing
in parallel
desigual
atypical
we are not
symmetrical
people

Jane Skellett

Poetry Wall

Sculpting Nature

At Chelsea
they have a flower show -
Annual -
And they're sculpting nature;
nurturing
husbanding seed-stocks
shaping petals
with hybrid herbacias
and freeze-timing
the growing; -
Lamenting the Laurels
not won with the medals.

Whilst, in our garden
we're fighting back nature;
Hacking and racking
where
Leylandii bully
and Bindweed strangles
the Ivy swamps
the pricking Holly
and the rashing nettles -
winners all amongst the Laurels
that claim no medals.

But, in Bournemouth Gardens
they do the 'Triple' -
the ripple-mix
of leaf and flower
from across the Continents;
From 'Lower' florals
to 'Central' trees
and 'Upper' shrubs -
All nations grow together here
amongst the bright green laurels -
all nations share their medals.

And, here in The Library
come the poetry-goers
the poetry-growers
in this garden of words;
Freedom in the speaking -
No clipping or pruning
No chopping or stopping;
Each one a Laureate
in their own garden ;
Like the songs of the birds -
in each voice unique -
come the laurels of words.

Jane Skellett

Poetry Wall

UNITED WE STAND -DIVIDED WE FALL

United we stand
divided we fall
no matter the reasons
in springtime or fall

no matter the country
no matter the flag
we must stand united
or get lost in the drag

whether soldier or poet
standing upright and tall
united as comrades or brothers in arms
chained to our brethren in peace time and fall
we sing the same song and we preach the same call

united we stand and divided we fall
dont count the differences in race faith or fear
just count our blessings and dont shed no tears
just look to your brothers and sisters so near

all joined in spirit united in peace
soft words all spoken brotherhood preached
for there is no need for hatred when love is in reach.

Ray Wills

Poetry Wall

DIVISIONS

That which divides us and threatens our peace
in rhetoric slander and idle talk preached
that which torments us in times of great woes
where hatred is sown in words or in stone

words cast in anger to later regret
here actions are not noble and ignorance is set
in tumble down slander and actions yet met
words harbour hatred and calls to divide
fears of the many and desperate calls of the wise

that which divides us and threatens our peace
cries of the many and tortures they preach
leaders of many set high in the crowd
vulgar all laudy, haughty and proud

signs of the times when respect is not shown
in rhetoric spun from the lips of lost souls
where there is nowhere to hide or refuge to seek
yet no one speaks out and truths out of reach

Ray Wills