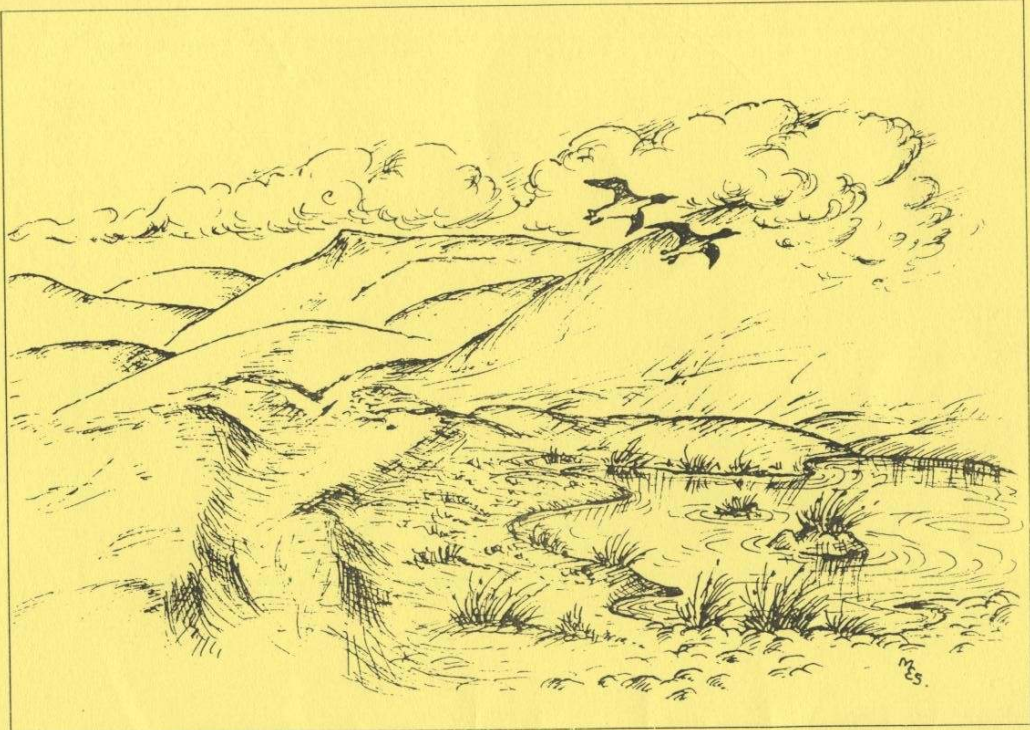


POETRY

20 +

Folio 1990



Threshold 4, Contrast 3, Brightness 9, Halftone Pattern Tetrad, Normal Detail, 0/4/00 2.57 pm

CONTENTS

POETRY TWENTY PLUS

A

Collection of verse

written by members of Poetry 20 +

Folio 1990

This Poetry group now meets in
the Acklam Branch Library on the
second Wednesday in each month, 7.15pm.
New members welcome. by Davis E. Stanwick

FARAWAY WRITERS

Day dawns, sunset thickens, mist decays,
Writers gather chafing chins,
Reel info. for a day's returns
Sad notes are scribbled
Wavering quills
Quote notes beyond belief.

Disturbed by heavy cannon's roar
They tell of wounded, plights, hearts tore
While sandals, saris
Cross thread, flee
Echoing heartfelt pleas to be free.

Passing fates trenches, deep, long, dark,
Hearing labour pains, shrill first cries
Helpless tho
Ones as they are
Praying safety to half lit stars.

One travels on, tarry smell follows
Miles as shadows don't seem to end,
Sounds of lashing whips stay nigh,
Crimson blood joins
Human's cry.

Valed sunset leaves,
Darkness eyes, then hides a sun,
Writer folds notes in disbelief,
Distance goes on shelling tunes,
Hate, in taut mankind,
Day dawns, sunset thickens,
Mist decays.

Joan Clark

THE MASTER'S BRUSH

The master's brush flows slow
Reflecting art

White corpse ghost flesh
Embalms a nude

Whose body fair
Man's eye
Lusts keen

Those ivory fingers
Sleek hung curves

Stay his mind

While he runs wild
In sweet repose

Neath

Gossamer, veiling, dancing tare
Sealing breathless show

Where

Drawn art instills

Soft flowing brush

A master's touch

Now

Man's finer hobby's stilled
As eyes, words, round the gallery plush

Draw fine

upon

The master's brush.

Joan Clark

WHITBY'S SCROLL

Bus wheels whirl
My mind is lost in wonder,
Unfolds a scroll

Its tissue pastels
Ray on admiration
Absorbed thoughts

Moist air wets
Ones appetite
Likened to seeped
Bark wood

I think, feel, touch its stature fine
Capture highlights
Lanes, glades, trees
Fanning flowers forming frieze.
As a wonderlust I wallow, majesty - grace
Snake winding paths to cottages
Homely, dreamy, steal your heart,
Castles
Sporting victory and loss
Seagulls flap to waves sweet tune
Nearby lovers coo, dream, croon,
These
Delicate tissues touch so serene
Have my
Mind lost to wonder whole
as
Bus wheels whirl round Whitby's scroll.

Jean Clark

SUPERWIFE

Think of others, not yourself,
Tucked unobtrusive on life's shelf.
Mostly lonely, often sad,
Making life for others glad.
Fast in action - never slow,
Always busy on the go.
Surface bright, and never dull
So each hour is really full
Of tasks, just for one pair of hands
That deftly do what brain commands.
Plans to make and things to do,
With energy to see them through.
Must stay young and never age
With the wisdom of a sage.
Find the time to look your best,
Though none will offer you a rest!
To manage well and stretch the pelf,
So others can indulge in self.
Remaining calm, avoiding trap
Of getting into awful flap
And letting your emotions show
Or labelled shrew-like, don't you know!
But if you're quiet, do not shout,
As sure as shot, you'll be left out!
Must keep abreast and up to date,
Or abandonment will be your fate!
The grinding pace is set for life,
And lot of every superwife!

Freda Davey

TREASURE CHEST

A lifetime's treasure chest to build
Together, from today.
In which to place the memories
You fashion every day.
To make it strong with steadfast love,
From hearts so warm and true
And live it out with happiness
Of the most heavenly blue.
Embroidered much with kisses
And roses through the years
With diamond dewdrops nestling,
As soft as summer's tears.
Sweet pansies peeping o'er the edge,
True love knots trailing free,
And secret drawer containing dreams
With understanding's key.
In future years to lift the lid,
Hear songs your hearts have sung
Chest packed with fragrant memories
Of days when you were young.
Re-live again with happy thoughts,
The time then passed away,
So make first contribution
To treasure chest today!

Freda Davey

THE FLEDGELING BLACKBIRD

Sweet fledgeling blackbird: tiny mite,
You left the nest today
To venture forth into the world
From birth in alleyway.
Forlorn you sit upon the mat
With mother hovering nigh,
Persuading you in nature's way,
Your tiny wings to try.
I very quietly closed the door,
You cheeped with baby fear
But mother's 'chuck' and whistling pipe
Conveyed that she was near.
When I at last with much relief,
Found you and mum were gone
I hoped kind weather would prevail
Where warming sunbeams shone.
Pray you survive, and grown become
A tame and trusting bird,
That left, a vulnerable ball of fluff
On June 23rd.

Freda Davey

THOLIWT
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

TABOO

Can't do the things you want to do,
Just those that you're expected to,
Must fit the role that life's selected
And never do the unexpected!

If non-conformist lifestyle pick
Assumed that you're a nut eccentric
For only if you've lots of pelf
Can you aspire to - be yourself!

Freda Davey

Let not Flowers of the Forest, approaching
Find again on the earth for war any room,
Lest our planet condemns itself to its doom,
Curse'd by the wars of mankind.

H.W. Hart

TWILIGHT

Its the time of the day so many love best,
Those who toil in the fields come home to
rest,
While beyond those great mountains in the
west,
In a golden sky, sinks a setting sun,
It's twilight now - and the time for
homing,
But sweethearts hand in hand go roaming,
And romance walks with them in the gloaming,
As evening falls on the day near done,
The stone lies silent at the old flour
mill,
Not a songbird sings - not a single trill,
And it seems that the very air is still,
As this summer day its full course has run,
Should the end of this day cause us sorrow,
A new day dawns with each tomorrow.

H.W. Hart.

THE SAILOR

I saw him walking by the quay.
He had that rolling gait,
Of one familiar with the sea,
In quiet mood, or irate.
He moved like vessel in full sail
Upon majestic wave
Pursued by some ferocious gale
The sight was passing brave.

His rugged weatherbeaten face,
Bore mark of storm and sun,
And scars of many a distant place,
Of battles lost and won,
Had felt the sting of spray and hail
In every ocean's seas
Where dwelt the porpoise or the whale
Or fish flew on the breeze.

The merry twinkle in his eyes,
Of dark and deepest blue
The kindness there, was no surprise,
Though they were keen and true
And often in the dead of night,
Had sighted ships afar
Had plotted many a course a'right,
Or fixed upon a star.

A LETTER TO MY GRANDSON

Oh, Britain, land of sailor's crib,
Where seamen rare are bred,
Admire the cut of this man's jib,
How high and proud the head.
Your islands, on his like depend,
So they should last for aye,
His kind will freedom well defend,
Until their dying day.

H.W. Hart.

A LETTER TO MY GRANDSON

Young Matthew I have always meant
Some words of mine to send,
To you with kindest of intent,
My Grandson and my friend,
The subject may be short or long,
That's open to conjecture,
It could perhaps turn out a song,
Or may become a lecture.

The world can be man's hardest school,
Painful too, the learning,
There's no compassion for the fool,
Always be discerning,
And gather knowledge all you can,
It brings its own reward,
The pen is greater far to man
Than ever is the sword.

You'll find mankind are often weak,
Rarely to be trusted,
Be wary where your friends you seek,
Avoid the maladjusted,
The really evil men are still,
I'm glad to say, the few,
In most men there is some goodwill,
In all, there's badness too.

Do not depise the human frail,
Who stumble on their way,
You know not what has made them fail,
It could be you some day,
So never hold your head too high
Exalting sinful pride,
Remove the mote from your own eye,
E'er you your neighbour chide.

Gather wealth where'er you can
By every lawful means,
That does not hurt your fellow man,
Or yet, yourself demeans,
Not simply for to fill the bank,
Or dress in cloth resplendent,
But for the honest human rank
Of being independent.

Whenever love may touch your heart,
One day it surely will,
With honour always play your part,
That joy your life may fill,
Affairs illicit, veiled in sin,
Are a most shameful role,
Which petrifies the man within,
And mortifies the soul.

The most important thing by far
That I can say to you,
Is reverence Him, whose work you are,
In everything you do,
However easy is the way,
However hard you've striven,
You'll find it hard to go astray,
When influenced from Heaven.

And now my letter I must end
For time is pressing hard,
I hope you'll always be a friend
Of this, your humble bard,
And may these words of mine you read,
Wiser make you, duly,
I trust of them you take more heed
Than ever did yours truly.

H.W. Hart

A LETTER TO MY GRANDFATHER

GRANDFATHER. (1863 - 1939)

Young Matthew told us
What words of yours I heard
From your letter to my mother
My grandson, my grandfather
There is so much you never told us!
So much we've since discovered!
Digging for roots, we've uncovered you.
You never spoke of your father.
Hardly surprising - he died so young.
A farming accident, was it - you
Just two years old when he died?
But did you remember nothing -
The comforting warmth of his arms, perhaps,
The smell of muck on his hands?
What of your mother, left with you
And your little sister, fatherless,
Your brother still in the womb?
How did she suffer then?
Your sister was unexpected.
We'd never heard of her!
Your brother, yes, you talked of him,
Boasted of how he emigrated,
Went to the States, became a sheriff.
You didn't keep in touch!
Was it when you were faced so young
With ten new brothers and sisters
That kinship became confused?
The lusty village carpenter
Who married your mother, needed
A heathy second wife
To manage such a brood!

But what were they like? You never said,
Forgot to mention them.
Excluded from your memory
It's as if they've never been.
Only the carpenter left his mark,
Brought you up and taught you his trade,
Wrenched you from the tangled roots
We've traced so carefully.
Four hundred years of nurture
In the heavy Devon earth, and you
The one to deviate and change
The course of family history!
Bull-necked, square, with a fighter's jaw
And pincer fingers calloused hard,
A self-made man, you clawed your way
To eventual respect.
So how did you come to cheat the genes
That should have bound you to the soil?
What of the dreams that made you build
In brick and stone, leaving
Your monuments through the town,
Leaving a certain pull in the blood
That keeps the family building yet?
Although we know you better now,
Have fixed you on the family tree.
You retain your essential mystery.

Peggy Loosemore Jones

THE DIVINE INTERLOPER

Nothing can harm a heart that beats serene
Grace gives direction to it from above
Joy is its birthright if it has been
Briefed in the full capacity of love.

What can a mind contain without the heart?
Trust is enfolded in a truthful cone.
Who is the wisest when the wits depart
Leaving the aimless soul to strive alone?

When is discretion deemed to be divine
Bringing a greenness to the spirit's shoot
Glad that the timeless sun should on it shine
Giving the ripeness to the robust fruit?

When faith of frailties has been refined
Down to the dreams that seem a hopeless hope
Infinite aid comes to the finite mind
Instilling grace where God would interlope.

Vincent Mulholland

DATA DEBATABLE

Must everything be compact and definable
Even those devised as undividable
I have no wish to call a fellow fallible
He who fools himself is truly gullible
Thinking the unseen is unattainable
Matters of the spirit unavailable
The mind's eye and the body's are relatable
Nothing that we cannot see is possible
The fashioning of fables and of fantasies
Is work enough for children in their nurseries
The blind man's world is dark and barely
bearable
The intellect is light and incomparable
The thinking world decides as undebatable
Why is what they decide so unpalatable?

Vincent Mulholland

THE LONELY ONE

Faint bells came ringing afar to me
And bade me cease to roam,
And I sailed my boat o'er the Irish Sea
To my misty Celtic home.

But what made horror put fingers cold
About my panting heart?
For the stars shone dim and sweet as of old
And guided me like a chart.

I sprang through the heathered lonely hills;
The night was like moths' wings,
Soft with the light that the white moon spills
On pebbles and cold-stone springs.

Grey mists fell back in the dawning day
Where the mountains onward led,
The lowing herds were far astray,
And my heart was still with dread -
I saw where the hut in silence lay,
And I found my lassie dead.

Eileen Rattenbury

Frank Stradwick

THE RIVER AT KILLIN

Spring 1973.

Oh mischievous river that runs through Killin!
Not a crevice of rock but you find the way in
As you rush in your turbulence right through
the town,
Your water the colour of Newcastle Brown!

The air is alive with your chatter and roar
As you charge like an animal down from the moor.
The trees on your banks rejoice at your flow
And laugh as they sway to see you below.

Beneath the stone bridge as you sparkle and
dive,
Against boulders and rocks you gleefully
strive.
Enchanted we gaze where you hurtle and spin,
Oh wonderful river, - the pride of Killin.

Eileen Rattenbury

NIGHT SHIFT

Ceaselessly the machinery hisses
And hums the night away.
Noisy progress and passage,
Through till dawn.

Who cares for this ebbing life I hold,
This long sad, cold friendless night?
Our feathery friend of but a few days
Tenderly, knowingly, for comfort, grasps
My warm outstretched hand.

He's slipping slowly now into lasting sleep.
Silently, though he has never sung.
We saw the dawn together, young blue and I,
Deep crimson and blue across the sky,
The hills soft greys and blues, and clear.
And the grass is not yet green.

We await the new day and the last.
I pray he feels no pain,
His eyes look for some understanding friend,
Mother's lost, no more a warm and comforting
wing.

Soon in his eternal sleep and dreams,
He'll sing and fly for ever, till we
meet again.
He'll be a special memory, a lost friend.
Don't go sweet bluey, you're cold yet
full of fight.
Weaker by the hour your colours drab,

Soon you'll sparkle and look down
To see me leave this noisy place for home,
Where birds still sing.
A place from where we two set out,
And one, so sad returns.

Frank Strudwick

SPRING SERENADE

The clockwork Starling's in no gilded cage,
He's perched upon his courting post.
He claps his wings down to his sides,
Then jerks them smartly up in martial style.
With yellow beak raised to the sky,
His throbbing throat is keeping time.
Upon his chest, swelled out with pride,
His splendid plumage shines like silk.

A passionate song of love he sings,
The mimic's part he plays with great aplomb.
In quick succession, varied notes ring out,
To charm his mate, who listens, quite entranced
By this performance of such flair and skill.
She surely can't resist him still?
Our dashing suitor, quite forgets himself,
Lost in the thrilling sound of his own voice!
He sings as if wound up, with breathless speed,
It seems his heart will burst before the
serenade's complete.



Mavis Strudwick

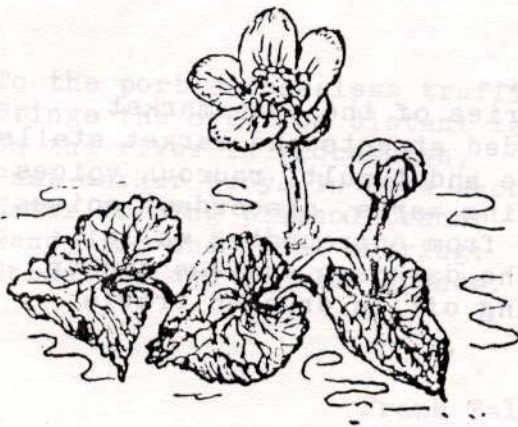
KING CUPS

I know a secret vein of ore,
Which never fails to yield its store.
I go prospecting in the Spring,
When soaring larks begin to sing.

Along the grassy banks that reach
Down to the ditch, then to the beach,
The gold is scattered freely, so
I need no pan to sift the sand.
The prize is lying close at hand.

I only have to stand and stare,
And fill my heart with treasure there.
For shining marigolds are strewn,
Along the margin of the stream.

Their yellow flowers with scalloped leaves,
Are open now, to light the way
From winter's gloom, to merry May.



Mavis Strudwick

VIGNETTES OF CHILDHOOD

Middlesbrough 1920

Reared not in but near the city,
Early mem'ries are at hand,
Football then was first division,
Unheard then the fan's derision
From the bob end or the stand!
And on cinder tracks the runners
Paced the best in all the land.

In the streets the horse drawn carriage
Clatters by on cobbled strand;
Noisy trams sweep by, and talking
Couples arm in arm are walking
From the park or open land
After listening to the music
Of a military band.

Mem'ries of the open market,
Crowded streets and market stalls,
Noise and tumult, raucous voices
Calling wares, discordant noises
Echo from surrounding walls;
In the darkness endless bicker
Ending oft in drunken brawls.

Lit by flaring naphtha lantern
From shadows dark, in sharp relief
Passing figures going places
With flame accented reddened faces
Compose a scene past all belief;
Into byways, dim or distant,
Sounds of laughter and of grief.

And the darkness of the distance
Illumined is with sudden glow
When the slag from distant furnace
Molten, cast upon the bareness
Of local tip where lichens grow
Building mountainous escarpment
With incessant searing flow.

To the port a ceaseless traffic
Brings the ore from distant lands,
On the river in procession,
Past marker buoys in slow succession,
Water lapping plimsol brand,
Ready for the final mooring;
Oneach bridge a pilot stands.

Frank Talling

FANTASIA ON A NURSERY RHYME

VIGNETTES OF CHILDHOOD

1. After reading T.S. Eliot.

This shoe-like house was full of children
'Hidden excitedly containing laughter'
Quiet! be quiet! be still.
And let the night descend upon you.
'Who then devised this torment?'
Calls from here, there, and everywhere!
And serenity only a wistful delusion.
Silence drums and brazen trumpets
'Here come scones and toasted crumpets!'
Children dancing round and round;
Cease tumultuous celebration
Or else, from painful castigation
Will silence reign, this long day end.
In your end is my beginning!

2. "There was an old woman..."

House of queer malign deformity!
Grotesque retreat - for no blow falls;
The doors swing idly on creaking hinges
And silent shapes run down the walls.

Some jester with inspired expression
Named this hell 'The Dancing Shoe'
This place of manic crass depression!
Fitting den for demon crew.

FANTASIA ON A NURSERY RHYME

HARD TIMES

A happy time! Why not?
Reject all doubting fear,
Count all that you have got!
Hold tight to all that's dear.

The bills are falling fast?
You've use up your reserve?
Each crisis soon will pass
If you can keep your nerve.

The firm is closing down?
The shed no bitter tear!
Think not this time, to drown
Your ills in bottled beer.

This life is but a rille,
A shadow on the earth,
Disguise it as you will
With revelry and mirth.

The breeze that skims the seas,
The sun that warms the plain,
The same will scorch or freeze,
And build the hurricane.

The stars above gleam high
And coldly stares the moon.
Who hears the infant cry?
Who heeds the mother's swoon?

When city streets are bright,
The footwalks swept of snow,
Then, surging through the night
All feckless, thousands go.

Like bees about a hive
Commingling and intent
They throng and fuss, alive
In rare predicament.

Embankment, crypt, declare
An outcast catacomb:
The homeless, the threadbare,
Hide hungry and alone.

This complex world compounds
The credit and the blame:
Departed from the door -
Compassion is its name.

Frank Talling

THE HOMEWARD RUN

At the end of the day on the homeward run,
The dusk falls gently as the coach gathers speed,
All is quiet, our contentment felt
As we reflect on the day we've spent.
Through the windows the lanes disappear
And endless walls go rolling by
Built by the people of long ago,
They are kept in repair by the folk of today.

Now we descend towards lights in the sky,
That wondrous spectacle of I.C.I.
Far removed from 'Satanic Mills'
Of industrial towns of former days,
A dramatic vision giving point to the day.
These man-made stars in the night-time sky
Entrap the gaze as the journey ends.
The day complete we rise from our seats
And reluctantly return to the world.

Evelyn Henderson

THE MOMENT

'Spring in the Air'
Trite phrase to describe
The upsurge of feeling
The moment brings.

Today it was there
Before Winter returned
The moment passed
The promise remained.

Of Spring to the earth
New life in our hearts;
In gardens and fields,
In the air that we breathe.

Evelyn Henderson



