

Beginnings

January 2023

A Prayer for Lorna

I pray that you will inherit the earth
In all its mystery;
That your fluttering hands will always know
How to touch a flower.
Go eagerly into your inheritance.

I pray that you will always know
How to watch a sparrow;
That you will always say "I am but one
Of Nature's creatures."
Go gently into your inheritance.

I see in your untroubled eyes
The future of a world
Where all men know that only the meek
Can inherit the Earth.
Go Meekly into your inheritance.

And when you touch a flower or
Watch a sparrow
Remember those who went before:
Who said "It's time;" "Enough;" "No more;"
Let our children go
Safely into their inheritance.

Lewis Coles

Beginnings

A new chapter, a fresh start, a blank page, an open heart, a first step, a maiden voyage, a sunrise, a new day's adage.

A seed planted, a sprout grown, a bud blossoming, a seedling sown, a new idea, a spark of thought, a creative impulse, a mind's new knot.

A chance encounter, a fateful meeting, a destiny fulfilled, a life's completing, a beginning, an opening, a new journey, an unfolding.

A new opportunity, a prospect, a bright future, a new aspect, a fresh perspective, a new view, a new beginning, a clean slate, a renewed.

AI Bot – Curated by Paul Membrey

Beginning

This is the beginning of my new adventure, POETRY
 How do I begin
 What would I say
 What do I know
 It is hard to describe!
 Would I be able to describe my feeling by a poem?!
 Now, I stay silence,
 Listen and learn,
 To the next time!

Behnaz Membrey

Beginnings

Many theories abound, some OK, some not sound
 On when life on earth really began
 So here are some suggestions and various questions
 On the start of the family of man

The scientists wonder, consider and ponder
 Beginnings of the human race
 Did it start from a cool protoplasmic globule
 Or from some nearby planet in space

Is it true life began with a massive, big bang?
 Depends upon what you believe
 Whilst others will mention divine intervention
 Creation and Adam and Eve

Do your nerves start to jangle 'bout Saxon and Angle
 Who dyed all their clothes using woad
 Don't reduce it, I beg, to the chicken and egg
 And the reason that it crossed the road

Did life really squirm, like some tiny earthworm
 From an ancient primordial soup
 If you ever find out, don't be quiet, just shout
 And ensure you keep me in the loop

But whate'er you think true, I must say this to you
 I'm not joining in all the hubbub
 I just think life is grand and I've already planned
 To nip off for a drink down the pub

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The First Day of School

So, here i am,
Standing on the corner of the playground,
Staring across at mum, no looking back,
Striding down our long school path,
Straining to escape the claws of my cries;
Now I've come to realise.
I've been left here, with dozens of bewildered, strange, clinging kids,
Who need to learn where the toilets are,
And how to put up your hand,
And suck up the warm souring milk,
And eat up the cheesy pastry square that tastes like a hot virus.
To be lined up and squared off,
To fit the form, make the grade.
To learn about rejection and alienation in this cruel whipping ground.
I need to find the friend,
To get me to the end.

But it wasn't like this at the beginning.
Oh no, this is the first day and I am the first to arrive,
My mother and me,
Meeting my teacher, Mrs Gee,
Hanging my duffle on a peg in the cloakroom,
Placing my wellies, pegged together, name inside, first in line, up against the wall.
I'm letting mum know i can,
And proud she is of her stoic young man,
Coping so well with the day we've prepared for,
With a new bag from the Army and Navy Store,
Five years after my siblings had gone before.
This is my day. I'm full of hope for my future.
I'm showing off, i like the little girl called Margaret.
(She will read SEE before any of us can get it.)

Such a good start.
What happened, i wonder?
Where did the rot start to bloom?
When did the fear kick in?

Fear not,
Look how i've begun to learn such a lot:
I can read now, really fast – it's great.
Me and Danny, my best mate,
Are racing to the end of book eight.
Janet and John are nearly all gone.
I really like art, I'm good at it,
The best in the class,
And football when it's sunny,
Out on the grass.

There's a fight in the playground and orphan Harold's on the floor,
Round and round he turns and turns,
Like a tipped up Catherine wheel,
Wide eyed and fearful he's not at all sure.
He's kicking out at the circle of legs,

He's not been taught how to use his fists.
He'll be adopted and change his name,
And become a physicist.

Margaret likes Alistair, but that's alright, I like Elaine,
I'll make my love plain and give her my sister's ring on the last day of term.
.....I never saw her again.

The teachers are only human, cruel at times,
Some make learning just too hard,
Then there's all these other children
Out here in the yard,
But Danny's piano will bring tears to my eyes
Though he ends up driving a van.
I wonder what'll become of me
When I've grown up to be a man?

thom Sefton

Early Beginnings

A New Year - a new beginning
Lewis suggested a Poetry Group,
Val agreed and set up a meeting,
Irene agreed to get things moving.

A New Year, but for me, a past remembered -
Reading poetry with my Dad.
A small girl, spellbound, lost in time,
He loved all poetry, I needed it to rhyme!

Then came Grammar school
With many new subjects for all of us.
Greek, Latin, French and German. Science too!
So much to learn in that huge syllabus.

So much homework we had at night -
So little time to spend with Dad.
School was strict, I had to get it right.
A few short hours was all we had.

Then came work, marriage, a family.
No time at all for poetry.
So I should love that lost time again.
But don't expect much from my addled brain!

Jackie Darling