

Own Choice

April 2023

Wonderful Humanity

You are wonderful
You are special in so many ways
Forces born at the conception of the Cosmos have helped shape what you have become
Exploding stars have contributed substance to the constitution of your body
Your DNA has survived an incredible journey through lives and time
Virtual worlds that can not be seen or touched can be felt and explored with your amazing mind
You are awake to the art of existence

Sometimes though, you consider that life's cards are stacked against you
You are most often upset with careless words
Trivialities rise up like unscalable walls
Terrible things damage and take their toll on all of us

Be easy on yourself
Remember where you have come from
Consider the numerous threads that connect you to the fabric of eternity
Be still and enjoy being what you are

Your next thought is the newest event in the ongoing act of creation
Thank you for your inspiration
Thank you for sharing your insights with us
Thank you for giving us something of yourself
With every second, you take another brave step along this great path
Nothing has claimed your last breath
And yet, beyond even that your story continues

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Sorry Jesus

Sorry Jesus, what was it you said?
Can i still hear your voice in the crowd?
They've buried you again, your words are all misread;
they should be ringing in my head
as they sing them out loud.

But your testament is no testimony at all.
Whose are these words, frozen in time?
Can i trust the sentiment to save me from a fall?
If some certainty had survived, however small,
your death might seem more than just a crime.

I want to drive my hand deep into the sand
and lift out a rock that bears upon it
something of your heaven-born spirit.
But rocks and sand, lifeless, sit,
'neath temples where stony witnesses stand.

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The Colour of Love

The colour of love is green, like nature is always growing.
The shape of love is boundless, limits not knowing.
The sound of love is harmony, whose music is ever flowing.
The touch of love is compassion and all the ways of showing.
If there is a smell for love, caught on spring's breeze blowing,
It is the spray of crashing sea or season's first grass hoeing
And fresh baked bread, or breakfast toast,
Fresh washed hair, Sunday roast,
Fresh sawn pine, a polished chair,
Fresh cut flowers to fill the air.
A symphony of perfumes everywhere.
And deep inside a feeling always glowing.

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Kimberley Violetta Derwent Kimmy

A Black and white half-Siamese Tuxedo Cat,
At 8 weeks old lived with our Son Matt,
But away Matt went to live elsewhere,
And Kimmy lodged for 3 weeks here
Until Matt settled over there.

Kimmy was collected and moved to her new surroundings,
Away she went and screamed and screamed and screamed,
So back again to us she came for almost 20 years.

My Mother said "that Cat's a Roofer" and so we learned to live with her,
Garage and House Roofs were her thing
And helping master re-attach Coping Stones on Askrigg our highest building.
Up the ladder just behind him she shimmied and oversaw the whole thing.
So hiding between curtains and their linings her Houdini trick was perfected,

A brave triumphant cat was she,
Hurling down dykes the tip of her tale just showing
As constantly gifts she brought for us to see.

As she grew older she calmed down, and attended to more domestic chores,
Supervising and escorting us to Showers,
Sitting on handy laundry basket to observe,
TV viewing on masters knees or any visiting fellows became her joy,
Especially so on Jazz Group Afternoons.

She gave her love unconditionally.
And now over the Rainbow Bridge she is missed constantly,

Her love and solicitous care of us was her mission,
She would pat your face and snuggle close, her idea of a loving cuddle,

She never questioned her name because she always came,
And ran towards you if you called Kimmy.

Parallel Poem is T S Eliot Old Possums Book of Practical Cats p9 The Naming of Cats

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X-Box Widow

I am an X-Box widow
Now it's taking over his life.
So what made me buy it for him?
Well I guess I'm a brilliant wife.

He's got Plants versus Zombies,
Assasins Creed and Halo 5
I'm not sure how good he is yet
But it seems his characters are still alive.

He's got some sort of farming game
Where he buys some fields & ploughs.
There's a combine harvester & tractors
But he's not yet bought any cows.

There's Fifa 15 and Battlefield
I'm sure he'll be buying loads more.
So now I'll start worrying when
He brings shopping through the door.

We have to visit "GAME" stores
So he can plan his next big buy.
At least they keep him nice & content,
My Derek's a happy guy.

So I hope he appreciates his toy
And all the pleasure it will bring
It's not the sort of thing I enjoy,
I think it's more a "man thing".

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The Best Laid Plans

A sunny day, the housework's done
I think I'll sit out in the sun
I'll get the lounger from the shed
Or use the garden bench instead

Tee shirt and shorts. Now let me see
A long drink or a cup of tea?
I'll settle down to do some reading
Try to forget about the weeding

I take a seat, open my book
But foolishly around I look
Nearby I see a pesky weed
I'll dig it out before I read

I put my book down on the floor
Then I unlock the greenhouse door
Select a fork and gloves and trug
Off to the border these I lug

An hour later I'm so pleased
To see the ground now free of weeds
I notice plants that need dead heading
Then water all the summer bedding

Trim the shrubs and prune some trees
Pick a few nice strawberries
At last my gardening work is done
So much for sitting in the sun

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Ode to Johns

I've pondered on the problem
It really is a mystery
What did those famous Johns do
To achieve their place in history

John Silver had a parrot
A sitting on his shoulder
John Wayne changed his name from Marrion
To make himself seem bolder.

Olivia Newton John, she sang
To gain her fame and wealth
Ian St John was with Greavsie
Couldn't stand him myself.

JFK was the USA President
He tried to promote World Peace
John Travolta was an actor and dancer
Starring in 'Look Who's Talking' and 'Grease'.

John Glenn, an American astronaut
The third American into space
Johnny Cash was a great country singer
In the Hall of Fame he took his place.

Little John wasn't little
In fact, he was very tall
And King John, he was wicked
Not a good man at all.

Did John O'Groats have money
Was John of Gaunt a twig
Augustus John was an artist
And Elton John wore a wig.

There's Pope John who lived in the Vatican
And Saint John's Ambulance Brigade
John the Baptist baptised people
John McEnroe's tennis tirade

John Lennon was one of the Beatles
In the 60s they were such hot news
Long John Baldry was 6' 7"
He sang about heartache and blues

But none of these Johns hold a candle
To the one who stands out from all other
You might say that I'm biased, I don't care
'Cos the best John is my little brother.

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Friendship Through Poetry.

Poetry, my friend, is not just words on a page,
It's the music of language, the voice of our age.
It's the art of expression, the power of thought,
The beauty of words that can never be bought.

It's the rhythm of life, the beat of our heart,
The hope that we cling to when we're falling apart.
It's the magic of meaning, the light in our eyes,
The truth that we seek in a world full of lies.

In a world that is busy, a world that is loud,
We need poetry more than ever, to calm us down.
To remind us of beauty, of love, and of grace,
To help us find meaning in this chaotic race.

So let us embrace the power of verse,
And use it to heal, to comfort, to nurse.
Let us celebrate the wonder of words,
And share them with others, like chirping birds.

For poetry, my friend, is not just for some,
It's for everyone, and it's never done.
It's a gift we give to ourselves and to others,
A reminder that we are all sisters and brothers.

AI Bot – Curated by Paul Membrey