

Pasttimes

May 2023

Hobby

As a foreign girl
married to the English man
Then people would ask me
How is your Hubbie (husband)?
But one day somebody said
What is your hobby?
I was confused!
What does he mean, what is my hobby?
So I said, looking after my Hubbie!

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The Ballad of the Fish Tanks

First there was aquarium one, filled with fish & plants and lots of fun.
Then there came aquarium two, as the fish collection just grew & grew.
Along then came aquarium three, meaning no room in Derek's den for me.
Following this was aquarium four – now barely enough room to get in the door.
Finally came aquarium five – my Derek is now lucky to still be alive.
Now he's looking at aquarium six – which is 6ft by 6ft 6.
If he mentions getting any more, he's like to get a punch on the jaw!
So enough is enough please no more strife – is the plaintiff plea from this troubled wife.

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Hobbies Recreational

Hobbies are great and can make us emotional,
They engage our energy and concentration,
So sometimes we are devotional.

Skills are mastered, we are pleasantly competent,
In Crochet, Sewing, Painting, Singing and Swimming,
Also in this our advocacy to others is fervent.

But, our best hobbies are shared in groups,
Where we hone our gains and enjoyment of skills
And friendships are made, and so we continue in cahoots.

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Hobby

In my 30s I sought a new hobby,
away from architecture, something less snobby.
Photography seemed like a logical choice,
But all my shots came out with a blurry voice.
Over-exposed, under-exposed, focus out of whack,
my camera skills were clearly lacking.
And the processing, oh what a mess,
I'd get photos of someone else's life, I confess.
So I turned to shortwave radio, with glee,
listening to broadcasts from Russia and the U.S., you see.
Somewhere in between I believed was the truth,
and I always said, in case of war, I'd be the first sleuth.
I bought a high-quality Sony receiver, manual in style,
the thrill of the hunt made it all worthwhile.
And though I eventually got a digital one too,
the manual was more fun, that much is true.
Now I still have both radios, a treasured pair,
and I dream of the day when they'll once again be in the air.
I may not have become a famous photographer,
but at least I'm not listening to some fake news broker!

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Ode to my Guitar

Every time i pick you up my world feels a little lighter
Even when my hands are heavy your voice is helium to my heart
Though my fingers can get lost in the Pythagorean patterns of your fingerboard
Your enigmatic chromatics fire my curiosity
And i learn, and forget, and learn again, my skill
Like a leaky bucket, constantly draining, forever topping up
Occasionally, i pluck a graceful phrase and hope rises in my chest
Something nearly matching those recordings i love best
Though our collaborations dwell in more prosaic landscapes
I'm content.
We have been together for fifty years, thousands of hours
Could not have been better spent
We are music when we combine
Invisible harmonies are channeled through your hollow body
Prised from your strings with careful positionings
Diligently learnt scales, major, minor melodic
Chord shapes of love, major seventh so sweet
Neurons sparked, tendons twisted, fingers clawed
I have become your player by changes, physical
And nothing much pleases me more.

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Great Men

"I wonder," said the philosopher,
"Whether it would be more philosophical
To use linguistics to prove that
We don't exist,
Or whether I should prove the point
In a more practical way." They didn't
Force feed him;
He died, emaciated but happy,
Ten days later.

"I wonder," said the nihilist,
"Whether it would be more effective
To use philosophy to illustrate
The futility of life,
Or whether I should simply make
A video of the lemmings. I could call it
"Dash for Death.""
They found his body at the foot
Of a cliff.

"I wonder," said the scientist,
"Whether we can ever prove the existence
Of anti-matter; this scientific
Antinomy."
They didn't find his body.

"You boys," said the pedagogue,
"Really must stop asking so many questions
Or we shall never complete
The syllabus;
You will never become great men
If you don't pass your exams." They started
To laugh.
He still mutters to himself
In the institution.

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