

Water

September 2023

Water

Water wide and deep.
Can you tell the secrets which you keep?.

Essential source of life itself.
For plant, beast, and man,
Treasured beyond measure
But also utilised for pleasure.

Little sailing boats with ochre sails
Glide on turquoise seas, some even defying gales,
White sails and rowing boats,
Test strength and skill of man,
On inland lakes and rivers.

Your depth unknown in places,
But as you see many smiling faces.
Flock to you to improve our graces.
The vulnerability of man is felt in wide wet open spaces,
But your tranquil and enduring grace,
Gives beauty to our land, soaring Mountains and Waterfalls,
Are mirrored within your face.

Wars were fought, and territory defined by
Rivers, Seas and Lakes,
The fate of man lies in your power,
And whilst we enjoy your beauty,
We must treasure you forever.

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Sitting by the Loch

Sitting by the Loch
The water is so still, so calm
No movement, wondering where is life?
Suddenly nature lifts up its veil
The sun appears with its reflection on this still water
Ripples start, life starts in this water!

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Dead in the Water

For lack of inspiration
My poem's dead in the water
I know I had to write it
I should've, could've, ought'er

And as for perspiration
I did not have a drop
Without imagination
I knew I had to stop

For lack of my creation
Here are apologies
By way of explanation
I've been on the high seas

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All Kinds of Water

I've come across all kinds of water
Perhaps I should start to explain
There's that from the sky
Which falls from on high
And finishes up down the drain

In Cumbria they have high rainfall
Which collects in the lakes and the meres
You can sail on a yacht
But as likely as not
Some of it will be made into beer

Or then you can go off to Huttoft
And spend time on the beach if you wish
Or to cast your line free
In the freezing North Sea
In attempting to catch you a fish

Or there's water you use in your household
For washing and cleaning the sink
For cooking your food
Or bathing your brood
Or merely to enjoy as a drink

But by far here's the worst kind of water
And I'll tell you about it by heck
It runs off the umbrella
Of a lady or fella
And goes down the back of your neck

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Water

A river with a still pool beneath a weeping willow
 Trout rising – an eager fisherman casts his fly
 Again and again endlessly, patiently until he
 Sits on the bank for a well earned rest, he lies
 His head upon his rucksack pillow.

A perfect scene of peace and tranquility,
 But that same river can change dramatically
 Burst its banks and become a rushing flood
 Ruining fields and villages, houses, roads
 Not to forget, people, livestock, barns
 A whole way of life taken eventually.

Two aspects of the same element,
 It gives life, it takes life,
 But it is essential for the world's survival
 So how we view this dichotomy is irrelevant,
 Seventy one percent of the earth's
 Surface is covered in water
 So we have to accept the worst of the slaughter
 It can cause for
 If it ever dries up, our world is gone.

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A Young Mother's Tears, Remembered

If memories are to be believed
 The first of my mother comes to me now;
 A tired rug, scorch marked by a faulty heater,
 A gift of a footworn carpet softens the hard, edge-kicked linoleum,
 Over dark marbled tiles, cold on fleshy young hands.
 The couch with hard-edged cushions that leave
 Flowery patterns impressed on our bare legs.
 And though, through her teeth she smiled
 Her plain-to-see tears were burnt into my mind,
 Acid pinholes of darkness, arcing back to this child,
 Standing to be undressed by a young mother, distressed,
 And an unanswered question hangs in the air

Though through a misted lens now, a still acrid sadness,
 A poison-tipped arrow, darting through time,
 Pierces a solemn moment, an unwanted visitation.
 Helpless now, like a child, i regard her pallor, grey;
 A last hope frozen on her death-mask face.
 Morphia's sleep is the final hill to climb.
 So why should i cry now those eyes are dry?
 Life and life-giving water is drawing away,
 Rising through stale palliative care-home air
 To rest in high palladian clouds in the sky,
 And like spirits descending to life again
 Her frozen tears will one day fall as rain.

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Ode to Water

Water, water, everywhere –
 Though some have more, and some less to share.
 This life-giving drink, so crisp and clean –
 Keeping us healthy, if pollution's unseen.
 From mountain springs, to tap and bottle –
 We must use wisely, not squander or totter.
 Conserve and protect, be ever so wise –
 So all creatures can sip, humans and flies!
 No wasting or leakage, this liquid gold –
 For communities to thrive, both young and old.
 Dams and treatment plants, pipes below ground –
 Working in harmony, no dirty water around.
 Agriculture and industry, homes and schools –
 All needing water, for thirsty pools.
 So manage with care, find consensus and peace –
 Sharing H₂O, for needs not greed.
 Water the wonder, in lake, sea and stream –
 Quenching, refreshing, a lovely dream!
 With sane practices, it will last forever –
 This magical elixir, our lives to tether.

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Ode to H₂O

Crisp, clean water, life's elixir
 From mountain springs, filled by nature
 Drink and savor, but conserve
 This liquid gold, a vital treasure

Share the water, no greed or waste
 For communities, people, and wildlife
 Protect the rivers, lakes pristine
 Keep pollution far from H₂O's life

Dams and plants purify the flow
 As it travels, meanders and twists
 Water for all, both young and old
 A shared resource, ever exist

So manage with care, find consensus and peace
 Sharing H₂O, for needs not greed
 With sane practices, it will last forever
 Magical water, our lives to tether

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