

Air

November 2023

Whispers in the wind

How can it possibly be that you're no longer here
When I hear you still, your voice so clear.
When I see your face with that beautiful smile
I still feel your presence here all the while.

So I whisper your name, feel it carry on the breeze,
Floating up high, above the birds and the trees.
It soars through the sky, the wind as its guide
To a place far away where your spirit will never hide.

I sense you looking down on me at night,
As I'm gazing up wistfully at the pale moonlight.
The wild winds carry the memories to me
Of the time we spent, of how it used to be.

The years may pass, the days may feel long
But I still feel you're here, with me, where you belong.
So I'll carry on whispering your name into the air,
To my John, my inspiration with the beautiful blond hair.

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AIR

Air is everywhere, unseen but totally vital,
Man has to breathe, as do all living creatures,
Our oxygen comes from many planktons which grow in oceans.

Is the Air in the Wind?
There is a road in Cranwell called Lighter than Air,
A gateway for many to fly over there,
A tug or Tractor Wynch hoists us into the air, and look we are free,
Currents of air lift our wood and canvas glider into the sky,
The Olly is free to glide over countryside, bracing thermals lift us up high,
They dissolve,
as we come in to hopefully land where we wish.

Air is as magic, we believe in its power.
We hope that it will always be,
Our life-giving force.

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A wind by any other name

Our language is so confusing, take wind which can also be wind
Spelt the same but with different meanings, why isn't the English language kind?

And what about gale - is that more wind or just a girls name
These two are spelt differently but nevertheless sound the same.

Of course any sort of wind does the same thing - it will blow
But this is English so blow can also be a disappointment as you know.

We like to say there's a puff of wind, a nicely gentle thing
Though too much exercise will cause a lot of puff in a human being.

Storm seems like a nice safe word but can means lots of things too,
Nasty weather, a dog's name, an argument brewing between me & you.

We even have a way of measuring wind using the Beaufort Scale
But even scale is confusing, it weighs things & can also be on a fish's tail.

Thank goodness in England we don't get a bad tornado go by
But wait - isn't a Tornado also one of the planes the RAF fly?

Chinooks are a warm, westerly wind come out from the USA
But I spotted a Chinook helicopter going overhead earlier today.

But whether it's wind or wind, Gail or gale, or any kind of nasty storm
I really like our language, well I have used it since I was born.

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Winter wind

The wind is blowing
The air is cold and fresh
Everyone rushing around
Oh, Christmas is coming
Kids running around to choose
the Christmas Tree 🎄
The cold air doesn't bother them
What a joyful time of the year
They don't worry about the wind
or cold air, they just wanted their Christmas present from Santa.

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The four winds

In Lincolnshire the four winds blow
 Across our open, flat countryside.
 From the North it brings the snow
 That covers towns and fields countywide.

From the East the wind is wild and raw -
 Straight from the Russian Steppes it powers
 With nothing higher to stop its roar
 Than the Lincoln Cathedral Towers.

From the South the wind is warm,
 Lighter, calmer over our land,
 But it can bring an Saharan storm
 That covers everything in orange sand.

From the West it brings the rain
 That aids Lincs' tates and veg to grow
 And our tulips, daffs and grain,
 But makes our lawns a chore to mow!

© Jackie Darling 2023

The Volume of Air

Driving home from Berwick, heading through the Cheviots of Northumberland
 Smooth-topped hills and watery valleys carry us on and on.
 It feels so good, an easy drive
 I hang my hand out the window, my fingers bouncing on the buffeting slip stream
 The car moves like a Tai Chi master, going with the flow
 A long lustrous sweep to the left, a short feint to the right
 Another left to orbit a slow-turned hill, then the view, magnificent

The expanse revealed
 We stop, right there, stretch our legs
 The southern Sun, smiles on our faces, the anechoic silence, so unexpected
 As if the sound-laden air had evacuated through a hole in the sky
 We're alone on this long, empty road and for a short, charmed while
 The world has stepped away, backed off, given us this space
 The stillness of the moment, every atom anticipating the smallest movement
 The land to the horizon rolls away, quilted waves of green
 We could be anywhere, the Val d'Orcia, the Maldives, Cork's Coomkeen
 But it's the presence of the air, the enormous volume of clear
 Cleansing air, this same air whales in far oceans will share
 So good, there's nothing like it, we're just taking it all in
 This inspiration, the spirit of the valley, the Yang and the Yin

And then it's gone
 A truck, sheep-laden, disturbs the scene, their eyes and nostrils straining and twitching
 It snatches the moment, and we watch it move away and away
 So we go back to our car and drive again; it's always good to be going home

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The Wind and the Wind

The wind rustles the leaves as they dance along the grass
A pleasing scene in Autumn when all this comes to pass
The leaves are dying but in glorious tints
Giving us thoughts of more wintry hints
Of winter to come with unsettling and boisterous gales
Over the land and oceans like gigantic mad whales

Breezes are beautiful and calming and gentle
Not like the storms that are driving us mental
That tear at the flowers, the foliage and trees
We long to return to the lull of the breeze
The strong winds do damage to houses, land
The wind and the rain can get out of hand

Wind can be refreshing – we like a good blow
On the beach, in the hills – on the fields in the snow
As long as it's not too wild or distressing
We like it to be moderate – it can be caressing
The waves can be beautiful on the shore or lake
And the leaves on the trees as they rustle and shake

These four letters can also spell wind
We wind up our clocks – there are so many kinds
We used to have watches with long golden chains
Kept in dear little shops in dear little lanes
The watchmaker sat on a high legged seat
And bids you the time of the day when you meet
These days are forgotten now past and long gone
But the wind is sometimes still or sometimes strong

© Ann Platt 2023

Air

Air is a gaseous mixture
We all need it to keep us alive
Its oxygen, nitrogen mainly
Without it no way we'll survive

It's the medium through which sound waves travel
Through which aircraft and birds operate
By air is the airline description
To expose to the air – ventilate

Air is used to describe someone's manner
Their outward appearance, their bearing
And if one has a superior aura
Then this affectation is waring

In music an air is a melody
Mostly the top part or tune
And to air is to freshen our clothing
And hang out the washing in June

Of other airs there are so many
Like airless, air-wards and air-arm
We hope we won't need an air ambulance
To be called when we've come to some harm

There's air force, airbed and aircushion
Air lock and airman and airmail
But I'll end with the name of a doggie
From my County of Yorkshire – Airdale

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Airs and Graces.

Have you ever gazed towards the stars and thought,
If they are big enough, then there really ought
To be lifeforms of every imaginable sort.
But if you study astronomy
(But not at the expense of gastronomy)
You see there is something of which they are all short
Air, or more correctly, oxygen (that's O₂)
Therefore they have none to spare.
One percent, and sometimes even two,
With methane in abundance, acid to share.
Nitrogen, helium and hydrogen by the ton.
(Obviously visiting would not be much fun.)
Whilst I still remember, in case it slips my mind
I studied the atmospheric subject, to see what I could find.
I have to stay it's all Tom's fault, he is so very kind
And so
I hope I have the air of one who knows more than one world
Shown by my furrowed brow, lovingly furled.
Yet that wisdom will not be secret, now it's aired,
So with the versatility of the word 'air' is now shared.
There is an airbundance of transport through wind and hail,
Aircraft, airship, airlift, airline, aeroplane, the air is thick;
All sending messages, through airwaves or by airmail
Through airstream, carried by an airman, feeling airsick.
But before you drop off for a quiet, peaceful snooze,
Space is definitely somewhere you'll not want to cruise,
Except with a spacesuit,
Filled with lots of
Air

© Dennis Alexander 2023

Christmas Eve

Well the time is nearly upon us – “am I ready” hear me say,
Have I finally got everything sorted for tomorrow, Christmas Day.
I’ve remembered to take the turkey out, checked I’ve got all the veg
A sudden panic about the cheese but it’s okay we’ve got a huge wedge.

I’ve wrapped up and given out the presents, delivered cards by post & hand,
Decorated our little Christmas tree – it really does look rather grand.
I purchased a nice shiny tv magazine, got boxed games ready to play
They’ll keep the grandchildren and us amused through the whole of Boxing Day.

Today I’ll try to be organised, prepare everything I can in advance
Maybe make myself a nice list so I don’t leave it all to chance.
I’ll have to sort out the timings so everything is ready at once,
Though cooking isn’t really my strong point, gladly I’m not a total dunce!

I’m getting excited about my presents, given them a bit of a prod & a poke,
Just remembered I haven’t got any crackers with awful Christmas jokes.
Hopefully the weather will be kind to us, I’d really rather not have snow
Because after I’ve eaten all that lovely food on a nice stroll I’d like to go.

There will be some sadder moments, remembering those no longer here
But people’s happiness at Christmas can always bring me some cheer.
So here’s to getting everything ready, now there’s really only one thing to say,
I hope that you all have the most wonderful, joyous and Merry Christmas Day.

© Rosemary Brown 2019

Christmas (2015)

If I was running Christmas
If I was the proprietor
I'd make sure that it happened
When all the shops were quieter

The trains would not be busy
Well – that would be ideal
And I would have my mincemeat
Without the candied peel

The veg would exclude Brussels sprouts
I prefer the fresh air
But guests could feast on cabbage
I do try to be fair

We'd all do "Secret Santa"
'Cos that saves time and money
Instead of a "White Christmas"
It would be bright and sunny

But one thing I would not change
Right from the very start
Is having my loved ones near me
For that does warm my heart

© Jean Ellis 2015

Christmas (2019)

If you've eaten too much pud
And you're feeling not so good
Hark the Herald Angels sing
Gaviscon is just the thing

If the sprouts have done their worst
And your tum feels fit to burst
Angels from the Realms of Glory
Take a nap or watch "Toy Story"

If you've drunk far too much booze
Several pounds you need to loose
We Three Kings of Orient are
No more leaning 'gainst the bar

Pigs in blankets, what a treat
But before you over eat
Unto us a boy is born
Think how you'll feel in the morn.

Beer and wine can lift you up
Yet beware the wassail cup
Good King Wenceslas looked out
Too much port can cause you gout

If of yule log you've partaken
Here's a tip to save your bacon
See amid the Winter's snow
Walking sure will help, you know

Plates of wonderful mince pies
May be sights for your sore eyes
Once in Royal David's city
Overeating, what a pity

Take it steady Christmas Day
I've one more thing left to say
It came upon the Midnight Clear
All the best for the New Year

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