

Celebration

March 2024

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I listen to the news, every morning at eight.
That's an oxymoron for it is never, ever new.
Our members of parliament simply debate,
About all our problems and what we should do.
Opposite sides, when all that is needed is just one.
Words, opinions, fall like cold winter rain,
Collecting in lakes of useless wishes, never to be done.
The fabric that's our civilisation, only in name.
Uncivilised in hate and choking, bitter shame.
Then, just as the last of my golden cornflakes
Brighten up my depressing day
A sudden burst of sunshine breaks
And takes my gaze away from confining walls.
A blossoming Magnolia, splendid in its blooms
The gloomy curtains of misery dissolve and falls.
A frivolous butterfly of hope skitishly recalls
A brighter future and confidence resumes
For there is a vision, and perhaps fate
Has, amid the wintry thoughts it does dissipate
For another day, another anniversary that I can celebrate.

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CELEBRATIONS

Are these an essential part of our psyche?
To give us all enthusiasm and a sense of joyful anticipation,
Of revels to come with no anarchy.
Used through time from Pagan to Coronation,
Marking the history of Nations and Parliaments.

The Celebrations I prefer are local and or family occasions,
New birth, 1st Birthday and all the others, with super special events,
Such as 18 th , 21 s, t Weddings, Anniversaries, Retirements.

So what is a Celebration? A crowd of friends and loved ones, of all generations,
of huge camaraderie, music fun and
Delicious food, all the favourites, Coronation Chicken, Trifle, Chocolate Cake,
And some lovely drinks tea, coffee, bubbles wine you know not Coca Cola,
And so we m Make another precious memory.

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Lets Celebrate

Here's the day I've waited for
 Shout hip, hip hooray
 Is it the relief of Mafeking
 Perhaps Armistice Day

Has someone traced Lord Lucan
 Has Shergar's body been found
 Has the ozone layer been mended
 Is a first class stamp now a pound

Maybe it's the last day of winter
 Or has someone given up booze
 Is the bridge at Short Ferry now open
 Rocket Ronnie has started to lose

No, I'll tell you the reason I'm smiling
 Why the sun shines down my way
 Why the gloom and the clouds have all lifted
 I'm going on holiday

Reasons to be Cheerful – Part III

New Years Day, the first of May
 King Charles the third's accession
 Four minute mile, Mona Lisa smile
 The Lord Mayor's Show Procession

Lord of the Rings, First day of Spring
 The sight of Buckingham Palace
 Your own reflection, general election
 Now that's a poisoned chalice

Called to the bar, a brand new car
 An England world cup winner
 A Burn's night bash, windfall of cash
 Or just a roast for dinner

An Easter wedding, some bright spring bedding
 News of a baby's birth
 A bag of chips, solar eclipse
 No finer sight on earth

First man on the moon, Tennis in June
 A wedding anniversary
 Some cheese on toast, a brand new post
 Celebrations need not be cursory

Whatever date you celebrate
 The care that you may take
 Let's toast the biz with a glass of fizz
 A cuppa and a slice of cake

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Eight Miles

On walking home after taking early retirement

I'm reflecting on my life, the schools and the *workplaces*
 All those classes, sixteen years of *education*
 All those office days, seventysix hundred by my *count*
 All those arguments, *conversations*, silences, *negotiations*
 All those miles, back and forth, in and *out*
 All those other cars - carrying all those sad *faces*

We've done well, *survived*, though we died a little, every *day*
 A career, so *described*, and one that has run its *course*
 Was it *right* - to spurn that *life* and what it had to *pay*?
 Was it foolish of us? No, we had to come together, to be just one, once *more*

Do you remember the *day* when we finally walked *away*?
 Oh yes, when we handed out pastries, shook hands, bought the rounds,
 Said goodbye, then turned and left them all *behind*
 How would we mark our release, to celebrate our freedom?
 A long walk home should do it, just us, just... *myself*
 How many steps do you think it will take to cast off Marley's *binds*?
 Ten, eleven thousand? *Twelve*?

Thirtyfive years ago, a day in *September*?
 This road had brought us down to this strange *countryside*
 A phantom races past us now, in that timebomb Beetle, *remember*?
 We were so young then, look how we *smiled*
 This road more or less travelled reluctantly, out of necessity, now happily
 So all is lightness and we're well into our *stride*
 These heels have wings; an angel has plucked the stones from our heart
 Something's returning to it, slowly, something like *pride*

With every step the gravity of corporate's mass is *weakened*
 Every step is an act of *de-construction*
 Every step, enacting *re-construction*
 Every step, a *celebration*
 Each one a single clap of a thunderous, eight mile *ovation*
 Feeling tired but everything's fine, the walk is nearing its *end*
 My feet beat out the *acclamation*: Well - done - you, - You - are - *free*
 Now this pilgrim is heading home, one - last - time
 What a glorious day this is turning out to *be*

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