

The sun arose,
The father called,
The moon came out
The eagle soared,
The boat went out,
The chair leg broke,
Jim drank some coke,

Ruby
Robinson.

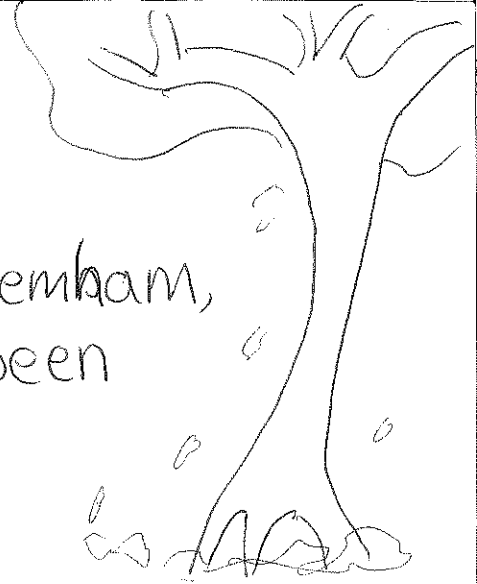
there was an old man
From Peru

Who dreamt he was
slating his shoe
never thought it was nice

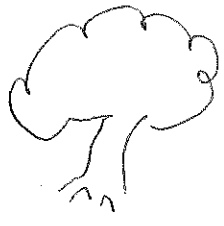
but had to think twice
when his laces appeared
in his poo!

done by Mavach

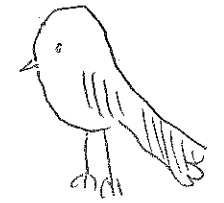
GREAT GLEMHAM



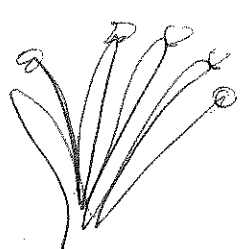
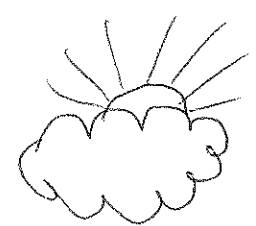
Great Glemham, Great Glemham,
How kind you really have been
To house us, nurture us,
Let us into your scene.



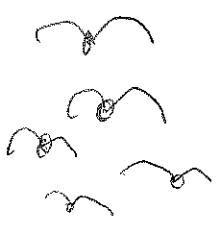
As city dwelling visitors,
We have thoroughly enjoyed our stay,
And fully intend, if possible,
To come back here one day.



But, Great Glemham, Great Glemham,
How hard you are to find!
When the signs were put back after the war,
Were some of yours left behind?



'Great Glemham 1 mile down the road'
The signpost proudly proclaims,
But why the signs stop at the next
cross roads
I'd love you to explain.



Perhaps your unspoiled loveliness,
Is a secret hidden to all but the few?
Well, thank you for sharing yourself with us,
For, Great Glemham, WE LOVE YOU!

written by Charlotte Mackie (charlotte.mackie@btinternet.com)
visiting for a short break with her sister, Suzie Mackie. Nov 2012

Just About Now

Just about now they are stopping my father's heart.
Of late the aortic valve has grown sluggish but all
in all, it's a fine machine, a liquid-full system,

intolerant of blowback, logjam and tides. It's been
running eight decades, systole-diastoling the miles
with its engineered bass-note. Now they are cooling

his body to reduce its oxygen-thirst while they work.
At university he studied the moody strength of materials.
He knows there are reasons why moving objects might

start to fail. On his lecturer's notes he read, upside down:
Argument weak: speak loud. Last night, at the hospital
no one changed their tone by a decibel. They've told him

a heart like that, big and hidden, rumbling in its housing,
will re-start itself afterwards, with a twitch. That's how it was
with him: downing the tea at the service station, swiping

the last of the eggs with the Little Chef toast. Time
to get on, the motorway sliding, as empty as it used to be,
between the heathered shoulders of the fells.

East Wind in West France

Biting

Chafing

Chapping lips

Sharpening the mind

Fuelling the lungs

With its raw energy

Biting

Bracing

Stiffening leaves

Sharpening the light

Splintering the sun

In its icy swathe

Biting

Searing

Spearing towards the ocean

Sharpening the numbness

Blasting winter

A day nearer spring

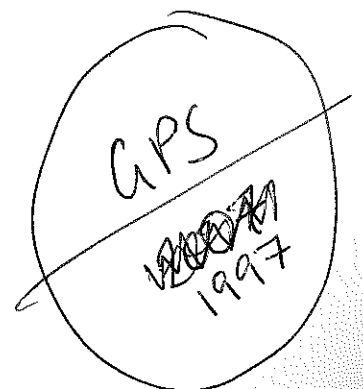
GPS
La Paponne
16 Jan '00

Time

I long for the time
When an hour becomes a day
And a night
And a week

So that
We are not enslaved
By imperatives
Of achievement
Or anxiousness

A place in another time
Where every minute
Is not too precious
For its own good



Café Bar Life

Seated alone

Without obligation

The unearthed conductor

To the free electricity

Of uncertainty

Observing

The movements

Mannerisms and nuances

Of the abstracted throng

Attempting to deduce

The essential

Meaning

Of these random lives

~~GPS
6 Jan '00~~

Evening Rush Hour

Wearisome tread back
In a familiar groove
Following the furrow
Of the brow
Towards a place
Called home

Some linger
To unwind scarves
And slacken ties
In the bars and cafés
Bardening the greyness
Of the crazed streetscape

In the smoky glow
Of the cup-clinking interior
The happy release
Of disengaged chatter
Fills the void
Before the flat

Unhoused husbands
Tot-time in the luxury
Of a magazine
Delaying their return
To the anarchy
Of wife and kids

Through the window
Buses, taxis & cars pass
Charged with riders
On the merry-go-round
Where drudgery merges
into life
Day after night after day

