

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.

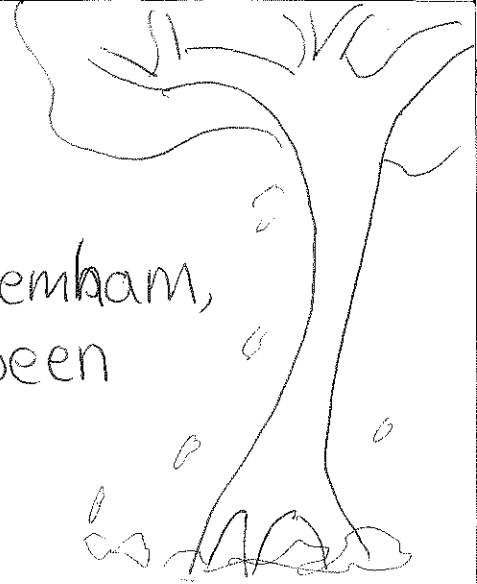
there was an old man  
From Peru

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

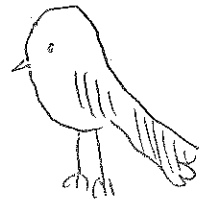
# GREAT GLEMHAM



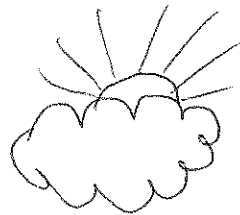
Great Glemham, Great Glemham,  
How kind you really have been  
To house us, nurture us,  
Let us into your scene.



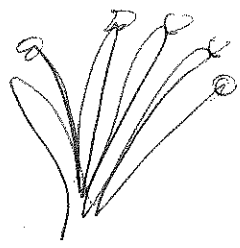
As city dwelling visitors,  
We have thoroughly enjoyed our stay,  
And fully intend, if possible,  
To come back here one day.



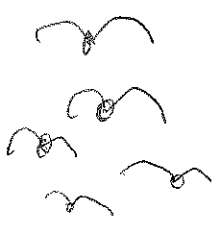
But, Great Glemham, Great Glemham,  
How hard you are to find!  
When the signs were put back after the war,  
Were some of yours left behind?



'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

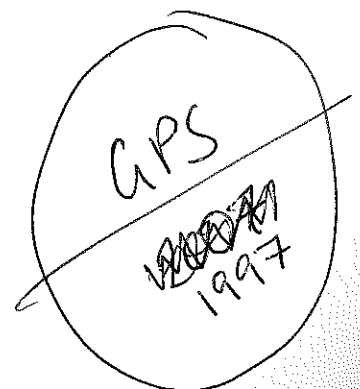
La Paponne  
16 Jan '00

# 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

