

Vi Charlton's Nursery Rhyme for Grown Ups

Mary – Mary, who was rather contrary
 Met Simple Simon who was going to the fair.
 They spotted Dr Foster who said he'd been to
 Gloucester
 And wetted himself while he was there.
 He was looking for Miss Muffet
 Who from arachnophobia suffered.
 But had been rub-a-dubbed
 By three men in a tub...
 So looking as though their meeting had been
 scuppered
 Suddenly appeared on the scene,
 Boy Blue, who had dozed off in a dream.
 "Well" he said, "Don't you scorn,
 Because when I blow up my horn,
 Cows and sheep will be here on this green!"
 Well, hey, diddle, diddle his claim was no fiddle
 For Baa-Baa Black Sheep appeared very soon:
 Plus an athletic cow who'd jumped over the moon
 Being led by Mother Hubbard with a dish and a
 spoon.

"Spring flew swiftly by, and summer came; and if the village had been beautiful at first, it was now in the full glow and luxuriance of its richness. The great trees, which had looked shrunken and bare in the earlier months, had now burst into strong life and health; and stretching forth their green arms over the thirsty ground, converted open and naked spots into choice nooks, where was a deep and pleasant shade from which to look upon the wide prospect, steeped in sunshine, which lay stretched out beyond. The earth had donned her mantle of brightest green; and shed her richest perfumes abroad. It was the prime and vigour of the year; all things were glad and flourishing."

Charles Dickens,
 (Oliver Twist)

"It is not the tree that
 forsakes the flower, but
 the flower that forsakes
 the tree."

Alexandre Dumas
 (The Count of Monte Cristo)

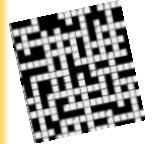
*"I never lose,
 I either win or learn"*
 Nelson Mandela

Forsake me not till | deserve
 Nor hate me not till | offend:
 Destroy me not till that | swerve;
 But since ye know that | intend,
 Forsake me not

Sir Thomas Wyatt

'What to do' – Terry Bickell

I've read so many books
 That my eyes are slowly closing
 I drop the one I'm reading
 On the floor as I am dozing
 A jigsaw I have thought about
 But I'm sure I'll go to pieces
 Trying to find the bits I know are there
 So the idea now decreases
 A word search, they are boring
 A crossword, now you're talking
 If only we could leave the house
 As we both love so much just walking
 But a crossword now I'm into
 Six across is quite a bummer
 Seven letters with a middle D
 I've got it, it's a drummer
 Painting all the gnomes again
 In the garden I could do
 But there are forty seven of the buggers
 All long overdue
 The one thing about this lockdown
 Many jobs are getting done
 And I'm not now staying idle
 My wife's gratitude I've won
 I've polished all the brass work
 Windows I've not done
 But they are on the list to do right now
 As they look appalling in the sun
 But I'm in the place I love to be
 Relaxing in the sun
 With a pint of Guinness in my hand
 Thinking what I could have done.



On TV recently, Gyles Brandreth recited his own humorously topical version of 'The Daffodils' by William Wordsworth... Does anyone want to try updating other familiar poems? Please send them in...



Dream Reality – Robert Drury

From the black hole of some malignant lying feeling,
where practising to achieving turns practising to deceiving.
Are we so defeated by shortcomings and instability?
Propose I to be an open door clean whistle reality being.
There is where I put hope in my step to reach for all I seek to achieve.

The land of dreams is just another place of reality.
The journey of dreaming to a place of free thought incoherence,
where the implausible combines to contrive with some seeming
fallacy.
Meanwhile social coherence claims our space for obedience.

We glide on to ride on the dream world to the free world
but then we have to crash out into the real world.
From our deep sleep world, we know there is a spirit world.
Dim disappointed hopes come to they who fail to grasp it.

Like all good radio receiver listeners, it's time to turn-on and tune-in.
May we learn to tune and retune to find the happy lands of the
positives.

In this world of hurt, there is, still out there, on-air and in the air that,
still small, very definite, but very loving voice, that we can rest in.

I enjoy obeying this my calling to the heavenly visioning.
Surely, I see there is so much more to this my very living.
Piling guileless smiling with some crazy notion joking
calling on your obedience to your own heavenly visioning.
And there, sparking one's heart to touch the wondrous fingers of
God.



A reminder from Lorna Orr of the
enchantment of Herb Gardens

Speak not – whisper not;
Here bloweth thyme and bergamot;
Softly on the evening hour,
Dark-spiked rosemary and myrrh,
Lean-stalked purple lavender;
Hides within her bosom too,
All her sorrows, bitter rue.

Walter de la Mare
From 'The Sunken Garden'



"A garden to walk in and immensity to dream in--what more
could he ask? A few flowers at his feet and above him the
stars."

— Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*

Poem by Edward Lear

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear,
Who has written such volumes of stuff,
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few find him pleasant enough.
His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big;
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig.
He has ears, and two eyes, and ten
fingers,
(Leastways if you reckon two thumbs);
He used to be one of the singers,
But now he is one of the dumbs.
He sits in a beautiful parlour,
With hundreds of books on the wall;
He drinks a great deal of Marsala,
But never gets tipsy at all.
He has many friends, laymen and
clerical,

Old Foss is the name of his cat;
His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.
When he walks in waterproof white,
The children run after him so! Calling
out,
"He's gone out in his night-
Gown, that crazy old Englishman, oh!"
He weeps by the side of the ocean,
He weeps on the top of the hill;
He purchases pancakes and lotion,
And chocolate shrimps from the mill.
He reads, but he does not speak,
Spanish,
He cannot abide ginger beer;
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!

[Have you thought about writing
your own autobiographical
poem?](#)

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you – Nobody – too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! They'd advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – somebody!
How public – like a Frog –
To tell one's name – the livelong June –
To an admiring Bog!
Emily Dickinson

