

'Mobility Scooters' – Terry Bickell

They are a menace to our cities
A menace to our towns
There are thousands of them everywhere
Trying to run us down.

They seem to hunt in packs right now
As they seek out every day
The people they don't even see
Who are getting in their way.

It's not that they are very fast
But lethal? Yes they are
As they take over all the pavements
I think they should be barred.

A mate of mine, he's got one
He's bad enough in his car,
But on his bloody scooter
As a stunt man, he's a star.

He gets confused and muddled
When he sits upon his charge,
He has even driven through his summer house
Which is not small, in fact it's large.

Instead of going backwards
He went forwards at full speed,
Hit the back wall and went through it
You'd have thought he was on weed!

I've been suffering for some time now
With my mobility that's for sure,
So I thought I'd join this Band of Brothers
Get out again once more.

So I got one just last Tuesday,
One that comes apart
So I can put it in our Motorhome,
And I'll tell you from the start

I'll take back all those negatives
As I join the happy throng
Of old biddies on their quad bikes
As with them I now belong.

They are not strictly quad bikes
But they are as near as I can get,
As I meet up with the others
And get shouted at I bet!

Someone saw me on my scooter
Which is, I know quite small
And said, I looked like a pimple on a pigs
behind
But I know, I'll have a ball.

Autumn - Evelyn Hazard

Misty mornings and darker nights
Chillier days, but some quite bright
Long walks through magical woods,
Fallen leaves, crunching underfoot
Under a canopy of burnished trees,
Swaying in the autumn breeze.

The Bibliophile – Deirdre Marculescu

Not mine but yours, those stories on the shelf,
Remnant moments imagined and lived by other selves.
Enlighten views, collections and fragile tensions
Of other times, waiting erectly in silent suspension –
Then - when grasped with sudden expectant pleasure
Curiosity rises beyond all measure,
And through words that slept a hundred years
You fill my eyes with your joys and fears.



This cautionary tale is of Lulu
With a compulsive addiction to Sudoku
Counting squares, one to nine
She just wastes precious time
Ignoring all things she just must do.
Deirdre Marculescu

A quiet young Welsh lass called Sally
Went to visit a big motor rally
But the crowd was so dense
And the noise so intense
She ran all the way back to her valley.
Violet Charlton

Some ladies I know went to forage
Some fruit from an orchard near Norwich
But they made a decision
Not to get owner permission
And now they're banded up doing porridge
Violet Charlton

There was an old lady called Vi
Who decided she'd quite like to fly
So she mounted her broom
And she whissed around the room
Shouting you can do anything if you try!
Violet Charlton

There once was a lady called Jean
Her moves just had to be seen
As she tripped the light fantastic
Her body resembled elastic
On breakdancing, she was incredibly keen.
Evelyn Hazard

*'And by the way,
everything in life
is writable about
if you have the
outgoing guts to
do it, and the
imagination to
improvise. The
worst enemy to
creativity is self-
doubt'.*
Sylvia Plath

WORDSEARCH

Can you find the last names of 12 poets in this grid?
Read forward, backwards or diagonally

K	S	A	M	O	H	T	Y	Q	H	O
N	E	Y	E	L	L	E	H	S	W	B
O	L	A	K	M	K	N	V	E	I	R
S	L	U	T	R	R	N	N	G	U	O
N	J	D	A	S	V	Y	L	A	Q	N
I	Y	E	P	H	N	S	U	T	P	T
K	L	N	X	O	R	O	J	I	L	E
C	A	X	R	W	Z	N	F	M	Y	E
I	F	Y	J	W	K	O	T	R	S	U
D	B	E	L	I	O	T	Y	A	Z	V

*'It's a funny kind of
month, October –
for the really keen
cricket fan it's when
you discover that
your wife left you in
May.'*
*Denis Norden
Comedy Scriptwriter*

Septuagenarian Cynicism – Deirdre Marculescu

Who's in charge nowadays, do you know?
Steve's got a title and so has Joe
Who takes final responsibility?
That the mystery of modern impenetrability...

When authority came as Mr This or even Miss That,
We had a target to point our aim at,
Now with a Steve or a Mary Beth -
To find the boss's desk - that's a hopeless quest!

And after years of commercial deflection
In quasi guise of customer satisfaction,
Penetration of this Freudian movement
Has gained the reins of power, and our government.

In the name of the team, keep deflecting all blame,
Captains with power who forget shame!
Fall on a sword, why do that?
Anything goes to keep a ministerial flat!

So in dystopia we now reside
After Integrity, closed his eyes, and died...
And his place, imposes superficial Equality
Masking reality and ignoring social poverty.

Who is in charge – wouldn't 'you' like to know?
We question but can't stop the flow...
We lost the moment when 'the buck stopped here',
When Humility got replaced, with a sneer.

'Snowflake' – Terry Bickell

They'd been ignoring me a bit of late
So I thought I'd do a bunk
Not far from here, just up the road
Where there lives this Tabby hunk

I knew they'd all get worried
When I didn't come back home
But it doesn't hurt just now and then
To get out and have a roam

Messages on Facebook
Frantic phone calls too, I bet
But I'd only gone a little while
And my mind was really set

I'd have a flirt with Tabby
Then take a mooch around
Creep back home looking tired and hungry
Making that pitiful help me sound

More messages on Facebook
As I walked back through the door
Your hero has returned once more
Back from her Magical Mystery Tour

*'Some
people feel
the rain.
Others
just get
wet'
Bob Dylan*



Contact email for submission of poems etc.
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CHALLENGE CORNER

Poets have been mysteriously silent on the subject of Cheese. Virgil, if I remember right, refers to it several times, but with too much Roman restraint. He does not let himself go on cheese. Except Virgil and the anonymous rhymers of "If all the trees were bread and cheese," I can recall no verse about cheese. Yet it has every quality which we require in exalted poetry. It is a short, strong word, and it rhymes to "breeze" and "seas." Cheese has also variety, the very soul of song.

G K Chesterton

Can you write a 'Cheesy' poem for the next issue?

Dream Journey – Violet Charlton

Where shall I go in my dreams tonight,
Shall I travel alone or with you?
Where I go, will it be a lonely place,
It might be more fun if there's two.

Shall I go by shanks pony
Or by really fast means?
Shall I wear a posh dress
Or my shabby old jeans?

Do I need to take water
Or a sandwich or three?
Should I take any money
Or will my dream needs be free?

There's lots to configure
I have to plan well –
I want the arrangements
I make to all gel.

Shall I go to Never-Never Land
Or maybe Shangri-La?
I won't go to Wonderland
That's a journey too far!

I'll not go to Lilliput
But Over the Rainbow I might like to be,
I must put my red shoes on, in case
To Oz a wizard might invite me.

I can't swim, so Atlantis is out of the question,
But Narnia could prove to be fun
As long as I don't have to sleep in the wardrobe,
I can't – 'cos I haven't got one!

Well, it's taken ages this dream plan to write
I've been working hard at it, all through the night,
And now it's morning – Crumbs it's twenty past eight!
So my dream journey I guess will just have to wait.

*'If you tell a
novelist, "Life's
not like that",
he has to do
something about
it. The poet
simply replies,
"No, but I
am" ...'*

Philip Larkin

Answers to the Wordsearch

Keats, Tennyson, Auden, Lear, Thomas, Armitage, Shelley, Byron,
Eliot, Owen, Dickinson, Bronte

If you don't know their poetry, why not look them up?

