

Twelve River RIPPLES

Members' Poems



The Hurl Room

When visitors came,
she shut the door on the room
where she put things,
things she'd 'deal with one day'.

Broken china - 'I'll mend it',
old clothes for quilts,
old vests for dusters,
'waste not want not'
always her mantra.

Royal hatched, matched, dispatched
souvenir magazines stacked,
their future value certain.

Jam made each autumn,
jars labelled, ranged, shelved,
year on year, building a wall.

At last a filing cabinet,
an attempt to organise,
stuffed with possibility.

scribbles of unrelated thought
scrawled on paper scraps.

Projects remain unfinished,
decisions never quite made.

Door closed on chaos,
the front maintained
when visitors came.

Rosie Irish

Members' Poems cont.

Change

There is tremor in the urban
that rattles the mortar
between the bricks of the patriarchs
whilst in the rustle of tumbleweeds
the word is out as an embryo
in streets where the gutters
have crusted from drought
and the bellies rumble from hunger
where the boys measure loose rubble
dry as tinder ready to flint and
the weathervane that stood rusted
is aching for change
on the breath of an intake
when a pin drops
crystal over the din of the everyday
in a street where somebody somewhere
lights the fuse to a bottle
in the deep roar of night
as sirens start to wail and tyres
screech echo between high-rise and
the stench of crumbling divides.

Jacques Groen

A Country Winter

Beech and oak leaves crowd the ground
blanket the earth
protecting worms beneath damp soil
waiting.

Waiting, snow and rain crowd the clouds
cleansing the sky on descent
softening and swelling the land
feeding.

Nightfall feeds and crowds the air
beckons us to draw within
find early rest, taste our dreams
hoping.

A spark of hope stirs the horizon
grows and strengthens each day
until light crowds out the darkness.
Being.

Being.

Kaaren Whitney

For a Ripple of Laughter

Quark

by Jon Mecham

There is a word for everything,
every single thing,
animate or inanimate,
everything has a name,
even the littlest,
minutest,
most infinitesimal,
microscopic particle
has a name.
Somebody, somewhere
managed to come up with
a word that describes
something
that is smaller than the smallest atom,
tinier than the tiniest proton,
more imperceptible than the most
imperceptible neutron,
more miniscule than
the most miniscule electron
ever recorded,
a million times smaller than
the smallest grain of sand.
Someone, in a lab somewhere,
or Mr. Joyce,
or a physicist named Gell-Mann,
introducing a flavoursome
up or down type,
or a lexicologist
known to his pals as Lex,
living in the Oxford dictionary,
or his best mate in the adjacent office,
the etymologist, nicknamed Hetty,
a master of linguistics,
or a gull's call
in a book of British birds,
or waterfowl or raptors,
perchers or waders,
stuffed or unstuffed,
decided that
as there is a word for everything,
and everything has a name,
that word would be...