

Twelve River RIPPLES

Members' Poems



A Winter's Day (in reverse)

An igloo with an arched entrance
just right for a three-year-old
to crouch down
be queen of the castle.

Coming down three flights of stairs
from the top floor apartment
she goes one step at a time
holds the bannister as well.

She struggles with her snowsuit
leggings and coat and hat
three pieces hand-sewn
from her father's Great Coat.

She eats breakfast
boiled egg, three soldiers
for dipping, a glass of milk:
has to be finished before going out.

Waking without the sun but small white flakes
filtering the bedroom light
can only mean something special – a
snowman
or an angel or an igloo for sure.

Kaaren Whitney

Members' Poems cont.

Twelfth Night

A hint of sadness overtakes me
As I gently remove bauble and bangle.
The end of a special time
As I unhook each sparkle and spangle.
"God doesn't say this time is special and that time isn't special."
I paraphrase my own little son's wisdom here.
So why a hint of sadness?
The expectancy of Love –
Love is abundant
Love is manifest, blazing white and gold
Love is wrapped with ribbon
Love steeps every morsel so delicious
Love sings through every note
Love burns the wick to the smouldering....
Until the Twelfth Night
When the candles are snuffed.
Now Love works in the dark.
But look! Today's light is longer than yesterday's....

Lynne Nesbit

Members' Poems cont.

If This Were Summer

If this were summer, there'd be Constable's fields of corn
Ears all attentive, hearing larks way up above
Golden, glowing, glistening
Instead silent seeds hiding, as a hand hidden in a glove

If this were summer, this Green Lane would be verdant
Firm to feet's footing, striding across the sward
Winding, wandering, wending
Not clinging clay squelching, as a suckling, whining ward

If this were summer, that old oak would be ostentatious
Munificently minding, a haven to behold
Sheltering, shielding, showboating
Meanwhile exposing barren bones, shivering in the cold

If this were summer, the village view would be a vista
Gardeners gardening, children on the swings
Blossoming, bewitching, breathing
Now hunkered down in a gloom, feared of what fate brings

If this were summer, Covid would be constrained
Gathered gleeful groups, raising a glass and a smile
Touching, teaching, togetherring
So Summer will surely come again, we might just have to wait.

Hugh Lake

For a Ripple of Laughter

Fear of Chins

I learnt a new word today,
geniophobia.

It means, an unreasonable fear of chins -

such as the stubbled jaw of Beano's Desperate Dan,
or the cream-stuffed obese wobbles of that famous female cook,
the receding weakness of a wimp,
deep cleft juts of tyrants harsh below the grin,
simpering pretty dimpled ones of shallow beauty queens,
those embarrassing collection points for adolescent spots,
even worse the after-shaved and patter smooth of salesmen,
and jam-daubed chins of toddlers.

I feel myself drawn to look at chins,
study their structure.

People think I'm shifty, avoiding their eyes.

Angela Pickering