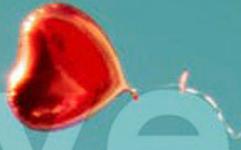


# Twelve River RIPPLES



## Members' Poems



### Thesaurus in A-Z Form

Rich, ruby tipple, a sparkling wine,  
potion for lovers,  
something divine.

Pearly white blossoms, petals unfurl,  
ribbons and roses  
crinkle and curl.

Ripple and spiral, meander and bend,  
curlicue, coil,  
with a twirl at the end.

The pen has more might, I am told, than the sword  
so my story unfolds  
from an endless word hoard.

With Roget's Thesaurus, you choose for yourself,  
find your own hidden treasure  
from infinite wealth.

Do not ask me more detail, invent it yourself:  
a tale of your own  
from the words on the shelf.

Nonsense, absurdity, balderdash, drivel:  
easy to rhyme  
when the words are just swivelled.

Softly the music on balmy air floats,  
sonatas and sonnets,  
harmonious notes.

My tale has no ending, it comes from above,  
a mystery birthed  
in the language of love.

Romantic, for two, on a bright, starry night,  
sailing away  
in a sloop, painted white.

*Julia Duke*

## Members' Poems cont.

### Love-Locks on the Stour

If romance could be tipped out on to scales,  
Sudbury's love would barely weigh a kilo.  
Twelve padlocks on the bridge at Ballingdon –  
a million on the Pont des Arts in Paris,  
where couples, to proclaim their love unique  
and everlasting, scratched their names  
on 'love-locks', clipped them to the rails,  
and threw the keys into the Seine.

All this loved-up *quincaillerie*  
peaked at forty tonnes.  
A stack of padlocks, stuck like barnacles,  
collapsed, and so the powers-that-be  
hacked them all free, and proposed instead  
that lovers simply pose for *un selfie*.  
But - too late - the fashion spread  
to Venice and New York - and Sudbury.

Of course, a century may elapse  
before the bridge over the Stour  
gives way under the weight of Suffolk love  
and Babergh has to close the 131.

And Sudbury's sweethearts might admit  
their passion, pooled, lacks gravity,  
but point to the demographic deficit,  
and dearth of hardware stores,  
and add that, anyway, their love outweighs  
the earth, the universe, and more.  
But the dozen rust-encrusted locks,  
divorced from the thrill of ritual  
and skewered on the railing  
like the nuggets of a half-eaten kebab,  
are a paint-smudge on this view  
once gazed upon by Gainsborough.

*Sara Impey*

## Members' Poems cont.

### Hindsight

Had I known you were going  
I would have given you messages  
of love taking the shape of a walk  
around the guardian pond of our youth  
through the seasons of our growth:

red crinkled-leaf time of unknowing  
the long iced separation of winter  
the spring green of re-birthing  
the open heartedness of summer  
only discovered in our elder years.

Not knowing you were going  
I did the dishes, worked on cases  
worried about overflowing gutters  
and whether mice would invade  
my house while I was away.

Had I known you were going  
I would have invested time  
conjuring a spell to have you close  
to help heal those hidden wounds  
unknown even to you.

Had I known you were going  
I would have moved mountains of lethargy  
ordered my accumulated chaos  
and dispersed all my worldly treasures  
so I could blissfully go with you.

*Kaaren Whitney*

### Valentino Rejectus

his irony  
like smiling on his face  
his blindness  
fumbling in a well-lit room,  
his crookedness  
stumbling down a straight lane,  
his deafness  
hearing a hiss not harmony  
his madness  
loving one sane  
his jester's grin  
the mask that hides the pain.

*Col Farrell*

# For a Ripple of Laughter

## Pizza

Look at her,  
yes,  
yes, look at her through that small window,  
that beautiful pizza,  
which is warming up in our oven  
gas mark 8,  
thinking her beauty – massaging appetite  
and fine-tuning saliva glands – is like  
a sculptured work of art,  
for the eyes only,  
doesn't know  
that the wet teeth  
she sees us smile with –  
in anticipation –  
possess lethal gnash,  
thinks her beauty is her looks  
and she feels safe.  
Let's not tell her differently.  
See how she flaunts  
that salami ooze  
in her cheeky, cheesy melt,  
the browning ridges of the crust;  
oh yes, you sexy dresser.  
Look at the glistening  
of tomato,  
criss-cross of rocket salad,  
olives,  
the sprinkled anchovies –  
swimming 'round in juices –  
asparagus  
playing dolphin,  
and dotted spices,  
herbs.  
She dreams her innocent joyfulness  
whilst a sharp rotund blade  
bides in the wings:  
her executioner.  
*Yum.*

*Jacques Groen*