

Twelve River RIPPLES

Members' Poems



Words are no use

When people are dying
Tears may not help
When mothers are crying
Truth not a weapon
When liars are lying
Home not a haven
For those occupying
Nightmares needless
By those horrifying
Excuses hollow
From those justifying
Do they truly believe?
Or just self-denying?
What they proclaim
Not worth dignifying
What's in their minds?
Quite mystifying
How much the cost?
Who's quantifying?
The things that we feel
Just mortifying
The pain that it leaves
Pure stupefying
No pathos enough
For pacifying
Aid insufficient
But we are all trying
Words are no use
When people are dying

Hugh Lake

Members' Poems cont.

The Best and Worst of Mankind

Bombs bullets babies scream
in basements of blood
where a mother holds
her child in close coat cocoon
Pet dog silent with terror
A family in car, possessions piled
No day trip as raven shots
announce their eulogy

The shop assistant gives
her last slice of bread
to the old man stumbling
through rubble searching
for the photo of his late wife
A family of six are welcomed
into the hairdresser's home
The kindness of foreign tongue
in a steaming bowl of soup

Creeds and colours unite
as the world sends supplies
and hope in truckloads
Candle flame penetrates darkness
The human spirit soars
A field of sunflowers lift
their heads towards the night sky
and a distant dawn breaks

Sarah Caddick

Members' Poems cont.

The Potato Eaters

In caricature,
a routine of harvest or famine
illuminated in oil.
The lamp is a bag of nails
throwing shadows across the room.

Wizened faces that followed rooks and crows
and gnarled hands that sunk in the icy low of winter earth
but refused to drown,
now serve and receive
a meagre portion from the field
and a warming brew.

There are no more questions,
just acceptance,
obedience,
survival
and tomorrow.

Jon Mecham

Inspired by *The Potato Eaters* by Vincent van Gogh

For a Ripple of Laughter

Give us a Clue

The four-down clue (6-6)
was *Slight defect* .
Synonyms for *slight*
could be *trivial, little, or minor*.
It must be *little*, or so I thought.
Great! That's at least a start.
I moved on next to *defect* -
Perhaps *blemish, fault, or weakness*,
But none had just six letters.
Sod it! I'll have to think again.

A clue across suggested V
for the second word's first letter.
Then an S for the third, so
Little visits seemed to work,
but was unlikely, surely.
Then an N for the final letter.
Little-vision would fit
But that meant nothing and
certainly not with a hyphen.

I threw down my pen in frustration
and awaited the solution next day.
Tunnel vision was their answer.
I shrieked and looked back at the clue.
Clean sighted, I focused fiercely
And read it again - 'kin hell!
Four-down - *Sight defect* (6-6)

Simon Haines