

Twelve River RIPPLES

Members' Poems



As in Hope and Culpability

terror-shredding hope
deflates in liquid graveyard
icy calm restores
as
in breakers' flotsam
augur shells, whelks, lament sea sounds
wash Dover Straight tears
as
D-day-beach cast off
flames old military shames
brings alluvial layers
as
Dover cliff crimsons
Whitehall subterfuge whitewash
prattles, blames, pardons
as
hail of deterrent
as razor wired saviour
glees schadenfreude
as in Britain stands proud.

Jacques Groen

Members' Poems cont.

Passport

Growing fainter with the years
nation stamps mark the pages;
unfurling pictures in my mind,
I pass frontiers unimpeded
with the turning of each leaf.

Airport queues and border guards,
the dreaded middle-middle seat,
snorer to my left, talker to my right;
cabin crew who see my plight
ply me with free wine.

In the Rockies, we hike on summer snow;
take a winter swim in Mexico;
laze on a beach, watch children jumping waves.
New York heat ripples along the streets,
sends us to a bar for beer and air conditioning.

Crowds in Florence, vineyards in Provence,
temples in Tulum, museums in Madrid;
I am a tourist, a traveller without borders,
my passport in my hand.

Rosie Irish

Members' Poems cont.

Sheila Lockhart sent in her response to Simon Black's Favourite Poem of 10 April

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

You were never there

I read somewhere
it came to you at dawn

in June

you'd been up all night
working on *New Hampshire*
scribbled it in minutes
like MacCaig and his 'one fag' poems

four sweet quatrains
in tetrameter
with rhyme chains

but there never were any snowy woods
no easy wind
no little horse shaking his harness bells
no promises to keep

just a summer morning in Vermont
birdsong in the shrubbery
smell of coffee from the kitchen

yet even now

I step into that cold silence
when I hear someone recite
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
on the radio as I drive
at night in heavy snow
through a forest in Minnesota
looking for blurred neon lights
where someone waits in a diner
for me to keep a promise

and I really don't care

if you never drove that little horse
on the darkest evening of the year
and never stopped
between the woods and frozen lake

because I'm there

(After Robert Frost)

Sheila Lockhart

For a Ripple of Laughter

Procrastination

Would that I could I probably wouldn't
Could that I would I possibly shouldn't
Shouldn't I? Couldn't I? Probably would
Possibly could? Possibly shouldn't
Would I? Should I! Probably could
Should I? Could I? Would I? Possibly?

Or probably not.

Hugh Lake