

Twelve River RIPPLES

Members' Poems



Himalayan Birch

My white lady reaches her slender arms
skyward
sways with the May-fresh breeze
she has shed her catkin tassels
and over winter
her blanched skin has peeled itself
in tempting scrolls
of ancient paper
to leave her pale, lithe body
free

she invites

she whispers

*Write
write me a poem.*

Elizabeth Soule

Members' Poems cont.

Green

Through winter's wait I am content
to watch a stand of silver birches
boast its crimson cloud of candy floss.
I wander in a dell of ancient trees,
all ghostly green, their branches lichened,
peer through misty sunlight,
filtering through skeletal trees
and view the bracken's strange autumnal glow,
lighting up the hills.

I have seen them all this spring,
so many shades of green,
have counted out each one:
lovely lime and lusty lemon, leaves bright
like mustard, or sagely green.
Bursting, blooming, sap now rising,
gentle giants stretch and yawn,
spreading flamboyant branches wide
to lay abundance at my feet.

Brilliant, lustrous, luminescent
blackthorn branches bold against a dazzling sky,
stark with pure white blossom.
Later, comes May's namesake: hawthorn,
heralds hope with the tiniest green buds;
later still the showers of petals,
borne on the breeze,
snow in spring.

High on the hilltops dark green firs,
stirring from their winter vigil,
flex their limbs, all tipped with green.
Deep in the forest the graceful larch,
fashioned like a Christmas tree,
bears new, bright growth on all her branches.
But the chestnuts, somewhat late, in spring
bear Christmas candles, white or pink,
set high upon their stately boughs
so thick with leaves, awash with green,
so tall, serene.

I waited long for green.

Julia Duke

Members' Poems cont.

Through flowers

You may not remember those first roses, snow white
You called them truth and I laughed
Told you they came from a neighbour's front garden
Freshly picked in the early hours of that
Blessed Sunday morning of a quiet summer heat
And you smiled a shared naughtiness.
I gave you white roses for some time
You let me closer with red roses, didn't think I noticed
Then freesias made you dizzy with scent
Suddenly colours did not matter
It all spoke to you better than I ever could
Filled the silence in my mouth with two hearts.
On days like this I wonder where the time went
How many petals make a grave
What colour would the sky be if they were to fly to
heaven
Would the sun shine through their memories.
I garden now
But then you probably know that.

Jacques Groen

For a Ripple of Laughter

The Queen's Gnome

There never is!

There is too! I know for a fact he didn't make it up

He did work experience in Her Majesty's gardens

His mum wrote to the Queen

That were a bit of a liberty!

But it worked!

Are you sayin' Her Majesty has a garden gnome?

A Scottish Gnome with a kilt and bagpipes!

In a rockery that has lots of Scottish heathers

Like a mini highland landscape? Did he take a picture?

It were not allowed

So how come you know about it?

This Royal Garden Gnome?

Well it were clandestine

You know some big words

They called me 'College' on the Lowestoft Line.

'College' were your nickname on the railways?

Yeah! 'cos I had an O level from school

So what's this 'on-the-quiet' thing then?

Well he knocked the gnome over with his spade

– broke the bagpipes and sporran clean off!

Off of the actual Queen's Gnome?

The very same – so he smuggled it out overnight

I bet the papers would be interested.

Nah! It were years ago

I did my best with my model plane glue

Maybe Prince Charles has got one too?

What a Gnome?

I wouldn't put it past him.

With or without bagpipes do you recon?

Caroline Gay Way