

Twelve River RIPPLES

Bagatelle



Here are some lovely blessings for you!

Blessings

May the pockets of my life be emptied
May the heart of my pockets be full
May the wild grass grow in the verge
May shadows be long and dappled on stone
and the poppy heads bend and flow
May the weeds grow strong in pavement cracks
and the walls be smooth and curved
May there be rivers with tides
and arched bridges from me to you
A horizon where clouds meet fields
and hills to roll down as logs
And may the laughter of children be here.

Kathleen Wenaden

Autumn Blessings

May your Harvest be bountiful
the scales evenly balanced
the good deeds and the jobs undone
a life lived to the full.

May that which you created
sustain you through bare times
and that which you lack
be consigned to future dreams.

May you walk gently with yourself
savouring each footstep
giving back to the earth
equal to what you receive.

Kaaren Whitney

Thanks to Kathleen and Kaaren for their quite beautiful blessings. To finish Bagatelle for this issue, here's a poem from our very own Gordon Hoyle which I think is very relevant given recent events.

Simon Black

Bagatelle cont.

The Development

Poverty's an open prison.

Poverty's a crowded open prison.

Poverty's the largest most crowded open prison.

Poverty's the world's largest most crowded open prison.

Poverty's the world's largest most crowded most secure open prison.

Poverty's the world's largest most crowded with solitary most secure open prison.

Poverty's the world's largest most crowded with solitary long-sentence most secure open prison.

Poverty's the world's largest most crowded with solitary long-sentence most secure open prison with blind warders.

Poverty's the world's largest most crowded with solitary long-sentence most secure open prison with blind and deaf warders.

Gordon Hoyles