

Twelve River RIPPLES

Bagatelle



The 'Angry Ghost Competition', at Cuppa in Felixstowe, on Saturday, 8th October, at 7.30

For those not acquainted with Cuppa in Felixstowe, you really must pay it a visit sometime. For me, it is more than a café – it's a hangout, a safe space, a place of eclecticism and acceptance. It is here where my wife Mai Black decided to have the culmination of her angry ghost competition.

Competitions are never very easy, but this particular one presented quite a few challenges. The main one was that the quality of all the poems submitted was very high. Not that this was a surprise – many poets that we know had sent in their own Angry Ghost poem. However, decisions were made, and when the time came Cuppa was filled with

poets and poetry enthusiasts, so much so that the event was a sell-out.

The evening started with some of Mai's own angry ghosts – skilfully acted by an energetic cast – Steve Roche, Virginia Betts, Monika Pavlikova, Sarah Nicolson, Catherine (Cat) Weldon, David Olson, and Laura Locke.

There was also an 'Angry Ghost' competition that tested everyone's historical knowledge (or their ability to skim through the *Thirty Angry Ghosts* book). Then we moved on to the competition itself. The results of the competition were as follows:

Winners

- 1st – *Will Kemp* by Fiona Clarke
- 2nd – *Raedwald's Crew* by Katie Simpson
- 3rd – *Charles Darwin* by Jon Platten

Highly Commended

- Robert The Bruce* by Sharon Hulm
- Salieri* by Hemant Doshi
- Van Gogh* by Carol Ferguson
- Rene Descartes* by Dayle Olson
- Benjamin Franklin* by Adrian Frost

Carol Ferguson, Dayle Olson, Jon Platten and Adrian Frost all performed their poems, whilst 'Raedwald's Crew' was performed by Allan Scott.

I'll leave you with the winning poem, 'Will Kempe' by Fiona Clark, which was performed by Steve Roche.



Simon Black

Bagatelle cont.

Will Kempe

Who summons me from my eternal rest?
Will Kempe's the name; my aged bones are cold;
I spent my life in merry jigs and jests,
But customs alter and my jokes grew old.

Why am I here, if you've not conjured me?
Suppose YOU didn't raise me from the dead-
I'll wager 'twas Will Shakespeare's devilry-
That OTHER Will: though that's not what he said-

Listen – he wasn't always famous. No!
They thronged to theatres chiefly to see ME,
They gaped to watch the great comedian grow
In fame (and girth!) and see my Dogberry.

They came to see my Bottom, when all's done-
My jig with feisty heart and feet like feathers!
The theatre's all about a bit of fun-
They came for laughter- cheered me in all weathers!

You see, he did me down, that other Will-
I spoke for him, in anger, when they sneered,
Those educated men, who snigger still-
"A country lad, an upstart crow", they jeered.

But Will got mean – "No more extempore!
You'll play my Falstaff, sticking to the script!"
(Best role I'd ever played, I have to say-
That boist'rous pudding-bellied hypocrite!)

In time, it rankled that I wasn't free-
"Will, stuff your scripting where the sun don't shine!"
"I know thee not, old man," at last, says he.
Turns heel on me and all that once was mine.

So, off I went and danced my nine days jig,
From London town to Norwich in the East.
For Shakespeare and his works, gave not a fig.
The roaring crowds, they filled my lusty breast.

Kempe's Nine Days Wonder was so quickly done,
That faithless Shakespeare never thought of me-
I died at last, from want of food, alone-
In Bread Street. Now THAT was an irony.

Fiona Clark

For all the winners and other information about Angry Ghosts, click here:
suffolkwritersgroup.com/2022/09/15/angry-ghost-poetry-competition-results/