

Twelve River RIPPLES

Bagatelle



Here's a lovely poem that I thought I'd include in Bagatelle – I think you'll agree that the author definitely does not 'conform to acquired conceit'!

By way of introduction

Consider I am of a different elite
as maybe you'll tell by the way that I speak
and do not conform to acquired conceit

and know little of the ways of deceit.
Before you dismiss me as simple freak
consider I am of a different elite

and will not and need not concede defeat
as owning a fearless stubborn streak
and do not conform to acquired conceit

I won't doff my cap should we ever meet.
Though maybe as not the sort that you seek
consider I am of a different elite.

At work in my corner, I do not compete
accepting I'm one of the powerless and weak
and do not conform to acquired conceit.

'tis tedious that here I'm bound to repeat
before you dismiss me as simple freak
consider I am of a different elite
and do not conform to acquired conceit.

Gordon Hoyles

Bagatelle cont.

Here's a haiku for Advent:

The leaves are golden
The low sun shines through the chill
Thoughts turn to spiced wine

Here's a haiku which is kind of Advent(ish), inspired
by a recent visit to the Shambles in York:

Narrow cobbled street
The cosiness of old bricks
Spells of childhood dreams

To end Bagatelle, here's my advent wish:

My wish for you is that
Your advent's filled with love
This time of looking inward
Is warming like a glove!

Simon Black