

Twelve River RIPPLES

Members' Poems



Hut Work

*a longsloot, a sun-dog on the wingshoulder
of a cloud, two lanterns to keep us lit,
a float of dutch voices - ooker? a sound like
ochre or hook?- then a thud of a gust and us
twelve selves at a trestle, in a hut, a stove,
a moon up*

a heavy sea heavier than us
we hear sea can it hear us sea is cold we're cold
are we the same cold?

A sky that is more of it than sea
a sky that can hold daylight a full moon and a sun-dog
while sea holds one gull.

A hut with its babble of wordsounds,
a careful pencilling in and soft rubbing together
till nightcold and moon

poke in with that bluish dark of coming rain
and loopholes of wind and small poems, small openwork miracles
blent with salt.

Lizzi Thistlethwayte

longsloot/long ditch/swale

sun-dog/parhelion

Members' Poems cont.

Topical Tanka

Gale force winds blast us,
bringing bitter, ice-cold air,
horizontal snow
all the way from Russia's plains.
Cold enough yet to shelter?

Huddled in a bag,
padded out with newspaper,
hidden in doorways,
our forgotten homeless find
ever-present misery.

The streets are empty,
stars alone silent witness
to human anguish.
Little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see men lying.

Down below zero,
the homeless hold their breath, poised
on the edge of help,
waiting to qualify for
shelter we take for granted.

How many days now
till governments intervene,
licensing rescue?
How low the temperature
before inhuman hearts melt?

Julia Duke

Members' Poems cont.

We Talked

We talked ... as men do
Opinionated
Opinionative
Of sports
With shallow views
Held sincere
Inarticulately
With beer foamed lips
And the spits
Of indignance
Didactic dogmatists
Vulgarisms whispered
(Not for the ladies!)
Guffaws
Glasses raised
Spilt
Slopped
Wasted words
Who mentioned Nietzsche?
Recondite recollections
Reflective ramblings
Not of love
Never of love
Another round
Another round
Another round
Then home
Somehow
To meet the morning
With no memory
Except
For he who listened!

Hugh Lake

(with apologies to Emily Dickinson's erudite girls)

For a Ripple of Laughter

I so want to be politically correct that

I hate hate
and defy bigotry.
I'm biased against bias
and even hostile to hostility.
I'm so intolerant of intolerance
and fail to be impartial to partiality.
I'm stubbornly prejudiced against prejudice
and absolutely and dogmatically against dogmatism.
I discriminate against discrimination on the grounds of
race, gender, sexual orientation, religion, disability ... have I missed something?
But ... I have to admit that sometimes I let my NIMBY petticoat show beneath my
principles

Fran Reader