

Twelve River RIPPLES

Members' Poems



Sanctuary

The room was small
but clean,
they sat on the bed,
it was like a dream.
It was quiet,
no sobbing
no sighs,
no screams,
no cries.
Outside the world
passed by,
just carrying on with life
no bombs,
no strife,
no bullets,
no hiding,
no terror.
A new room
in a new home,
a new land,
Sanctuary.

Trish Rissen

Members' Poems cont.

On the Cusp

On the cusp of day
when Nature unshutters her eyelids
uncluttered by thinking

On the cusp of cold
when, in second childhood's perambulator,
the knees are rugged up now

On the cusp of danger
when a blind-bended walk
hides sunset headlights

On the cusp of hunger
when an extra slice would be nice
forgetful of elsewhere's starvation

On the cusp of dread
when not knowing where the axe will fall
renders one paralysed

On the cusp of courage
when the responsibility of choice
becomes the axe

On the cusp of desperation
when last resorts could come first
like praying

On the cusp of joy
when the turn of a smile
opens the door to recognition

On the cusp of the moon
when knowing waxing and waning
heralds the time to act

On the cusp of night
when letting go in the dark
allows all things to be equal

On the cusp of the year
when emerging from winter's womb
moves a merging into radiance

Lynne Nesbit

For a Ripple of Laughter

Christmas Away

'Let's do something different this year.'
the genius declared,
'I've found a place in Cornwall
that ten of us can share.'
'That's 350 miles each way.' I groaned
trying to sound upbeat.
'Of course we have to include the cost
of the supermarket sweep.'
'And all the prezzies we buy ourselves
that no one ever keeps.'
'Thank you darling,' my wife declares each year,
'have you kept the receipt?'
As we're driving all that way
we know this Christmas will be white
so we'll have to rely on Bodmin tractors
to pull us out at night
from our melancholy drifts
we'll be a sorry sight.

Finally, our arrival, only one day late
and the train travellers, feeling sorry for us,
offer us a plate of yesterday's scraps
to remind us of the date.
The kitchen is awash with relatives
now it's Christmas Day
and sous-chefs by the score
all getting in the way.
My job is sommelier, a fine and noble art
and with tea towel folded over arm
I try to look the part.
Uncorking, pouring, wandering about,
I keep a low profile as they delegate the sprouts.
And me, grumpy? Never! This is my jolly face,
since we finally got here I really like this place.
Now everyone, including me, is full of Christmas cheer,
and later on, over a drink or three
we'll talk and plan next year.

Jon Mecham

For a Ripple of Laughter

Christina Sestina

She came from the north where reindeer roam
where furs are de rigueur all year;
she came to the south in search of love,
in search of a love that would warm her heart.
She brought her guitar, a Gibson classic,
and a handful of songs designed to enchant.

Never doubting her silvery skill to enchant
she'd find a good man disinclined to roam;
a man from the south who would lose his heart,
swoon to her music, both modern and classic,
surrender his freedom for at least a year,
or until she's quite sated with his love.

She brought too her band, all smitten with love,
who'd tried each in turn in vain to enchant
Christina Sestina's icicle heart.
But this tale of thwarted love is a classic
example of folks who think if they roam
they'll find love, but don't, though they take all year.

Now onto the scene comes cool Cab Goodyear
as cold as Christina and careless with love.
He shrugs off the songs she was sure would enchant
and, without even asking, takes her Gibson classic
and begins with cunning fingers to roam
over all of the frets of her frozen heart.

All the flats and the sharps of her northern heart
are played by the expert, cool Cab Goodyear,
until finally thawing with something like love,
where all else had failed to begin to enchant,
the girl from the north where the reindeer roam,
melts to the sound of her own Gibson classic.

Her band was bewildered and one said: "That's classic!
How come Cab Goodyear can melt that cold heart
when he makes no effort to woo or enchant?
I remember the day and the month and the year
when she laughed at my ardent offers of love.
Then she made me her roadie where the reindeer roam."

Yes, she came from the north where those reindeer roam,
Christina Sestina, who had never known love,
'til a cool man from the south broke her icicle heart.

Col Farrell