

Poetry pages

Our resident poets have picked up their pens again to reflect on aspects of their lives that have something to say to us all.

We hope you enjoy their work and, perhaps, get inspired to try your own hand, maybe as a result of the reflections suggested by Jo. We'll publish as much as we can of everything you care to offer. Editor

Mother

Our mother came from humble stock
 She could cook well, could sew and even
 smock,
 Clothes for her children, which were her
 true delight,
 Even when she had me, Mollie, who gave
 her a surprise and delight,
 The others were much older, you could
 understand her dismay,
 But she overcame things, we were not long
 in disarray.

Rather we grew stronger as a family should
 be,
 Our times together were full of happiness
 and glee,
 Especially when Bob returned fit from the
 war,
 We all attended All Saints' Church to give
 thanks
 Love and kindness were ever on Mum's
 mind
 It was from her example we would all bind.

On her St Valentine's birthday we would all
 meet
 In order to spoil her and we'd all want to
 greet
 Her with her favourite mauve flowers galore
 Thus we knew she would appreciate and
 adore
 When young her hair was the colour of corn
 Her eyes remained clear blue and her skin
 silky like when born
 "Fairy" was her nickname because of how
 she was all round.

Dad always admired how she could
 abound
 In being the perfect hostess when anyone
 came calling

Even in the war years when rations were
 appalling
 She could still rustle up tempting meals –
 Rook Pie was a favourite which still appeals.
 To have her knowledge and also her knack
 In a few minutes she could provide a tasty
 snack.

She abounded in love for each of us all
 Until sickness strickened her, we soon
 realised this was no ball.
 Before long "Our Queen" and lifeline at
 home was gone.
 We no longer listened to her favourite song.
 "We'll Gather Lilacs" she loved to hear
 Even now, when its played I can shed a
 tear.
 But she is now receiving peace and a well-
 earned rest
 And in my heart she will always remain as
 being the very best.

Mollie Day

The Ballad of Gascoyne Way

I changed my job, I changed direction,
 Now I head West, it's an education.
 So I drive through Hertford every day,
 Enjoying the delights of Gascoyne Way.

It must be great, it's so very popular
 With each car, bus and lorry driver
 They come this way from miles around
 To pass on through our lovely town.

For the wonder of the A414
 Is that there is no other route to tour:
 Should you need to travel Hatfield way
 It's going to take you half the day.

The road looks wide, it should meet your
 need
 Of moving at a decent speed,
 But red tail lights shine, hey, what the heck,
 Why this great long bottleneck?

It seems that when they built "The Way"
 They forgot the bridge for the railway,
 So traffic driving in two lanes,
 Will soon encounter serious pains.

All Saints Church is one of the views
To ponder as we sit in queues,
And on the way back I know when I see it
I should be home within ten minutes.
(If I ever get round the corner)

To add to drivers' great frustration,
Some lanes have strict delineation
You can't use both lanes to go straight on
So traffic lines get very long.

Needless to say, there's always sections
Of the motoring public who ignore
directions
So this can lead to confrontations
With people dealt such aggravations.

With County Hall just up the hill
And the new Police station closer still,
You might imagine it would all get sorted
So we could safely be transported

But still the road remains the same
The Shire of Hertford's constant shame
And now I see why every day
There's many a curse on Gascoyne Way

D Loveridge

The promise of spring

A solitary mauve pansy emerges from the
coverlet of snow
To see it gives the promise of spring and all
seems to glow.
At present the trees are naked and bare
But to see various birds in their coloured
plumage makes one stare
At their playful antics and beauty in full
array,
Quite wonderful when they wish to linger
and stay.

The garden will soon come out of its wintery
gloom
The dark days will be forgotten once many
flowers are in bloom.
People too respond to tender love and
care
They may long for improvements and even
to dare
To seek new hopes and treasure lots and
lots

Going forward blissfully filling many
memorable slots.

Good to look for betterments in one's life
Let us believe these hopes are filled with
little strife
And as one ages, so there is a wonderful
flow
Of promises and wishes that could just
flourish and grow.

Mollie Day

Great British Fish and Chip Supper – Friday 15th May

Want to do something different? Want to
raise money where you live or work? Want
to eat Fish and Chips, while raising money
for charity?



Hold a fish and chip supper
on Friday 15th May 2009
whilst raising awareness of
spinal cord injury and
supporting SIA's
information and support services. You can
hold a fish and chip supper in your own
home, at work or hold a larger supper at
your local community centre.

In 2009 SIA will celebrate its 35th Anniversary
and Friday 15th May 2009 is Spinal Cord
Injury awareness day - what better way to
mark it than eating Fish and Chips and
raising money for SIA.

SIA will provide a fundraising pack
containing hints and tips, recipes, invitations
and donation envelopes. By inviting 7
friends and asking them to donate an
additional £5.00 means you will raise at
least £35.00 from your supper but we will
also give you additional fundraising ideas
to raise even more money for SIA.

Every year in the UK over 1,000 people
experience a spinal cord injury and there
are an estimated 40,000 spinal cord injured
people in the UK alone. For more
information or request a fundraising pack
call Elizabeth Wright on 0845 678 6633 xtn
229 or email fishandchips@spinal.co.uk or
visit www.spinal.co.uk