POMMY POEMS (uncrafted verse from a former resident of Youlgrave - otherwise known as ‘Pommy’).

GOING WITHOUT: A TRIBUTE

Not eating Mother?

Not one of these sugar butties?

Not some of this bread and dripping

We are feasting on?

No, it’s alright

I’m not hungry.

A lie, we all know

There is no more.

The breadwinner must eat

School uniforms

Cost a pretty penny.

We munch on

We play our part

Our turn will come.

Only later will we know

For certain sure

That we were in the presence of

A mistress of the unselfish.

TWITCH WARS

You can never get rid of it

No matter how hard you try

Bloody Twitch!

Well, what do you do? I asked

Keep digging it up

It’s the only way.

So my father fought the enemy

With all his might

In twitch wars.

Whenever he made a garden

There were other demons

Socialists who didn’t pull their weight

Not much you could do about that either

Except stick to your guns

And hold true to your views

When the chance came.

Dad was a good player

A vital contributor to the chequered pattern

Of life.

“Riddled with it”

Is something he would have understood

But we didn’t tell him.

What he hoped

I am sure

Is that we would carry on the fight

Even though the fields

Were far far away.

He was right.

Bloody Cape Weed!

Just go away.

RETURN OF THE EX-NATIVE

How could I do it?

Yet I did

I left behind my beloved hills.

If I had truly believed

I would have stayed.

Back to visit I note the resentful hillsides

No longer mine

Turning their backs on me

Unearthing feelings of old guilt

Making me a trespasser in my own land.

THE NUT BOND

Such a boy was I, wandering far,

To gather mushrooms, berries and nuts

Especially hazel nuts.

I paid the price

In teeth.

The cracker that I was.

Although in a distant land

There are hazels in the garden here

And little hands pull down branches

To grasp the brown clusters

And unite the past and present

In nutting.

LITTLE NUTTERS

I am not a bit surprised

That my Grandchildren

Have all turned out to be

Raving nutters

Give them half a chance

And they will gather anything

That’s going

Especially nuts.

MOOR LANE

We all enjoyed that steep little lane

Climbing up above the village

It was the gateway to so much happiness.

To the views of distant places

And to the thrill of sledging

On its icy surface.

We never gave a thought

To where the ‘Moor’ had gone

To what might have been

To what in our freedom days

Would have been

An extra pleasure

Down below - Getting on and Getting God

Were the things the grown ups said

We ought to care about.

But we had Moor Lane

Which had much more to offer

And perhaps, one day

Even the Moor will return.

RETURN OF THE POMMY

It’s like time travel

Impossible

Doesn’t work

Too many tears

Too large a gap

In space, time and familiarity,

Attempts are made

To bridge the gap

But it’s out of your reach

You have not forgotten

But time has moved on.

Just be glad that

That at least you

Have those memories

And hope someone will understand

The deep and irreversible loss.

HIGH PLAINS MEMORIES

In the days when we were young

And innocent of

The world’s wicked ways

We sought the solace of

The High Plains

Fleeting were those moments

Of pure exaltation

But something lives on

Not just in the mind’s eye

Of memory.

But in the urge to tell the story

So that others may

One day

Have their own memories

Of that earthly heaven.

COLLATERAL DAMAGE

Channels deepened

Wetlands gone

Winds farmed

Forests trashed

Waste dumped

Streets bombed

……………….

……………….

Add yours

To the growing list

Of “collateral damage”

From applying

Our globally shared religion

Of endless growth.

NEWTS

Where are you now?

You vibrant creatures

So full of colour and life.

This – the mere

Was your world

Deep, dark and mysterious.

How could something as beautiful as you

Not live for ever?

The days once seemed all

But they turned into years.

Are you still there?

Newts of my youth

Do others still marvel

And pass on?

COMING HOME

The hardest and best thing

Is coming home

The old people have gone

If only we could bring them back

But we cannot.

Something more important

Remains

But first we must see it.

See that wise and friendly wood

Those bold cliffs

See that still singing stream

That cool cave

See the heron flying by

Your good companions all.

This is your home

If you know it

You are back.

QUANDARY OF THE LITTLE STICKLEBACK

Little Stickleback watch your back

Or you will find yourself

In the jar

Of a questing child.

Stickleback get under that rock

Before it’s too late

And the jar becomes

Your festering fate.

Stickleback watch your back

Or better still, move on

To other waters

If they’ll let you in.

LAND LOVE 1

In a cleft between moorland banks

A small stream embraces the smooth brown stones

With the hugs of waterfalls

And the stillness of deep pools.

Finally, I know where my love is

I hold you passionately

And can never let you go.

LAND LOVE 2

Slowly building up

An intimate relationship

Eventually turns to ardour.

Scraggly limestone valleys

Faintly hued moorlands

How could I not be aroused.

 It is not that you are hiding your charms

My fair ladies

It all takes time

But eventually the familiar places

Demand action.

THE HUMAN HERD AT THE CROSSROADS

We have reached the crossroads

On our way to the abattoir.

Our drovers,

The robber barons of our age,

Know which road to take.

Only a few in our herd have an inkling

That something is not right.

Don.t worry,

‘You’ll be all right’

calls out one of the drovers,

As he cracks his whip.

The few say ‘let us take the other road’.

What is decided.

Will be

The ultimate test of our civilisation.

Which road are you taking?