

Pelsall Poets

The Kitchen Maid

Sitting
In the corner
Knife poised o'er the turnip
To endure the monotony
Of life

The Kitchen Maid (2)

Pensive
Dreaming of love
Forgetting about food
Forgetting all surrounding gloom
For him

Hazel Saddler

The Scream

I scream
Passers by don't
Her me, unseeing, not
Knowing, not caring, problems of
Their won

Joy and Sorrow

Today
I may feel joy
I may hear blackbirds sing
I may scent honeysuckle on
The breeze

Today
I may know pain
I may see children cry
The black cloud of depression falls
On me.

Joan Shuttleworth

Uni

Mature students
They think we know it all,
but, like Ann says, we're all....scared
Inside

Huddling on the stairs
Time repeating
Continuing
Lock the door they may come back
The lock's broken

Nothing changes
Today it's over, they left again
Move now before they change their minds

Wait, you haven't packed. There's nothing
Clean
Hell. Do you care? Just go.

Depression is the state you're in.
Really? I thought it was Michigan.
Turn the page, life may start again.
It can't if I didn't throw a six.
Just do it!

Kath Dobson

Sudden Death

Angry
Bitter
Cold Gravestone
Damp earth covering
Empty house
Flowers with no meaning
Gaping grave
Hymns echoing
Icy silence
Jumbled thoughts
Knowledge of failures
Lost hopes
Memories to cherish
Never to return
Over-used words
Prayers to whom?
Questions unanswered
Relatives unheard of
Silence haunting
Tears overflowing
Useless life
Voiceless
Warmth gone
Exit too quick
Youth lost
Zenith attained?

Rosemary Thursfield

After a nervous demonstration
Gift Box (1)

Cut a straight line
With shaking hands
No vacancy on 'Blue Peter'
Thank God!

A darker view
Gift Box (2)

Driving
Steering a true line.
With sober hands.
No swerving from the route now.

Thank God!

Drinking
Cross the white line.
With shaking hands.
No vacancy in the morgue niw.

My God!

Waiting.
Meet the 'blue line'.
With bloodstained hands.
No vacancy in the cell now.

Oh God!

Weeping.
Greet a black line.
With trembling hands.
No vacancy in the box now.

With God!

Ruth Burns

Christmas Rush

Quick – Rush
No time to think
Crowds pushing – blank faces
Purses empty – cash tills filling
Meaning Gone

Youth Lost

Young days gone – youth lost
Bones ache – hair greying – youth lost
Old ideas – news world
Can't change – won't change – fighting change
Want to love again – find youth

Mother's Dilemma

Here I am – at your disposal
Wash – Iron – Clean - Dust – a non-person
Who am I?
Break out – break free – be myself again
What is myself?

Rosemary Thursfield

Passion –

How it drives us
Gives us reason to live
Prompting, urging, inspiring us
To be

Dare you
Venture beyond
The bounds that society
Has decided we should live by –
Go On!

The Scream

I really hate 'The Scream'
It doesn't mean a thing to me.
Why do others find it moves the?
A mouth expressing misery.

Glenys Price