

From Pad To Verse

A Potpourri Of Poems

by
Pat Taylor

About The Author

The Authoress, born in Bristol ó now living in Staffordshire, describes herself as a cross between Pam Eyres and Spike Milligan (poetry ówise, not in looks!)

Like Pam, Pat started work at 16 in the Civil Service, but in more recent years has become a Teaching Assistant.

Pat has two 6 foot sons and a loving husband.

She intends staying young forever and growing old disgracefully.

In her own words "Stay young, occasionally act your shoe size and live for today!"

Dedication

This book is dedicated to my Husband, Geoff,
my sons, Robert and Matthew
and all those who encouraged
me to write it.

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Shooting Star

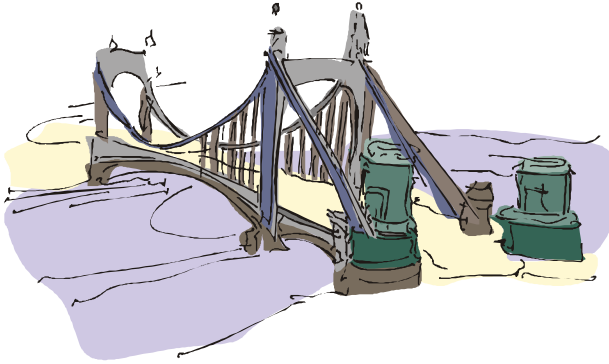
Tonight I saw a shooting star
It took me by surprise
A brighter light I've never seen
Blazed across the skies

It triggered off so many thoughts
Some happy, some are sad
I remembered the stars that had gone before me
My Mum, my Sister, my Dad

Then I had another thought as I watched
This celestial gem
Did the Three Wise Men see a similar star
Long ago in Bethlehem?



Bristol City



Born and bred in Bristol,
Many years ago
Home of the Suspension Bridge
O - R, O - R, O - No'

Brunels ship ó òGreat Britainö
Now lies there in òstateö
Must go back and visit soon
O - R, O - R, can't wait'

I sometimes miss the Clifton Downs,
The Cabot Tower too
Temple Meads and old Hotwells
O - R, O - R, The Zoo!



The Park Street shops and old Broadmead
Where you spend your money
The Bristol accent all around
O - R, O - R, so funny!

I think about the Portway,
And the daft things I have done
Helmet-less, pillion all the way
O - R, O - R, A TON'

Memories of Vassall Park
Where my young sons used to play
Almost every road a land mark
O - R, O - R, O - A!

I wrote this poem during a very boring Maths inset day, in our Christmas break from school. Needless to say, I wasn't looking forward to going back!

Back To School Tomorrow

Back to school tomorrow
I really don't want to go
Tell them I'm sick
Or I'm stuck in some terrible snow,

Back to school tomorrow
I've been at home having such fun
There are still tons of chocolate
And Sudoku to be done

Back to school tomorrow
Forget all the English and Maths
I've had lots of very nice presents
And I want to have candlelit baths

Back to school tomorrow
I don't want to clear up the lunch
I've still got lots of lovely mince pies
And a pan full of mulled wine punch

Back to school tomorrow
Send some other poor creature
Oh well! I'd better go
Or Class 3 won't have a teacher

Remotes

Where have you put remote control?
Is the nightly cry
I don't know - You had it last
Is always my reply

There's one for the DVD,
Video and telly
When Geoff falls asleep,
there is one on his belly

Every time the phone rings ,
It really is a hoot
I can never remember which
Button to press for mute

The thing I hate about them
Is the dreadful channel hopping
One minute I'm in Emmerdale,
The next I'm bargain shopping

We've just had a new addition
A set top box, all shiny
Guess what you need to
Switch it on It's got buttons and it's tiny

Now four different remote controls
Constantly grace our table
I would use one for programming
If only I was able



Smoking

Smoking is disgusting, and not very funny,
It cuts down your life span and takes all your money

Your clothes smell like ashtrays, your house smells the same
Give up the habit - it's just a mugs game

When others have sore throats - you have tonsillitis
Instead of a soft cough - you get bronchitis

You get nicotined fingers and smelly breath
You are just sentencing yourself to an early DEATH

The Government want to ban it in public places and clubs
I'll be very happy when they ban it in the pubs

My smoking these days is passive
But the threat to my life still massive



Our Summer Break(Down)

"Come on everybody, jump into the car,
we've got to get petrol or we won't be going far"

"Did we turn that tap off and turn out all the lights?
Are we going over that Suspension Bridge? - you know I'm
afraid of heights!"

We've packed bikinis, sandals and flip-flops,
raincoats, wellies and warm woolly tops

All eventualities covered as regards to the weather,
coats of cotton, fleece and leather

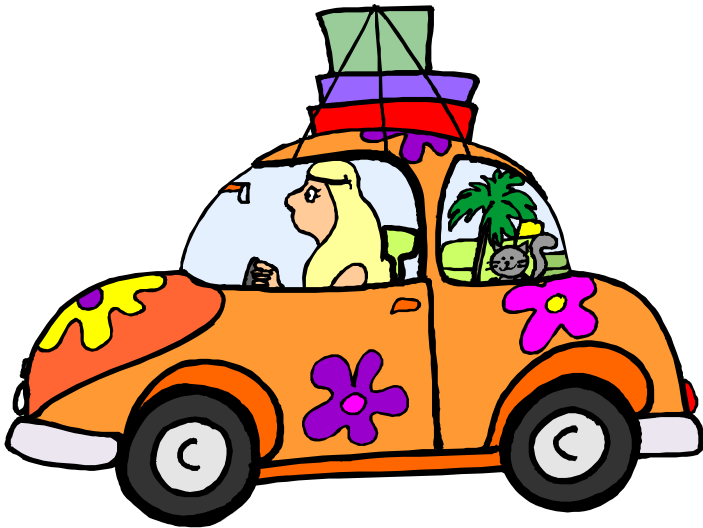
Halfway down the motor way we join a traffic queue,
little ones are fast asleep, Mother needs the loo

We park up in the Services and buy ourselves a drink,
"That's the last time we go in there - a flask, next time, I think"

A few miles on the kids wake up and I think it's an even bet,
the first thing they'll say, in their sweet little way ... is "Are
we nearly there yet?"

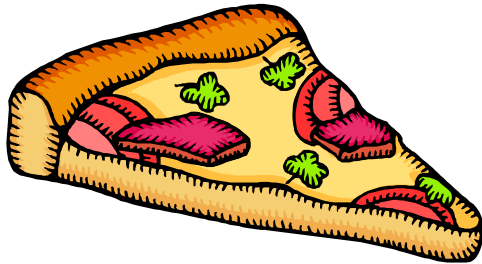
At last we park by caravan and play the un-packing game,
we've forgotten to pack the tin-opener, and guess who gets the
blame?

"A cup of tea is what we need" says Dad as his head he
scratches,
"I'd make you one - if I'd only brought the matches"



Work Is A FOUR Letter Word

WORK is a four letter word,
Or so my Mother-in-law says
If you put something down I know it's absurd
But that is where it stays
Cleaning materials are not a must,
You can have a good look but don't write in my DUST



Why COOK when you can go out and buy
A Pizza, Balti, Chinese or Thai
When I IRON it's always with a frown
For your clothes only crease again when you sit down
Cups, plates and saucers you don't have to WASH
-Til they're stacked to the ceiling and starting to squash

Apart from these pitiful grouses,
I take heart from my favourite fridge magnet
øDULL WOMEN HAVE IMMACULATE HOUSESø

To My Good Friend Rita who left work at 38 to have her first baby

An Ode To Reet

This ere's an ode to my old friend "Reet"
Who now is so big that she can't see her feet
When I heard she was pregnant, I fell in a faint
She's kidding, she can't be she isn't she 'aint
Now whilst you're waiting to feel that there pain
Remember your life just won't be the same
Please make the most of your 3 months of rest
Just make preparations for that most welcome guest
Will it be an Adrian, William or Harry
Or Lyndsey or Claire or Helen or Marie

GOOD LUCK AND GOOD HEALTH, and whatever you do
Don't let that little bundle get the better of you



Bird Spotting



Living in the countryside, you see every kind of bird
Heron, Nuthatch and Cuckoo - not seen - but often heard

Out in the fields the Lapwings arrive year after year
The song of the thrush - so distinct, and oh so very clear

In winter, groups of Long-tailed Tits flit from tree to tree
Extremely active pink, black and white calling òSee-See-Seeö

Some people salute the Magpie, I think it is a pest
Especially when I see it robbing my Blackbirds nest

At the end of Spring, the warm winds bring some birds to nest
and breed



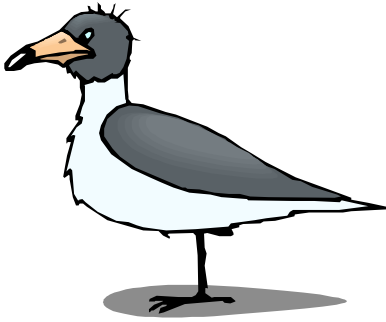
House Martins, Swifts and Swallows - mud for their nests they need

A wonderful sight is a bird on the prowl
None so wondrous as the ghostly Barn Owl

Kestrels, Kites and Sparrowhawks hover and manoeuvre
Cleaning roads and fields like a countryside Hoover

A Jay is just a colourful crow
But the first time I saw one in my hedgerow

I thought a parrot had escaped from its home
A very large cage - probably chrome



The seaside offers different sights
Oystercatchers and Puffins, such
delights

Gulls, Terns and Cormorants to
name but a few
Not forgetting the old Curlew

The Kingfisher is my favourite of all, and really makes me
shiver
When I see one dive and come up with a fish whilst walking my
dog by the river

A metallic blue flash and a sharp, shrill call
Bright chestnut underparts -the KING OF THEM ALL



R.J.'S First Bike (Xmas 85')

The bike was bought for Christmas and leant against the wall
"Come on" "get on it" "learn to ride" "We'll catch you if you fall"

Gingerly he tried it, up and down the drive
Trying hard to balance it, slowly he did strive

"He'll never ride that stupid bike - not in a million Years"
"He's far too busy looking round than overcoming His fears"

Then arrived that fateful day - we took him to "The yard"
I pushed him, and then off he went, pedalling very hard

A lump came up into my throat, a tear came to my eye
My little boy grows up some more, and time keeps passing by



The Darts Match

Every Wednesday I go out with the "lads" to play darts
We play, we win, we lose, we laugh, then everyone departs

They aim for the bull but the dart goes wild
A cry goes up "You fatherless child"

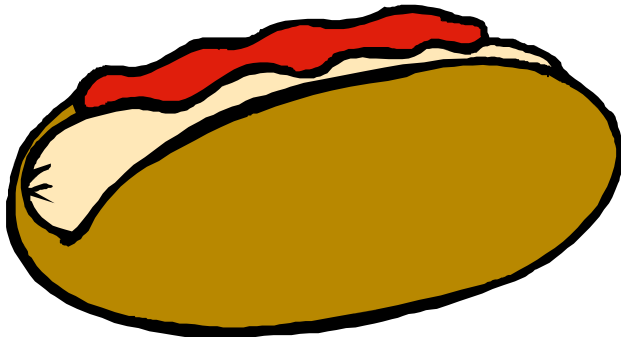
"Good arras", "Unlucky" are heard from the crowd
And "Miss it you toe rag" (but never out loud)

The singles are played, the score is three all
With 3 lots of doubles, it's still a close call

One hundred and eighties go into the book
They start on the doubles, it's now time to cook

Hot dogs and chips come out on a tray
Some pubs treat us to a brilliant array

When we've all filled our faces (and pockets as well)
It's time for the handshakes, then race back like hell.



Weather

God never seems to get it right, when it comes to our glorious weather

You are either sweating your socks off: or your fences you have to tether

Children love it when it snows, they really think it's cool
Especially when they hear the news "YOU'VE GOT THE DAY OFF SCHOOL"

They go sledging on their Mums' tin trays or anything that's slippy
6 hours later they come home - cold and tired and drippy

Fog is hypnotising, and bad for your lungs and chest
But grounding planes at Christmas time really is a pest

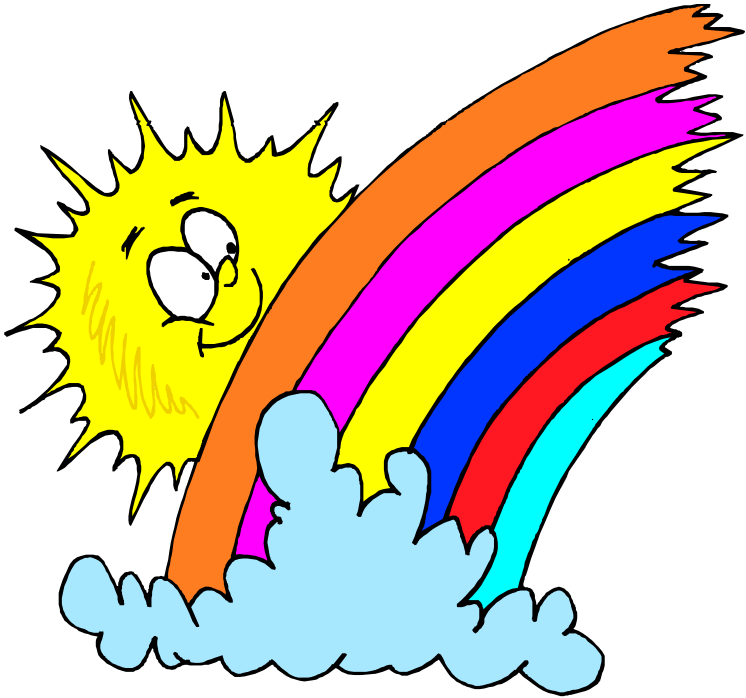
From country lanes to motorways visibility goes to nil
Some drivers slow down, others don't, and I guess they never will

Ozone layers diminish, we submit to global warming
But what the hell- sun is out, and to the seaside we go
Swarming

Smothered in Factor 40 and wearing obligatory hat
We sit on the beach and picnic and talk of this and that

Now the funniest weather we suffer is the terrible, terrible, rain
We either don't get quite enough, or so much it doesn't drain

But when the rain is over, there is one thing we all know
If the sun starts to shine, all will be fine when we see the
fantastic RAINBOW



Why Me?

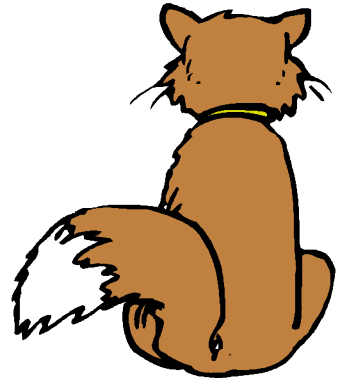
Why oh why is it always me
Who fills container up with tea
Puts the sugar in the bowl
Refurbishes the toilet roll

Muddy boots I scrape and swill
Hairy spiders have to kill
Coffee beans I stand and grind
Bury the mouse that the cat left behind

I pick up toys and the odd school hat
Put out the lights and kick out the cat
Pick the bath towels off the floor
Apples have to peel and core

I weed the block paving and garden as well
Family rows I have to quell
I answer the phone and also the door
Electric and gas bills, and what is more

Phone bill, milk bill, Council Tax
I even fill those charity sacks
My husband helps out when he can
But he can't multi-task cos' he's a man



View from A Choir Loft



You've a very good view from a choir loft
It's surprising how much you can see
The children, the adults, the clergy
Can be criticised quite scathingly.

The children are obvious favourites.
With all their mischievous quirks,
The pushing, the shoving and crying
And their wonderful devilish smirks.

Weddings and Communions are a favourite of mine
With all of the trappings they bring,
The big hats, the outfits, the Mother-in-Law
The Best Man who's holding the ring.

Eight people are ushered into a pew
Where usually there are four,
The suits get all crushed - the buttonholes too
And the babies are put on the floor.

We've seen brides that look a picture,
And some of the bridegrooms too,
Bridesmaids who have smashed a picture
And giggled the whole way through.

But if bored, we play - "Spot the Relation"
To see if the hair or looks match,
If they are wearing a labelled" creation
Or the men have a family bald patch.

There's a trend these days
For the men to wear kilts -
But we would NEVER tease
We just stare very hard -
And give marks out of ten for their knees.

Mind you, going back a few years
The cameras were focussed on us,
We were chosen for Morning Worship
But we didn't make much of a fuss.

We just put on double the make-up
Our best clothes were given a press.
The choir loft had double its take-up
And we gave it our all- more - or - less.

I digress - What of everyday matters?
What happens when things sometimes go wrong?
With the musical agenda in tatters
And the numbers just don't match the song?

We try to get Father Pat's attention
With eye contact - second to none
If that fails - it is done with hand signals
Do you remember - Ted Rogers 3-2-1?

If my witterings have given you yearnings
For a view from the loft or higher
Then just turn up on Thursday
AND JOIN OUR ALL SEEING CHOIR.



Our Staffordshire village is twinned with one in Germany of a similar size that is surrounded by forests and farmland.

'Song For Europe' was written for an exchange visit. It caused many laughs and helped to pass the time on the long journey there by coach.

While at our twin village much wine tasting and sight seeing occurred but we all enjoyed every minute.



Song For Europe (1986)
(To the tune of Lili Marlene)

We're heading down to Dover, don't intend to stop
Not for tea or roadworks, or great big traffic cop
Over to Deutschland we will go
Sun or rain - hail or snow
We are the twinning party - we are the ruddy shower

On our way through France - we're stopping off at Lille
Just time for a brush-up - then our evening meal
Into the lounge we all shall go
To drink all the beer and the French Pernod
We are the twinning party - we are the ruddy shower

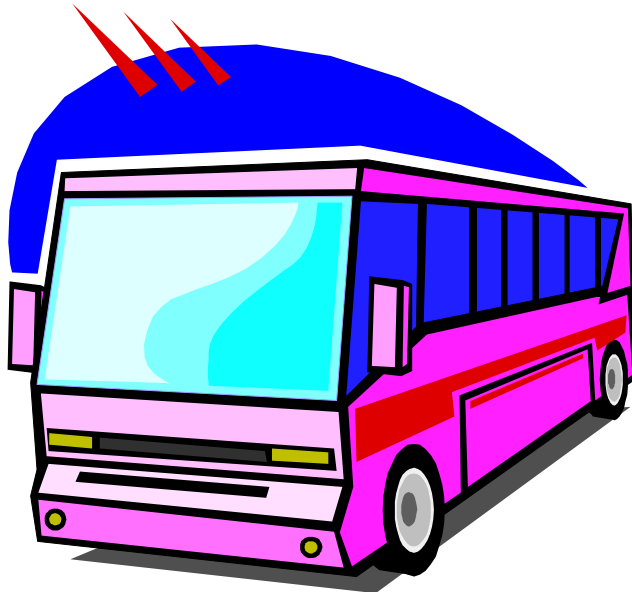
We're going down the autobahn 40 miles per hour
We are the twinning party - we are the flipping shower
We can't change up and we can't change down
The gear box is in - but it's upside down
We are the twinning party - we are the ruddy shower

Now we're on our way again making all our plans
Wonder what it's like to stay with Klaus or Fritz or Hans
We've just polished off our "duty frees"
Driver can we stop for the toilets please?
We are the twinning party - we are the ruddy shower

The coach pulls in at Rimbach - opens up it's doors
Down the steps come Cartwrights - Hobbs and Copes and
Bloors

They all go home with their hosts for tea
Then it's Danke - Bitte - Entschuldigen Sie
We are the twinning party - we are the ruddy shower

During our stay in Rimbach, we're going to sample wine
Visit lakes and forests and have a jolly time
Then we'll all say good bye and shed a tear
Promise to meet again next year
We are the twinning party - we are the ruddy shower



Artificial or real? Every year, the Christmas tree dilemma. I'm sure many divorces begin at the Forestry Commission.

A Choosing of the Christmas Tree



I live quite near to Cannock Chase
And every year I see
The annual family pilgrimage
To buy the Christmas tree

Husbands, wives and children
All arrive in force
After several firs, a pine and spruce
I sense a quick divorce

Trees are held at arms length to
Check for width and height
"Hurry up", "My arms are tired"
"Are we going to be here all night?"



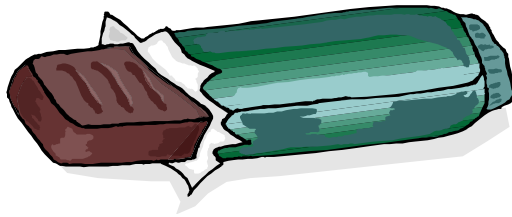
After choosing the perfect evergreen
It now has to fit in the car
Mum has to sit in the back seat
With the window slightly ajar

That's not the end of the story
For once the tree's up in a tub
It's much too high, the kids all cry
And Dad goes off to the pub!



A good time waster for long, boring, journeys in the car.
Alphabetical chocolate bars. It also works with male names,
female names, places, towns cities or countries. Go on ó give it
a try next time you're in a car on a long journey.

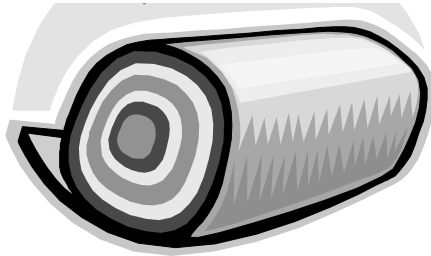
The Chocoholics Alphabet



Aero, Bounty, Crunchie, are favourite bars of mine

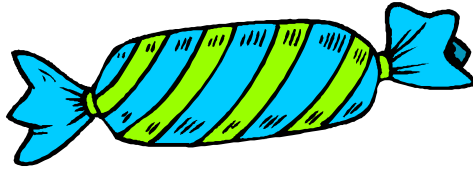
Dime, Eclairs, and giant Flake are scrumptious and divine

Galaxy, Hershey bars, Irresistible truffles, I consider a great
treat



Jam-filled choc rolls, Kit-kat, Lion bars, delicious, toothsome,
Sweet

Munchies, Nougat, Orange creams, utter, delightful bliss



Picnic, Quality Street, Rolo - heaven must be like this!

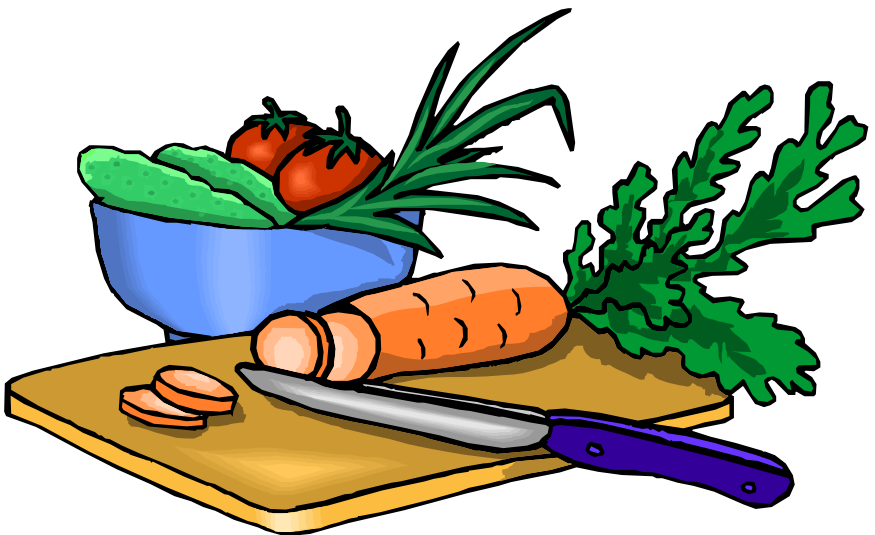
Smarties, Treetts and Umbugs? (O.K. it's my poem right !)

Violet creams, Walnut Whips, ecstasy in every bite

X - rated is what chocolate ought to be

Yo - yos and Zoo bars yum heavenly

New Years resolution - It's the Salad bar for me !!!!!!!!!!!



My Dog Jason

My black Labrador called Jason

Eats dogfood from a basin

Visitors he will greet

Then pee on their feet

Then back to his basket does hasten!



Stormy Night



It's 1.33 in the morning.
Can't sleep, and that just isn't me.
What's the phenomena
That's Causing my insomnia
It's the weather again - don't you see!

It's blowing a gale
There's rain and there's hail!

I'm worried about fences, - aerials, -tiles,
My big empty wheely bin, it could have blown MILES!

And what about our silver birch waving in the wind.
Has it lost it's branches? Has it got next doors dog pinned?

Will the caravan tip over - shall I go to the window and peep?
NO, pull the duvet over my head and try to go back To sleep.

(7 hours later)

I'm afraid to look out of the window, or even look out of the
door.

But when I do - there isn't a clue of what went on before!



4x4 Trialling



Our new hobby is 4x4 trialling
You know- up to your bonnet in water
It takes your mind off filing
Or children you'd just like to slaughter

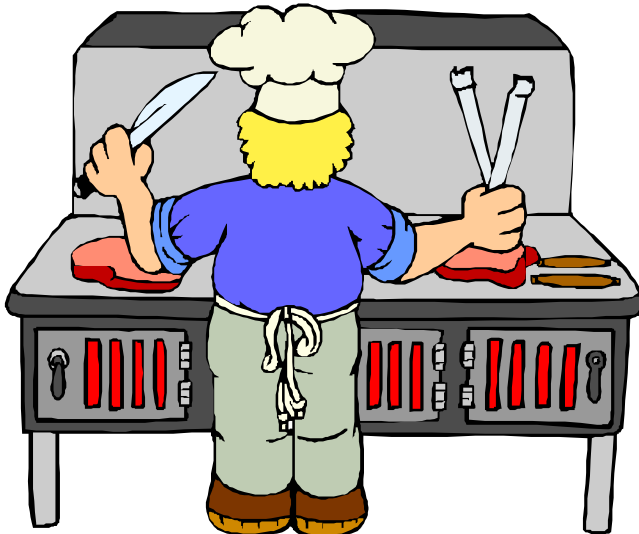
We do it in the sunshine
We do it in the rain
After going down many an incline
And live shouted ðDO IT AGAINö

Sometimes the route gets bumpy
The car gets much wear and tear
But I never get mardy or grumpy
I just laugh, scream loudly, and swear

When going through very deep puddles
IN the water starts to pour
My husband shouts ōPatō
"PUT YOUR FEET ON THE HOLES IN THE FLOOR"

Fellow competitors are friendly
Whether families, couples or single
We all work together, enjoy barbeques
Help one another and mingle

We're not in it for the trophies
We just keep our feet on the pedal
We have lots of fun, and when we are done
We always go home with a medal.



Hairy Spider In The Bath



Hairy spider in the bath
Taken a wrong turn - you're having a laugh

Stopping me from having a shower
I'm getting smellier by the hour

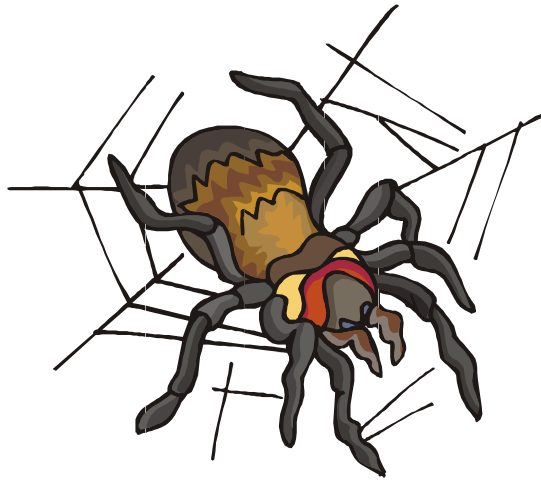
Do I turn a tap on? Or surround him with glass?
Pick him up with my bare hand? NO - I think I'll pass

I'll wait for someone equally big and hairy
Tall and strong and to a spider - SCARY!

Between me and the spider, we need a ref
You've guessed - I'll call my husband Geoff

Anyway quick as a flash, with a magazine ready
He picks up the spider - very steady

Opens the window nice and slow
GOODBYE SPIDER - OUT YOU GO!



Village Life



Village life is wonderful, village life is fun,
Village life is lonely, when you don't know anyone

Villagers look out for you, whether you won't them to or not
They are first to help you out, when you get into a spot

Village pubs have quizzes, dominoes, crib and darts,
They are full of folk - just having fun - some with broken hearts

Village shops are meeting points for all the latest news
Everybody has their say on many points and views

Villages have Carnivals, Flower shows and Fetes
Some have funny scarecrows that sit on garden gates

Some villages have duck ponds, some have village greens
Usually occupied by several unkempt teens



Village halls are busy with brownies, cubs or toddlers
Not to mention W.I., keep-fit and aircraft modellers

Villagers have cats and dogs of many different sizes,
Different breeds, colours too, some even win prizes

Villages have characters who make you laugh and cry
They always have time to tell a tale of days or years gone by

Yes , villages are many things - where all age groups combine
I've lived here now for twenty years, and I'm glad I live in
mine!!!!!!!!!!

Things To Do Before I am 60

I've seen 30, 40, and 50,
And problems had quite a few
But I'm still very active and nifty,
And there are still lots of things yet to do

I want to visit more places,
See some interesting things
Different cultures and races,
Castles once owned by kings

I'd like to learn to swim,
But I doubt if I'll ever achieve it
Unless one day on a whim
And my family will never believe it

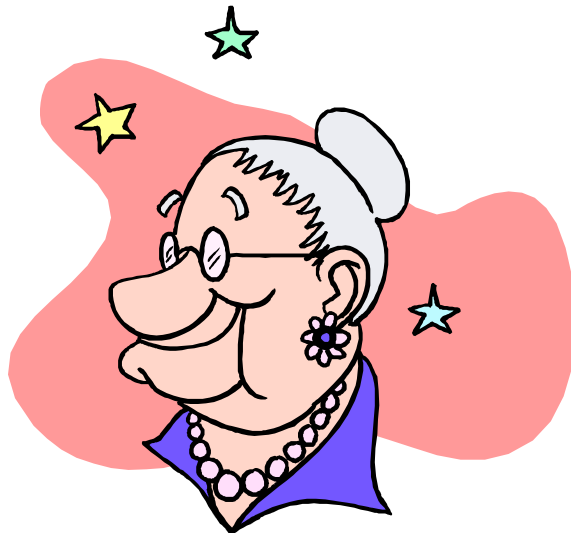
Belly-dancing came to mind
That might just cause a quake
As I start to wriggle my vast behind
And the medallions start to shake

I have mastered the art of computing
On the internet I often look
For a long time I've been muting
To write and publish a book



A brand new car, another dream
If it ever became realisation
My smile would turn into a beam
And I'd drive across the nation

Perhaps I'd be a Grandma
I know at that news I will cry
It has to be done - just ask any son
It's tradition - that is why



Amongst other things I am a keen Lady darts player, but it has not always been so. Five years ago I had never picked up a dart in my life. However, I began partnering my Husband in doubles games and then I was persuaded to captain the local Ladies team. This season much to our amazement (and most of the other teams as well!) we won the League Champions Cup and so the inspiration came to write the following poem.

oWe Are The Championso

Tonight we won our darts match
It was the Leagueo's final
Strategies began to hatch
Wooden Oché on a floor of vinyl

We started in a lower division
And worked our way to the top
Despite astonishment and derision
We didno intend to stop

Everybody played a vital part
And played their very best
Energy flowed through every dart
-Til we completed our quest



The final score was six to three
A convincing win indeed
Is it back to the club for a drinking spree?
EVERYONE AGREED!!!

(Well done girls ó Ladies League Champions.)



Ants



Ants in the kitchen
Ants in the hall
Even the dog's a twitching
As they crawl up the wall

Ants on the table
Ants on the floor
They're on the Hoover cable
Now they're marching under the door

Ants in the sugar bowl
Ants on the cat
To get rid of them ó my only goal
SPLAT ó SPLAT ó SPLAT.



Schooldays

Sitting all day at a desk

Classroom hot and stuffy

Half-term on my mind

Our shoes are scratched and scruffy

Objectives by the dozen

Learning my times tables

Division, addition, subtraction

Adjectives, adverbs and fables

Yahoo! Now for some action

Schools out for Summer.



Where Did All The Baby Days Go?



Where did the baby days go?
Gripe water, rusks and nappies
Pushing the pram to and fro
Now they are very big chappies

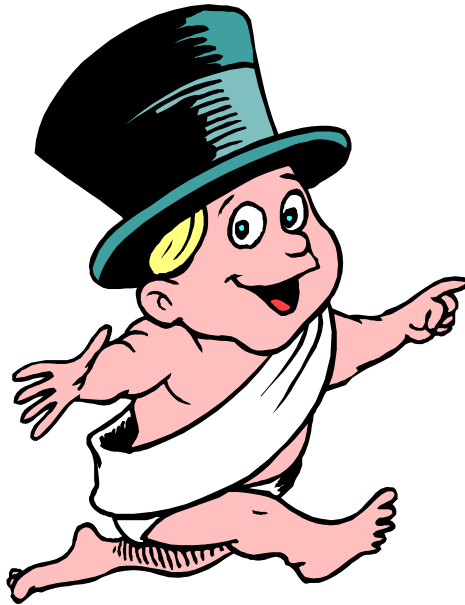
From carry cot to playgroup
From Beaver Scouts to Cubs
Gaining badges in their troop
Coffee bars to pubs

From Victor comics to playboys
Action Man to girls
Why couldn't they just stay boys
In the face of what life hurls

Both have a natural talent for art
Painting many a varied scene
They did voluntary work for the National Trust
One had tea with the Queen

Soon they will have chaps of their own
Or even soon chapesses
Then at them they will have to moan
About long hair or short dresses

Babies don't come with instructions
You get what God hands out
I am more than happy with mine
Of that there is no doubt
(Love you both ó Mum xxx)



The Checkout Curse

I always choose the wrong one!
There's the little old man.
With all the time in the world
And goes as slow as he can

Next, the chatty neighbour
Who's having a doo
Trolley laden with Lager,
Rolls and Danish Blue

Thirdly young teenagers
With bag loads of cash
They pay for their crisps
Then off they all dash

A smelly, bag-lady
In old, dirty clothes
I know it sounds shady
But I have to hold my nose

Finally the person who can't find their money
Cheque book, card or purse
The rest of the queue, just don't find it funny
It's the weekly CHECKOUT CURSE!



E-bay



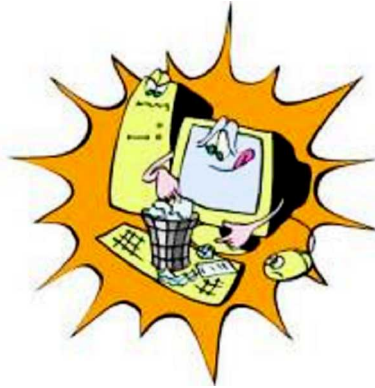
E-bay, oh E-bay, you've got me hooked
It must be 5 minutes since I last looked,
I'm bidding on a Cross stitch, I'm bidding on a door
How can I leave you ó with bargains galore

E-bay, oh E-bay, I think you're amazing
I look at you daily- my dog by me- lazing
You would be surprised at what people are selling
I'd like to reveal them- but that would be telling

E-bay, oh E-bay, what have you done
I should be E-mailing my far away son
He's gone to New Zealand to start a new life
He may even come home with a new Kiwi wife

E-bay, oh E-bay, I'd just search for dresses
Or a hat to cover my mahogany tresses
Then I must have shoes to match
And a smart leather handbag- with a big shiny catch

E-bay, oh E-bay, what did we do
In the days before internet, computers too?
We went to the shops or looked in the paper
None of this outbidding caper.



My Brother

My brother was a RED ARROW and we were very proud
When he flew across the village and rolled from cloud to cloud

It only seems like yesterday when he was just a kid
Riding on his tricycle ó borrowing a quid

He wanted to be a pilot right from the early years
His energy was boundless and he showed no sign of fears

He learned to fly an aeroplane before he drove a car
I suppose we should have guessed that he was destined to go far

He's flown all types of aeroplane ó glider, Gnat and Harrier
He's landed in the jungle and on an aircraft carrier

He was based in Lincoln ó one of the famous nine
They practised aerobatics and with the V.I.P.'s did dine

He's travelled all round the world from Falklands to Bombay
But I know he hasn't been happier than where he is today.



Can't Cook ó Won't Cook

My husband is the cook in our house
He is much better at it than me
He has more flair and patience in one finger
Than I have in three

My husband does cooking utensils
He sharpens them to a keen edge
I'm more used to crayons and pencils
And cutting cheese into a wedge

His omelettes are to die for
All fluffy, yellow and light
The cauliflower cheese and peppercorn sauce
I could eat night after night

Cheesy potatoes in their skins
Come tumbling out of the grill
Cottage Pie, Mediterranean vegø
Salmon covered with dill

One year he made a batch of mince pies
Put them to cool near the sprouts
The Santa bus came and to his surprise
They ended up inside some scouts

His pièce de résistance is gravy
It's most alcoholic and yum
The recipe came from the Navy
For half of it's liquid RUM!



Country Lanes



Things you see on country roads
Packs of cyclists ó not twos ó but loads
In a bunch for goodness sakes
You round a corner ó slam on the brakes

Modern day jousting sticks of plastic, steel or wood
Stick out of car windows or canopy hood
Theyøve bought from B& Q, Focus or Ikea
But how to get it home again theyøve got no idea

Farmer on a tractor couldnøt give a toss
You are on his country roads and now he thinks heø the boss
He will pull into a lay-by and signal you with a smile
But not until the queue behind him stretches for half a mile

Horse boxes on their way to trials
At least øboxedø horses donøt leave piles
Horses with riders are usually gentle
Until speeding cars make them go mental

Learners driving ó oh so slow
You stuck behind them shouting øHurry up óGO!ø
Joggers abound ó red legs glowing
Whether the weather is sunny or snowing

Overloaded trailers going to the tip
Full of sawn off branches and armchairs with a rip
An old tin bath, a single bed
Stainless steel sink and a garden shed



Weekend drivers armed with maps
Backseat passengers - blankets on laps
They point out of the windows at the beautiful scenery
Castles, lambs and all of the greenery

Boy racers are the biggest pains
They drive like maniacs down our country lanes
Cutting corners and overtaking
Pushing others into emergency braking

Animals are not good at crossing the roads
You can always see squashed hedgehogs and toads
Foxes , badgers, weasels and stoats
From lands End up to John OøGroats

But the worst thing you see when you travel along
Are broken down fences where things have gone wrong
Tell tale tyre marks ó anguished souls
Match-wood instead of telegraph poles.

Football



What's the obsession with football
It's only a game after all
Played with two teams of big hunky
Men and a tiddly circular ball

The boys have to copy one player
His hairstyle, his jewellery, his
clothes
They'll have tattoo or
Or even a stud in their nose

Young boys are very impressive
And football behaviour abounds
See more sliding tackles and terrible
fouls
All over our local school grounds

The thing that annoys me most about football teams
Is the yearly change of kit
Everyone has to have the latest one
And it doesn't faze the parents one bit

Years ago, when I was a girl
A team scarf was all that you craved
And you knew that you wouldn't get one
-Till your pocket money was saved.

Car Booting



Car booting, car booting, a Sunday must
Walking on wet grass or covered in dust
Every 10 minutes a cry in my ear
Fancy a burger or cup of tea dear?

Up and down the aisles we walk
Listening to the banter and the idle talk
Past the pirated D.V.D.s, some of them smutty
Do you fancy a bacon butty?

õCut price paints, pork or lamb chopsö
The jovial butcher says, õThey're cheaper than the shopsö
Cuddly toys of every size
Fancy a portion of crispy French Fries?

A dear old lady selling a load of books
Some tables groan with things that don't get second looks
Look over there ó it's the bedding plant chap
Anyone fancy an egg and sausage bap?

Garden ornaments, hedgehogs, gnomes
Fountains, frogs and moles
Statues fit for regal homes
Whoø for salad rolls?

A stall laid out with plumbing goods
Plugs copper piping and taps
Plumbers mate, a monkey wrench
Who wants tortilla wraps?

Gold and silver antique coins
Or are they really duds?
Who cares. Thereø another big snack van
Selling jacket spuds!

Cakes, but some are they out of date?
Crisps and sweets and toffee
Oh look our neighbours Joe and Kate
Letø stop at the van for coffee.



April 23rd

My birthday is April 23rd
And for those who do not know it
I share it with two famous men
One of them ó a poet

One penned stories in lengthy verse
The other, a dragon slew
The Bard from Stratford, often terse
Wrote öTaming of the Shrewö



The pen is mightier than the sword
Or so, some people say
But when the dragon was fatally gored
He didn't see it that way

Saint George rode on a sturdy horse
Shakespeare rowed on the Avon
Both a very different course
But in our hearts engaven

Do the English wear a red, red rose?
As the Irish wear Shamrock and
green
The Welsh sport lovely yellow daffø
But the rose is rarely seen



Apart from a lovely bunch adorning
my coffee table
As we barbecue òal frescoö
Did we pick them from our garden plot?
No my brother bought them from Tesco!





One of my darting friends runs a darts league web-site and from time to time writes articles about darts which he publishes on the internet. One such article contained a very uncomplimentary description of Lady Darts Players. I did not appreciate the comments, so I was told that if I wrote a reply, he would put it on the òNet.ö The following poem was my response.

A Poetic Reply

I have just read on the Internet your views on Lady players,
I think you should apologize or at least start and say your
prayers,

We're not all squat, shorn headed, tattooed or gay,
As you should know if you've watched us play,

We could say that all male players are beer bellied sexist pigs,
But we are far too Lady like to make sarcastic digs,

I know we're not all divas, just like your precious Trina,
We're not as talented perhaps, but believe me we're much
meaner.

I'm also a toxopholist. I don't know if you know,
I belong to Stafford Archers and pull a mean compound bow,

When my carbon fibre arrows go flying though the air,
They can hit a moving target-so **ALAN HARTLEY-BEWARE!**



For the last 20 years I have worked with children, whether my own, at playgroup, Nursery or School. I have had many experiences and shed many a tear through crying or laughing! Here are just two funny tales to set the mood for the following poem.

A group of 3 children were playing 'hospitals'. One of the children, obviously, the patient, was lying on the floor. Without any prompting, one of the 'Doctors' picked up two plastic irons, placed them on the patients chest and shouted, 'Stand Clear!'

Whilst playing 'Shops', the children were trying out their new till that had a groove for bank card facilities. The first 'Customer' came to the till, had her goods 'Scanned' and paid with an old expired card that she had been given to play with. The child playing the shopkeeper then shouted, 'Would you like cash back!'

Children.

Children are funny
No two are the same
Sometimes I'd rather have a pet
One ó you can easily tame!

You wait for them to get their teeth
To crawl, to stand, to walk
But there are times
When you wish they had never learnt to talk



By the time they go to
Nursery, Playgroup or School
They tell all your secrets
And make you look a fool

Believe what they tell you
They're usually right
Mummy's having a baby
Mum and dad were having a fight

We're going to have a rabbit,
Puppy, kitten or mouse
Mummy says my Dad's a slob
We're moving to a new house

When it comes to eating their dinner
Children today are so faddy
If you give them a portion of anything green
They fall on the floor in a paddy

Clothes are no longer handed down
Most of their things come from Next
The older children not to be outdone
Synchronise colours by text.



The County Show

Whilst visiting the Staffordshire County Showground I came across a stand that was trying to raise money for a hearing aid induction loop for their local over 50s amateur literary group. They were running a competition for the best Limerick. I said I would think about it and walked off in the rain, but 5 minutes I ran back with the following little gem.

One day at the County Show

A Lady said, "Please have a go.

Our travelling group

Want to purchase a loop

But we haven't got quite enough dough."

