

Poetry Series

sylvia spencer
- poems -

Publication Date:

2006

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

sylvia spencer(24 12 43)

i have written many poems but I have had only two published I started writing at school but because I am dislexick I gave it up. I love writing in any shape or form. give me a subject and i will write about it. I also write short stories and compositions.I was born in the south east of London and I lived there many years. Since moving to Norfolk I have written more, I enjoy the social side of history. I find it fun to read and also I get a lot of insperation from this subject. I am also a great catlover, I have three of my own. This is also another subject that I like writing about.

A Basket Of Goodies

Why do the the people call you Crabby
is it because your clothes are shabby.
Why have the people called you this awful name
I think their at fault and you are not to blame.
Your life is poor and you cannot afford to be
dressed in fine silks like some rich Lord.
I would like to know more about your sad life
maybe you can tell me if you have been a wife;
or a mother who has found it hard to survive.
Your face tells of sadness of long ago and your
hands tell of hard work, a full picture of woe.
Life has delt a hard blow, and it shows in your face
so why did you let ignorance take away your grace
You have your memories and know doubt you feel proud
so don't take any notice of the bickering crowd.
You have your castle on this park bench, but the
people won't get near you because of the stench.
This is a life you have chosen for yourself, a life of
sadness, poverty and most of all bad health.
I can leave you a basket of goodies every day
but you are a woman of the road and tomorrow
you will be on your way.

sylvia spencer

A Bats Tale

Dark shapes flitter in the dusk sky
but they are mammals, so why do they fly
The little furry flitter mouse that makes you jump
that clings on to a branch in one solid lump
they hang upside down in attics, trees and caves
then at sundown they take to the sky, so take a look
at the way it behaves. Eating up to three thousand
insects in a single night, but how can this be because
they have such poor eye find their prey by
echolocation, finding unseen objects by means of reflected
sound waves through the whole of the bat nation.
They are your garden friend, so don't think of the vampire
when the bat gives you a fright; he is just feeding his face with
the aphids that come out at night

sylvia spencer

A Battle For Supremacy, A Very Potty Story

My name is Plonker, and I am a pot and I have now been thrown on the compost plot. I have a busted base and a chip on my rim, my chances of working again are very slim. I have lived in this garden for many a year and all that surrounds me has become very dear. Everyone was like a family until the Blueie's moved in and that's when we Cottie's started a din. The clan of Blueie's just thought they were it, but they were just like us full of s-t. Please excuse my expression but they had to be taught a lesson. They thought they were too good for the likes of us, but we all stuck together and kicked up a fuss. The noise was horrendous it was like a third world war; we had the cracks to prove it and there were chips galore. We nicked named them The Blueie's because they were glazed blue ceramic, that stuck up lot they thought they were in came the winter with frost all around and those frozen Blueie's had to be lifted off the ground. They were wrapped in a sack then dumped in the shed, now it was our turn to laugh because they might have well been dead. Now poor old Cotty has a nasty crack, the master won't move him because he suffers with his back. Now Cotty holds a plant that is totally pot bound the roots have come out and fed into the ground. He won't last much longer he's on his way out, what on earth will happen if we get a drought. Now the last of my story belongs to Gerry, now he came home via the Dunkirk Ferry. He sits in the porch with his mind full of wonder, when he was proud to be a bedroom 'Goes Under' The broken pots the mistress uses again, we will still be in the garden but life won't be the same. A piece of me will cover the hole in a new pot, topped up with fresh manure from the compost plot.

sylvia spencer

A Blackbird

A female blackbird came into my garden to find a bite to eat
a worm or a slug, she was not fussy to her it was a treat;
as we sat and ate our chicken pieces she flew down at our feet.
The weather was hot so the garden was the best place to eat
and we made friends with a blackbird who was for ever at our
feet. We gave her tit bits, crunchy bread and strawberries
sweet, but she was not satisfied until she got the meat.
The cheeky little thing, she dived bombed us all because she wanted
us to play by her rule; she wanted the meat that was full of protein
so she could feed her young that were sad and lean.
For days on end we fed that bird,
but that's the last we ever heard

sylvia spencer

A Boy And A Wave

He stood on the hill looking down over the sea,
the tide was coming in and it was time for tea.
He was not hungry so he thought he would
stay a while more, but would he get caught by the
waves that were heading on to the shore.
The hill led straight on to the sand because some
of it had gone to the land. No break water just fierce
big wave and he knew in his heart he had to be brave.
The wind was up and the waves got stronger could this
young lad hang on any longer.
He shouted for help but no help came, then all of a
sudden everyone new his name, because he told a story
that was always the same.
It was a story that he could tell, because it was true
about the day he nearly drowned in a sea of blue.
Knee deep in sea water and salt in his eyes, he could
not explain what came down from the skies. He was pulled
from the sea then put on dry land, then someone stroked
him with a gentle hand. Take care my son were the words
he said don't play with the tide just go home to bed.
He could not believe what happened that day, but he told
the story anyway. He went through life and grew up brave
and he often wondered who saved him from that final
wave.

sylvia spencer

A Bricklayers Lament

I know an old tradesman who worked with sand and cement.
Now the story I am going to tell you turned out to be his lament.
His work was done to perfection built from row to row and he was
the very best bricky, the best you will ever know. when a job
was finished his tools had to be clean, because he was the boss
of a slap happy working would put in the footings
then forget to build the wall and when they did it was
neither short or once built an house with an
extention on the side it was that badly built that no one could reside.
He had a young apprentice who soon became his hoddie,
he never let him lay the bricks because his work was always
were a couple of muckers who mixed
up the cement they were for ever subbing
so they never paid their labourers name was
Dodger who would work now and then, most of the time
was spent at The Bookies placing bets for other men.
He employed an incompetent plumber who always gave
him the pip, every job he went on he always left a drip.
He was a good Bricky I would say he was first class, but when it
came to team work they were just total 'Arse'

sylvia spencer

A Bright Sunny Day

Please forgive me if this rhyme does not reason
Then it could just be I am suffering because of this
rainy season. I often wonder why the sun has lost it's
shine, maybe it was like that way back in time.
They say what goes around, comes around but in the
meantime we walk upon muddy ground.
The weather man says it is going to be fine, but does
that mean all the time.
We wake up to hope of a bright sunny day then within a
couple of hours that ball of fire just fades away.
Then all the white fluffy clouds turn to grey and on
comes the rain, to make it another sogging wet day.
I remember the summers when we begged for rain
but begging for the sun has become some what invain.

sylvia spencer

A Bunch Of Roses

I love life but does life love me when I have to cook
tea for a family of three.

One wants this and one wants that and between
those wants I have to feed the cat.

Then the cat up's her nose and walks away
Why should I worry it's only a stray

A black and white moggy that the kids brought home
they felt sorry for it because it was all alone.

Now I am the owner of this fussy old cat
that's made its bed in my best Sunday hat.

I love life but does life love me, when I go
out shopping and the kids think its a spending spree.

One wants this and one wants that and between
those wants there's no time for a chat.

I meet a friend I have not seen seen for ages
when we talk about the past the kids go into rages
Come on Mum its time to go home, if Dads tea is not
ready he will have a moan.

I love life but does life love me when I come home
from shopping and have to start the tea.

No time for a cuppa just rushed of my feet and the
kids go off with their skateboards into the street.

Two shouting loud the youngest crying, can't see whats
a matter the eggs are frying.

I love life but does life love me when I'me up the hospital
and having scrapped the tea; a bump on the head and two
bloody noses, I wish someone would send me a Bunch of
Roses.

sylvia spencer

A Buttercup Tale

I know of a buttercup with a story to tell
and I can honestly say there has never been a
story told so well. A pretty buttercup so wild and free
once made friends with an old oak tree but sadly the
tree was cut down and little Miss butercup wore a frown;
she still bows her head in the summer sun because she
feels sad about what was done.

She then lived next door to a tall fox glove and she thought
in her heart that he had fallen in love, because he sheltered her
from rain all summer long and in the wind and rain he is
so brave and strong.

Sadly the foxglove did not feel the same and the buttercups
heart was jilted again.

On into the meadows she moved once more hoping that life
would be better than before. It was here she met the Dandelion
a real good catch and now they live together on the farmers
cabbage patch.

sylvia spencer

A Carpet Tale

Oh no not another stain on my carpet so red,
its times like these I wish I was dead.
When I was new I was laid out like a Queen, but
now I am ashamed to be seen.
I was born a carpet, the rich colour of gold but the
state of me now I look fifty years old.
Dinner partys, Grand Children, pets and wine all of
them have marked their place in time. Then what
makes it worse I get scrubbed with a spray,
but trufully that's just rubbing it in, not taking it away.
The foot marks by the door get scrubbed every week
but I wish the mistress would realise that my fibres are
weak.
The rug in the centre serves no purpose at all, only to
hide a wine stain that goes wall to wall.
When visitors come round it's the same old routeen a
good scrub with the shampoo, just to look clean.
A steam clean would be better than a soapy shampoo
at least it would prevent me from getting carpet flu.
Sneezing and coughing from Shake and Vac with tiny
particals getting lodged in my back.
I am a sad old carpet no one cares about me not even
the cat when she squats for a wee. Same old place being
scrubbed to death it's a wonder the mistress is not out
of breath.
I know she meens well this mistress of mine if only she
would stop spilling her wine.
Over the years I have changed colour from gold to red,
and that's the end of my tale, there's no more to be said.

sylvia spencer

A Clothes Line

There is a workhorse that serves us well.
Its been around since time can tell.
It has a post at each end, to give support
with a stick in the middle, so it doesn't distort.
It has lots of friends that come out of a bag.
Which helps to hold up, all kinds of rag.
It gets very heavy when it starts to rain.
This is the time it feel's the strain,
with the weight of the water, upon it's back.
It sure feels heavy, and is ready to crack.
Then the sun comes out just in time
To save the life of the poor clothes line.
Sometimes the line does giveaway,
so don't put your washing out, when there's
rain on the way.

sylvia spencer

A Collectors World

Some people have a problem, one that can take it's toll.
To them it's like an addiction, totally out of control
These people that I write about, are just like magpie's
but they are also cunning and very wise
They walk into peoples houses, with their eyes on what they got
and before you know it, they have bought the bloody lot.
They go to the market with less than a fiver to spend,
then if they see a bargain, they ponce the money from a friend.
They think they are clever, when they haggle with the vendors,
but money ain't nothing to the last of The Big Spenders.
I have learnt from my experience what collecting
does to the brain. you spend your life searching
and it almost drives you insane.
Off you go to an auction with anticipation at hand,
then you're out bid by the best dealer in the land.
A collectors world can be fun,
if you know where to buy the goods,
but I am an old fool who is still trying to find,
a way out of the woods.

sylvia spencer

A Conscientious Clock

He sits on the mantelpiece all fat and round
striking on the hour to a chiming sound.
With roman numerals and an antiquated face
ticking all day long at the same natural pace.
Striking at midnight to tell you a new day has begun;
then again every hour till the day is done.
It has a door at the back that's not very wide;
where a pendulum swings from side to side.
All it's works are packed neatly away,
so it can give you the right time of day.
It has a glass door that protects it's face;
all packed up in a nice mahogany case.
It has a shine on it's woodwork that gleams like glass
and four little feet made of solid brass.
This conscientious clock will work all week long;
Providing it's wound up and doesn't go wrong
It has never been mended or had a spare part
and we have never had to shake it, to make it start.
This old clock, I knew was worth a mention
because it's sixty years old and time to draw a pension.

sylvia spencer

A Crafty Blackbird

A female blackbird came into my garden to find a bite to eat
a worm or a slug, she was not fussy to her it was a treat;
as we sat and ate our chicken pieces she flew down at our feet.
The weather was hot so the garden was the best place to eat
and we made friends with a blackbird who was for ever at our
feet. We gave her tit bits, crunchy bread and strawberries
sweet, but she was not satisfied until she got the meat.
The cheeky little thing, she dived bombed us all because she wanted
us to play by her rule; she wanted the meat that was full of protein
so she could feed her young that were sad and lean.
For days on end we fed that bird,
but that's the last we ever heard

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A Cry For Help

Dont keep me hidden,
in this dark room,
please show me the sun,
so that I can bloom.
I know you kept me here,
just to keep me warm,
but now it is time,
to show me the dawn.
I am ready to flower,
I need some light,
and the warmth of the sun,
that shines so bright.
I have been shut away,
all winter long,
my bulb and stem,
are now extra strong.
My date is near,
to join all the rest,
and show off my trumpet
at it's very best.
I dont care where I stand,
or where I go,
I just want to put on,
a very good show.
I am boasting not,
but I will be, a real smart fellow
standing proud,
in the brightest of yellow.
If I go out now,
they say I am sure to catch a chill, ,
so I am stuck in this room,
on a drafty windowsill.
It's frosty outside,
but the crocuses bloom,
and here I remain, in this dark tomb
the March winds blow, I'll be in such a state,
I know I wont pass my graduation date.

sylvia spencer

A Date For Your Diary

It happens on the night of halloween the night that witches can be seen. The one and only night of the year that we like to dress up in ghoulish gear. Kids can trick or treat before the witching hour, then that fades into a far stronger power.

Over the moon and flying down to the ground comes many a witch making that familiar sound. On broomstick they travel with head held high, dressed in black as to blend in with the midnight sky.

Down to the coven where they sit all, around the cauldron tight as a wall. As kindling crackles sparks fly high, it's now you'll hear the sound of the witches cry; 'hocus pocus' cackles and screams come the making of spells over the firelight beams. When the spells are complete they all give a loud cheer, to celebrate this night the only one of the year.

Old hags who's ages multiply in scores, who have been around since the Napoleonic Wars. some of their ancestors were burnt at the stake but that's because they made a mistake.

As dawn draws closer then back they fly over that wide open sky. with broomstick to sit on, black cat as a mate they bid you farewell until the next 'Halloween Date!

sylvia spencer

A Day At The Races

I'm going down to Epsom on this our Derby day
I've got lots of cash so I expect to make it pay.
I'm going to the bookies ive got a few pounds.
I've put money on the favourite, although it's up in
leaps and bounds.I've backed the chestnut brown
his name is Robin Hood, they say he likes to run when
the going is good.

When I go to 'The Oaks' I'm gonna back a filly
I've got a red hot tip called 'Scape Goat Milly '
she is a nice little filly that was bred in Dublin
if she gets past the start, I might have a win.
In a few weeks it's Ascot, so i'll back the royal nag
I might tell my friends about it, but they only think
I brag. I won't go in the enclosure because I know
i'll get barred because I can't back the fixture
without a credit card.

I've got a rank outsider it's my tip on Gold Cup day
maybe I would be taking chances, if I back the
dapple grey. I take a lot of chances when i'm of to back
a horse. Nine times out of ten they never stay the
course. I am going up to Liverpool my tipster says
it's good the horse won it's last race, when it was
out at is running in the three o'clock
and goes by the name of Cookie.

He's sure to win by a length or two, because he ain't no rookie.
When I have a good day and pockets are full of pay
I hate to go home because the Nag takes it away.

sylvia spencer

A Donkey Tale

The donkey held his head over the stable door
and he looked so sad because there was no hay on
the floor. He was cold and hungry and no one came to
his aid and he was almost sure that his heart would fade
Then he looked up and he saw a star light up the sky,
at once he knew that his life had been given another try.
The stable door opened in the light of the star and the
donkey followed the light but he did not know how far
he would walk but he just followed the star.
' Hello little donky' said a kind sweet voice can I ride
upon your back because I have no other choice.
The donkey bowed to the lady as she climbed upon
his back and they followed the star until they came to a shack.
The man that was with her was old and grey and he also
was tired because he had traveled a long way
In the shack the donkey found hay that was warm
and the lady had a child our saviour born.

sylvia spencer

A Feeding Frenzy

Saturday morning oh' what a bore
cars queued up by the score.
All waiting to go into a field
to fill their pockets from their yield
Lets say good morning to you all
car booters and the noise from all
your car hooters. They sell all sorts
of wares, almost everything including
spares. Copper pans and cast iron pots
pirate videos and toys for the tots.
Junk on the ground and on their pasting
tables, decorated china with cracks under
the labels. Every Saturday Morning, there on
the dot just to get their favourite spot.
In come the Dealers, with one thing on
their mind; to snatch a bargain that's rare
to will offer you a price that you cannot
resist, but really they are only taking the piss.
One mans trash is another mans treasure
but can this really be a pleasure.
Up early morning and rushing around
just to get pitched out on muddy ground.
Five pound a pitch and nothing in return
when will us mugs ever learn.
It's like a feeding frenzy when the punters
arrive it's a wonder how they manage to stay
alive.

sylvia spencer

A Field That Saw A War

I have looked into history,
and seen a field.
It's a field where, no wheat will yield.
It's a field that saw a bloody war.
a war to which,
there has been none before.
Where is this field,
where now the poppy grows,
that's rich in scent,
when the warm wind blows.
It was once a green pasture,
known as Flander's Field!
but is now the field,
where no wheat will yield.
So rich in red,
when the poppy blooms.
Among the crosses,
of soldiers tombs.
This field of honour,
to remember the dead.
Where The Twenty Third Psalm,
was so often said.
In this battle scared field,
that was once, No Mans Land!
men fought with courage,
with the help of Gods hand.
The carnage and the death,
that was within this hell fire,
Their only protection, were trenches,
bayonets and barbed wire.
Men charged to the sound,
of the Battle Cry!
Not one of them knowing,
if it was their last good bye.
Thousand's died within this field,
this field where,
no wheat will yield.
Dressed in medals,
are the men that survived,

what thoughts do they share,
of their comrades that died,
In a field that saw a Bloody War,
one that could be heard,
as far as England's shore.
This then is the field,
where no wheat will yield,
yet still the poppy grows,
so rich in scent,
when the warm wind blows.

sylvia spencer

A Friend To The End

It was so quite, there was a stilness in the air
winter was coming and also despair.
Black ice on the roads, with no gritters in sight
This going on night after night and everyone seems
to disapear out of sight.
You meet a friend and you start to speak, but their
replie it seems so weak, they have to get home
because it's so cold is this a sign that they are growing
dship comes and friendship goes but true friends
will chatter when it snows and they that do have no care
when the north wind blows because a good true friendship
just grows and grows.
Not even a winter storm can blow it away because a friend is
a friend to the bitter end.

sylvia spencer

A Garden Army

Come down to my garden and see the army
no my friends I have not gone barmy. They are
out in force dressed in red and black armour,
each and everyone a right little charmer.
There they go marching up the shrubs,
feeding off aphids and all sorts of grubs.
To us they are friendly and never a pest
they are enemies to the greenfly as well
as the rest. There they go again, on an
aphid attack with their red and black dots all
over their back. They are very voracious,
when it comes to their feed they will stop
at nothing until they have done their deed
They can munch up to fifty greenfly a day
so please be nice and put all the sprays
away. Lady Bird Lady Bird dont fly away
home, just come to my garden there's always
a welcome.

sylvia spencer

A Great Divide

A hot summer burns each golden day then Autumn
calls with it's coat of grey. Falling leaves and winds
that are strong a mild taste of winter that can be hard
and long. A faded blue sky turns a misty grey as it heads
down that darkend way. Then after dawn the sun rarely shows
but the embers in the fire just glows and glows.
The sea and the surf just crash on the shore another year over
just as many rmen take time to mend their nets
the catch is now over but there are no regrets.
Days of the year told in time and tide, a circle around the world
as the seasons divide.A different climate for bird and beast but
poverty remains and for those there is no feast.
A green pasture for one and a desert for another pray tell me
why this Earth has been called Mother.

sylvia spencer

A House Called Lonely (A Trilogy In Three Parts)

There is a street in every town that owns a house
called lonely. Then when your just passing by you might
just say, 'if only.

If only could mean a life time of thoughts but it doesn't cure
a lonely house and all its faults.

Boarded up windows and tiles gone from the roof, graffiti
painted by a rebellious youth.

Such a lonely house and an oh such a tired one,
one that has lost all it's fun.

Stairs and rafters all gone to rot all that is left
is wood worm and dry rot.

No children playing in the garden, it's just a house condemned
by the council without no pardon. Poor lonely house someones
forgotten dream, now describing lifes social scene.

This lonely house stands in the way because their building
a By Pass or a new motorway.

The house called lonely could be any where, in the town, the
country or city square.

Even in your street there's a house called lonely just waiting
for you to say 'if only'

sylvia spencer

A Job For A Lad

There was once a familiar scene above the roof tops
where smoke ascended. With the darkness of the skyline and
the dense November fog, a day not passing by without being
sick or tormented. Chimney sweeps and many of them boys and
boys that never knew how to play with games and toys.
Up the Chimney with a brush in hand, banishing the soot that
choked the land. None schooling lads with no knowledge of books
with soot covered faces just neglecting their looks.

'A job for a lad with a strong back, sixpence a day to clear soot from the stack!
A boyhood dream to earn a bob a two, a paid adventure to climb up
the flue, and the thinner the child he became first in the queue.
A low paid job but that's not all, their growth was stunted and some
never grew at all. Legs with rickets and ever fading eye sight
and a lad without daylight lives a long lonesome night.
If a boy could work he was put to the test, with a slump in the
summer he was grateful of the rest. He had no time to watch
the flowers grow and he knew nothing of the seasons with their
rain and snow.
A small wooden coffin was so often placed in a grave, and in it
a lad who went for a job and became a slave.

sylvia spencer

A Kitchen Lament

Why does the fly create so much havoc
when he is just passing his time away
He comes through your window looking
for food, how can he be so rude. He takes
no notice of what he is about to do, he doesn't
even know, he has just a visited your loo.
He has spent time on the tiles and in the pan
trying his hardest to keep away from the fan.
Dirty old fly please go away, now you know you
don't like that strong scented dodge about
when I use the swott and many a time I've caught you
on the bott. You keep coming back no matter how I
try you must be invincible, you dirty old fly.
One day I will catch you when your not looking
so please keep way from all that nice cooking
The foods not for you it's for our guests
because we don't serve food to vermin or pests.

sylvia spencer

A Knight In Shining Armour

An old brass Knight sits upon a shelf
He has no companion only himself.
His shield is the proud owner of the
Fleur De Lys, but I wonder in real life
if that Knight came in peace. He stands
so upright with sword in hand, and his
helmet pulled down. Could this be the
replacer of someone who once fought
for a conquering crown. This Knight in
armour is not very tall and sometimes
when the door slams he may just fall;
yet what he wears is a symbol of war
fighting in a battle on a far away shore.
This small brass figure who has a date
on his bottom, maybe he is telling us
something that we have forgotten. This
Knight in shining armour was once a
Norman king, so I keep him brightly
polished so he shines above everything.
His price was trivial but I never bought him
to flatter, it's what he represents is the
heart of the matter.

sylvia spencer

A Large Chunk Of Disappearance

There is a little Post Office that lives down the lane
it's threatened with closure, as many are the same.
The rural post office a rare sight to be seen, that was
once the height of activity next to the village green.
The little bay windows and the sign above the door
where there was always a flag when we remembered
the war. A tiny little Post Office one for a friendly chat,
where there was always a busy body being nosy about
this and that; and children came to save a few coppers
and as a treat they were given sweets or Gob Stoppers.
The rural Post Office that was once a general store
but that's part of history and there is no more.
The tiny little Post Office that once opened to the heart
is slowly disappearing and us like fools, watch it depart.

sylvia spencer

A Letter To Whom

I'm sending you a letter, one that I will post today;
so please will you read it and not throw it away.
I have written it in black ink, to make it look good
because that is the way a professional would.
The paper has a water mark but it's not lined
and when my letter is finished it will be officially signed.
I will fold it neatly so that it fits inside, a small brown
envelope that is not very wide. I will write an address
that is local to me, so that it is easy for the postman
to see. Then I will check it again to see if everything
is alright and that's when I will seal it nice and tight.
Next time I'm in town I'll mail it first class then may be
they will send me, my long awaited 'Bus Pass'

sylvia spencer

A Life Of A Coathanger

'What is she wearing tonight my friend! 'How the hell do I know I am always at the end, it's just my luck when she buys something new, I get shoved to the end of the queue.It's all right for you my friends you get a weekly check, but poor old me has to hang in here by the neck.

If nothing goes right with her hair or her hide,
she chucks me in the wardrobe and locks me inside.

You live in drawers that are kept nice and fresh,
but I have to hold up her smelly old dress.

That perfume she uses just makes me gag
and you should smell the tobacco when she's had a fag. when
madams in a hurry and she can't be bothered with the door,
she strips me down completely then chucks me on the floor.

One night she came home as drunk as a sack,
she came flying through the door and nearly broke my back.
Her foot got caught in my wire frame then she threw me at the wall,
as if I was to blame.I have been used and abused

and so as my ially when she goes on
those dreadful blind all hate it when
she has a clear out, because we all have to say goodbye.

Only there is just a few of us that will get a second try.

Well goodbye to you all, it's my turn on the road I suppose that has
become the coat hanger ed in a black bag with all
old bits of rag, accompanied by the smell of a dirty old fag

I am now at a jumble sale and hanging on a rack, holding
up a dress that looks like a sack. Where do I go from here,
that's what's going through my brain. I suppose I'll end up poking
out someone's drain. Were not much good as a hanger,
once we go past our best, but the poor old metal coat hanger has
surely been put to the test.

sylvia spencer

A Little Poem Of Wisdom Part 1

Carry your'e feelings into a world unknown
let them be strong so you can find seeds
that are unknown. take destiny to where it wants
to go; but don't make bad friends because you will
always know foe. Friendship is important to those
that have none. It should always be there, just
in case you have to run.

A fistful of kindness has more strength than a rock.
It can hold you together in times of shock.

Wisdom is the quality that comes with age.
It's like a book that you have read because
you know every page.If you have such wisdom
then share it with all; especially those that are
heading for a fall.

Teach them to climb the mountain of hope
it could then be possible they will learn how to
cope.

Charity is given to those that cannot afford, it
is given with kindness so don't expect a reward.

Faith is the healer of wounds and sorrow
If your a great believer your hurt is gone
by the morrow.

Sadness is marred by all sorts of pain,
so learn to keep your head up because
happiness becomes in vain.

Prosperity is the capital of all who seek it out
but remember not to sacrifice there could be a drought.

sylvia spencer

A Little Poem Of Wisdom Part 2 On Life

Life starts with a great long highway and it is up to us to keep to the same byway. Life becomes a challenge with many bridges to cross, then we must cross them with wisdom, or we could slip on the moss. Wherever life takes us, we are sent to ramble and most of what we do becomes a gamble. Sincerity is set to try us there's a chance it will lie then if it does we often ask why. Life without hope is not all doom and gloom, so don't shut yourself away in that dark tomb. Life can be easy, until you stumble against a rock, then it becomes hard as we are paid out in shock. A life full of sorrow only wins pity, but we are on that long highway and we have to reach the can be a struggle when there's no cash at hand but think of others in a third world land. Life can be hard, only if you want it to be; but the world outside is full of gave us life in different categories now it's up to us how we recharge our batteries.

sylvia spencer

A Little Shepherd Boy

By a fir tree in the wood sat a little shepherd boy
He had lost a lamb along the way and he wondered
why he had gone astray. As he walked back over the
muddy track the cold air blew down his back. He travelled
on about a mile then he began to smile.

He saw a light that he had not seen before and a stable
that lay heavy with straw. As he came closer there stood
his lamb all gleaming bright as if it had lit up the whole of
the night.

He picked him up and made his way back but the lamb
returned along the same old track. The shepherd boy
followed the lamb once more because he too wanted to
know what was behind that stable door.

It was there they found a babe in arms, full of glory and all
Godly charms. He took his cloak from off his shoulders and
knelt into the straw and he thanked the lamb for leading him
through the door. Joined by Angels and Ark Angels the sight
was Heavenly. Now that door is open wide for all the world
to see.

sylvia spencer

A Lonely Heart In A Thunderstorm

A lonely heart sets the table but is she a Milly,
a Betty or a Mabel. Tea, coffee, cakes and ale
but outside there blows a gale. Sash cord windows
rattling like chains, thunder and lightning tormenting her
brains. A frail old lady who always lays up for tea but no
one comes not even her family. As the rain pours down she
gives a little frown as she looks at a photo in her wedding
gown. A picture of love on her wedding day, a day she
never wanted to go all that's forgotten as the
clouds roll together, will her lonely heart stand up to this
gale force weather. She draws the curtains and says
goodnight to the storm then sits by the fire where its
cosy and warm.

No visitors tonight she says to the cat who lay curled up
on the fireside mat. Again she views her wedding day and
asks the Lord to show her the she holds the cat
to her lonely heart so that they will never be apart. The dear
old lady died that night and the cat now sits on her burial site.

sylvia spencer

A Lonely Weekend

How bright it is on a Friday, when I am away from everything
that seems so wrong, when I am here in this haven and all the
birds are in song. It does not matter if it's winter or spring, because
I so look forward to place takes away the sadness
of life and it's memories that cut right in like a blade from a knife.
These two days a week that have become heaven to me, they
take away that distance of far gone memory.
Then when it is all over the weekend appears and so
does reality and all my fears. Then Tuesday is here again
from a weekend so long, and all the birds are back in song.
There are pictures that I want to paint with masterly art,
but they are hidden deep within my aged heart.
My life is my fortune because I am not dead yet,
but the loneliness is there and the pattern is set.
My weekends are lonely, but I manage to cope
because I live for the days at The Centre of Hope.

I

sylvia spencer

A Man Made Of Straw

When I was young I knew a man made of straw, but never once
did he enter my street door.
As much as I wanted him too mother would say 'NO' because he was
only a stuffed Scarecrow
He lived in a field just down the lane and the way he was treated was
such a shame.
He stood in that field through rain and shine with no way of knowing
the day or the time.
When the sun came out there was a smile on his face but when it rained
he looked a total disgrace.
His head would bow and his hat would fall, it never fitted him anyhow
it was much too small.
Over the field I would run and place it back on his head, then when I
got home Mother always saw red.
My Muddy boots she would make me clean because she knew
exactly where I had been.
For years that Scarecrow stood in that field watching and waiting
for the harvest to yield.
As I grew older I began to understand that this poor old Scarecrow
was doing something grand.
He kept the crows from stealing the seeds that grew into the harvest
for the farmers needs.

sylvia spencer

A Memory

I remember the little harbour that nestled so cosy in
the bay. It was a memory I would never forget from a
long ago holiday

A little town that never changed beneath the summer sky
Now all that is gone and I truly wonder why.

I remember the little ships that pulled into the quay
with different types of fish that were a fresh catch
from the sea.

This little fishing village is a memory of long ago
will it ever be the same again, I am afraid I will never know
The tiny cottages and cobbled streets have all passed
away with time and even the church bell has lost it's statly
chime.

The fishmonger and baker now work in a big superstore
but I will always have my memory from when I was a child
just after the War.

This little old village is now like dead leaves in the fall
but I can remember it was alive and dressed for a ball.
I will never forget this once beautiful place, to hell with
time for changing her face.

sylvia spencer

A Message To A Great Poet

There is a poet who lives in our modern times, who writes
words of comfort and some of those words just blend into rhymes.
Then there are his verses no taller than ones that really
can express beautiful words that only
he knows how, that makes you want to take your hat off and bow.
To me he is a wizard, and his wonders are words,
they come to him like migrating of wisdom, words of
truth and words that you remember way back from your youth.
This great poet is not far away, as a matter of fact he has been here
today. He sent me a message so sweet and kind, that is why he is
always on my mind. I feel in my heart that he may be lonely, but never
mind Duncan your my one and only. I wink my eye when I read your name,
because you and I are one of the same

For you Duncan and all your support.

sylvia spencer

A Misplaced Letter

This poem is about a letter,
one that was posted through a door,
and somehow it got pushed,
under the carpet on the floor.
Many years past before it came to light.
Then when it was opened,
there was a surprise in sight.
It revealed a secret, that had been hidden
for years, and the person that opened it,
just burst into tears.
It read of a young women,
who begged to come home,
she was without friends and all alone.
The man she ran away with
had gone back to his wife, she was now with child
having ruined her life.
The letter was dated, nineteen thirty five.
Could it be possible that she is still alive.
If her child had lived, there would be children of it's own
With one set of grandparents, the other's unknown.

sylvia spencer

A Page In History

Along time ago in our very strange land.
There once lived a king who thought he was grand.
He wore a golden coat studded with gems and
pearls and a fancy wig with long red curls.
A generous man who was no fake, but he let
his heart rule his head and that was a mistake.
He gave land and money to those he did not know
and this brought him down to meet trouble and woe.
This then troubled land who had a great king,
where the people would cheer because of gifts he would
bring, but his generosity let him down and from his head
fell the crown. They said he was a traitor and on the scaffold
he stood and instead of the crown he wore a black hood.
This once grand king which was his right of birth
had failed the lord to his right on earth.
The Divine Right he thought was his alone
and because of this they dragged him from the throne.
'Take heed you Roundheads, old Cromwell said
King Charles is now well and truly dead.
'There will be no king, I will protect this land
With no crown on my head or sceptre in my hand!

sylvia spencer

A Part Of Living

A part of living is what I am going to write about
and that is why us Mums always shout. When we
come home from work and there's a pile in the sink
but we must get on with it, but at first we think.

In a situation like this which is such a bore, because you
left it clean the morning before.

Kids home from school not home alone, they are old
enough to be on their own. You go to the pantry you
find a broken egg on the floor, you start to clear it up
and you find it's run under the fridge door, this now has
become an endless chore.

The microwave is next on the list, to look inside you would
think it was pissed. Curry and rice scattered all around, the
last time that was seen was outside The Rose and Crown.
Cups and plates left on the work top and a carrier bag full
of remains from the Chinese shop.

Your law and order just fades, when the kitchen shelves are
empty because their contents are in the the sink stacked up
in piles of plenty.

Muck on the oven from food boiled over, their dish was spoiled
so they gave it to Rover, the dog that is. Now this old dog is the
cleanest of all because he cleans his plate and is never left
in a state

with the kitchen cleaned up and your back to square one
this is a part of life which ain't no fun. Then when your
standing in your pantry with it's purpose and repose your
wondering what to do with the refuge, that has now buried
your toes.

sylvia spencer

A Pawn

Why did you take my life by storm, wrap me up in ribbons
then use me as a pawn. Twice you were there and twice you
went away, both times it was my life that had to pay.
Brought up through childhood with no mother by my side.
Then when you returned, your sincerity lied.
Your pages of life were shattered with woe, yet on my life
you caused an awful blow. Through times of hardship you
were never there; but that kind of love to you is rare.
You left me Mother for another man's bed, and I went through
life thinking you were dead. I searched for proof in mind and soul.
Knowing that one day I would reach my goal,
to prove to you that you have lied.
about trying to get custody, to which you denied.
Your footings rock and you lack foundation, How could you do it
Mother abandon your female love I am afraid can never
be updated because this little pawn has finally checkmated.

Could this have happened to you I know of someone it did but it was not me.

sylvia spencer

A Place In Time

When I look to the sea I think of time with it's
horizon, that great dividing line. I see the ships
that crossed her waters from one's that had sailed
with rat infested quarters; yet they sailed so proudly
from our shore not knowing what they would find on their
new neighbours door. Imigrants by the thousands
queued upon the sand because the potato was left to the land.
Time passes on, and there were times that were great,
when sea captains fought no matter what their fate.
Times with brandy and smugglers caves, shipwrecks
gone to watery the Mary Rose and King Henry's
treasure, then when it was discovered it gave such pleasure.
The reading of books with Hawkins the boy, great discoveries
and land ahoy. Swashbuckling pirates have a place in time,
when they walked the plank that was the end of the line.
Time never stands still as the waves roll on, they are just
like a clock with a loud sounding gong. You can stand and
watch them crash upon the shore but all they are doing is knocking,
on our front door.

sylvia spencer

A Prayer Of Perfection

Enable us to have the wisdom
that comes with shaping the mind.
Equip us with the truth because it
will help shape our conscience.
Encourage us to have the vision
so that we can help in the future.
Power us with love, make us gentle
and kind for this may help to shape the world.
Fulfil our speech with wonderful words, so that
we can share them with others of less fortune.
Enable us to be happy and have pleasures at hand
for this may banish greed and selfishness.
Equip us with a kind heart so to help find forgiveness
because this is hard to find, when wrong has taken over.
Engulf us with strength, to fight the battle cry
so we can conquer torment, depression and stress.
Encourage us to walk down your holy path,
for here we will find guidance, security and love.
Enrol us in your house as good Christian People
for it is here we will find joyfulness and friendship.
Enrich us with the voice to sing in Holy Praise,
for our Lord God who has given us 'Perfection!

sylvia spencer

A Rainy Day

Once I had a money box where I saved for a rainy day
but the funny part about it, the rain never went away.
I would put money in and then take it out, that is why
my money box always suffered with a drought.
My rainy day money never grew at all because all I
wanted to do, was to go out and have a ball.
Now my sister she was a bit of a miser, that is because
she was older and can I say, so much wiser.
Every month she would empty her tin plate box then
shove all her savings in one of her socks.
Then off she went to the post office to hand in the change
just to receive a couple of savings stamps, in exchange.
My sister would come home then stick the stamps in a
book and she would always give me, a little cocky look.
My sister never went shopping, she was too mean to do
that, so while she was saving money; I was out buying a
new soon as I earned it I was out on the town
and nine times out of ten I was dressed in a new gown.
By the time Monday came it was always the same, I spent
all my money, as if I had thrown it down the drain.
So every Tuesday morning I would pick my money box lock
or I would search amongst my treasures to see what I could hock.
I tried so much to save for that rainy day, but it was impossible
to keep the rain at bay.

This never happened to me but it could have, or it might have
happened to you. This poem is only a story.

sylvia spencer

A Sad Life

What a sad life I lead, stuck here on the wall
with two screws in my guts so that I don't fall.
I am only here to hang a basket, one that is full
of flowers; then to be sprayed with water every
twenty four hours. All I am is a piece of metal
holding a flower basket folly. It has made me
lose my dignity and I feel such a wally.
I was once a proud hanger but all I am now
is a rusty old paint is almost gone
and I do feel the strain when on comes the water
or down comes the rain. It's worse in the summer
when the water comes twice a day the weight is
horrendous but who am I to say.
No one cares if I am left out in the cold, I am a wall
bracket who is now growing old.
I am doomed for the scrap yard, that's where all dead
metal goes. They better do it soon because this basket
will hit someone on the nose.

sylvia spencer

A Shopping Trip

You pick a fine day so you're off to the stores, up and
down on the escalator to all different floors.
Into a shopping mall where life never stands still,
a shopper's dream that will fix and thrill.
In you go, and you breath a sigh, this is your
fix your on a high. Looking for offers, like buy one
get one free so you can add to your spending spree.
Designer perfumes full of passion, spending you're
money as if it's going out of fashion. Neon lights above
the doors in and out of different w shopping
at it's best can we afford it, that's the test. Pocket's now on
over spill now to get another thrill; don't worry about
tomorrow that may bring sorrow, we live for today so let
the credit card pay. Designer clothes made for the skinny
no long skirts only short or mini. Hipster trousers
that show a belly full of flesh, what ever happened to the
smart female dress, then you find a store that has a good
visit Marks and Spencers where you know
the clothes will fit, so you decide to have a total refit.
Stop for lunch with a glass of wine and then it's down to the cash
point for a second time. You buy a pair shoes to match
the jacket then its home to hubby to hear his racket.
Hubby comes home then goes into decline because his
dinner is not on time. You tell him that you've shopped
until you dropped in London and Kent. Then he drops
when he finds out how much money you've spent.

sylvia spencer

A Story In Print

Out on sale at the crack of dawn, then I am chucked in
someone's yard or on the front lawn.
Yes I am the newspaper the one with the headline news
but most of the time I am just full up with self pity blues.
The world is in a crises and there is no food for people to eat.
Then you turn over and gangs are fighting in the street.
Drink, drugs and teenage thugs all ruining their lives, what stupid
mugs. Shares and morgages all up and down, and there is always
an MP doing their best for their side of town.
Sometimes I wonder why I was invented, because my brain can
be so tormented. Only there is so much rubbish they cram into my
pages, that is why I am printed in very small stages.
Then on goes the sports page, lacking or making
football glory then money speaks well that's another
premiership story. Horse racing scams and football fiddles,
not to forget the crosswords or word search riddles
I have now been read from front to back and what you now view
are fingers that are black, and I get dumped in the recycling sack.
Or I could be used to wrapp china or glass,
or I may come back in fashion, because once I was used to
'wipe your arse!

sylvia spencer

A Tale Of Two Smokers

Flash, the Ash and Smoky Joe were two Pawn Brokers
they also were two heavy Joe he owned a
shop in Thetford and Flash owned one in
they got together you could not hear a mutter, because all
they did was cough and Flash was so called
because of his attitude, at times he could be down right rude.
With a cigar in his mouth and a packet in his pocket, the smoke
in that shop was like a blast from a rocket.
If you were held in a queue when you had something to pawn, that's
because Flash had been up all night, coughing till dawn.
Then in the shop he would cough all day, keeping his customers
well at queue sometimes were about a mile long and the
smell of smoke was just as strong. One day The Pawn Shop
caught fire, now poor old Flash is deep in mire.
As for Joe his partner and friend well he was with him, right to
the end. He suffered with his lungs and was told to stop smoking
but he said to the doctors 'you must be joking!
He did not listen to what they had to say and poor old Joe
was going the same way. He had lots of therapy,
and matters looked bleak; then his heart gave up and he
was dead within a week.
Smoky Joe and Flash the Ash, in life made plenty of cash,
but their lives were short lived through smoking 'TRASH!

sylvia spencer

A Tall Story

The Inn smelt old as I walked through the door.

The tables were rustic and so was the floor.

I sat by the fire all cold and damp and my feet
were wet and numb with cramp.

The soot from the chimney lay piled in the grate
and some how I knew I was in for a long wait.

A nasty smell came up from nowhere
and without no one around, I had a feeling of
beware.

I was cold and hungry and my throat had a thirst
but little did I know I was to expect the worst.

A gust of wind came down the chimney breast
then all at once I knew I was not the only guest.

In the opposite chair sat a man in black, he never
came in the door so he must have come down the
open chimney air was cold and my hunger
got worse, then I saw this man get out his purse.

Out of his purse came coins of gold and I knew at once
they were very old. He counted the coins with his
hat pulled down, then looked at me and gave a frown.

Who was this man dressed in black, who came like
a ghost down the chimney stack.

I feared for my life in a funny kind of way, but something
was telling that I had to stay.

I watched the embers fade into ash and this man in black
count out his cash, was he a robber with a price on his head
or was he a ghost come back from the dead.

As I tried to get close but that nasty smell got stronger, it was
making me feel sick, I could'nt stand it any longer.

Then a gust of wind blew me across the room and the man
in black was gone to soon.

The cold had gone and the air was warm, the night had
gone and it was almost dawn.

I had supped the soup and eaten the bread and made
friends with a ghost who came back from the
smell had gone and that was the best, had I been put
through some sort of test.

The Landlord told me he visits every year to claim
the taxes on the Inns beer. A forgotton Tax Man

who was done to death because he had a nasty
smelly this was a tall story and I do have others
because The Man in Black has several Brothers.

sylvia spencer

A Tall Story Part Two

There is a bridge that crosses over a river
A river that is eerie and makes you quiver
With the light of the moon the river will gleam
and a boat will go sailing, on its own down
stream. The mist will come from out of the trees
and horrible sounds can be heard in the breeze.
It sounded like cats caught up in a fight a claim
for territory in the dead of night, but cats never fight
on the waters edge just in case they fall over the ledge.
A river bank full of matted reeds where plants had died
without dispersing their seeds. A man dressed in green
who paddles the stream who can be seen clear in the
moonlit times you hear him digging on
the side of the river bank, could this be true or is it
some sort of a prank
A river full of algae green and that's how it had
always been. No carp, no bream no fish to fish not
even a place for a secret wish.
No river bank wildlife to give it grace, just run over the
bridge and get out of this place.
The story tells of a robber who stood about three feet
tall and because of his height he couldn't climb over
the wall. Now behind the wall was the river which spread
down far and wide and the man in green had a problem
because he couldn't get to the other he hid the
loot inside his boot and started to dig under the wall
but as he dug the water flooded in and he sank to
the bottom of the pool.
Apart from one thing he could not swim and the weight
of the loot that was in his boot no doubt made him take
root. If you go to the river and see the man in green, then
please come back and tell us what you have seen.
This is a tall story one with a short tale, I am sorry it
didn't excite you, but my next one won't fail.

sylvia spencer

A Tiny Bit Of Self Belief

I am no poet, because people have told me so.
I am no story teller, that at least I know.
I could never be a Novelist because I have no flare
but I have creative writing, and mine is rare.
A poem to me is writing to rhyme yet most poets
think that's a capital crime.If I get a score of ten
then I think I've done well, but most of the time poets
fly in like bats out of try to tell me about all
the great poet's but all they are a load of know it's
The words I write may not be to their perfection and
they certainly would not win a poetry election.
My pen and I just love to write free and that's the
way it will always be. It matter's not that I will never
be top but my pen and I will never stop.
Most poets think that my words are meaningless
but my self belief say's I'm a genius.

sylvia spencer

A Touch Of Heaven

Everything was peaceful with only the sound of the breeze
blowing softly through those tall pine trees
On the marsh, there was no flood like winter time
just puddles of water that had gone into decline
This is a favorite place where you and I go, where
a memory remains of a pace that is slow.
The Stiffkey Marsh that we used to pass everyday
has now become our place where we love to stay.
Gone are the days when we drove straight past
because we were too much in a hurry, to make the
splendor last. A nature walk that goes on for miles with
people chatting as they cross the styles.
We have now discovered a place of beauty, a treasure
chest full of nature's booty. A wonderful place that holds
the meaning of love, if this is Heaven then lift us above.

sylvia spencer

A Touch Of Love

There was once a child who's heart was broken, she had no love only gifts and tokens. Showered with money and gifts from her Dad, it's no wonder this poor child was always sad. Her Mother never cared, there was no time for thought, she repeated the action and loaded the child with clothes that she had bought. This child was insecure because she never understood, why her parents never loved her the way they should. Through the years she watched them go their separate ways which left her mind all in a maze.

A weekend with Mum and then one with Dad
her thoughts of the future were never glad. Her Mother cared for nothing but her own life, and the sadness got worse when her Dad took a new wife with her stepmother was not all that kind and at times the poor girl was driven out of her mind. There were two step brothers who too were unkind, and as she grew older, so did her troubled mind. Her life went by full of turmoil and dismay, then she turned to a friend who told her she was heart was now full of joy and song, there was now love in her life that had done her so wrong. A touch of love was all she pleaded, but now she had found it and it was so desperately needed.

sylvia spencer

A Touch Of Remorse

I look to the sky and there are the stars
but I have no window pane, only prison bars.
I became a rebel without a cause
so why do I feel such remorse. At that moment
in time it was just for fun; I am eaten up with sorrow
with the wrong I have done.
Fast cars, fights, drink and drugs; I was sucked into
the company, of what I now call mugs.
I knew not of my destiny but now I am begging to
be free. As I count away these endless days the more
I see the error of my ways.
I have been in prison these past three years trying to
come to terms with all my fears. About life on the outside
and how I will cope; and having the courage to stay off the
dope. I have no prospects when I leave this place but I know
I have to put on a brave face. For Billy my son who is now age
five and my wife who has tried so hard to keep our love alive.

sylvia spencer

A Trip On Safari

I am an Elephant my name is Ernest and I am really quite a hunk. I am built quite sturdy and I have an enormous trunk. I have two white tusks that can root up trees, I can even get down on bended knees. I have two big ears and four big feet. I am strictly vegetarian I don't eat meat. I march in line with all my Brothers we are friends of the jungle, amongst all others.

Hello I'm Larry the great King Cat, I am the King because I live here and not on a mat, besides I am too big to be pampered I was Born Free and my favorite spot is under a tree. That is where I like to graze with the rest of the pride Lioness and cubs by my side. We love to hunt and have a good feed. It's then we get tired and it's sleep we need.

We are just monkey's flying through the trees, having a laugh because we all like to swing on branches, we have to be quick, and to do this it takes practise it's an old family trick. They call us monkey's wise, as a matter of fact that is a surprise; because it's not very often we sound like an owl but we do have some bad habits and we can be very foul. We eat plenty of fruit with a staple diet we're a noisy bunch and we have been known to cause a riot.

You have met my friends now meet me. I've always got my head in a neck is so tall that when I look down on the world it looks so small. I am also a vegetarian I eat lots of leaves but I have to make sure there's not a hive full of bees. I am a curious looking animal I am really quite strange; better to see me at a distance, not at a short range. When danger comes, I flee for a short while I don't let my stature cramp my style. Yes I am the Giraffe the world's tallest creature slenderly built with a colourful feature.

I am so fast I'm on a marathon run, but I don't do this just for fun. I out run my catch with utmost skill; that is when I dive in and go for the kill. I have a beautiful coat a rare sight to be seen; my stature is slender and my body is lean. I am the fastest animal there is alive, my

speed and confidence helps me survive. I am called Cheetah, I might stop near by, but I'm gone in a second so don't blink your eye.

Hippopotamus and Rhinoceros at the water hole; Wilderbeest and Hyenas out for a stroll. An African plain full of great colourful sights from the morning sun rise to endless golden nights. Mount Kilimanjaro in the distance you can see, this is such a wonderful place to be. A trip on Safari would be very nice, but then you start thinking about the price. I have created this poem so the kids could go free and if the parents want to go; then that's ok by me.

sylvia spencer

A View Across The Skyline

A view across the skyline where there are buildings tall and wide, but gone are two of them that stood side by side.

A view across the skyline the unforgotten grave, a memory that will last forever in the land of the brave

A view across the skyline is my tribute to nine eleven, where many thousand souls departed into heaven. It's hard to believe what happened that day, but the view across the skyline will never fade away.

sylvia spencer

A Wayward Life

Born out of wedlock,
with a chip on his shoulder,
one that was as big,
as a cliff face, boulder.
From the age of seven
he was in constant trouble.
Then as he grew up,
His parents worries,
were set to double.
Police at the door,
both night and day
and sometimes they came,
and took the lad away.
Drink and drugs,
were always on the card
of this teenage lad,
who's parents worked hard.
Up in front of the Beak!
and sentenced to a year,
this wayward lad,
showed no remorse or fear.
So on he went, with a record
one that was now at hand,
spending more time than ever,
locked up, in the 'Hotel Grand!
At the age of forty,
and still no life sorted.
Wife and family,
now totally aborted.

sylvia spencer

A Winter Of Discontent

I remember a winter a few decades ago.
Where our dear England was covered in snow.
It started on Boxing Day with a blizzard from hell
then in the course of a week the snow just fell.
This once green paradise was now a shroud of white
and everyone was suffering from chillblains and frostbite.
Outdoor life was like an indoor fridge
where everything had frozen like a mountain ridge.
Abandon lorries on the side of the road
men were freezing even their load.
Villages cut off all over the land
so in came the troops to lend a hand.
This was the winter of discontent that lasted from
Christmas, and way past Lent.
As one lot of snow cleared, it would return again
to bring freezing cold temperatures and a lot of pain.
Wind would blow both night and day, and still the snow
never went so of snow standing six foot high
just being topped up with snow from a winter sky.
So what of this winter of ice and snow
one that happened a few decades ago.
I remember it as one that was cold and wild
because in the summer God presented me
with my first born child.
In this year, where snow fell in December
it was the coldest winter I will ever remember.

sylvia spencer

A Wonderful Experience

I sat in my garden, late on Sunday night, the temperature
was high as the swallows made there fly, small bats came
from nowhere, they were joint with the flare of a wonderful
summers evening that I too can smell of the jasmin,
lilly, and the rose; my whole life was forgotten, but my passion rose.,
for the beauty of wildlife which was there at my toes.
Marsh frogs that came from out of the blue,
this was so beautiful I could hardly believe it was true.
With a glass of wine in my hand, I felt as if I owned all the land.
If I was to go to Heaven tomorrow, then I would truly
have no sorrow; because I have seen the world
at its best, it's an experience that is a cut above the rest.
Life cannot be better when life is wild and free so please
keep that axe well away from the tree.
We can all find a life with passion for the green,
but if we abide by it, that remains to be seen.
God bless you all. Sylvie

sylvia spencer

Alias Arthur

You say your name is Arthur,
is that really true.
I have heard lots of stories
so can this really be you.
To be a good alias
you have to have a good name
because people will dig deep,
until they find that you,
fit the so called frame.
An alias is a person,
who does well in disguise.
A person who also,
tells many lies.
A secret person,
with tricks up there sleeve
one that can mimic
and know how to thief.
To the right person,
it's just playing silly games
one that owns a pandora's box
full of disguise's and names.
So if you are all
these my friend.
Then Arthur your an alias
right to the very end.

sylvia spencer

Along The Stony Track.

He came into Jerusalem,
along the stony track.
The man they called the Healer,
riding on a donkeys back.
He came into Jerusalem,
children opened up there arms.
They knelt down in front of him,
then laid the branches of palms.
He came into Jerusalem,
in a flash of golden light.
Poised upon a donkey,
wearing a shroud of white.
He came into Jerusalem,
without horse or chariot to ride.
The man they called Jesus,
with his Disciples by his side.
he came into Jerusalem,
blessing the people, as he went by,
Knowing that one of his Disciples
would three times deny.
He came into Jerusalem,
with his destiny at hand.
Betrayed by another,
as to bear the sins of the land.
He came into Jerusalem,
with so much love to give
To heal the sick and tormented,
so that they could live.
Then Destiny would take him,
bearing a cross upon his back,
up the hill to Calvary,
along the stony track.
He came into Jerusalem,
to be crucified at dawn,
nailed upon the cross
with his flesh all torn.
He came into Jerusalem,
No gold upon his head,
but his head lay heavy,

and these were the words he said
'Forgive Them Father,
For They Know Not What They Do!
He came into Jerusalem,
and gave his life, just for you.

sylvia spencer

An Ageing Teddy Bear

Upon the shelf sat my old Teddy Bear
looking quite sad and in need of repair.
He never had a name, I just called him Ted
him with one eye and no ears on his head.
When we were young and in our prime
we really did have a good time.
We would play at schools and I would teach
him to read, or we would go on a picnic and
have a good feed.
When it was time for bed I would sing him a song.
Then in the morning I would kiss him fo keeping
me warm all night long.
In my satchel he liked to be carried to school;
although it was forbidden we disobeyed the rule.
I kept old Ted out of sight, because one hundred
lines I would have to write.
Old Ted he had a great deal of pride
It never seemed to worry him when he started
losing his inside.
I gave him a pill because he looked so ill,
yet still he got thinner and thinner.
He sat on the shelve with his head drooped low
I just knew he had to go.
I placed him in a box and buried him deep
and all I could was weep.
Tears fell like rain from the sky and I always
ask myself why.
I loved old Ted my partner in crime, perhaps I will
meet him again SOMETIME.

sylvia spencer

An Endless Quest

Hear a kid of today it's always the same,
I am afraid to goodbye or see you tomorrow
it's all about them and what they can borrow.
Money spent on useless things, then comes a
mountain of dept and the sadness it brings.
Everything is status, they must go one better
trying to match up to the best go getter.
Then there's some that always want more,
so they live above there means as never before.
These things are out of reach, to a mininum wage
earner but most of that money becomes a pocket
burner to a very early sometimes think
that money grows on trees, especially when it comes
to those University fees.
When Christmas comes they want the world and his
wife, but don't they realise that we have a life
Our life is for giving and their's is for taking,
but truthfully folks it's all our own making.

sylvia spencer

An Intruder

In this place of silence and gloom,
sits an intruder on a mossy tomb
He is a very small bird with a colourful breast,
and the crumbling graves, are his place of rest.
How can he find food in a place so empty,
yet he looks as if he has been fed, plenty.
The winds of God blow seed around,
for this intruder to feed off the ground.
He feels protected in this lonely place.
Where he can bob around at his own pace.
Summer and winter, all the year through.
This little intruder has a birds eye view,
when his perched on a branch of the
hanging Yew.
He has become a mourner in his own right,
because when there's a funeral, he's there on site.
He sings a melody, one that can be heard,
to let the mourners know this is
 God's everlasting word.

sylvia spencer

An Ode To Our Trees

Hey you standing there, with your arms into the sky.
and the rest of you, standing firm on the ground.
They say you are naked, in winter time.
When the frost comes calling, and the snows all around.
Your name might be Oak, Chestnut or Birch,
but why does mother nature, always leave you in the lurch.
You stand so proud, against the skyline
Yet she takes your leaves, and leaves the pine.
Then she becomes one of her proud evergreens
and you become lost into, her winter scenes,
But you are the trees that are in history book pages,
with the building of ships, throughout the ages.
Trees that have built road and rail,
and you the tree, that has felled in many a gale
You the tree, that adorns our skyline,
you stand there meaningless, in a world of decline
Trees that should be forever, in our great land,
but time will tell, with the help of God's hand.

sylvia spencer

An Old Man An His Mountain

I wish I could climb the mountain once more
to do everything that I did before. Breath the air
that is sweet to taste, climb a mountain and not
make more to the summit just to touch
the stars; away from the world and it's fast cars.
Making tracks up the path, smelling the alpine flower
gaze upon the summit, oh' what conquering power.
To look once again at the world below where everything
looks small and you can hear the echo call.
I never bothered about the chill in the air.
I had no worries because my feelings were there.
I still dress up in mountaineering clothes, put on my
boots, check the tackle and paint a bright red nose
I look at photographs or the worlds greatest mountain;
'yes, I was once there in that snowy fountain, where
hardened glaciers had formed over the years where we
were afraid to tread, it was our greatest fears.
White covered masses upon a ridge left from a
snowstorm then frozen like a fridge.
I am an old man with a replacement knee but in my
mind that mountain belongs to me. If once again I
could hear that ice crack; it's then I know my destiny
has called me back.

sylvia spencer

An Open Book

Sadness, sickness and family glory.
This is our live's a never ending story
Up's and downs trials and error's
tied up with pain, stress and terrors.
Let's say our live's start like a book
Well it's time we opened it and had a look
Each year you will grow, and a page you will
turn, getting brighter each day as you're willing,
to learn.
As the years roll on, your chapter gets longer.
Every page you turn, your body gets stronger
When your body is mature, and full grown.
It's the end of a part works, a full score years,
have flown. Your story will go on as life flys by.
Then man becomes a hero, reaching for the sky.
With the building of bridges and the conquering,
of heights. Then life and time is the traveller,
as you hold on to the days and nights.
Heartache and sorrow, many things may go wrong.
The paper may tear but the pages are strong.
Then life has become solid, like the strength,
of a brick. Bind it in leather as it's many pages thick.
Your book could be a best seller, one that reads swell.
Your life can be the same, if you hold the pen well

sylvia spencer

An Underwater Love Affair

Beneath the fathoms, of salty waves,
is a world of splendour and under water caves.
Rainbow coloured coral, that's sharp to touch,
set in under water beauty that we both love so much.
Deep in a search for lost pirate booty,
we came across a world of outstanding beauty.
We found a wreck, we had not seen before.
We could see she was a Gallion, a Spanish Man of War.
Into her hull we swam like fish in this underwater haven,
of ecstasy and bliss.
We found a ship, but there was no booty,
but we did find love and underwater beauty.
In a world that's free and full of wonder,
but not if man makes another stupid blunder.

sylvia spencer

Angels Psalm

Angels can be fast and some can be slow
but one thing is sure they are with us wherever we go.
I have a cat that I love so dear and one dark night she
was full of fear. In her throat a bone had stuck so tight
and it was causing her to have a sleepless night.
I prayed to the Lord to help her pain but all the praying
seemed just in vain. The only thing I could do was to be
her nurse, as I watched helpless as the pain got worse.
Then all at once she gave a great yelp, as if she was
saying 'oh God I need your help!
Then before I knew it her ordeal was at an end, the bone
was out and she was on the mend,
All of Gods Angels knew she needed aid, so they came
down to Earth to stop her from being afraid.
They blessed her with their loving touch,
because they knew she had suffered so much.
The pain had left her and she lay down to sleep
and for the rest of the night, I never heard another peep.
The Angels had left as soon as they came
but I know they will return again and again.
They all have a job to do, and that is to bless,
where there are sick and wounded in distress.
They kept dear Amber safe from harm,
that is why I called this The Angels Psalm

sylvia spencer

Any Offers

I am in need of a bookcase that I could call my own
one that I could go to when I was all alone.
Just to read a book that could be easily displayed
one that was a best seller and had reached top grade.
In my bookcase I would display rare books, to me
it wouldn't matter if they were leather bound or had
shabby looks. My bookcase would be my own private
possession where every day I would take a reading lesson.
In my bookcase I would shelve a vast amount of information
Just so it could help that student frustration. When it comes to
exams which is a hard task to take, if you have a good
bookshelve the pass mark is well on the make. If I owned a
bookcase like the one I have just mentioned I would have to
build a house with a twelve foot extension. A bookcase is not
enough to house the books that I own, so is there any one out
there that will give my books a good home.

sylvia spencer

As Often Fades

As often fades the summer day with bright blue
skys turning seek the shelter of a hollow
tree as to nestle in the comfort of bright
the candle burns at night when all around has shed
it's light. The cold night air and a hard frosty morn come
face to face with fallow and fawn; and the blackbird no
longer sings as he flutters around on dark coloured
foot the tread of crisp white snow with thoughts
of fires and embers glow. Yet hidden deep beyond this cosy
life are children full of want and strife. A louder thought with
love insight could help the needy in their plight.

How often fades the summer day when the fields are full
with bails of hay. How green is our valley with snow on it's
peaks, a far cry from the getto with it's gift of famin and a
stench that reeks.

How often fades the summer day in a world that seems to
have it's own way. As we stand and listern to rules and laws
there are countrys and places being engulfed by s
and earthquakes but do they really care, just donate to the fund
but do they get the full share.

A new generation of asbo's and hoods, if these are outlaws
then send them back to the woods.

As often fades our summer day with autumn and winter
a short way away then we look to the sky and wonder why,
how quickly life has passed us by.

sylvia spencer

As Wild As The Poppy

A little bud with a low bowing head and when you bloom
your the colour of red.

Red for danger and as red as the rose, but you the wild
poppy such an elegant pose.

Tear like buds surround a paper looking flower, with petals
disappearing at the first sign of a shower.

The very next day a new bud opens it's way to
pretty red petals that last about a day.

You suffer pain with the wind and the rain but that doesn't
stop you blooming again.

Poppies disappear like stars in the night but when the sun
comes up, there up again like a fire burning bright.

Along the wayside they are there as well they are even in a
battle field a place called hell.

Poppy sweet, wild bloom of red. A pin in the lapel to
remember the dead.

Lonely wild poppy the greatest of all you are always there
when we need to call, because when one dies there is
another to take it's place.

The dear wild poppy the one with the sad face.

sylvia spencer

Battery Needed

Why is my clock always slow?
It always plays up, when there is
somewhere to go. Why does my clock
never tell the right time, when it reads
ten minutes to the hour! it's way past nine.
Why does my clock, never strike
on the hour! It still has its pendulum,
but the thing lacks old clock
never had an alarm, but now its lost it's
old world charm. This old clock had a
Westminster Chime, but now it's full of
dirt and grime, it really is a troublesome
thing. I sometimes wonder if it needs a new
I wind it up, it just makes a weird
sound, it makes me feel I want to throw it
around. I think it's time to change it to Quartz.
Then that should cure all its faults.
With a battery inside, my clock will be just fine.
Then I will get to work, in plenty of time.
I will then be sad, because my clock has no heart,
only a battery to make it start.

sylvia spencer

Beacon Light

There on a cliff was a shadow, from where I could see
it looked far away. The wind was blowing and it felt as
if snow was on it's way. Upon that cliff top there once stood
a house built of stone. Her stone and cobbles were painted
white and on her roof she carried a beaming light.
In her days of Pomp and Glory, there were many a sailor
who told a good story. Ones of ghosts and things of the night
all making their way to the beacon light. Through tempest and
in calm these old sailors would roam, and saftly they would return
because the beacon light would bring them home;
she carried them over many a rough wave and saved their ships
from a watery more does she stand where she did before;
with her flashing beacon throwing light of the shore.
The story goes she is beyond repair,
it really is sad to see this despair;
She lays almost forgotton on shifting sand.
The cliffs have eroded and she fell with the land.
The shadow I saw was the light from a beam.
That's the ghostly thing it was no dream.
Sailors tell of long ago when a ship was wrecked far below.
Her beam went out for one costly second
and thats when our Dear Lord beconed.
Fifty souls were lost to a watery grave
because the beacon failed to behave.
There now lingers a shadow; and we know
it's no dream, they say its the ghost of the beam.
The one that never shone bright
on that most unfortunate night.

sylvia spencer

Beware Of The Stars

Beware of the stars, why because they come out at night
but so does the moon with his light so bright.

The midnight sky it is a sight to be seen, but sometimes you may
feel betwix and midnight sky with it's colour of deep
blue and this is a sight that has been seen by many a few.

We see the stars, and then one might fall, and maybe it will
land on a garden wall. A midnight sky as clear as a bell, with
stars that twinkle that have no fear of hell. A clear blue sky in
the middle of the night. In the Summer it means thaty good weather is in sight,
but in the winter in means JACK FROST will bite.

sylvia spencer

Butcher Bill

There was once a butcher who went by the name
of Bill who displayed all his meat on the windowsill.
This was his way of showing his customers, what he had to sell;
yet he never realised it caused such an awful smell.
His shop was clean with sawdust on the floor and the butchers
block was scrubbed every day at four.. His display of meat, poultry
and offal gave all his customers a chance to waffal;
about all the flys that queued up in the street
just to breed on his contaminated meat.
He was known to brag about his shins of beef,
but some of his customers were known have false teeth.
Butcher Bill sold sausages that would thrill, and he also sold
chicken's that could kill. Minced meat and steak that would
make a good meat pie,
but who, cares about that 'they were all doomed to die.
Not only the butcher, the baker as well, no health and hygiene
who can tell
So come buy your meat at Butcher Bills, but before you do don't
forget to write out your wills.
Butcher Bill lived a long time ago, when life was hard and people
were slow, but in life today he still sells his meat, from a shop
window that advances on to the street. So don't be afraid
of your Butcher Bills meat because everything he serves
is a finger licking treat.
If your a vegetarian I suggest you forget about my verse,
because if you start to chew upon it, you may need a nurse

sylvia spencer

Calories

When I go to the baker,
to buy a loaf of bread.
I must think about what to buy,
before I lose my head.
I really want to spoil myself,
and buy a cream cake,
but that's totally, out of the question,
because my diet rules I'll break.
I love a hot cross bun,
it's oh! so nice and spicy,
but when it comes to calories
it's oh! so dicey.
Fruit cake and sponges,
are there for my temptation,
now this is when my hormones start
and I'm pent up with frustration.
With the smell of the fresh bread,
baked on the site.
It's at this crucial moment,
I feel I've lost the fight.
Bowls full of fondents,
and other sweet meats,
coconut ice and,
free sugar mouse treats.
All these are samples,
free for me to taste.
So I review the situation,
and think of my waist.
All these goodies are all very nice,
but when I'm counting calories
I certainly think twice

sylvia spencer

Cat Flu

I once had three cats but now I have two
and for the past three months I have been in a stew.
Not only did I lose a cat that was so precious to me
but my two ginger Toms were as sick as could be.
I grieved for my girly and I went to her grave every day
but in the course of those days I had vet bills to pay.
Tablets and injections, eye drops as well
how long this was going on for no one could tell.
Cat Flu was the problem such a long old job
and I can honestly say the vet earnt a few bob,
but I am thankful to say my two Toms are now well
scrapping for territory and causing us hell

sylvia spencer

Christmas Cards

Sometimes I wonder why we get so many and some years
I think shall I send any.
Then they start coming through the door and before you know
it there's a pile on the floor.
One from uncle Jack which comes every year without fail
who's mind is still with it but his old and frail.
He never forgets to send a card but you can tell by his
writing that this may be his last Christmas regard.
Designer cards full of sparkle and folly, ones with Christmas
trees and wreath's of holly.
Reindeer, Snowmen, coach and horses all these cards
just stretching our resources.
Filled with verses of tidings and good cheer and most of
them wishing you happy new year
So where are the cards of the Christmas Nativity with kings
Shepherds, and all the simplicity.
The beautiful cards where Christ was born in a manger so
meek and forlorn; with Mary and Joseph on that Christmas
Morn.
Cards that remember what Christmas is all about, somehow
they have dried up like a river in a drought.
The Christmas Card which every year becomes an
extension caused only by a simple Victorian invention.
Every Christmas there is another name added to the list
that same old cramp always returns to the wrist.

sylvia spencer

Clouds

Clouds sink down the hills, but where do they go
to a white frozen land of ice and snow.

Do they go to a planet far beyond this earth

or do they meet the horizon where the tide meets

the candy floss clouds that never stop forming

in clusters on a mountain top. Where dreams of fulfilment

never stop Spring like clouds that change with the weather.

that darken the moors and play havoc with the heather.

Clouds of sadness that has no silver lining

where hearts are sad and the world is pinning.

A cloud in a blue sky just pass it by,

but when the sky turns grey, that means rains on it's way.

sylvia spencer

Cobblestone Psalm

A cobblestone path, how pretty it can look
leading down from the a hill to a babbling brook.
Then leads into a village of old world charm, where
everything is peaceful and away from harm.
This cobblestone path does not end there, it
follows on to a church where fellowship share
the kind of love that comes with an open door.
A welcome love that you can feel free to pray
not only on The Sabbath but every day
This church has no steeple or pews at the side
but just a cobblestone path that runs far and wide.
Each little turning has an open invitation. To join the
fellowship of Gods cobblestone path
protects us from harm thats why this verse is called
The Cobblestone Psalm.

sylvia spencer

Countryside Sentiment.

I love to walk, down country lanes,
and listen to the sound of nature's call.

I do this from the start of spring,
right up to the fall.

Primroses scattered, here and there,
and rabbits running wild.,
all that were in picture books,
when I was just a child.

I walk the lanes, mile upon mile,
far away from the madding crowd,
to a life of sheer beauty,
from a town that was so loud.

I was born a city girl,
who grew up in a snare.

Where houses were built,
row upon row, and smoked
polluted the air.

In the summertime,
My walks take me down to the beach,
to see the horizon,
that's way beyond man's reach.

The salty spray upon my face,
breathing in the ozone air.
running bare foot in the sand,
with the breeze blowing in my hair.

My walks become shorter,
as the autumn comes calling,
the harvest has been gathered,
and the leaves are now falling.

This is the season, to say goodbye,
when nature takes over,
and birds migrate to the sky.

I still walk the lanes,
when the snow is on the ground,
It is my only tribute,
to the love that I have found
for Mother Nature, who I love so dear.
who paints a picture,
from year to year.

sylvia spencer

Cracker Jack (The Story Of A Race Horse)

Poor old Cracker stands all alone cold, hungry
and chilled to the bone, in a muddy meadow
that is now his chestnut brown horse
was once the pride of the race course, with his
jockey on his back galloping round the racing track.
They say old Cracker was the favourite in a big race
but after a stewards enquiry he was disqualified,
and that was followed by jockey thought
that he was ill but after testing they found that he had
been doped with some sort of pill.

Cracker Jack this poor old horse once the pride of the
Antree course, just went to pieces and full of remorse.
He had done nothing it was not his fault it was the
underworld who tamper with the racing sport.
Cracker was sad he loved to race but the Jockeys
Club said no he was a horse that the field would not
face.

He was sold at auction to a riding school but the riders
could not keep up with the horses pull, he was bred to jump
over hedge and fence so therefore his riders had no defence.
One day out riding along the track he threw his rider who
injured his back. Crackers pace was to fast for the riding
school so he was sold again because he couldn't succume
to their rule.

From pillar to post this old horse was sent and trouble followed
him where ever he went. Shoved in a stable with nowhere to
race with his body and life now in total disgrace.

A once great race horse with no one at his side, perhaps it
would be better if he just laid down and died. At least his
dignity would come back again because I have written his
story and given him fame.

sylvia spencer

Crooked Cats

I know of three cats that have eyes of fire
and one of them likes to climb the church spire.
He is a scaredy cat when mum comes a calling
because he is just afraid of falling.
Number two cat with his burning eyes of fire
just loves to play in the mooreland mire.
He never stops to think that some day he might sink
and there will be no one around to pull him to the brink.
Number three cat is wise now aint that a surprise
and she is also keen at telling lies.
One day she told Mummy cat that her Brothers were dead
so she could eat the food that they were to be fed.
Now Mummy cat was also wise and she did not belive
those dreadful lies.
When it was time for dinner number three cat got thinner.
When out came a dish that was full of fish and there was
nothing left for her to finish.

(The Moral of this story is if you play with fire you can get burnt)

sylvia spencer

Crumbling Chalk

Beneath the cliffs of crumbling chalk was once a path
where you could walk. The walk would take you down to
the sand where fishing boats would come to land.

Now this crumbling chalk falls into the sea, where once
crabs and lobsters were caught for tea.

No scavenging left in this lonely bay even the gulls
have flown away; they have left the waves and the spray
are they to return another day.

Nets and pots have been swallowed up by the waves and
now their left to sleep in watery graves. A fishing village that was
once a boom has now become an empty tomb.

An oil slick just drifted into the shore and took away the beauty
that it had known before. Crumbling chalk that drops like tears
on the sand that's black made from the oil smears.

There is nothing left to self contain, oh will they no come
back again.

sylvia spencer

Dawn Of Spring

Winter's now gone, so pull up a sleeve.
Springs now arrived with new air to breath.
Forget the berries and the fallen leaves
snow upon mountains and the tops of trees.
forget about winter and her weather so cold.
A gate is now opening, with a path of gold.
Tread the path where spring is dawning.
See the ponds where frogs are spawning.
Tiny buds upon the trees, forsythia blowing in
the are singing and the brook
runs free, and there is the sound of the bumble bee.
This path you tread is full of beauty, where
Mother Nature is doing her duty.
This path has sign posts here and there
which reads of autumn, winter and summer fare.
Take summer fare that's not far away
it's where you will have a beautiful day.
The path of Autumn is next to come
but it may get colder and you feel like going home.
The winter path, well that's forgotton,
gone, kaput and totally rock bottom.

sylvia spencer

Death Of A Cabin Boy

The dream I had was fierce and strong yet somehow I knew
I did not belong; on a ship that was lost at sea where the waves
were so high that they almost drowned me. As the storm blew in the
men held fast then down to the deck came her mast. The Captain
tried to steer her west but the ship was being held back,
by a fierce tempest. You could hear her creak againts the tide
as her hulk rolled from side to side. Only one of us was safe
from harm, but who that was left ere calm.

The Cabin boy lay on the deck with rope and mast
about his neck, his back was broken, and no words
could be was flowing from his head
and all onboard knew he was dead.

They wrapped him up in linen rag then placed him
in a canvas bag. The storm had gone and the sea was calm,
then in went the boy away from harm.

A young lad who wanted to be free just to spend his life
going to sea. God has given him his life long wish
as he swims in the ocean with the fish.

My dream had left me as quickly as it came,
the one about the Cabin Boy who died on The Maine.

sylvia spencer

December

The temperature drops and the nights are cold
It's the very last month and the years grown old.
December the month full of laughter and cheer
but on the whole has it been a good year, so you
open a bottle or drink a glass of beer and hope
that the next year runs without fear.
December a month for carol singing and the joys
of Christmas with bells a ringing.
Christmas trees surrounded by presents that
are plenty but that question remains strictly
mas is a time for giving, but some
of the giving spoils the living. December is a month
where we shop until we drop and the shopkeepers till
never seems to stop. Department stores with early
sales, clothes on the floor that have fallen from the rails.
Pushing and shoving just to get the best, oh how
December puts us to the test. A stressful month that's
to be sure, when you try to stop the kids from opening
the door of a secret place where you have hidden
presents by the score.
When December is over the air is clear you can then
look forward to a happy new year. Then when the bills
come in the panic attacks start, because the new year
brings you one stressful overdraft.

sylvia spencer

Deliverance. Written For The Anniversary Of The D Day Landing.

This is the beach, that will tell a story,
of death and destruction,
followed by war time glory.
At Omah beach, the Allies had landed
then gunfire came,
and they were left stranded.
Upon this beach, ran men that were brave,
A beach that was soon to
mark their grave.
Yet on they ran, to the sound of the call,
For those that fell,
it was the end of it all.
Bullets kept falling, like rain from the sky.
nowhere to run to,
and nowhere to cry.
The only place for cover, was to lay down,
and protect each other.
The sea and the sand,
ran rich with red,
where hundred's lay dying,
and many more dead.
Men who had not fought in a battle before,
lay dead on the beach,
without seeing the war.
The cliffs were lined with enemy guns,
firing ammunition
that weighed many tons.
Yet still they came, with heads held high,
to fight the enemy,
who were now in the sky.
They ran like cheetah's on an African Plain,
even the wounded,
who were screaming in pain.
The pain of the World, that was torn by war.
It was time for Deliverance,
as they fought on the shore.
When the Allies landed, and took the strong hold,

it was time to count, as the list
began to unfold.
The D Day Landing had not been in vain,
but the heavy loss of life,
in our memories remain.

sylvia spencer

Discover The Universe In Words

The sun is a planet too hot to survive.
A ball of fire that will burn you alive.
Mercury the heavenly body, that orbits the sun.
It's the smallest planet, the size of a bun.
Venus is the star that shines from above.
The planet Aphrodite, Goddess of Love,
she will orbit between Mercury and Earth,
this be the planet, where all give birth.
The third planet from the sun, with air to breath,
no way on this planet, would we ever leave.
It has an Arctic circle, far away from home,
and a South Pole region that is a frozen zone.
Deep green forests where trees stand high,
waving their branches into a clear blue sky.
Through a telescope, you will see the God of War,
just like the astronomers did years before
Mars and Jupiter surround Earth as well,
what can be found there, no one can tell.
Surrounded by asteroids, tiny planets so small,
between Jupiter and Mars, they create a wall.
Ruler of the World, in myth there is no other
It's the largest planet, we have yet to discover.
Saturn is the planet, with satellites and moons'
It's a dreary land with craters and dunes.
Uranus, Neptune and Pluto, are the very last three
I think we all know who is the God of the sea.
This planet is the third largest of the few.
Now I will tell you about the very last two.
Uranus, became the very first ruler,
although in size it is somewhat smaller.
The planet Pluto, is the furthest from the sun,
The Brother Zeus, discovered in nineteen thirty one.
These are the planets, in our Universe
If we take care of the our planet, it may not disperse.

sylvia spencer

Dreams

Dreams can paint a portrait of who you want to be;
but only you can enter the gallery, its not for others
to see. A dream can take you on a journey to a far
distant your dream turns into a nightmare
when your ship wrecked on the sand. Dreams can
be sweet others can be sour and that's how the
nightmare starts; their strong and full of power.
You can stand at a window and dream all day long;
but dreams are like shadows, one minute there here
and the next there s have a road, one that
has many turnings, one's with great learnings and one's
with big people dream that one day there
be riches and children dream of wizards and witches.
All dreams are different in our society, no matter how one
takes you, your guaranteed a choice of variety.

sylvia spencer

Dust

From his shoes he shook the Dust,
from a world he could not trust.
His rugged road had a hairpin bend,
but now he could see light at the end.
He kept the thoughts, all in his mind,
of a man he once met, who was very kind.
This man showed him a highway,
far away from, that crooked by way.
He then washed his hands of dust and dirt,
and cleansed himself, of all pent up hurt.
He had now found a friend, he could really trust.
This friend spoke of a book, and to read it was a must.
The book he found, had dust on it's cover,
As he cleared the dust, he began to discover
that the book was not only leather bound,
it was the greatest story he had ever found.
With the dust now gone, his life has no fear,
Christ gave him a hand, to find a road that was clear.

sylvia spencer

Easter Eggs

Buy me an Easter Egg with bunnies all around
I think you can buy them for less than a pound.
Buy me one in a basket, with a bow on top
they sell them like that, in the corner shop.
They also have one, that's in a lucky number draw;
well the chances of winning that, is really quite a bore.
Buy me an Easter Egg of chocolate white
so it won't stain the bed clothes when I eat it at night.
I love all those eggs wrapped in ribbons and bows;
they're all in the shops stacked in rows and rows.
If I am given an Easter Egg with nuts to crunch,
if I can't eat it at breakfast, then I'll have it for my lunch.
Buy me an Easter Egg, I am saying 'pretty please'
I am so desperate, I'm going down on my knees.
Buy me an Easter Egg; now I am telling you what to do
then that will prove to me that your love is really true.
Please buy me an Easter Egg before it gets to late
because if you don't buy it now, it will pass its sell by date.
'Here you are my darling, take it with a kind regard,
I can't spare the cash so take my credit card!

sylvia spencer

Echoes Of Love

love can mean enchantment,
roses youth and song,
but what happens when the petals fall
and everything goes wrong.
Promises of love may take you by storm
then dry up like the rain.
Some may be soft to touch,
and others like a rose with thorns.
Love can mean a hand clasp,
a look, and a sweet whispered word,
but don't put them on a pedestal,
lest they start to fall.
Love can lead you down sun-washed lanes,
with flowers and hawthorn hedges.
Then that can lead to brokenhearts,
and the undoing of all your pledges.
Love can mean many things,
but of this we can be sure.
That real love is homely love,
the love that will endure.

sylvia spencer

Everyone Loves A Limerick

There was a hot lady from Humber.
Who taught her sugar daddy how to rumba!
As he moved his hips
he no doubt had his chips
and became the mortuary's next number.

I remember dear Maude Skinner
Who ate beans, every night for dinner.
When she ate enough,
she would start to puff
and everyone was a winner.

There once was a drunk from Dover
who fell asleep in the clover.
he woke up and said,
what's this on my head
The cows had splattered him all over.

There was a sweet Miss from Kent
who got into trouble with her rent.
she spent all her cash
on nothing but trash
and now she's fasting for Lent.

sylvia spencer

Falling Blossom

The blossom has fallen on to the old garden wall.
A wall that is crumbling and looks as if it will fall.
The wind blows the apple tree and down come
her petals saying hello to a bed of nettles.
The cherry tree shakes her bow into the breeze
and before you know it her petals lie beneath
her knees. They now form a carpet upon the ground,
then up gets the wind and blows it all around.
More petals falling in the warm spring air, everyone
so perfect as it blows to nowhere. Where is nowhere
a long way away and it could be here on a beautiful
sunny day. A story of springtime where life is so new
where all of nature lines up in a rows are
the first they bloom at all cost, they don't mind the snow
or frost. When the autumn comes there's now a carpet of
gold, but when the blossom falls that's beauty untold.
It falls to a world that's classed unknown, from you the tree
that one day will be alone. Your blossom may land on
the old garden wall but who will remember when your
not there at all.

sylvia spencer

Feed The Birds

Birds of Britain, I watch them fly high
beautiful birds as they wing to the sky.

They are a star studded spangle of gracious
charm. A bird on a wing so peaceful and calm.

On tree top high they seem to sit forever
basking and singing in all kinds of weather.

They say the Rook is one mighty crook
but is he, just take a good look. He has a
black wing, I am not sure if he can sing; but
altogether he is doing his own thing. A great big
bird we all know that as a matter of fact he is the
size of a cat.

The larks and the Sparrows to wake you at dawn
and the Blackbird and Robin searching for worms in the
lawn. Birds of Britain so many to be seen; around the
town and in the country green. The Pyde Wagtail with
his feathers of black and white and The Nightingale who
visits when the sun's going out of sight. Jenny Wren who
is Britains smallest bird has the cutest sound you have
ever heard.

Birds of Britain they fly away all to come back another
day. Swallow and Swift they don't stay for long, when the
Autumn comes they are long gone. They journey south then
return in late spring to be just another bird doing their own
Tits and Great Tits they are all part of the crew
and some of our birds are becoming very few.

There are so many birds that need our attention, the list is
endless and there is no time to ng boxes have
been pulled down because of the Bird flue scare, so please feed
the birds because they will only become rare

sylvia spencer

Fog And Myth

The Days were dark, the land was dead;
no seed had grown the drought had spread.
The land once had a river that was diamond
clear and her waters would spray as she ran
in the weir. Fish would leap and there was food
for all, but now a black cloud had fallen and the age
of myth had built a green and beauty
had all gone out, everything was dry and the land
was full of drought. Did a witch or a warlock cast a
magic spell, or was it a fiery red dragon that had
sprung from hell.

The land once had a Unicorn that stayed close to
an illuminous blue pool, and when he skipped around
pink and green hues of mercury flowed from the water
water fall was once the spring of life, but
now it was just want and strife. The land was barren
and the people cried; the food had all gone and
the children died. This mythical tale is not one of
old; it is happening today in our very own fold.
Children are starving because of drought and war
but there must be someone out there that will open
the right door. A poem that has been written in the past
tense; is your brain like fog, thick and dense.

sylvia spencer

Four Just Flowers

My name is Primrose, I live in the east,
I am most hardy, as to say the least.
My nature is sweet, tender and mellow,
and my petals are a brightly coloured yellow.
I bloom in the spring, when the air is new,
I sparkle like gold dust, on the morning dew.

Cowslip is my name, I am the wild one.
However did I get this name, was it something I done!
The fields and hedgerow, is my humble abode,
but I sometimes hang out at the side of the road.
I like to show my colours, when I bloom at dawn.
In the birth of early spring, when new buds are born.

Bluebell pretty bluebell, I am now on parade
blooming to perfection in woodland and glade.
I love the woods, and it's warm soft breeze,
blowing gently through, the tall green trees
I am rather wild, so please keep your distance
one of the just four and very resistant.

Digitalis is my name, the tall foxglove,
when you take a look at me, you may fall in love
I am the centre of attraction, to the busy pollen bee
I give him security, Although I am wild and free
I am the ruler of the countryside, I own a large domain
and I also help the sick, to cure them from pain

You have now met us all, The Four Just Flowers.
Some of us are pretty and some of us have powers
You may call us commoners of the countryside,
but we are really are justified, and hold a lot of pride.
We like to look good when it's our turn to bloom,
so don't make our live's all doom and gloom

sylvia spencer

Friendly Harbours

We all need somewhere to go,
when things get out of hand,
and it makes us feel a lot better,
when we hear the striking of a band.
We all need somewhere to travel,
even if it's just down the street,
because there is always, friendly harbours,
to take the weight of our feet.
We all know of moments, that have been lonely,
and kindness and laughter will never come again.
but the friendly harbours, are always open,
and it cost nothing, to help sooth the pain.
So let's go forth, and seek our harbour,
one that our ships will all pass through.
No flag will fly upon these ships,
because friendly harbours, are always there for you.

sylvia spencer

Global Warming

August rain running down the drain and it's
pitter patter on the window pane.
Skys painted like battle ship grey wondering
what has happened to the rest of the day.
Grass now green from the sun burnt turf.
weeds start growing in a total rebirth.
A summer heatwave now gone down the
drain as you sit and watch the rain do the
r holidays never seem to last
when September comes it's all in the past.
Kids back to school another costly event.
and that was the hot summer that came
and went. People will talk about the hottest
July ever, but when I was a kid they went on for
ever and ever. We had cold winters and our
summers were long and hot, but thanks to global
warming the whole worlds gone to pot.
Snow in countrys that never knew it existed
floods and hurricans being named and listed.
Weather patens getting out of controll, so why
don't the world just swallow us whole.
We are sitting on a time bomb just waiting to explode
so come on lets pull together and lighten our load.

sylvia spencer

Great Grannies Cottage

Off we go to Grannies Cottage
to look at boring photograph footage.
Black and white snaps, when Dad
was a kid, playing knights in armour
with a dustbin lid. She makes us eat her
farmhouse cake, that came out of bakers
but she pretends it's her own bake.
We have to listen to her stories ones
that she tells so tall, about when she
was young, and was beauty of the ball.
Everytime we visit, she tells them over
again, but what's most annoying there
always the sometimes exaggerate's
that's because eh! well she is getting old.
Then when we start to yawn we get thrown
out in the let's us play in her backyard
never in her garden, that is strictly barred.
Her lovely little cottage is so full of old world charm
but we must behave like well eh! and keep very calm
She has expensive china that has come down
through the iful books with picturesque
pages. she serves us tea in a cup and saucer.
Then reads us tales by a man called Chaucer.
We must not call her Granny, it must be Grandma
and we must always say thankyou, never Ta!
Now mum she has a go at, when she drinks from a
mug and she kicks our dog when he sits on her rug.
Mother say's it's her age, she can't deal with trival things.
It's just like the telephone, she never answers when it rings.
Daddy was an only child she found him hard to bear
now that she has Great Gran kids, its showing it's
wear and tear.
Next time we visit Granny, can we take her something nice!
What do you suggest my dears 'Three Blind Mice'

sylvia spencer

Had I Been Here Before

I woke up one morning, there was mist on the moor,
then I got this feeling, that I had been here before.
Could I find a happy answer, to what I was about to feel.
The day was sunny and blue, but everything seemed unreal.
Had I been here before, or was I just dreaming,
yet far beyond there was a bright light beaming.
Although the mist blurred my eyes, I could see a far distant view,
a view that I had seen before, but how could this be true.
As the mist started to clear, my mind began to wonder,
then in the distance, I heard a clap of thunder.
Yet still I knew, that I had been here before,
upon this bleak and misty moor.
I remembered the cattle and their young calves,
the scented heather, and the bridal paths,
and cold to touch, were the water streams,
were all these things part of my dreams.
Had I been here before, when I was just a child,
and I had a moorland vision, that was meek and mild.
Had I been here before, when life was grey,
and everything I saw, just faded away.
Now the mist is clear, and my eyes can now see,
clear visions of hope, life and tranquility.
I had been here before, but I had lost my way in life's turmoil,
but now my feet are firmly on God's Soil.

sylvia spencer

Handy Man

If you have a problem, then come and see me.
I might be able to solve it for a small fee.
If you need a plumber, then I'm your man,
you'll be better off, than drip's in a can.
I am Jack of all Trades, and master of many.
I go by the nick name of 'Any Job Benny'
If you need an electrician, just look this way,
I'll rewire your house, at a good rate of pay.
If you want a gardener to mow that lawn,
then shut the dog up, I'll be there at dawn.
I'll trim your hedge and tidy the yard,
but I have a bad back, so don't make it too hard.
If there's a job on the roof, I'll tackle that too
but when it comes to laying bricks, I haven't a clue.
I work at a pace, because I have a bad back,
don't ask me to remove rubble, I just can't get the knack.
I'll mend your guttering, replace old for new,
and I'll even take the diapers, from your blocked up loo.
Now I don't clean cesspits, because of the smell,
because when I go home my wife gives me hell.
If you need to be fumigated, I charge double time,
first for the dirt and second for the grime.
I charge an hourly rate, with vat fee on top,
but if it's paid in cash the vat I'll drop.
I am my own boss, no others do I employ,
I am a very good worker, not a cowboy.
'Madam the paint on your door looks a very rough job,
It looks like the trademark of Builder Bob!

sylvia spencer

Happy Endings

Is there always a happy ending,
to every song and a story.
Some are happy, and others weep,
and then there are those,
that finish in glory.
Is there a happy ending, to every day,
maybe not, when your filled with grief
and it's not stopped raining,
and the sky is grey.
Happy endings are made by you
it's how you work, and go about it,
can make that ending come true..
Just be yourself, however small,
and smile when things get out of tune,
a happy ending, can be found.
Then life becomes, just one honeymoon

sylvia spencer

Harvest Time

When honeysuckle twines about the window panes
and you can smell it's scent as you walk down country lanes.
Once again the purple blossom hangs above the garden walls
then all at once it disappears and every petal falls.
Fresh and fragrant is the rain as it settles on every green leaf
Then it performs a miracle, to the golden wheat sheaf.
Across the golden field you can see the splendour rise
from a mucked out field to the beautiful blue sky's.
Even when the wind is sweetened to the breath of the evening
breeze, it takes away that sharpness that bellows through the
e hangs green curtains, that are never ever drawn
yet sometimes we feel that she has left us forlorn. When in the
orchard the snow has fallen and there is a spray of wintry white,
then every bit of green seems to disappear in a frost bitten night.
From of her branches dead leaves flutter, but the roots remain,
the same and someday, the sap will rise again.
The world has it's seasons and nature gives us it's reasons,
why the field takes a purple bloom that deepens into the night;
as the birds move in flocks to take their homeward flight.
What are the green leaves saying, what do the tall trees say,
that Britain's soil is bountiful each and every day
When 'Harvest Time' arrives and the summer nights are dead
just think of what you've planned for the coming year ahead.

sylvia spencer

Hidden Within Weeds

This was a mystery, you can call it a great find.
When we climbed a wall and saw what was behind.
The wall was about six foot tall; so I used my brothers
back for a stall. Then with him being as strong as an ox
he jumped upon that wall like a prowling fox.
Over that wall we saw a garden of weeds and in
that garden a pond full of the tallest reeds.
The house was in ruin; a bad state of affairs.
We did not venture into the house in case we
fell down the stairs.
The garden was big like a summer field and the
grass was like wheat that had grown to yeild.
Poppies had grown and blown their seeds
they were growing in masses blending
in with the weeds.
We ran for our lives when we heard the bark of a dog.
Then my brother tripped, on what he thought was a log.
Instead it was a terracotta pot, oh' how it weighed a lot.
it had a coating of moss and it's top was chipped.
When we looked inside our curiosity was gripped.
There was a family of hedgehogs all sound asleep
the site of them really made us had disturbed
their home that had been there for years, that is why the pair
of us burst into tears.
We laid the pot down and made our way home, we also
said a prayer for the hedgehogs who lived in the Terracotta Dome.
We never went back to that place of weeds, our thought's would
always be reminded of our dirty deeds.

sylvia spencer

Home Alone Utopia

I am feeling rather tired,
so I'll lay in bed till noon.
To stay in bed till lunch time,
is really quite a boon.
Everyone will be at work,
and I'll be 'Home Alone'
I can play my Hi Fi very loud,
and the neighbours won't moan.
I like to play loud music,
and get into the 'Rhythm and Beat!
It's nice that my friends can hear it,
at the other end of the street.
When I get fed up with the music,
it's time to make tea.
This is when I start to settle down,
and put my feet on the 'Settee'
I view the afternoon telly,
and watch the afternoon soap,
I can do this as a part -time job,
It's not so hard to cope.
This is when I fall asleep,
until everyone comes home.
Then my parents have a go,
because I'm always on the phone.
Mum gets very busy,
when she cooks the evening tea.
I too get very busy,
and out the door I flee.
The sound of washing up,
makes me feel sick inside,
so out the door I go
to seek a place to hide.
When I go to a Disco,
I like to stay all night,
sometimes I stroll home,
when the sun is shining bright.
I crawl into my bed,
which is my only Salvation,
and there I will stay

until my Resurrection.
This is how I live,
I am my own Creator,
but what I can't understand,
is why I'm called, a selfish Couch Potato.

sylvia spencer

House And Home

Windows sparkling bright,
without a touch of dust.
White plastic frames
to stop corrosion and rust.
Outside and inside,
always looking new.
These people had no children,
but I had quite a few.
Bikes in the yard,
and a garden like a tip
the neighbours put the flags out
when we went on a trip.
Our house was home,
and all the comforts in it
but because we were working class
we just couldn't win it!
In the garden we had a hedge
that was seven foot tall,
Hubby! always said
'it was cheeper than building a wall'
Hubby never liked the neighbours,
he said they were to posh
always washing there fancy cars
just to make us, think,
that they had lots of dosh.
One day my sons football
landed in next doors pool,
she came running at him with a broomstick,
Oh how that cow! was cruel,
The kids called her wichy-poo
with her long dyed black hair.
little did she know that, I had a temper,
one that you could call, quite rare.
The dustbin was loaded
and over the hedge it went
I wouldn't stand no nonsense,
that was my message truly sent.
Our home, was our castle,
With love that was there forever.

The only time, my young one's played up
was when we had bad weather.

sylvia spencer

I Am But A Rose

I am but a rose who will bloom again
but at this moment, there is so much pain.
My leaves have turned brown and my
petals gone. I am going to be like this until the
birds come back on song. I bloomed in the sun
and I was the fairest of all; but now all what's left
is my stem on the I will be pruned and left
to the cold but then I will be another year old.
As winter comes to an end, I am almost at my
red about by our English weather.
A late frost comes in, just as my buds start to form,
and all my new leaves start to deform.
One day I could wither and all my pain will leave
but I am a rose and I will not deceive.
I must admit I've had a troubled past but the strength
of this rose will just last and last.
I am 'The Rose of England' and very proud to be
climbing up the wall and round an Oak tree.
You will see me in full bloom around about June,
but then it's all over which is far too soon.

sylvia spencer

In Every Town

In every town there is a shop, one that will make
your eye's go pop. A curio shop that has a bell
on the door and there in front of you are trinkets galore.
In the corner there is always a clock and
when it strikes it sends your body into shock.
Highly polished furniture where you can see your
face but you can never move round because there
is no frightened to breath in case you
knock something down, then the goggled eyed
shop keeper gives you a glasses always
sit upon their nose and they always have that
familiar items in the shop are priced
way out of reach, then over comes the shop keeper
to give you a on his face is cunning grin
and you are going to be sucked right in. He has his
own dictionary, on bull and how to give it; and he will
make sure you buy, and walk out with it. We must not
be fooled by the shop in every town, just walk on past
then give a little frown. A curio shop always looks so
pretty but I am an ex dealer so take a tip from my ditty.

sylvia spencer

Insecurity

I throw the seeds to the birds and wonder who will come.
I stand there for hours biting the nail on my thumb.
Does this mean I am insecure and looking for love.
Or am I searching for God who I try to reach above.
I lock the doors at night and check all the latches,
I even check the boxes of all the striking matches.
Life to me is checking and re checking, it comes
from the top of the house out to the garden decking.
I check the garden shed to see if the padlocks tight.
I am always thinking someone might break in at night.
checking and re checking that's all I ever do.
Even when I go to bed, have I put the the bleach down the loo.
Has the heating been turned off and the plugs pulled out
Every night I hear it and it becomes the same old shout.
Its not me that's insecure so please don't think I am.
It's my dear beloved husband, such an insecure man.

sylvia spencer

Is There A Key To Be Found

Many years I have travelled,
around Englands country green.
I have climbed many mountains,
with views that are serene.
I have sailed across the ocean,
in tempest and in calm, holding a deep love,
for my country that keeps me from harm.
I have travelled round the world,
and seen all it's wonders.
I have also seen devastation,
from mans stupid blunder's.
The disappearance of the wildlife,
as they destroy all the green.
To make way for concrete jungles,
where no beauty can be seen.
Then fill the air with pollution,
from fast car's and insecticides,
and the effect it has on our coastline,
as she decays into the tides.
I have looked upon the people,
they dont know what harm they do.
They work in countless numbers,
just to satisfy the few.
This wonderful world is changing,
and our eyes are too blind to see.
Is there hope for the future,
perhaps one day, we may find the key.

sylvia spencer

Larry Had A Hat

Larry wore a top hat, that was as tall as tall could be.
Now when Larry wore this hat, he was mistaken for a tree.
Now Larry held a secret, within this big black hat.
He did not want all to know, that his head was rather fat.
Larry went to London and bought a woollen scarf,
but everywhere that Larry went people began to laugh.
Larry had a deformity that had grown with him since birth,
not only was his head big, it had a very large girth.
Larry went to see a surgeon, whilst visiting London Town,
Who laid him on a bed and dressed him in a white gown.
The surgeon said to Larry, as he sharpened up his knife,
'I am going to perform an operation, that will save your life!
When Larry woke up, there was no head to recognise.
His hat was too big, and his head was of normal size.
Now Larry went home with his hat in his hand,
and no longer was he, the biggest head in the land.

sylvia spencer

Life's Recipes

We hold within our hearts,
old recipes so rare.
One's that don't come out of books,
and can, quite easily tear.
You can tell your friends about them
and some will understand,
but other's try to banish pain.
then vanish from the land.
If you mix the herbs of love,
life becomes easier to bear.
Then talk about your problem,
which is so much nicer to share.
So why let there be despair,
when trouble comes your way.
The heart folds in fine ingredients,
and helps you though the day.
So then if you can remember,
to flavour life with ease.
You have only got to search your mind
For life's old recipes.

sylvia spencer

London City 1850 Inspired By Duncan Wyllie

I was over come with inspiration from a poet on line.
All at once the years that I lived started to decline.
I was placed in a world of poverty and sorrow.
Could this be the past, or was it tomorrow.
As I walked the streets of this old Town.
Every face I saw had a beguiling frown.
Then a man approached me
with a strange look on his face
and he asked me if my name was Grace.
Then out from his coat he pulled a knife
all I could do was to run for my life.
I ran to a building and banged on the door.
I never knew it was a workhouse for the poor.
Through want and hunger they all looked so slim,
and life there, looked so awfully grim.
Cleanliness was far, from what I call clean.
That's why they were there, they never had a bean.
Screaming babies lots of mouths to feed,
the fat and obese were surrounded by greed.
These were the rich they don't care for the poor.
That's what I saw through that workhouse door.
I had no money where was I to go,
in this great town full of poverty and woe.
Where everyone was struggling, from all walks of life
Is this what they call want and strife.
The streets were full of tenement buildings,
with crowded rooms and decaying ceilings.
No room for privacy and nowhere to hide,
No time for sentiment and along way from pride.
Could this be the year of our Lord, eighteen fifty,
It feels like Oliver with character's so shifty.
I have read it in books, poverty has no fears.
It breeds like a disease and gets worse over the years.
The ultimate claim is to beg steal or borrow,
but that could lead to ultimate sorrow.
We are far away from eighteen fifty,
but the world has places, that are still as shifty.
Where poverty is stricken both day and night.
Where there are no roses and the future's never bright.

People now suffering, in the land of their birth,
Left to the destiny of God's great Earth.

Thankyou Duncan for writing 'Angel Whispers'
this is where I was at when I read that short but beautiful poem

sylvia spencer

Lord Of The Night

At the closing of everyday, there is a wise old bird
that comes out to play. When night time falls and the
sun goes down there he sits wearing that same old
frown. He's a very proud bird who is swift on the wing
with the sharpness of a needle and as wise as a king.
He's a hunter of rodents who dives with a swoop, then
into his talons he takes with one he sits on
a branch you can see he has power and that's where he
stays in his ivory tower. Then with one full swoop he dives
to the ground and leaves no prey safe or sound.
This wise old owl who is 'Lord of the Night' is an
incredible creature that stays out of sight; but you
will know when he's around because you will hear
that old familiar sound.

sylvia spencer

Middle Age

Middle age has a balance,
between the young and old.
I sometimes feel it's better,
Than a shining pot of gold.
It gives you all the things,
that life has, not had before.
Yet you seem to work harder,
just to give you that little bit more.
This time of life, becomes crowded,
with multi coloured things.
Then along come the grandchildren,
who become tied to your strings.
Then this becomes rewarding,
so steady and kind.
You have learnt, through your experience,
to cast an eye that's blind.
Middle age finds deep understanding,
which moulds instead of breaks,
and helps to bind up ugly wounds,
made by other peoples mistakes.
If you get through your chapter
and it's time to turn the page.
Dont be sad and down hearted,
because you have reached old age.

sylvia spencer

Mothers Whistling Kettle

Mothers got the kettle on it's left to long on the hob.
There is so much steam about it looks like a mop up job.
As I walk into the kitchen off come my misty specks
and there sits my mother glued to Teletex.
Mother is deaf she can not hear it blow, if you question
her about it she replies 'well I did'nt know!
Mother often invites company because there is always
a spare cup; this does not mean that who she invites will
always turn up.
The kettle works overtime when an invite gets sent out.
The power of that whistle even cracked the teapot spout.
If you receive an invite to join her for tea it's best if you
return the R.S.V.P; because it will certainly take some guts
to be able to put up with that whistle from that kettle,
that is forever driving me nuts.

sylvia spencer

Mr Bling

Now Mr Blining did a stupid thing
he went and bought a big gold ring.
The size of this ring was like an old crown
oh' how it weighed him down.
Everywhere he went his money was spent
on precious gold, wherever it was straight or bent.
Now Mr Bling had a gold chain,
along with the ring he looked so vain.
With all that weight, it must have weighed a ton
yet he bought more and more, just for fun.
Now our Mr Bling did go bit to far.
When he bought a gold bullion bar.
He had a good intention, but I think I failed to mention.
That our Mr Bling is serving ten years detention.

sylvia spencer

My Award Winning Garden

Let me show you a garden,
that is full of dreams,
dug in the right places
then sewn at the seams.
There are lots of flowers,
to give her grace,
and as many shrubs,
that to her embrace!
A honeysuckle, upon a fence
joined with a passion flower,
to give it elegance.
A sunken pond, set in the shade,
near a patio,
that has been well made.
On a fine day, without a cloud,
there graces the evergreen
standing proud.
There's a bench under the jasmine,
where the scent is so sweet,
to be in this garden,
is such a treat.
Strongly built arbors,
all covered in bloom,
first starting with the rose,
when she buds in June.
At the end of the garden,
there is a place I call the Den,
It's here I find I find peace,
with my hobby the pen.
I sit here for hours,
thinking what to write,
and on warm summer evenings
it goes far into the night.
From springtime to autumn,
this garden is well geared,
where everything is organic,
and very well reared.
Even in winter,
when the cold bites the ground,

I walk round my garden,
and thank God, he is around.

sylvia spencer

My Neighbour's Butt

Here I stand, week in and week out just filling
up with rain water in case there's a drought.

Sometimes I wonder if I have done wrong
because I am left out here, all year long.

I may lose some water when there are lack
of showers but it's just to help those wilting
flowers.

I stand in the yard counting the seasons, no
doubt those inside have their reasons, because
all I am is an old butt full of rain, being emptied
and filled over and over again.

When the leaves dropp in from the autumn fall
I feel like banging my butt against the wall,
because all they do is cramp my style only when
left to long they smell so vile;
yet who am I to complain I am only here to
collect the rain.

Then there are days when my fill is less than a
quarter, then on comes a storm and I am like a
lamb led to the slaughter. Rain falling so fast with
nowhere for the overflow, oh how my life is full of
winter sets in with it's ice and snow and
that really causes a dreadful blow.

Rain water turned to ice, as solid as a rock
so I have now become a safe that you cannot unlock.
When the spring arrives and the thaw makes a start,
dont take off my lid because I smell like an old fart.

sylvia spencer

My Shadow

I have a little friend who I always see.

He sometimes darts about but he's always
there for me.

Sometimes I lose him and he is gone for a
week; but that's because he likes to play
hide n seek. In the early morning he looks
so very tall; then when I go to have my lunch
he has shrunk a somewhat small.

When he's around in the evening I think he's
having fun because he looks like a giant and I'm
wondering what I've done.

when I go to my bed he likes to say good night.
He is always there to comfort me until the light
goes out of sight.

When I wake up in the morning he's looking rather
tall, it's then he gets excited and starts to climb
the wall.

My shadow has been my very own friend; and there
he will stay right to the end.

sylvia spencer

Old Wives Riddles

Old wives tales are a mystery
which started way back in history.
If I wore a dress with a dropped hemline
then mother would say 'A Stich in Time Saves Nine!
We each had a jar on one of the kitchen shelves
as the money went in Mum would say'Look After The
Pennies and the Pounds Take Care of Themselves.
I hope you have enjoyed my old wives riddle because
There's Been Many a GoodTune Played on an Old Fiddle;
but dont ask for an encore, I am forty and a score.

sylvia spencer

Our Car The Jam Jar

Once we had a car,
that was the colour of silver grey.
Now this little car, who we called our jam jar,
just loved a rainy day.
She would drive around for hour's,
with her wiper's turned on,
they would race back and forwards,
until the rain had compleatly gone.
Her brakes were truely majic,
when pulled up at a halt.
Then a funny sort of sound would come,
as if she was saying' that ain't my fault!
This lovely little car of our's,
was just a little dream,
driving down the highway,
with her headlights on full beam.
Everytime it rained, she always looked bright,
even if we were driving,
all through the night.
The crome on her bumper,
shone like stars in the sky.
Then everything seemed to change,
when the weather turned dry.
The jam jar, would not start,
because her battery wouldn't charge,
so jump leads were needed,
with a push, shuve and a barge.
If we went on our holidays,
and the weather was fine,
we always prayed for rain,
so we would reach there on time.
In seventy six, there came a heatwave,
and the weather was boiling hot.
The same thing happened to our jam jar,
then she gave her last breath,
and died there on the spot.

sylvia spencer

Our Red White And Blue

Red is for danger the colour of blood.
It's there on a battlefield in trenches of mud.
A red cross painted on a wagon,
for those that are injured and those that have gone.
Red is the rose that bloom's in June,
a patriotic flower when she's at full bloom.
Red is on our flag it binds us together.
Will fight for freedom and fail you never.

White is the snow that covers the ridge,
and white is the stone, that is built of a bridge.
White is the sheet that covers a bed,
and one to be laid out on, when you are dead
It's Christ own colour, and that makes it pure
and a holy colour that we all can endure.
White is on our flag it binds us together.
We will fight for freedom and fail you never.

Blue is for beauty it surrounds us all.
It's the sea and the sky, it's built wall to wall.
It's a colour that a bride may take on her day,
it's also the colour that nature does not delay.
It is also our heaven, where we all want to be
flying our flag in the land of the free.
Blue is on our flag it binds us together.
We will fight for our freedom and fail you never.

Our Union Jack

sylvia spencer

Pain And Sorrow

What of life as the sun rises away from the cloud of doom.
Is there a place that is without doom and gloom.
Is there a far distant land where life is full of fun, and is there a
land where life does not have to look down the barrel of a gun,
Torment and sorrow as far as we can see but life could be so
different if everyone was free
Free from hunger, free from pain, but there is never a break
it always remains the same. Sex abused kids and the
want for food, what is the meaning of this modern brood.
Can we change this perfect world and find a life without sadness
and sorrow, can it happen now or do we wait until tomorrow.
Tomorrow never comes as everyone knows, but the pain and sorrow
just grows and grows.
There is a chance that the world could live as one,
but not while we are looking down the barrel of a gun.
Every country has its own rule, but it's the people that live there are
made to look the fool.

sylvia spencer

Passages

Let's just close the door and see what lies ahead,
Is there a passage, that is dark and dreary,
one that makes your mind wander
and your thoughts become eerie
Is this the passage you want to take,
the one you know nothing about.
One that might give you insecurity
and cause a never ending drought.
Is there part of a passage, that excites you
Or a paragraph, that you find gripping.
and yet it's ages before you get a clue,
then it becomes one sleepless night ahead.
Then when sleep comes, you dream of far away places,
being taken there by some big ocean liner.
A round the world trip, that takes in,
Australia, Bangkok and the Great Wall Of China
Everyone, has the right to pass through,
even when we find heartaches impossible to mend.
Liberty can give you the right to freedom,
now that these passages, are almost at an end.
You have opened the door, which led into a passage,
you read a book that you could not put aside
You had a dream, a passage trip to far distance places,
Passage is Liberty, so wear it with pride.

sylvia spencer

Patience

Behind the Hebe, sits me the big black cat.

I have been sitting here for hours and my mistress
is saying ' why is he doing that; he has a lot of patience
just to sit there and wait, for a tiny creature who knows nothing
of his fate.

I am a big black cat who is now thinking ahead, because
it will soon be time for me to be fed; with tin can food and
bits from the house, but if I abide my time there will be a big
fat mouse.

I won't take it home for a present because she will only get mad
and she will call me names and say I'm bad.

No matter what I do she will always get cross.

When will she ever learn that I am my own boss.

sylvia spencer

Percy The Pea

Percy was born on a muddy sod
He was born with five brothers that
popped out of a pod. Now all his brothers
looked healthy and strong, but poor old
Percy he felt so big strong
brothers rolled down the road and
poor old Percy was left to carry the load.
The load was heartache and sorrow oh
how he wished he could be squashed by
tomorrow. As he rolled down the road, in a
not caring mode; he happened to bump into
a big fat toad. The toad was sticky and he
looked quite tricky, and then he blew a
raspberry and Percy knew he was taking the
off he rolled on down the lane, to
catch up with his brothers was just in vain.
He was lost for ever in a world he did not
know, if only he could do something that would
make him grow. His mind worked overtime has
he made his way to the river, then he saw a light
that made him shiver and all his pea coat began
to could not believe it, there were peas
were all in buckets waiting to be
washed then to be served on someone's table ready
to be thought of being eaten scared
Percy to bits and all the other peas laughed and
ended up in fits. They rolled from one side and then
to the other, so poor old Percy rolled to find cover.
All the peas had now gone to the farm, Percy was so
thankful he never came to any rolled down
the road feeling no worse from the weather, then
found himself in a bed of heather. The heather smelt
wonderful so he made it his home, no longer was dear
Percy left to for his brothers to whom Percy
was a rat, they ended up in a can of Marrowfat.
They were big, strong and just the right size.
but Percy won the day and the heather was his prize.

sylvia spencer

Plight Of A Stray

I was once on my own feeling sad and forlorn.
My eyes were sticky and I wished I had never
been born. I remembered the times when I curled
up on the mat, thinking how good it was to be a
all that changed and I wandered away; I was on
the streets just another stray. I found vagrant living very
tough. I no longer looked clean and my fur was rough.
I remembered the street and the territorial fight
on that bitterly cold winters night. I was beaten, scatched,
and torn at the ears; not knowing where I was in a wilderness
of fears. Shakened and half starved I manage to cope; with the
thought of my home at least there was hope.
Sleeping in barns and builders skips, scrapping for food
out of rubbish tips.
For weeks I wandered that lonely road; with hope that one day
I would find my abode. Then one bright warm summers night,
that homing instinct began to bite. I rememberd the garden when
as a kitten I played; and there was the big willow where I would lay
in the shade. Everything was here just as it used to be, I could feel
my heart pounding and I was purring with glee.
After weeks of torment I felt no longer alone, then I could hear
someone shouting Ginger's come home
I wandered those streets and I felt the pain; It's a plight I never
want to do again. It was my experience and oh' how it hurt, I know
I have been there and worn the T Shirt.

The ending of this poem may confuse readers, so please let
me explain. It means Ginger is telling the reader of his
experence. (like I came, I saw I conquered) UK readers will
understand because the last line is used so many times
in our language.

Sylvie

sylvia spencer

Pollen Farmers

They call him busy, that industrious bee.
when he goes on a pollen hunting spree.
He sounds so contented making that humming
sound, so please don't disturb him when he
is found. Just sit and watch as he works away
gathering pollen, in his own little way.

There is a hole in the outside wall and I know
he lives there because the holes quite small,
and he always seem to go there when he's had
a ball.

This little creature The Pollen Farmer, you should
see him he is just a garden charmer. Some people
when they see him cry out in alarm, but truthfully folks
they won't do you any harm. All he wants is the nectar
that's within the flower and he doesn't care if it's sweet
or rage him to be your loyal fan by growing
old fashioned flowers wherever you can.

If the nectar's rich like foxgloves and sweet peas
then they will clock in on overtime these Pollen
Farming Bees.

sylvia spencer

Pure Spring

Daffodils and crocuses they bloom in the spring.
Snowdrops and primroses are part of this thing.
Tulips and bluebells, we shall forget-me-not.
All these remain part of a wonderful plot.
The trees are battered from winters wear and tear;
but out come the buds with no worry or despair.
The wooded glade now owns the beams of the rays
of sunshine that breaks the ice on her streams.
There's now hope for the bracken, with leaves of brown.
Mother Nature is now wearing a beautiful new gown.
Wildlife are frolicking it's time to entice.
It's a time that cannot be sold at any price.
Spring is pure all fresh and new, it leaves behind a
season that has been sad and blue.
Wind's will blow and rain's will fall, but this is all part
of the springtime call.
A call of nature that can be heard far and wide; this is
Pure Spring and so is the Bride.

sylvia spencer

Reviewing The Situation

I wish I could find that bottle
the one I hid under the sink.
Oh! how I could do with another little drink.
I am running short of hiding places,
my wife knows them all.I will have to review
the situation, or drill a hole in the wall.
I hid one bottle in the toilet system.
Then it flooded on the dreaded
booze cost me twice as much,
because the plumber I had to pay.
Im thinking about going outside,
to find the one I left in the shed.
If I dont get there before my wife,
it will end over my head. I have hid them under
floorboards never to be found, but she is always
one in front, just like a sniffer hound.
Everywhere I hide one, she finds it straight away.
It's no wonder I am losing my hair and the rest
is turning grey. I hid one in the garden under the
compost heap, but that was one she did not find
because I buried it knee I found the chimney
which was my best hiding place, she sneezed,
as she sniffed that one out and the soot fell,
all over her face.I have reviewed my situation,
time and time again, I have even poured
the booze straight down the drain.
I suppose one day, I will join A A.
Then I would be reviewing my situation,
and conquering the drinks infestation.

I would like to dedicate this poem to The A A
who do such brilliant work.

sylvia spencer

Ride The Imagination Train

When my children were small,
we played a great, wet weather game.
One where we would travel,
on the Great Imagination Train.
First we would travel,
through fields and pastures green
and visit all the places,
that they had never seen,
but before we could do this
we had to board, The Great Imagination
either at Waterloo,
or Charring Cross Station.
We would track up to Liverpool,
through Englands country wide
then stop for an ice cream,
along the Merseyside.
They all loved the viaduct
with it's great distance below.
It was even better over an aqueduct,
where they could see the river underflow.
When they travelled through a tunnel,
that was built in the side of a hill.
They would all start screaming,
but it was really quite a thrill.
Off we would go to Manchester
to see the ship canal.
It was very tight along the track
they all thought her brakes would fail.
Our train took us over bridges,
as we travelled, from north to south,
the train took us to the Thames estuary
and we even saw her mouth.
It was here we reached Southhampton,
with all the ships to see.
The time was right to stop for lunch
while the kids had a paddle in the sea.
This Great Train game,
was loved by them all,
To them it was a geography lesson

which helped them at school.
It was a game of fun,
that kept them amused.
Not one of my kids were Hypo
this game just totally, defused.

sylvia spencer

Roll Up Roll Up

Roll up Roll up! come to the Fair,
roll up roll up! come take a ride.
Come and see the Carousel,
and all the show's on the side.
Coconut Shy's, three balls for a pound.
'Try hitting the target madam,
not the ground!
Fortune Tellers and kiss me quick hats,
Helter Scelter slides, on coconut mats.
Bumper Cars, Ghost Trains,
The rides that thrill, and the Scenic Railway,
that goes up, and over the hill.
Big Dippers and water rides,
will all give you a scare,
but lets face it folks, that's the fun of the fair.

Toffee apples and peanuts, lot's of stickey treats,
candy floss, burgers, and sugar dummy sweets.
'So come on Dad's, you won't find it a bore,
their's a Rifle Range, where you can score!
Send the kids to the fun house, and Mum to bingo
that's if she can understand the have a Picnic Park,
and a place to ramble, and lots of Arcades for those,
who want to gamble.
Gift shops for presents, and postcards to send,
and if the young ones get tired,
we have a pushchair to lend, and if be needed,
there's a bouncy castle, to tie the day up,
in a gift wrapped parcel.
'Roll up Roll up, here I go again,
sorry folks it's now started to rain!

sylvia spencer

Rosie Rosie

Rosie Rosie, sweet little Rosie,
sitting in the corner
looking far from cosy.
No ribbon in her hair,
no shoe's upon her feet.
How on earth,
does she walk down the street.
Rosie Rosie, dear little Rosie
who keeps her head above water.
Everyone knows,
she must be someones daughter.
Will someone come and claim her
Rosie Rosie charming little Rosie
Who sits in the corner'
selling flowers by the posy.
The winter has come,
and there is no work, for shivering Rosie.
She walks the streets,
just to find a place that's cosy.
It's time to lay down,
Oh poor little Rosie
In the warmth of his arms,
The Lord has made her cosy.
Oh Rosie Rosie, sweet little Angel Rosie
You, re now in Heaven,
with The Lord at your side,
Rosie Rosie, in Heaven so cosy

sylvia spencer

Sight Seeing

I walked into the waiting room and clicked up fifty four
and what came in behind me nearly knocked me to the floor.
A family of three who were the size of a house, and as I looked
up I felt as meek as a I took my ticket to have my blood
test, I started to wonder about the rest. I knew I was in for quite a
long wait, but it did not matter to me at any rest of the queue
looked quite a shire all waiting to see the bloody vampire.
The family of three that I mentioned before, just took their place
in front of the was not a chair that would fit their
behinds and I wondered what was going on in their minds.
They stood by the door because that had the most space,
not one of them with a smile on their face. I called them
the Go Lightleys because they were so big, then I noticed that
one of them was wearing a wig. I felt rather embarrassed
when the man bent down and the wig fell off his rather large crown.
The queue started moving, they never took no notice at all,
but poor old Go Lightly he felt such a fool. My number was up
and in I went and to my surprise the vampire was bent.
He asked me how my day had been and I replied
' very good because I have now written a poem on the sights
that I have seen!

I am sorry if I have upset any one over this poem but it really happened
and I just had to write about it cheers Sylvie

sylvia spencer

Silent Screen Revisited

Back in the days when movies were young,
When celluloid reel had just begun,
came a band of stars we'll never forget,
clowning around on a production set.
You can still see old has-beens put on a show,
when you watch a Dvd or a Video.
So lets revisit these old movie scenes,
and live again with these vintage has-beens.
You can giggle and laugh untill your stomach gets cramp,
as I draw back the curtain on the world's first Super Tramp.
With his turned up boots he would give a little kick'
then turn and twist on his walking stick.
All this sort of style gave this little man fame.
Our hat's of to you Charley, there's no forgetting your name.
It was pie in the eye, and all that sort of stuff,
with a bit of friendly persuasion, when the going got tough.
Here we have Max Sennett and the Keystone Cops,
with all those glorious indestructable props.
Like such as the cars that always crashed in the street,
and the driver would always remain in his seat.
Do you remember Buster Keaton, the first Bionic Man,
the further he was chased, the faster he ran.
He would climb a building, then jump the roof,
It seemed that he had everlasting youth.
His heroic stunts were just a bundle of fun,
and the public just loved him, and hearts were won.
Cowboys and Indians they had them too,
when the Indians came running, the audience would boo.
Tom Mix was the man they sent on the drive,
with his Stetson hat and his 'Colt Forty Five!
Bows and arrows, guns and leather
fighting on a set in make believe weather.
These are only a few that decked the Silent Screen
who worked in a world that now, has been,
but they left a legacy that will never be denied,
they made you laugh until you cried.

sylvia spencer

Silver

Silver things are pretty things
they fill us with such delight.
Like the tinsel on a Christmas tree
all glittering in the light.
Silver things can be simple things
and very homely too, such as a silver
buckle that fastens up a shoe.
Silver things are Natures things
like the frost on an Autumn Morn.
When all the harvest is over and it's time
to scatter the corn.
Silver things are sacred things which are
very close to the heart. Like the blessing of
a couple who have been there for each other
right from the start.
This is our Twenty Fifth Anniversary of our
Wedding Day. When on that day we took our vows
 'To Love Honour and Obey!

sylvia spencer

Start At The Beginning

In the beginning you had a job but you were just becoming part of the mob. Clocking in at eight and out at five and the wages they paid barely kept you alive. A job for life as it was then but once you reached eighteen you may have had ten. A job was a Job although it paid a low wage but you were growing up and this was the first stage. An office worker with a bowler hat and a broly, Yes they were the ones that earnt the lolly. If you were late your pay was cut by a quater of an hour but what could you do the top men had power. A char Lady, a sweatshop or a factory worker not one of them was ever called a lazy shirker. Rat race or not it never mattered what, people done their job and they were proud of what they got. Home from work without a fat pay packet, but people were happy because they could build their own little racket. A job on the side so the tax man could be denied So go back to basics to stop your life spinning and do as they did, start at the beginning

sylvia spencer

Strangers

Strangers, who are they please let them have there say
Why, strangers who the hell are they, of course they are
people I meet every day. I travel by train there at my feet
I come out my house and I meet them in the street.
I go swimming I meet them in the pool sometimes they
make me feel such a fool. I travel by bus and do you know
that strangers cause such a fuss. Then when it comes to
football what a beautiful game. Then it's the strangers oh'
what a hold a party you think it's all yours,
then in the course of an hour, there's strangers knocking
on all the doors. you go to the cinema which is a monthly
treet and within ten minutes of sitting, your out of your seat.
That rare old stranger has crossed your path again
Don't let him get too far or he will drive you insain.

sylvia spencer

Tears

little drops that fall from the eyes
they come in showers, when one cries.
It's not all sorrow that brings on tears.
Oh how life sheds them over the years.
Tears of joy when a child is born.
This is the start of a great new dawn.
Tears of happiness when a bride
takes her place, up to the altar decked out
in white of sadness when you
lose a love, but the heaven's open to welcome
them above.
Tears are meaningless when you have
done wrong, it's that guilty feeling because it
holds follows remorse because it
come's with fears and that is what starts all those
countless tears.
Shock can bring tears of a different kind.
Those are the ones that are hard to find.
Then with the problem solved and the worries
over, it's quite possible your dancing in clover.
Tears start from a baby, you cry as you grow.
So don't hold them back just let them flow
If you run out of tissues when you have read
this verse. Then don't wait for the next one it's
ten times worse.

sylvia spencer

The Bard

I once fell in love with a playwright and poet but because I was a child I could not show it. This love of mine that was so dear, who went by the name of William Shakespeare. He lived in a half timbered house in Stratford-Upon-Avon. A beautiful place, a countryside haven. His beautiful words were hard to understand but I thought they were precious and somewhat grand. My love for this man just grew and grew and because of this I had friends that were few; until one day I was given a prize and this opened up my mother's eyes. I said I had chosen the book myself because it contained so much wealth. A wealth of knowledge about Shakespeare's life and Anne Hathaway his lovely wife. My Mother said that the book needed so much understanding, as she placed it in the bookcase on the upstairs landing. As for me I loved that book and when I get time I still take a look.

The Bard of Avon as you were known, and my love for you has grown and grown. I picture you above looking down on the land writing your sonnets, with the quill pen in your hand.

sylvia spencer

The Cat That Came To Tea

There was once a cat called
Trouble-some Mac'fee,
who had a bad habit,
of inviting himself to tea.
When the clock struck four,
he would tap on the door,
meow and scrach,
then lift up the latch.
He never had a thought,
for dear Aunt Mable,
because he would rush right in,
and jump straight on the table.
He would steal a cake,
from of the plate,
then run back through the door,
and out of the gate.
Mac-fee Mac-fee,
always there for tea.
Now Mac-fee played a game
called, hide n seek.
At one time he went missing,
for over a week.
Aunt Mable said
'has he gone for good,
but was there any reason
why he should!
No one saw him,
hair or hide,
We serched all over,
far and wide.
Then on a Friday, just before tea
who should turn up,
our trouble-some Mac-Fee
His paws were dirty,
and his coat was shabby,
but oh how we loved,
that dear old tabby.
Mac-Fee Mac-Fee,
always there for tea.

Aunt Mable had passed on,
and so had her cake,
and poor Mac-Fee,
was getting thin as rake.
When the clock struck four,
he went next door,
to see what tit bits,
he could score.
Alas the cake was not the same,
so old Mac-Fee,
came home again.
Poor Mac-Fee he missed aunt Mable,
and all the cakes,
that were laid on the table.
Nine lives were leaving, poor Mac-Fee,
and his troublesome days were over,
and now his buried in a field,
under a bed of clover.

sylvia spencer

The Dock Of The Bay. An Ode To Otis

Sitting by the quay with the sunlight in the sky
watching great ships just sailing by.
Big ships tall ships ones from foreign places
with all important cargo made by different races
Sitting by the quay or the dock of the bay
on a beautiful sunny day, just watching the tide
roll away. Otis you could do no wrong when you
wrote that everlasting song. There is a dock in every
country from England to Hong Kong.
Sitting by the quay with gulls screeching above
wondering what words to write, wherever it be
passion or love. Sitting on the dock of the bay
is the end to a perfect day. With a red sky at night
who needs a torchlight when life becomes a bonus
away from the hustle and your life painted
a picture of ships that went sailing by. My life paints
a picture of you and it will never die. I have seen the
quay or the dock of the bay, it is a great memory
that will never fade away. On a sunlit day when you
have time to pass away just go and sit on the dock
of the bay.

sylvia spencer

The Gift Of Writing

There is a word in every poem, one that is so hard to write,
but if you can write one sentence more.
Then the gift is your's to take wherever.
It is a gift, to be able to write, and show what you can do.
Some write a letter, and they think that's hard.
Others write a note, which may seem easy.
It is a gift when out comes a story,
and from that story, becomes a book,
A book that will go on, and on until you write another.
Then you will never want to stop
Writing is no talent it is a gift, a gift of creation,
that only God can give. His greatest creation was Mother Earth,
and too us his gift was gift of writing came from him too.
When he picked you out and placed the pen in your hand.

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sylvia spencer

The Great Smell Hunt

I came home from hospital feeling fine.
Yet what I discovered made me decline.
My Husband said that he had done all the chores
and everything was clean and bright indoors!
The smell that hit me when I opened the door
made me feel sick, just as I was before.
Everything was sparkling just like a new pin.
Then I said to my husband 'have you emptied
the bin!
The bin had been seen to, there was no smell
from that, then I looked down and remembered
the he brought in a mouse and left it
somewhere in the house.
The smell I was looking for was now a great task.
I had to go to the bathroom to find a surgical mask.
Three hours had passed and still no sign of the smell.
Did I need all this I was still unwell.
I sat down in the chair and said to myself, 'am I doing all this
to benefit my health'
As I sat in that chair the smell got stronger and that was
it I could not stand it any I pulled out the chair I
could see it was there; something that was quite rare.
My Husband said he felt such a fool because he couldn't
smell anything at all. I cleaned up the mess and forgave the
cat, for the two day old 'Whoopsy' that sat on the mat.

sylvia spencer

The Heart Remembers

The fires of youth may die away
then sink to ashes and embers.
High romantic dreams may vanish,
but the heart it just remembers.
The heart remembers everything,
the buried past is there.
The rapture of loves first delight,
the joy and despair.
The faces and the friendship,
and their names from, long ago,
lie beneath the drifting years
like leaves under snow.
It's at this point, the old road ends.
It's time to remember,
all family and friends.
The dropping of grudges,
and the casting a side,
of grievances, feuds
and petty pride.
The heart remembers,
when it has been broken
then patched up with,
some sort of token.
Is this the way to ask forgiveness,
when the words come hard to say.
The heart remembers,
how you tried your best,
and forgives you in every way.

sylvia spencer

The Message Of Poetry

How can I think of serious things,
when the air is alive,
with the flutter of wings,
How can I focus on writing a sonnet
When the lady beside me,
is knitting a bonnet.
How can I think of what comes next
when I am trying my hardest
to put it to text.
How can I feel the words in my mind,
when I am looking for one
that I cannot find.
How can I concentrate, grave and subdued
Then it's best I try,
and get in the right mood.
So come on you folks,
don't be solemn and glum,
join with me, share your words and jokes.
Let's make a start,
let them come from the heart.
God's in his Heaven,
summer is on its way,
make haste with the pen,
and don't delay.
Write a short verse,
with these words in mind,
then the rest will come easy, your sure to find.

sylvia spencer

The Modern Valentine

This child had a Valentine,
This strange ungracious thing.
It really pleased her little heart,
and made her voice sing.
She had a stream of boyfriends,
most of them she strung along.
When one of them got serious,
she said to him be gone.
Her Valentines cards were many,
they were the best in the Land.
They must have cost a tidy penny,
but she didn't care a dam.
This pleased her little heart,
and made her voice sing,
To her, these boys were just her toys,
a new discovered thing.
Then one day, A Valentines day
The game was up, and over
This did not please her little heart
She was seduced, by the Gypsy Rover
He promised her the world,
and all his worthy goods.
Then when she went to marry him,
He had vanished from the woods.
This child had a Valentine,
A beautifull bouncing boy
It really pleased her little heart,
and she sang a song of joy.
No more was she a child,
This strange ungracious thing,
Who now brings up a child,
without a wedding ring.

sylvia spencer

The Nightly Noises

The nightly noises, they start with the rain,
I try to shut them out, but it's all in vain.
These awful noises, they never seem to stop,
they start at the basement, then go right to the top.
The roof is leaking, and it's in bad need of repair.
so up I go with a bucket, dodging every creaky stair.
The noise as I trip, starts the dog barking,
then home come the drunks, with their loud mouth larking.
The cats now scratching, at the back door,
if I don't let him out, there will be a pile on the floor.
The couple next door are at it again,
He sounds excited, but I think she's in pain.
There's a young boy racer, who come's a calling,
the way he drives that car, is some what appalling.
It's three in the morning, and he is out on the street
My blood is now boiling, and my tempers on heat.
The book I was reading, has become quite boring,
but how could I concerntrate, with the old man snoring.
Dawn is now showing, and the cock's a crowing,
joint with the wind, that keeps on blowing.
I have had no sleep, and I feel rather low,
Who-ever started the story, that in your sleep you will grow.
If you lived in my street, and you heard the noises call,
well maybe that's why, I am only five foot tall.

sylvia spencer

The Poem

There is a poem in a book
and every time I read it,
this poem just brings me to tears.
I have read it many times
during my growing years.
I have kept it from a child
so near to my heart.
Yet I cannot read a line
without the tears beginning to start.
The poem reads of a lady,
who was always good and kind;
her generosity was sunshine
the best you could ever find.
Her smile was like treasure
that glittered in the night.
Her eyes were like stars,
glowing in the moonlit night.
Her touch was like silk,
that was spun from the finest gold.
Her age had given her wisdom
with youthfulness untold.
My love for this poem,
has been my comfort over the years,
it has held me together
and banished all my fears.
The fears of being left fartherless
at a very young age.
When my mother had to turn
another lifetime page.
She held the family together
without no worries and fears,
that is why this certain poem
always brings me to tears.
It has a perfect description
of one, and there is no other.
Of this once great perfect woman,
who remains my beloved Mother.

(In memory of you my friend and Mother)

sylvia spencer

The Riddle Of The Cockney Sparrow

Do you want to read this ditty
about a girl who came from,
the city.
Her name doesn't really matter,
because it's only,
a load of old chatter.
The girls father was a booser
a real right battle cruiser.
He sent her on the street,
with nothing on her,
plates of meat.
This poor little
cockney sparrow,
who could hardly push
her barrow.
The poor girl was brasic,
there was hardly any brass,
but the blame was with her farther,
who was always on his, Khyber Pass
She had to keep
herself fed,
to stop her from ending up
brown bread.
The toffs would come
dressed in whistle and flutes,
toffed up to the nines,
right down to their to daisy roots.
Upon their heads were titfer's
that shone like polished glass,
and always their sky rockets,
were jingerling, full of brass.
She would chat, to them all
until the very last call.
Then down the frog and toad
her drunken father would come,
he never knew it was all over,
when landing on his fife and drum.
The toffs they threw him
up on to the barrow,

and crushed his
prize cockney marrow.
They took him to the hospital,
because he couldn't, jimmy widdle
and this is the end,
of the cockney sparrows' riddle.

sylvia spencer

The Scourge Of The North Sea

There is factual story that is over fifty years old;
but no poetry has ever been written and none has been told,
about a catastrophic flood that shed tears and even blood.
On the Saturday ending January, in nineteen fifty three.
Freak winds drove a storm surge all down the North Sea.
It smashed along the coastline and ruined the defence
and all that was visible was a huge salt water trench;
and yet the worse was to come, you could not visualise the
damage it had East Coast was now totally under
water and it was just like lambs being led to the slaughter.
The County of Essex had a place called Canvey Island.
The flood came, but in it's wake it left only the sand;
It once had a lighthouse and that went too, right to the
bottom of the ocean little Island was an underwater
grave where fifty eight people died who no one could save
With a population of eleven thousand that had to be evacuated.
Their homes had gone and people were cold and saturated.
The great flood of fifty three, the scourge of the North Sea.
It came and it went with great intent; the land was ruined
no crops would grow. Three years it stood idle a long wait
too damage was high and many people ask why;
how three hundred and seven people died and many more cried.
The East Coast floods the scourge of the North Sea.
January 31st in the year of our Lord 1953
A peacetime disaster could it ever happen again
and we will still be looking for someone to blame.

I live near the North Sea Coast, it is very pretty in the summer
but the winter is a different story.
On the 1st February 2003 the East Coast held a 50th Anniversary.

sylvia spencer

The Tale Of Mr Pong

I would like to tell you all, the tale of Mr Pong,
well if you think he is oriental,
then I am afraid you are all very wrong.
Well Mr Pong, is a man with a smell,
and if you haven't met him, then it is just as well.
So let me now tell you this very strange tale,
about a man that smells worse than a dungie pale.
He likes to think that he is a man of means,
but the warnings out when his eaten beans.
If you by pass him just give a nod and a wink,
outher wise hold your breath, or you will in inhail the stink.
The dirt on his body reflects on his skin,
if he took a bath he would sink right in.
Too him soap and water are strictly taboo
his feet are rotten and his socks are too.
When he meets his friends, who are very few,
it's a quick hello, then a silent gasp of phew!
No dentist will take him, you may find this rare,
the smell from his breath just pollutes the air.
He is a human stink-bomb, the town's people say,
they all clubed together and brought an insecticide spray.
They all had a whip round, the sky was the limit,
this included a haircut, a short back and trim it.
If you have not met him the man with the pong,
well the chances are, it won't be very long.
Now this is a warning to those with a weak heart,
just keep your distance, when he starts to fart.
Now his water bills are very few,
because he very seldom flushes the loo.
When he opened the windows a hurrican blew
the townsfolk were sick, and up they threw
The toilet overflowed and the sewer sprang a leak
The shop's counted the cost, as they closed for the week.
A job came up, which was his for the taking,
down at the cesspitt, clearing and raking.
In the middle of town there now stands a fan,
that starts automatically at the site of this man.
Well now you know the story, of the great Mr Pong,
the man who never done anything wrong,

sylvia spencer

The Trench

They went to war, because their country called,
so proud of their uniform, as they marched off to war.
They heard the guns that they were up against,
as they made their home in a muddy trench.
This was a war that had taken its toll,
as the sergeant called the casualty roll.
This muddy trench, was a bloody trench,
with bodies of soldier boys, torn apart.
where they came to fight, but made no start.
Young soldiers boys who were someone's son,
who came to fight the enemy Hun!
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, just use your tommy gun.
Then came the words of the sergeants call,
and up and over they went. Straight into the enemy fire,
bodies landed buckled and bent, as they fell to mud and mire.
Prayers were said for all the dead, when they found a trench,
that was full of stench, from the masses of men that had died.
Up and over that voice came again, then out of the trench,
into the pouring rain. Rain that would last for days on end,
but all they could do, was to attack or defend.

In Memory to those that fell 1914-1918

sylvia spencer

The Village Well

Can you keep a secret,
and promise not to tell.
That is what the people said,
about the village well.
Their well had held a secret,
for the past one hundred years,
everytime it was mentioned,
it fell upon deaf ears.
The story tells of Lotty,
orphaned from birth.
Who only spent a short time,
on this beloved earth.
She was raised in squaller,
until she was seven.
It was then, that our Lord,
called her to heaven.
The village well,
was where she ate her bread,
but people passed her by
and words were never said.
One day she took a drink,
from the village well.
The bricks began to crumble,
then to the bottom she fell.
No one came, to help
her crys could not be heard.
Lotty perished in the depth,
and no one said a word.
They kept it all a secret,
then only should it be told
when the secret of the well,
became one hundred years old.
Then it was decided,
to see if she could be found,
so that she could be buried
in consecrated ground.
The well was very deep,
so the people began to prey,
to ask The Lords forgiveness,

for that most unfortunate day.
It was only ingnorance,
that's why they would not tell.
The story of Lotty,
and the secret of the well.

sylvia spencer

The Wreck Of She

The Wreck of She, could be a ship,
that has been cast upon the shore,
but alas she is not, she's part of the street
a fancy English whore

The Wreck of She, has moved around
from war time trenches.
to Hyde Park benches,
down quite back alleys,
and seaside chalets.

Yet she was always there
when Tom came to call
then off they would go,
and have a ball.

The Wreck of She, was just like a night owl.
Out at dusk, and home at dawn,
with grass on her back,
from the golf course lawn.

The Wreck of She, was past her sell by date,
when she was found
crawling in the gate,
she was dazed and battered
but to her it never mattered,
she had been there before
and she knew the score.

The Wreck of She was just an old cat.
A Queen of the night
who never got laid, on a fireside mat

sylvia spencer

Tit For Tat

It's Tit for Tat, you big fat rat,
Why don't you run away.
My back is up, you have spat at me,
go find someone else to play.
Why should I run, and let you win,
It's Tit for Tat you flea ridden cat,
I know I've won the day.
Oh! no you haven't, you big fat rat,
and that I am proud to say.
I may be big, and slightly fat,
but I can find easy pickings.
but you have to wait until your fed,
with scraps of meat and chickens.
You have eaten our bacon,
and pinched our cheese,
Without even saying,
a thankyou or a please.
Then is it Tit for Tat, you flea ridden cat,
have I just won the day.
Oh! no you haven't you big fat rat'
and that I am proud to say.
Then off I go in a friendly mood,
giving you all your own way
but just remember, my flea ridden cat.
Tomorrow, s another day.
We can go on forever,
with all this Tit for Tat.
Just as long as I am a cat,
and you're a dirty rat.

sylvia spencer

Togetherness

Here we are together, down lifes beaten track,
so we had to make the best of it,
because there was no going back.
It started with a certificate,
which bound me to you.
We vowed to help each other,
and promise to be true,
not to be selfish, and have lot's of give and take.
We have trod the track together,
and our vows, we did retake,
to prove our love was still alive,
and together we'll survive
Our togetherness would see us through our journey,
by taking one step at a time,
it may have rained along the track
but knew the sun would shine
Togetherness will let us do many new things
as we take it on, into our twilight years,
and it won't be long before we start calling,
each other ducks and dears.
On summer nights we'll sit in our rocker's
and read a book by the light of a torch.
Togetherness has brought us, to the end of the track,
as we kiss goodnight, under a moonlit porch.

sylvia spencer

Tormented

I am sorry for all the trouble I have caused,
then Mum says' go back to school!
'Oh! but Mum, do I have to,
everyone can be so cruel! So back to school
I went with a daily feeling of resentment.
I sat in the history class,
I thought I was doing fine,
then when it came to the marking
there was a mistake in every line.
All the answers, were correct,
but was there any reason why,
that I should get such low marks,
and there was no second try.
Heart broken, resentful oh how I worked
so hard, yet no matter how I pushed myself
there were always red marks on my card
My report card made me sick, so I started to rebel.
every time I went to school,
it was like visiting, a place called hell.
Bad marks for this,
bad marks for that,
No wonder I was always on,
The Head's, carpet mat.
My Maths were top dollar
because I didn't have to spell
but I lost marks for that
because I was beaten by the bell.
I could not spell arithmetic,
I found the word very hard,
so I was set to write it, a thousand times,
out in the, cold school yard.
I was always on my own,
at play time and lunch
because the other kids pulled faces,
and called me a silly dunce.
It was time for decision
so I broke a school rule,
got myself expelled
and became a bigger fool.

I went though life,
not knowing how to spell,
but now I think
what the hell,
The years have flown,
and time has gone fast
those tormented days
lay hidden in the past.
Life has seen me,
become a great writer,
and has given me the fullfillment,
of a life that is brighter.

sylvia spencer

Treasured Friends

Off to war, went two young men one named Jack,
and the other Ben. Jack was strong a fierce fighting man,
where Ben was weak and always ran. Jack would cover him,
when the going got rough, but poor old Ben could never get tough.
In the time that would follow, both men felt hollow,
not knowing if this was their last tomorrow.
Jack fought on, this brave young lad,
but Ben became shell shock and very sad.
Then weeks would pass, turning the months into years,
and poor old Ben just lived with his fears. Then Jack was killed,
fighting in the Somme, blown to pieces by a bomb.
Ben ran and hid, when the warning came,
but a bullet hit him and made him lame.
With his flesh torn leg he laid there dumbfound
as he saw his comrade fall to the ground.
Then up he got, with pain hard to bear,
and gave the enemy a mighty scare.
With gun and bullets by his side,
he found a place where he could hide.
From a lad who was wounded, shell shocked and tired.
He just loaded his gun, then fired and fired
He fought with honour and with pride
to avenge his friend, who had just died
No more was Ben weak and afraid
he now joined his regiment in every raid.
His leg was better the pain had gone,
but the memory of Jack still lingered on.
He took of his medal and placed it on his grave.
Then said he was sorry to a life he could not save.
He was his treasured friend right to the end.

sylvia spencer

Twilight

The warm air stays amongst the shrubs as the daily
flowers close their sun has gone like a falling
crown to make way for the moon with that familiar frown.
This is the time when the air smells sweet and frogs come
out and dance at your feet. Honeysuckle and roses all in full
bloom, swaying in the breeze so you inhale the perfume.
Swallows flying in the sky catching insects as they fly.
Soft rain is falling but not for long, because the nightingale
is still singing his day is long in the Twilight Zone
but this is a time when you should be alone
To spend time with the stars that are now peeping through,
into a sky that has now changed to midnight blue.

sylvia spencer

Two Flags To War

Young brave men, went to war,
men who had never
left their homes before.
these proud young men,
with heads held high,
marched down the street.
On their way to die,
Their cause, was freedom
which was now at stake
Where brother fought brother,
at a costly awake.
In the green of the land,
the North fought the South,
from the plains of Virginia
to the Platomac mouth.
A Yanky in blue, and a Rebel in grey,
both carrying a flag,
to win the battle of the day.
From the deafening sound,
they fought their battle,
charging with bayonets,
into the cannon rattle,
First came the blood, then the crying.
from men lying crumpled,
wounded or dying,
and still they came with shouts of glory.
Each ones flag,
telling a different story.
The Union Flag was placed in position,
The Rebel army
had fallen to submission.
Lee had surrendered, the treaty was signed.
Men came home,
battle scared and blind,
Blind of the time, when they fought together
The Yankee boy who won the day
and the Johnny Reb
with his coat of grey.
Both flags are one, they now unite

to a land, that gives freedom
as of right.

sylvia spencer

What Comes After

After rain comes sunshine,
the rays of hope appear.
The chains of misery have all gone
and cleared the road of fear
After the fever has left your body,
there comes the healing balm.
To sooth away the stress,
and keep your temperature calm.
After the calm, what comes next.
There maybe be quarrels, torment,
seperation and unrest.
After a dreary search,
You may just find the prize.
The foolish years are behind you,
and the one's ahead are wise.
After the leaves have fallen,
the buds all form again.
Your dreary life has ended
and relived of all it's pain.
After lives joys and sorrows
become an interlude apart.
It's now time to gather strength,
and make a fresh start.

sylvia spencer

Where Are Friends

Where are friends, oh where are they
Can I see them from a far
Friends are like gold dust, but will we ever know
If they are sincere, or like a falling star
Friends, can they give us, what we have missed
If they can, then we know we have a friend forever
If this is a task, that is hard to comit
Then as a friend, you better check the weather
A friendship is like a world of love
You hold it together in any way you can
but your greatest friend, is The Lord Above
Keep hold of him in friendship and sorrow
Then the World may seem different
When you wake up, on the morrow.

sylvia spencer

Where Have All The Children Gone

When your children grow up, and they flee the nest
They go away with no thoughts, but their plans that are plenty.
They say they will keep in touch, either by phone or letter,
then as you watch them go, your heart feels rather empty.
The house seems lonely, and oh so very still.
There's no sign of muddy boot's, or trainer's in the hall.
No moutain bike or skateboard, cluttering up the yard,
the only thing that's left is graffity on the wall.
The perfume and the hairspray, still lingers in the air
Everything is now in order, yet colours seem adrift.
Talcum powders, and body lotions have all disapeared,
and the rim around the bath, still remains because it's
hard to shift.
There are no outburst of laughter, or someone shouting Mum.
A black shroud of silence, has now covered up the house,
from each of the bedrooms, right down to the hall,
there is no other sound, not even from a mouse.
The rushing footsteps, that once greeted you at the gate
have lost there importance, as you wonder where they are.
You wait for the phone call, and the email never comes.
All their doing is living their life, in some place afar.
Where have all the children gone in this day and age,
They grow up to fast, and want to live there own lives.
They conquer new heights, and see the all sights.
Then it's home to mum, husband and wifes.
Then it's time for them to leave there humble abode
and this is what's called fleeing the nest'
you have had your children, there are no more storie's
Just you and the Old Man, and a peaceful rest.

sylvia spencer

Where Is Christmas

Where is Christmas that holy night when a star shone out
so clear and bright.

Where is Christmas when a child was born and there in a
manger he lay meek and forlorn.

Where is Christmas with shepherds and kings with beautiful angles
on silken wings.

Have we forgotten this Christmas story or do we just think it is full of pomp and
glory; yes a king was born but he had no crown and his palace was a stable in
Bethlehem Town.

There were no trumpets to the sound of his birth, although he was king of all
kings to rule over the earth.

He had no gifts of white steeds to ride, just a lamb and a donkey
that lay by his side; with Christmas tidings brought from a far by
by kings and shepherds that followed a star

So where is Christmas this one of long ago, is it forgotten or do we really want to
know.

We light up our homes with celebration in mind and every year we
think is Christmas becoming a bind.

We must stop and think and show some compassion and stop
spending money as if it is going out of look at
Christmas and set this story in our hearts
before it is lost forever and its meaning departs.

Christmas is a time for giving because the Lord gave us his son
so let the celebration of his birth be second to none.

sylvia spencer

Willow Tree River

Where the kingfisher darts the river Stour will flow
with its great old willows swaying to and fro.
Long slender branches with their leaves deep in water
makes these old trees look so much shorter.
This lazy river just slowly passing by, with fluffy white clouds
dotted in the sky. An artist landscape or a writers dream
where the river and sunlight reflect the scene.
Around the bend stands another great willow and a different
scene just steals the show. Dragon flies swoop
above your head and the fish stir up the river bed.
A bridge and a mill where life stands still
a place of beauty that doesn't seem real;
yet I have seen this Constable Country with it's
aged old willows along, The Stour running free.
Not to forget the church that has stood the test of time
with a stained glass window made so refine.
with a dedication to a man who's art we love
who now resides in Heaven above.

Remembering John Constable 1776-1837
A Tribute to a Great Artist.

sylvia spencer