

## Poetry Series

# Angela Wybrow

- poems -

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### **Angela Wybrow**

I now live in Hampshire, UK. I have been writing poetry on and off for many years and really enjoy it. I love writing about a variety of topics and am hoping that there's something for everyone.

My first collection of work, entitled 'Through My Eyes' will be available soon, published by United Press.

I have a Facebook page dedicated to my poetry - so please 'Like' me on Facebook!

## **A 'Brand New' You**

Stood, browsing, in a bookshop, I heard someone call my name;  
I recognised the person, but, somehow, she didn't seem the same.  
Apart from the fact that, she had changed the colour of her hair,  
It was almost like looking at a whole new person, standing there.

She told me that, for our old company, she worked no longer.  
Her spirit seemed enthused; her soul appeared much stronger.  
Around her, glowed a much brighter and more positive aura;  
Obviously, a change of scenery has done an awful lot for her.

I saw new maturity and wisdom in her pretty, youthful face.  
I think, within her life's journey, she's now in a better place.  
I almost couldn't believe it was the same girl, stood before my eyes;  
That she had changed so much, in such a short time, I felt surprised.

She seemed happier, healthier; her face was all aglow;  
Very different from the young girl, who I used to know.  
I can't quite remember exactly when I saw her last,  
But I'd say that, about twelve months have passed.

I think, once you are finally free from a depressive atmosphere,  
You feel far more relaxed, and your heavy heart, fills with cheer.  
It's almost as if her whole personality, had been wrapped in tape,  
But from those oppressive restraints, she has managed to escape.

Angela Wybrow

## **A Change Of Heart**

This is a poem which I wrote years ago, when I was a fan of 'Casualty' on TV. My favourite character was Eve Montgomery, played by Barbara Marten.

When Eve first arrived at Holby,  
She was very strict and severe.  
The other staff, especially Sam,  
Regarded her with respect and fear.

She reorganised Charlie's office,  
While he was away on holiday.  
Then she was promoted to Sister,  
Much to everyone's dismay.

When people saw her coming,  
They'd busy themselves or hide,  
But, soon after, a softer side shone through,  
And, in her, they felt they could confide.

She held a sobbing Sam in her arms,  
When he split up with his boyfriend.  
She helped Tina through her rape ordeal;  
Her tortured soul, she helped to mend.

A tearful Amy confided in her,  
When she was expecting Keith's baby.  
Should Amy tell Keith the news?  
Maybe not, then again, maybe?

A more warm and gentle person,  
It will be difficult to find.  
And many a tear will be shed,  
When she leaves Holby City behind.

Angela Wybrow

## **A Headful Of Thoughts**

I'm lying here, wide awake  
Trying hard to get some sleep;  
But my brain is totally buzzing,  
So it's useless counting sheep!

My mind is manically racing,  
Thinking of words and ideas;  
I think of the sad poem that I just wrote,  
And my eyes suddenly fill up with tears.

I need to get some sleep,  
As I'm actually pretty tired;  
But my brain is so alive:  
Like, it's been electrically wired!

Many times, I've had new thoughts,  
And jumped out of my cosy bed,  
To quickly grab a pen and paper,  
And jot them down before they leave my head.

Is this a common problem,  
Which all writers share?  
Do they, too, wake up the next day  
Feeling a little worse for wear?

Angela Wybrow

## **A Mother's Distress (Ducks)**

A man was walking down the street,  
And a mother duck he spotted there.  
She was hovering around, unwilling to leave,  
And was quacking away in despair.

He could see that she was in distress.  
He wondered if she was in any pain,  
But he soon found what the problem was,  
When he looked down the nearby drain.

There were six little fluffy chicks,  
Huddled together, calling for their mum.  
He realised that he'd need some help,  
So went off to find some.

He explained to man walking by,  
Exactly what he'd just seen.  
The two men removed the heavy drain cover,  
Working together as a team.

They reached down for each little chick,  
And reunited it with its mum.  
Soon, all the chicks were rescued,  
And the job was finally done.

The mother duck was overjoyed.  
The rescue had taken quite a while.  
She led her brood back off to the river,  
With them following her in single file.

Angela Wybrow

## A Snowy Day

I sense an unfamiliar brightness and very soon I'm awake.  
I go to my window, which is covered with tiny snowflakes.  
As far as the eye can see, there's a carpet of pure white.  
It's a magnificent and beautiful, but still rather rare, sight.

People pull on their patterned designer Wellington boots.  
Icy footprints in the snow, mark out the well trodden routes.  
Children play in the snow and build a snowman;  
They build him up as tall, as they possibly can.

Everything looks so very different when covered by snow;  
Suddenly, you're not too sure where your feet should now go.  
I love to walk through the parts, where snow is undisturbed;  
Even though I now can no longer tell the road from the curb.

There is now a real lack of distinguishing features,  
And a noticeable absence of warm-blooded creatures.  
In the sunshine, the snow, like tiny diamonds, glints.  
Its delicate surface now peppered with animal prints.

The coldness makes folks' cheeks all pink and rosy.  
Most stay inside, where they are all nice and cosy.  
Children on a sledge whiz down a long, steep hill;  
They seem to know no fear and have nerves of steel.

Wheels on vehicles suddenly now slide and slip;  
Road surfaces, they suddenly can no longer grip.  
On busier routes, the snow soon turns to sludgy slush.  
In this weather, not a single soul would dare to rush.

Some folk hope that, of the snow, there'll be no more,  
And hope that this carpet of white will very soon thaw.  
When I look out of my bedroom window that same night,  
I notice that the world around me still seems quite light.

Over the next couple of days, the snow turns to ice;  
It now is all discoloured and doesn't look so nice.  
Finally, we have a whole day of really heavy rain,  
And, of the snow, not a single flake now remains.

Angela Wybrow

## **A Summer Shower**

I'm standing here watching the rain  
Running down my window pane.  
For days now, there's been no rain in sight,  
But when it does, couldn't it rain at night?

Every single plant and every single flower  
Is extremely grateful for this summer shower.  
I see people, who have been caught unaware,  
Wet through with lank, bedraggled hair.

They quicken their pace and dash away,  
Hoping that this weather isn't set for the day.  
I, to, am hoping that it won't hang around,  
As later, I was hoping to pop into town.

On the cars, the windscreen wipers swish to and fro.  
Their tyres splashing through the puddles as they go.  
The sky is grey, but I see a small chink of blue,  
So maybe hopefully this rain will be over soon?

Returning to my chores, I hope with all my heart,  
That the day will improve despite a dodgy start!  
I return to the window. Half an hour has gone by  
And I'm thrilled to see the sun is finally in the sky!

The wetness on the ground begins to evaporate,  
So I dash into town before it gets too late.  
The prolonged shower seems to have passed  
And it's turned into a glorious day at last!

Angela Wybrow

## **A Thrush In A Rush**

Our house, once had a visit from a baby thrush,  
Who took a wrong turning, during a mad rush.  
Our back door was open: the weather was hot;  
Then suddenly, over the threshold, he did pop.

The next thing, of which, I was then aware,  
Was the young thrush flying up our stairs.  
On reaching the top, he turned left, and he zoomed,  
Through an open door, in to one of our bedrooms.

In his blind panic, he flapped and flew about;  
That he was full of fear, there was no doubt.  
Exhausted, he settled down on the floor to rest,  
And it was then, that I spotted his speckled chest.

The poor little thing – he really was very scared,  
And he knew in his heart, he shouldn't be there.  
I offered words of comfort, but he didn't understand;  
All he knew was that he was in a strange looking land.

Back out on to the darkened landing, he soon took flight,  
And headed back down the stairs, out towards the daylight.  
Through the open door, a familiar land, he now could see:  
A land where, once again, he could fly about, wild and free.

Angela Wybrow

## All Gone!

A herring gull was on the wing, looking for something tasty to eat,  
When he came across a lady, eating a portion of chips, sat on a seat.  
He quickly flew off, with the good news, to gather up his hungry gang,  
And, they decided that, around the lady, they would, purposely, hang.

By the time she looked up again and realised that she'd been trapped,  
Into a semi circle, around her bench, the gulls had strategically flapped.  
She sat on the bench, reading a magazine, in a little world of her own;  
When she realised what was going on, the fate of her chips was sewn.

She realised that, by the gulls, she had now been totally surrounded,  
And, for her lunch, she felt as though she was being openly hounded.  
Big and burly, with his pale eyes and distinctive bright yellow beak,  
A midday meal was what he and his gang had come there to seek.

The lady threw the birds one of her chips, thinking that would do,  
But, with her lunch, the gang of gulls were by no means yet through.  
Over the chip, which she had thrown them, they began to squabble,  
Then, she took pity on one gull, which walked with a slight hobble.

She threw a chip his way, but the others were quick, and got there first.  
Because of his injured foot, this was the gull that came off the worst.  
She threw him another one of her chips, and, this time, he was in luck,  
Despite the fact that, from his beak, the chip, the others tried to pluck.

By these big birds, the poor lady felt ever so slightly intimidated.  
With requests for chunky chips, she was well and truly inundated.  
Throwing chips to the waiting gulls, she carried on and on and on,  
Till she looked down at her wrapper and found that they were gone!

Angela Wybrow

## **An Indian Summer**

After weeks of waiting, our summer is finally here.  
For our late Indian summer, we all give a big cheer.  
It's early October and it's a humid twenty five degrees;  
Following days of dullness, it's hot, with very little breeze.

Alive with people, are those sandy beaches, normally deserted;  
There are children, women in bikinis, and with men, unshirted.  
Unusually, for this time of year, much flesh is on display,  
And the ice cream seller is still doing a really roaring trade.

By weathermen, this sunny spell was recently forecast,  
But their expert word was doubted, due to times past.  
This time, however, it seems they've got it right,  
And it is, indeed, extremely hot, sunny and bright.

Office workers sat on benches, eating lunch, are now seen;  
Normally, at this time of year, they'd be sat in the canteen.  
People converge on the nation's many public parks,  
And stay until 7pm, when the days begin to get dark.

With everything around us, bathed in sunlight,  
Our once saddened souls, suddenly take flight.  
We didn't believe we'd see any more days like this,  
And, rainy, dull days, we certainly don't, at all, miss.

But, late at night, when we are lying in our beds,  
We toss and turn and struggle to catch some zeds.  
Woken way too early by the brightly sunlit mornings,  
We rub our eyes and can't keep ourselves from yawning.

People sit in their gardens, catching the sun's rays,  
On what could be one of this year's last sunny days.  
But, about the hot weather, we shouldn't really complain,  
As, this year, we may not see another sunny day again.

Angela Wybrow

## **As Long As...**

As long as you're around,  
I feel safe and sound.  
As long as you're at my side,  
I can travel the world wide.  
As long as you're within view,  
I'm happy in what I do.  
As long as you give me praise,  
I feel encouraged through my days.  
As long as you're there to lead,  
I, off your strength, can feed.  
As long as you're there to guide,  
I feel contentment inside.  
As long as you're there to give affection,  
I'll always be pulled in your direction.  
As long as you're there to give advice,  
I, with any danger, will not dice.  
As long as you're around to make life fun,  
I, to you, will always run.  
As long as you're around,  
A nicer person couldn't be found.

Angela Wybrow

## At the Stage Door

My friend and I had a memorable day,  
When we went to see a favourite star in a play.  
A week beforehand, we sent her a letter,  
But this did not make our meeting any better.

At the end of the show,  
Round to the stage door, we did go.  
For a short while, we hung about,  
Waiting for her to come out.

Soon enough, we saw,  
Her exit the stage door.  
Up to her, we cautiously went,  
And mentioned the letter which we'd sent.

She didn't recall if she'd received it or not.  
Maybe being so busy, she just forgot?  
With her, we politely asked for a photo,  
But to our total amazement, she said 'no!'

Adding that 'I hate the idea!'  
She made her feelings crystal clear.  
She flicked her hand, as though brushing us away,  
And her behaviour completely ruined our day.

Her fans feelings, she certainly knows how to mash,  
But I guess all she really wants is the cash.  
We'd driven all the way down there,  
But, about us, she obviously didn't care.

It was summertime and it was extremely hot,  
And that reaction was all that we got.  
Afterwards, we went for a late lunch,  
But were too upset for food on which to munch.

The experience was different to others I've had.  
It was memorable because it was so very bad.  
I realise that fans can sometimes be a right pain,  
But there was no need to treat us with such disdain.

I guess it may be a pain meeting fans night after night,  
But I still think she could have been a bit more polite.  
She treated us like something she'd found on her shoe,  
And that is something which celebs should never do.

She very obviously saw us as being a pain,  
So we're not bothering to go and see her again.  
It was an experience which we'll never forget,  
And her, I really do wish, we'd never met.

Angela Wybrow

## Autumn Leaves

The autumn leaves swirl to the ground in their millions.  
Gold, russet, ochre, burnt umber, and deep vermillion.  
Down to the ground, the dying leaves flit and flutter;  
On to the grassy bank, the pathway, and into the gutter.

Some of the colours of the leaves are deep and so very rich.  
Whirling along the ground, some leaves tumble into the ditch.  
A thick layer of multicoloured leaves now carpets the earth,  
Leaving the trees bare, in readiness, for next spring's rebirth.

With changing leaf colours, many people love this time of year,  
But, that summer is well and truly over, it is now perfectly clear.  
The many colours mixed together are a magical sight to behold;  
I love the shades of yellow, crimson, sienna, and ruby red, so bold.

Some leaves are mottled, with two glorious colours or more;  
Adding to the fabulous display, which now lies upon the floor.  
Children love nothing better, than to frolic through the fallen leaves;  
When workmen collect them up, they're left feeling very aggrieved.

Even though the weather is getting cold, the colours look so warm.  
Fiery reds and oranges, and golden hues, like those of ripened corn.  
Photographers find this time of year, so very evocative and inspiring;  
The spectacular displays before them, they spend much time admiring.

As the season draws on, the once vibrant colours begin to dull and fade.  
Soon, all that is left are brown leaves, which once boasted brilliant shades.  
When leaves first change their colour, they create much admired foliage,  
But with age and weather, over the coming weeks, there is much spoilage.

I love the dark green leaves, with their edges tinged with a brilliant red.  
But, alas, those colours will fade, now that the leaf is no longer being fed.  
The crisp, bright colours can offer cheer on even the very dullest of days,  
But in our minds, we know it won't be long before winter comes our way.

Angela Wybrow

## **BBC Proms**

To be a part of the BBC Proms season,  
There are several extremely good reasons.  
The majestic building: London's Royal Albert Hall,  
Is one of the greatest concert venues of them all.

Each Season, people flock through its many doors.  
Different types of music they have come to explore.  
The BBC Proms season attracts audiences young and old.  
For this great music festival, a shining torch people always hold.

It gives musicians the chance to showcase the amazing art  
Of talented composers from Mahler through to Mozart.  
People get the chance to hear works old and new.  
By the famous works, especially, the fans are wooed.

Singers and musicians from all over the world,  
Come together to take part in this musical pearl.  
For nearly two whole months, there are concerts every day.  
It really is the world's greatest celebration of classical music. Yay!

Ladies and gentlemen dressed in their smart attire,  
Come to watch musicians, soloists and choirs.  
Every year, the musical proceedings simply must,  
Be resided over by Sir Henry Wood's bronze bust.

The final night is world famous for its electric atmosphere.  
The sound of music and people singing is what you will hear.  
To Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance march, they bob up and down,  
All you can see is happy, smiling faces and never a single frown.

People dressed in red, white and blue, the colours of our land,  
Experience much enjoyment and the whole event is simply grand.  
To the music, concertgoers wave their Union Jacks in time.  
They sing along and, by heart, they know every single line.

At the end, the orchestra give a much welcomed encore.  
It is always a great pleasure and never ever a chore.  
On the Last Night of the Proms, there is much cheer  
Signalling the end of the Season for yet another year.

Angela Wybrow

## **Beachcombing**

As the tide retreats, it leaves behind  
Once hidden treasures, for folk to find.  
Left revealed, is a long strip of shiny, wet sand,  
Where treasures, now at their journey's end, will land.

By the sea, small pieces of glass have been ground,  
Leaving their once sharp edges, smooth and round.  
There are a few fallen feathers from visiting gulls.  
Smooth, egg-shaped pebbles – both shiny and dull.

Shells of all shapes, such as cones, conches, and scallops,  
Are washed ashore by the powerful sea, as it gallops.  
There are lions' paws, kings' crowns, tulips, angel wings,  
Slipper shells, jewel boxes, moon snails and other things.

Sugar Kelp, Bladderwrack and Dead Man's Fingers,  
Are some of the seaweeds which, on the shore, linger.  
The sight of numerous pieces of discarded litter,  
Leaves behind a taste, in my mouth, that is bitter.

Pieces of driftwood, many with interesting shapes,  
From the endlessly shifting sea, make their escape.  
If, along a sandy beach, you take a relaxing wander,  
There are many treasures on which you can ponder.

Folk can while away many an hour of pleasure,  
Sifting amongst all the newly arrived treasure.  
An hour or two spent exploring a sandy cove,  
Can potentially reveal a whole treasure trove.

Angela Wybrow

## Bluebell Girls

They dance around with the most incredible grace;  
Each girl with a radiant smile, upon her beautiful face.  
They high kick their legs in unison, in a long, straight line,  
While members of the audience, are wined and dined.

Part of the most prestigious dancing troupe in the world,  
They are, without any doubt, the ultimate showgirls.  
Audiences clap their hands and whistle and loudly whoop,  
In appreciation of the world's best known cabaret troupe.

On stage at the Lido cabaret club in Paris in France,  
This legendary, celebrated troupe, elegantly dance.  
These tall, slender girls, all near enough in age,  
Tower over other performers, who are also on stage.

Draped in sparkling jewels and fluffy feathers,  
Their slender, long legs seem to stretch on forever.  
With their stage presence, they can hold anyone's gaze.  
Anyone watching their stunning routines is simply amazed.

The auditorium, in which they perform, is always jam packed.  
In confidence and character, these girls certainly don't lack.  
In their glamorous costumes and strappy high heels,  
These girls certainly seem to hold a magical appeal.

In their world full of glamour and glitz,  
These girls always prove such a popular hit.  
During a show, they continually change their costumes;  
Helped by a band of dressers, for delay, there's no room.

Their whole existence is one of strict regime and discipline;  
After a show, at four in the morning, to bed, they often roll in.  
Being a Bluebell Girl is a very physically demanding role,  
But to the world of dance, they have dedicated their soul.

Their thrilling routines are rehearsed to total perfection.  
Between the girls, there is much respect and affection.  
Since they were formed by 'Miss Bluebell' in Paris in 1932,  
Many young girls have competed to be one of the chosen few.

They still dance at the world famous Lido club in Paris today.  
To see such a spectacular show, the punters still eagerly pay.  
Crowds still throng to Champ-Elysees, the city's most famous street,  
To make their visit to this stunning destination, wonderfully complete.

Angela Wybrow

## **Bugs (On a Summer's Day)**

On any hot and sunny, summer's day,  
Millions of bugs appear, to work and play.  
Butterflies flit to and fro: they flit high and flit low;  
Bringing a touch of beauty, wherever they may go.

Crimson red, with little black spots, is the ladybird.  
My whole face lights up, whenever it's name is heard.  
The honey bees, are industrious in their work:  
Their responsibilities, they never ever shirk.

Then there's the ant, aka the earth excavation engineer;  
One, I can stand, but a whole army feels me with fear.  
I freeze with fear, when by a wilful wasp, I'm pursued.  
They hang around, even when I don't have any food.

Likewise, different species of fly, varying in shape and size,  
Look for food - to keep it covered, you'd be extremely wise.  
Hoverflies, however, do pretty much as their name suggests,  
But, unlike wasps, who look quite similar, they are not pests.

Storm flies may well be extremely tiny and titch,  
But when they crawl on you, they don't half itch!  
Outdoors, I dash away, if the sound of buzzing gets too close;  
'Ha! I chased her away!' the insects, to each other, I bet, boast!

Tiny bugs, which crawl about in my hair,  
Is one thing which, I really can not bear.  
Woodlice, however, do not like the scorching sun,  
And, if disturbed, to a new shelter, they'll quickly run.

Lacewings look pretty, with wings, all delicate and lacy,  
But emitting a nasty smell to predators, they aren't tasty.  
In the evening, Grasshoppers and crickets chirp away,  
Signalling the closing in of yet another summer's day.

Angela Wybrow

## Carousel Crazy

The younger generation, seek a fast and furious thrill,  
But the fairground carousel remains just as popular still.  
Watching the horses gallop through a golden haze,  
Transports the older folk, back to their glory days.

The carousel is a one of those old vintage rides,  
Which people of all ages, can take in their stride.  
The painted horses gaily gallop round and round;  
On faces, there are only smiles: no worried frowns.

Despite this popular attraction being many ages old,  
There is still an innocent magic which it seems to behold.  
In comparison to some rides, the carousel is rather sedate,  
But fast rides which spin you upside down, I really do hate.

My heart leaps a little, when the horses first begin to move,  
But, by the gentle up and down motion, I am soon soothed.  
At a fairground, a carousel always brings such sheer delight,  
Especially when, it is aglow, and in full flow, on a dark night.

You don't even need to see a carousel, to know that it is there,  
Because its jolly, jaunty music dances in the sweet smelling air.  
The tunes accompanying the ride, are often ones which I know,  
And I sing along, silently, in my mind, as, round and round, I go.

There is something about a carousel which is just so appealing:  
On spotting one, inside I suddenly experience an excited feeling.  
Through the years, people's love for carousels has never waned;  
The carousel is the king of the showground and, long may it reign!

Angela Wybrow

## Chanel (Cat Poem)

She was an adorable cat, of whom I was really rather fond.  
Over time, with each other, we formed a really special bond.  
To become perfect pals, I guess we both made a choice.  
I would sit, and speak softly to her, in a low, gentle voice.

For me, I always hoped that she would sit and wait;  
That she'd sit, waiting patiently, by her garden gate.  
If she was there, with joy, I could feel my heart lift,  
But, if there was no sign of her, I felt a little miffed.

Placing her paws upon my bended knees, she'd gaze into my eyes.  
Sometimes, she'd touch her nose to mine, which gave me a surprise.  
Whenever she did this, feeling taken aback, I would, happily, laugh,  
But I felt a little shy, if someone then came walking along the path.

She would purr contentedly, as by her side, I knelt.  
Inside, I could physically feel all my tension melt.  
With her, I would always spend a little while.  
Being in her company, always made me smile.

Being with her, I felt happy, and all day, I could have stayed,  
And it was with much difficulty, that I pulled myself away.  
But what people thought of me, I didn't really worry.  
To leave Chanel's side, I was never in too much hurry.

A more loving cat, I have never ever known.  
A cat like her, I would simply love to own.  
Chanel was the most adorable cat, who I ever met,  
And that special little cat, I will never ever forget.

Angela Wybrow

## Charity Shop Bear

The bear in the charity shop looked so lost,  
So I asked the lady there, how much he cost.  
She told me three pounds and that was fine,  
As bought new, he would've cost at least nine.

When I spotted him sitting there on the shelf,  
I knew I just had to have him for myself.  
I just couldn't have left him sitting there,  
As he really was the most gorgeous bear.

He had obviously been very well cared for.  
He had light cream coloured velveteen paws.  
His plush fur was the colour of milk chocolate.  
Who knows what would have been his final fate?

He had fully jointed legs and arms,  
And he radiated oodles of charm.  
He also had a fully jointed head.  
He really was a very special Ted.

His fur wasn't matted and was really very soft.  
I picked him from the shelf and held him aloft.  
He was about sixteen inches tall in height,  
And his brown beady eyes shone bright.

He was in absolutely immaculate condition.  
To give him a brand new home, was my mission.  
He was an extraordinary bear, who was like no other,  
And now he was very happy, as he had a new mother.

The lady put him in a bag, feet first, so as he could 'breathe.'  
That a teddy bear is alive, I think we like to secretly believe.  
And so, together, we began our journey to his new home,  
With a promise from me, that no more would he ever roam.

Angela Wybrow

## **Choir Master: Gareth Malone**

He's been the whole nation over, setting up choirs,  
Whipping up enthusiasm and fuelling souls with fire.  
In people's abilities, Gareth truly does believe;  
Wanting to show them what can be achieved.

When people experience the feeling of self doubt,  
From out of their shell, he patiently coaxes them out.  
Whereas people didn't have the confidence before,  
Because of him, they suddenly want to do more.

All of their lives, some people have felt too shy,  
But now, with encouragement, they're willing to try.  
Gareth sincerely believes that everyone can sing.  
He knows the joy to lives which music can bring.

Being part of a choir, people can make new friends,  
And shattered souls, music can help to slowly mend.  
To be part of a choir, they now are much more willing.  
The fruits of their labours can be so totally thrilling.

To regular rehearsals, he hopes people will commit.  
Through song, he knows, communities do often knit.  
Of their communities, he wants people to be proud,  
And encourages them to stand up and sing out loud.

Through media exposure on radio and TV,  
He's shown just what fun singing can be.  
At various events, when his choirs have performed,  
They've been well received and gone down a storm.

With Gareth's guts and never ending determination,  
Singing is now considered a cool hobby across the nation.  
More people have been joining choirs than ever before;  
His influence on choral music, you just can't ignore.

He has managed to break through the class barrier;  
For choirs everywhere, he is like a torch carrier.  
He should be so very proud of what he's done,  
As into many people's lives, he's brought music and fun.

Angela Wybrow

## Christmas Carol Singalong

(Every Christmas, I go to the Christmas Carol Singalong at the Royal Albert Hall, hosted by Jonathan Cohen, and I wanted to capture the atmosphere of the event.)

I love going to the Royal Albert Hall for the Christmas Carol Sing-along.  
It attracts a really large audience – some five thousand people strong.  
Before the concert begins, there's excited anticipation in the air,  
And, there are plenty of cheerful, smiling faces, everywhere.

On stage, there's a large orchestra and a smartly clad choir,  
And there's the promise of singing to your heart's desire.  
There's well known Christmas songs old and new,  
And all your favourite Christmas carols mixed in to.

Sometimes, just the orchestra get to do their thing,  
And sometimes, just the choir stand up and sing.  
There's also a guest singer who sings a few songs,  
But, with the majority of songs, we get to sing along.

On the pacier numbers, the choir move to the beat,  
Clapping their hands together and shuffling their feet.  
There's usually a piano solo which requires nifty fingers.  
I watch in total awe and my amazement always lingers.

They certainly look like they're having great fun.  
The festive cheer you experience there is second to none.  
Everyone dons festive Santa hats during the second half,  
And everyone looks like they're having such a great laugh.

At some point, a Mexican wave usually begins,  
And losing their inhibitions, everybody joins in.  
There are often some shout-outs to people in the crowd,  
And they respond with a wave and cheer very loud.

There's a party spirit all round the Hall,  
And everybody really is having a ball.  
The whole concert is joyous and very fast paced  
And is guaranteed to light up even the glummost face.

On stage, there are two huge Christmas trees, brightly lit.  
Everything about this concert proves to be a massive hit.  
Full of cheer, everyone claps and sings along in their seats.  
Going to the concert makes my Christmas totally complete.

When the choir sings 'We Wish You A Merry Christmas', you know,  
That the concert is drawing to a close and it will soon be time to go.  
You leave the Hall feeling full of joy and Christmas cheer,  
Ready to repeat this wonderful experience again next year.

Angela Wybrow

## Christmas Is

Mistletoe and boughs of holly.  
Overloaded shopping trolleys.  
A glass or two of spiced, mulled wine.  
A roasted turkey, on which to dine.  
Presents wrapped in pretty paper.  
De-icing the car, with a scraper.  
Christmas carols, by choirs, being sung.  
Sparkly decorations on a tree, being hung.  
Mince pies and chocolate Yule log.  
A brand new bone, just for the dog.  
Holly wreaths, hung on front doors.  
A visit from good old Santa Claus.  
Christmas pudding, flaming hot.  
Whisky tots and vodka shots.  
A light sprinkling of fresh, white snow.  
A real log fire, all aglow.  
Reindeer pulling Santa on a sleigh.  
Party guests dancing the night away.  
Red-breasted robins, merrily hopping.  
Crowds milling about, Christmas shopping.  
Christmas crackers and party crowns.  
Friends and family, gathering round.  
Seasonal stories and poems, read aloud.  
School nativity plays: parents so proud.  
A child's smiling face, full of glee.  
Numerous repeats, on Christmas TV.  
All these things, plus some seasonal cheer,  
Together, make Christmas a unique time of year.

Angela Wybrow

## Cold Calling

My day started off well, but very rapidly began to turn sour,  
When a company 'cold-called' five times in the space of an hour.  
With their business practice, I was extremely far from impressed,  
And their persistent calling soon began to cause me much stress.

The Asian sounding gentleman at the other end of the phone,  
Politely introduced himself as somebody called Geoffrey Jones.  
Whenever the phone rang after that, it, I would purposely ignore,  
Worried that it was the same company calling me again once more.

They said my credit limit on my card had been raised,  
But by this claim, I felt unsure and really rather phased.  
So I checked my last statement and as far as I could tell,  
Everything seemed in order and everything seemed well.

The man told me I was due three thousand pounds compensation.  
I felt rather surprised and confused by this baffling information.  
Part of me wondered if someone at my bank had made a mistake,  
While part of me thought that this company probably was a fake.

When the man rang me back again, I interrupted his rapid flow,  
And asked him, under which trading name his company goes.  
So I typed in the company's name and looked them up online;  
Soon discovering that the problem was far from being only mine!

On forums online, about the company, many people complained,  
Saying that they had rung them persistently and they were a pain.  
Calls from this company had filled people with worry and fear,  
And many people warned other forum members to steer clear.

Cold calling is really annoying and even one phone call is bad enough,  
But if they persistently ring you, it's easy to end up in a right old huff.  
The last time they called me, I was angry and, my words, I didn't mince,  
And, fingers crossed, I haven't heard from that company again since.

Angela Wybrow

## Coming to Life

As little Laura slept snuggled in her bed,  
Her dolls sat on the shelf above her head.  
There were different sizes: Some big, some small.  
They sat there lifeless, staring, doing nothing at all.

When she got up and to school she'd gone,  
She was completely clueless as to what went on.  
Little would she have guessed that while she was away,  
Her dolls came to life and had fun and frolics all day.

They took it in turns to ride the toy train,  
And nibbled upon any uneaten candy canes.  
They marvelled at the colourful jack-in-the-box,  
And built little houses from the building blocks.

They particularly enjoyed the children's story books,  
Especially the colourful pictures at which they looked  
They played tea parties with plastic plates and cups,  
And gave each other beauty makeovers with make-up.

They had watched and learnt how to play a CD,  
And could often be found sitting watching her TV.  
They rode around her room in a brightly painted toy jeep,  
And as long as nobody was home, they'd blow the horn. BEEP!

As soon as they heard any footsteps approach their way,  
They'd freeze, and then wait until they'd faded right away.  
If Laura ever did discover anything amiss,  
She'd blame it all on, Lizzie, her older sis.

Laura loved her dolls and they loved Laura,  
But when she was there, they had to ignore her.  
If she'd discovered their antics, she would have been amazed.  
She would have stood there, with her mouth agape, and gazed.

She remained unaware of what happened when her door was closed,  
Or that her dolls exchanged knowing looks, as she lay in bed and dozed.  
The dolls stayed with Laura until, with them, she grew apart.  
They were adopted by another little girl and made a brand new start.

Angela Wybrow

## Darkness Falls

A blackbird utters its warning call,  
As, slowly, darkness begins to fall.  
The temperature grows steadily colder,  
As the day grows steadily older.

In the houses, lights are being put on,  
Now that daylight has almost gone.  
Shift workers head out into the night,  
While most of us are snuggled up tight.

People head to town for an evening out:  
Laughter is heard, as is the odd distant shout.  
Cats come out to search and stalk their prey:  
Woe betide the creature who steps in their way.

Ducks settle down: Head under their wing.  
Small birds have roosted and no longer sing.  
Moths flit to and fro around a light.  
Bats whizz by silently in their flight.

Small children are being put to bed,  
Laying down their sleepy heads.  
People settle down to watch the TV,  
Hoping that there's something good to see.

The moon shines way up high.  
The stars twinkle away in the velvet sky.  
Owls come out for their nightly feed,  
Hoping to satisfy their hunger needs.

Livestock is rounded up and locked away,  
In an attempt to keep the sly foxes at bay.  
Spiders come out and crawl about,  
Freaking the arachnophobics out.

For hours on end, our world is dark,  
Till, by the dawn chorus, first light is marked.  
Dawn slowly gives way to daybreak,  
And those, who have been sleeping, awake.

While those who have been put to task,  
Can head home to their beds at last.  
The routine of a brand new day calls,  
Until, once again, darkness falls.

Angela Wybrow

## Day Dreaming

I sat in the office feeling really very bored.  
I began to go through the file in my mind,  
Where my favourite daydreams are stored.

As I felt my concentration begin to go,  
I took my eyes off my computer screen,  
And they drifted towards the office window.

The most gorgeous looking guy ever passed by,  
And, as I sat there staring distantly into space,  
We suddenly found ourselves interlocking eyes.

I pictured myself as an imprisoned princess,  
And him as my brave knight in shining armour,  
Who was going to save me from this awful mess.

He would arrive on a bright white steed,  
Then knock down the heavy wooden door,  
Take me in his arms, and then I'd be free.

We'd live inside a magnificent fairytale castle,  
And my life would be wonderful once again.  
Then, one day, he'd present me with a tiny parcel.

I'd open it up and inside would be a diamond ring.  
He'd ask me to do the honour of becoming his wife,  
And I'd be so very happy, that I'd run around and sing.

One day, I'd become a queen and he'd become a king,  
And we'd live so happily ever after, till death do us part:  
When, suddenly, I'm back to reality when the phone rings.

They do say that nothing is ever what it quite seems,  
Which can sometimes be extremely disappointing,  
As now I realise that I've just had a lovely daydream.

Angela Wybrow

## Dear Daddy-Long-Legs

Dear Daddy-Long-Legs

When I suddenly spotted you floating round the light,  
I froze to the spot, as you weren't a welcome sight.  
Around the lounge, you zipped and zoomed,  
As I fled upstairs, in terror, to my bedroom.

As soon as daylight begins to slowly fade,  
I start 'Operation Lockdown' to stop any raid.  
I shut all of the doors and all of the windows,  
And the curtains to, I make sure are closed.

Even though you're so much smaller than me,  
You're not a visitor who I really like to see.  
You seem to think that flying straight at me is fun,  
And I bet it makes you really laugh to see me run.

At you, I can't seem to help but briefly stand and stare,  
As you float around seemingly effortlessly in mid air.  
I do so really hate this time of the year,  
When, to me, you bring this feeling of fear.

Even without seeing you, I hear the tell-tale click of your wings,  
And you wouldn't believe the terror which that tiny sound brings.  
With your wire thin body, you seem to have acquired the knack,  
Of obtaining entry, even when a window is open just a tiny crack.

I can't throw you out, as the problem is, at night,  
Many others of your kind are also in full flight.  
Next morning, when I come back down the stairs,  
More often than not, you're seemingly not there.

I have to admit that I don't know this for dead certain,  
But my guess is that you're hiding behind the lace curtain.  
You've gone off to hide in peace for the day,  
Till, once again, evening time comes our way.

Then, once the light is switched back on again,  
You'll leave your hiding place and be a right pain.  
I know that your life span isn't at all very long,  
But terrorizing innocent people is very, very wrong.

Angela Wybrow

## **Dew Drops**

I love the mornings, when pretty dew drops settle  
On every single blade of grass, bramble and nettle.  
Decorated are the herbs – rosemary, thyme and basil.  
By millions of precious jewels, I am, totally, bedazzled.

By the dew, once hidden, spider webs are now disclosed,  
And for their weavers, the problem of disguise is now posed.  
To insects, the droplets are just like bright, flashing lights;  
Making, previously unseen, traps, now well within their sight.

Hedgerows look as if they've been draped with angel hair;  
But these shining, silken strands are decorated spider's lairs.  
The droplets keep their shape, due to surface tension.  
Their simply stunning beauty is truly worth a mention.

Covered in dew droplets, everything looks so very fresh;  
Plants love the sensation of dew, upon their tender flesh.  
Captured by the light, the dew droplets sparkle so bright;  
One of Mother Nature's most truly, breathtaking, sights.

Each single, dazzling, droplet is only tiny in its size;  
Just like a pearly teardrop, cried by someone's eyes.  
The dew disappears, as the morning, slowly, draws on,  
And, come noon, every last trace of dew is, sadly, gone.

Angela Wybrow

## **Diana, Princess of Wales Memorial Fountain**

The Memorial Fountain is really rather fascinating in its design,  
As the water doesn't always follow its course in one straight line.  
The Fountain in itself is an extremely interesting feature,  
As it moves in all different ways, just like a living creature.

It's a focal point to which many people make their way;  
Where adults can sit and relax and young children can play.  
Parents sit on the lush green grass next to the flowing water,  
Whilst keeping a watchful eye on their sons and daughters.

On the side of the Fountain, visitors can choose to take a seat,  
And sit chatting away together, whilst paddling their tired feet.  
The Fountain aims to represent the different aspects of Diana's life:  
The times of joy and happiness, and the times of trouble and strife.

The flowing water runs down an incline, not too steep.  
At some points, it's very shallow and at others, it's deep.  
Around the channel there are various depths and widths:  
At some points it rises up, while at other points, it dips.

At some points, the water tumbles and slightly churns,  
Whilst at other points, it meanders in twists and turns.  
At some points along the way, the water flow is pretty fast,  
Whilst over other points, the water is quite slowly passed.

At some points the water runs down surfaces so very smooth,  
Whilst at other points, its flow is disturbed by little grooves.  
At three points, the course can be crossed by little bridges,  
Near to where the water jumps down over little ridges.

At some points, the foaming water cascades over a waterfall,  
Whilst at others, the water slows down into a leisurely crawl.  
The water is pumped from the top, down in two directions.  
At the bottom, the waters meet in a pool of calm reflection.

To spark some kind of emotion, the fountain never fails.  
Some simply come to remember Diana, Princess of Wales.  
A real air of majesty this special Fountain does possess.  
It is a fitting tribute to a much-loved and missed Princess.

Angela Wybrow

## Discovering Shakespeare

'From you have I been absent in the spring.'  
The words of Shakespeare have a truly lovely ring,  
But, when I was younger, by his words, I was bored,  
And his words, written on a page, by me, were ignored.

Now I'm older, I can see that his famous words,  
Are actually among the loveliest I've ever heard.  
Until recently, I couldn't recite a Shakespeare speech,  
But, slowly, line by line, myself, I did teach.

Of his work, I love the rhythm and rhyme,  
As it makes it much easier to learn each line.  
Being able to recite a short speech, I felt proud,  
As I had never performed any of his work aloud.

I was really amazed at what I'd been able to achieve,  
And now, from my mind, his words will never leave.  
When I feel low, in my mind, his words I recall -  
They lift my mood, just as I am about to fall.

I didn't understand any of his stories before,  
But with each day that passes, I'm learning more.  
I now understand about the characters and the plots.  
Over the last few months, I really have learnt a lot.

Helena from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream, '  
Is very like me in character, or so it seems:  
She's sensitive and cautious and likes to think things through,  
And that description can pretty much be applied to me to!

Prior to my Shakespeare Bronze exam, I was full of fear,  
But it proved to be one of the highlights of my entire year.  
It's been one of the best experiences of my life to date,  
And to take my Shakespeare Silver exam, I just can't wait.

If only Shakespeare was alive today, he would see  
Just how much sheer joy he has managed to bring me.

Angela Wybrow

## Dumped

I used to work in a large general store.  
My eyes were certainly opened by what I saw.  
The way some people behave is so frustrating.  
Their lack of care is the thing that I'm really hating.

Empty packages were left on the shelf:  
Their contents stolen using a lot of stealth.  
You wouldn't believe the things which people steal.  
I used to find rotten apple cores and pieces of peel.

Half eaten pasties, still warm from a shop.  
Half drunk plastic bottles of fizzy cola pop.  
Still in their cartons, discarded burgers and chips  
And cups of coffee abandoned after only a few sips.

Sticky sweets which stuck to your shoe:  
Sucked, then spat out, as children do.  
Soggy, half eaten biscuits which children had chewed,  
Always in areas where there shouldn't even be food.

Chilled products were often left out in the heat.  
Sandwiches, yoghurts, pies, cheese and meat.  
Banana skins on the floor, may seem like a joke,  
But you'd soon disagree, if it was your leg you broke.

Just general things dumped, not in their rightful place,  
As the short walk back was obviously too much to face!  
Glass vases on the floor, smashed to tiny smithereens,  
Were not the only things damaged or broken by any means.

Paint and varnish were often knocked on the floor,  
But without a word, the culprit would head for the door.  
I wondered if people behaved like this in their homes.  
If I left stuff dumped in their house, they'd soon moan!

Many of us weren't brought up this way,  
But it's a sad reflection of society today.

Angela Wybrow

## Dusty Springfield

The music of the Dusty Springfield still lives on,  
Even though she, herself, is now dead and gone.  
Every day, her songs are played on the airwaves.  
About her music, many people still really rave.

When I hear her songs played on the radio,  
Deep in my heart, I feel a really warm glow.  
To her talent, many artistes still pay tribute.  
Many a singer, her style of song, does suit.

She had massive hit after hit over her many years:  
The sentiments, of which, still bring me to tears.  
If she were still alive today, I think she'd be amazed,  
How popular she still is and how much her songs are played.

She was just a normal, ordinary, middle class girl,  
Who became one of popular music's precious pearls.  
She never let fame and fortune go to her head.  
She chose to remain friendly and down to earth instead.

Her songs are ones which you can sing along to,  
And you experience such a feeling of joy when you do.  
There are a few songs, for which she's very well-known,  
And, in the world of music, these are set firmly in stone.

One of her most famous songs has to be,  
'You Don't Have To Say You Love Me.'  
'I Only Want To Be With You' and 'Son Of A Preacher Man, '  
Are also really firm favourites amongst her many fans.

When on stage, she really gave it her all,  
And always appeared to be having a right ball.  
She had a real presence whenever on stage,  
And with her audience, she really engaged.

She battled serious illness. She was so very brave,  
And over ten years on, her fans still visit her grave.  
Whether the day brings bright sunshine or showers,  
Fans still make their pilgrimage to bring her flowers.

On 'Dusty Day', once a year, her fans come together.  
In our hearts, she and her music will live on forever.  
An entire day is dedicated to the precious memories of her,  
And fans recollections of Dusty, once again, are stirred.

Many of her songs are famous world wide,  
And when she passed away, many fans cried.  
Her music unites fans from across every nation.  
She really was a special lady and a real inspiration.

For her iconic style, she was very well-known -  
A style which was exclusively hers and hers alone.

Her songs are still as popular today,  
As the day she sadly passed away.

She died at the age of fifty nine, so never reached old age.  
I wonder if she was alive today, she would still be on stage?  
Since she passed away, over ten years have gone by,  
But memories of her live on and will never ever die.

Angela Wybrow

## Edinburgh: At Festival Time

The city of Edinburgh, at Festival time,  
Is a really thrilling place for people to be;  
There's always plenty of things to do,  
And always plenty of things to see.

In the Old Town district, up along the Royal Mile,  
Performers are out in force, promoting their shows;  
You may come across a talented singer, or musician,  
A magician, or a colourful clown, with a funny red nose.

The entire city comes alive with vibrant colours;  
There are so many different sights and sounds.  
There are 'street teams', armed with handfuls of flyers,  
Who tempt you to part with your well earned pounds.

Festival-goers always love to gather round,  
To watch a street artiste perform a clever stunt,  
But, very suddenly, they're not quite so willing,  
When a lucky 'volunteer' is chosen from the front!

There's literally hundreds of productions,  
Staged in just about every available space.  
You need to remember to eat, sleep and drink,  
If you're going to keep up with the hectic pace.

It can be sometimes be extremely difficult to tell,  
Which shows will be misses, and which will be hits.  
Some ooze superstar like quality, and are sold-out,  
While others, you may consider, are just the real pits.

There's always such a huge variety of shows to see there,  
Featuring enthusiastic amateurs, through to famous star turns.  
Your typical day could consist of a classical music concert,  
A play, a musical, and a recital of poetry by Robert Burns.

There's so much to see and do in so little time,  
So, be sure to choose the very best of the Fest.  
Your visit to Edinburgh will almost certainly tire you out,  
And, you'll be glad to return home, for a well earned rest!

Angela Wybrow

## Elizabethan Banquet

Whether you were really very poor or had lots of money,  
All classes drank sweet mead, which was made with honey.  
Elizabethan ales such as Dragon's Milk, Angels' Food and Mad Dog,  
Were the perfect accompaniments to a nice hot and crispy roast hog.

Tomatoes, known as 'love apples', were new on the scene;  
As were potatoes, turkeys and red kidney beans.  
Chocolate, of any kind, had not come to England yet,  
And, with coffee, you most probably wouldn't have met.

Upon a rich person's shiny silver plated dish,  
There could be found, many varieties of fish.  
They made pies filled with ingredients such as onions and eels,  
Plus other fish, such as salmon, cod and trout, were eaten for meals.

Extremely popular, in Elizabethan times, was gingerbread,  
Which, in Germany, was eaten when one rose from bed.  
One popular dish was apples baked with pig's feet.  
They also loved pies filled with sweet mincemeat.

They ate plums, grapes, melons, apricots and cherries,  
And they drank apple-wine to make themselves merry.  
Another favourite was rice pudding dotted with currants and dates.  
On occasion, turnips stuffed with apples would also grace their plates.

One dish they ate, was parsnips and marigolds in orange juice,  
And they devoured meats such as pigeon, swan, chicken and goose.  
Meat of all types was considered a sign of wealth,  
But too much of it, played havoc with people's health.

Of other meats, there was an extremely large choice,  
Including, veal, rabbit, mutton, partridge and porpoise.  
Badgers, along with hedgehogs, minus their spines,  
Were also among the treats on which people dined.

A favourite recipe was for almond and cherry preserve pie;  
Now, this sounds really nice and is one I would like to try!  
Sometimes they would eat dishes like herring and fruit pie,  
Which sounds disgusting and one which I'd choose to pass by!

A knife would be used to cut meats, such as lamb and pork,  
But people ate with their hands, so there was no need for forks.  
Eating raw vegetables was thought to cause wind,  
But against medical advice, some people sinned.

The servants of a household, were given any left over meals,  
And their scraps were given to beggars, once they'd had their fill.  
Now, to sum up, all that I can really think of to say,  
Is thank goodness for the variety of food we have today!

Angela Wybrow

## Emergency

The staff at the A & E department are run off their feet.  
Within a typical day, a variety of cases they treat.  
A young girl arrives with a broken arm.  
Her mother has trouble keeping her calm.  
A man lurches in as drunk as a Lord.  
His name is duly added to the triage board.  
A woman is covered with cuts and bruises,  
But, to involve the police, she simply refuses.  
A toddler howls and is really distressed,  
When she needs her injured finger dressed.  
A woman has suffered a deep cut to her face.  
Although she's upset, it's a straightforward case.  
A man is rushed in following a cardiac arrest.  
To save his life, the team do their very best.  
A young boy suffers a bad asthma attack.  
With oxygen, his normal rhythm is soon back.  
A man is rushed in after an attack with a knife.  
The team must react quickly to save his life.  
A little girl has a bead firmly stuck up her nose.  
The doctor has to deal with the tantrum she throws.  
A drunken patient becomes agitated and disturbs the peace,  
But he is soon calmed down by the on-site police.  
A man is admitted with burns which are quite severe.  
That he'll need skin grafts, it soon becomes clear.  
Whatever the situation, the staff always cope.  
For many patients, they are their only hope.  
The specific skills of each member of the team,  
Help the department run like a well oiled machine.  
Without these dedicated people, we'd be at a loss,  
And the resulting situation would be at human cost.

Angela Wybrow

## **Evelyn**

Her beautiful eyes  
Are like opaque blue pearls.  
Her fair hair hangs loose,  
In light, delicate curls.

She is tall and slender,  
And moves with elegance and grace.  
There are lines of wisdom,  
Blessing her once youthful face.

In her company,  
You feel safe and sound.  
In her soul, warmth and affection  
Are constantly found.

Patience is a virtue,  
So they often say.  
She will wait forever,  
Come what may.

She takes her time.  
She is never rushed.  
Her voice is like velvet.  
Her tones are hushed.

She has such gentleness.  
Her touch is light.  
But, do her wrong,  
And she'll show her might.

Angela Wybrow

## Facing The Queue

One or two customers at my till, is pretty much fine;  
I am able to think straight, and I can take my time.  
But when things begin to get a little more manic,  
Inside, I can suddenly feel a sense of rising panic.

Once the queue has gone, my mood will brighten,  
But, at present, I can feel my chest begin to tighten,  
I'm trying my very best to keep myself calm,  
But, by the length of the queue, I feel alarmed.

I'm really determined not to have to admit defeat,  
But then I forget to issue somebody their receipt.  
I'm feeling bad: that I've really let myself down,  
And now my face is etched with a worried frown.

Inside, I now begin to experience tension and fear.  
I feel like I want to run away, and burst into tears.  
I'm well aware that the queue is now pretty long,  
And the more I panic, the more things go wrong.

I look for a colleague, to come and rescue me,  
But everyone seems busy, from what I can see.  
I'm trying so very hard to get everything right,  
But panic, within me, makes this quite a fight.

Gone are my good mood, and my easy smile;  
I'm now feeling as though I want to run a mile.  
I'm really trying my very best to concentrate,  
But my mind clouds over, and this, I so hate.

The people in the queue are watching and waiting;  
A young child screams, which I find really grating.  
My lips are set in a straight line of grim determination;  
Again, I glance around for a colleague, in desperation.

People always advise me not to look at the queue,  
But this is something which I can't help, but do.  
It's been over a year since my first panic attack,  
But, to square one, I appear to have arrived back.

Angela Wybrow

## **Falling Leaves**

Summer has passed but  
The weather is still fair.  
The once leaf-laden trees,  
Are now almost bare.

Leaves spiral down,  
Spinning round and round,  
Until they, at last,  
Reach the ground.

The once green leaves,  
Have now grown old,  
And have created below,  
A carpet of red, brown and gold.

Whipped around by the wind,  
The fallen leaves float and fly.  
A sudden gust of wind catches them,  
Sending them sailing up high.

Leaves crunch underfoot.  
They curl and decay.  
There's a musty smell in the air,  
As they slowly waste away.

Soon the leaves will be gone,  
And where they once had lain,  
Will be just their lacy skeleton.  
Soon, only an impression will remain.

Angela Wybrow

## First Date

I'm in my room,  
Preparing for my first date.  
I glance at my watch:  
I'd really hate to be late.

I've had a shower,  
And washed my hair.  
Now I need to decide,  
Just what I should wear.

I open my closet:  
Tonight I'm on a mission.  
I chop and change my clothes,  
But finally, I make a decision.

I carefully paint my nails,  
And spritz on some perfume.  
My stomach is in knots,  
As eight o' clock looms.

On my eye lids, I dust  
Some shimmery shadow.  
Put on some blusher, some lip gloss,  
Grab my bag and I'm ready to go.

I arrive at the restaurant,  
Almost dead on time.  
My date kisses my cheek,  
Then, he orders some wine.

I finally start to relax,  
As we idyllily chit-chat,  
About nothing in particular:  
Just this and that.

The food is delicious:  
I have the steak and fries.  
I'm really enjoying myself now,  
And the time really flies.

We order some dessert,  
And coffee to finish our meal,  
Then my date hails the waiter,  
And settles up the bill.

It's getting really late now,  
And, tiredness, I have to fight,  
But I've had a really great time:  
It's been a very special night.

My date walks me home,  
And I get a goodnight kiss.

I finally fall to sleep,  
In a state of pure bliss.

Angela Wybrow

## **Flying High**

At first, I feel really very shy, and I giggle and laugh,  
As acting to an audience, makes me feel a little daft.  
But once I get going, I'm suddenly as free as a bird,  
As I perform some of the loveliest words ever heard.

As the words begin to flow, I'm feeling less shy,  
And my spirit is suddenly flying way up high.  
I am finding it hard to recognise myself any more,  
As I would never have dared attempt this before.

As I get into it, of my audience I'm less aware.  
Having someone watching me, I can now bear.  
While I'm performing, I feel confident inside.  
The adrenalin rush it produces can't be denied.

The whole experience has just been totally amazing.  
It's almost like, at a different person, I'm now gazing.  
I used to really hate performing anything out aloud,  
But now, of myself, I'm feeling extremely proud.

I seem to have turned over a totally brand new leaf,  
And my life now does seem to take quite some belief.  
Even when everything else, in life, is going wrong,  
Immersing myself in drama, keeps me feeling strong.

Angela Wybrow

## Fly-Tipping

When local residents fly-tip on our estate,  
There is nothing more, that I really do hate.  
Sometimes, I see old pieces of carpet lying around,  
But this is, by no means, the only thing to be found.

Here lies an old, battered two-seater settee,  
And there, an old mattress lolls against a tree.  
A wrecked TV lies abandoned in a shopping trolley,  
And, nearby, lays somebody's mangled rain broolly.

Hidden in the bushes, are sack loads of grass and twigs.  
That it's unlawful to fly-tip, some people don't give a fig.  
On the green, lie the battered remains of a rusty old bike;  
Left by someone, who, to the refuse tip, didn't want to hike.

Down by the underpass, there's an old office chair;  
Lying on its side; its upholstery has slashes and tears.  
Old washing machines and fridges are a common sight:  
Their depositors stealing quickly away, into the night.

When folk need to dispose of large items of household waste,  
They often aren't keen on the bill, with which they're faced.  
If folk want to dispose of unwanted items, they should ring  
Their local council, and do the decent and responsible thing.

They leave items of furniture at the side of the road,  
As for their cars, these items prove far too big a load.  
With such things, children are sure to want to come and play,  
And, for weeks on end, lying abandoned, these things do stay.

People should treat the place where they live with respect,  
As on the estate, as a whole, their standards often do reflect.  
To keep their patch tidy, some folk do their very best,  
While others, are more than happy to leave a big mess.

Fly-tipping is a threat to nature and looks so very unsightly.  
People caught doing it, shouldn't expect to be let off lightly.  
But, to dumping stuff, some people don't give a second thought,  
Until they're captured on camera and they face a judge at Court.

Angela Wybrow

## Fog

As I walk along the coastal road, to the neighbouring bay,  
A curtain of thick fog suddenly comes swirling my way.  
Through the dense haze, I can spot the odd car headlight,  
But everything else is now completely hidden from sight.

With my journey, I decide it isn't wise to carry on,  
As my sense of direction has now completely gone.  
I begin to retrace my footsteps back towards the town,  
Unable to believe how quickly the fog has come down.

With familiar sights now totally obscured from view,  
I feel a little bit lost, and, I admit, a little anxious too.  
All around me, there is a dense veil of consuming whiteness,  
But it is tinged with a gloomy grey, so there is no brightness.

I spotted the fog earlier, obscuring the nearby hilltops,  
But, I carried on, assuming that's where it would stop.  
But the fog came tumbling down, on to the land below;  
There wasn't any nook or cranny, where the fog didn't go.

As I walk through the fog, I feel cold and get very wet,  
But, unfortunately for me, I have a mile or so to go yet.  
A seafront shelter, which I passed earlier, looms up ahead;  
From this point, there aren't too many more steps to tread.

As quickly as it came, the thick fog begins to roll away,  
Leaving, in its wake, a, fairly decent, midsummer's day.  
Back within the boundary of the town, I feel safe at last,  
And feel glad that the thick fog, has now drifted on past.

Angela Wybrow

## **For My Sister**

This poem was inspired by the character, Eve, in the TV show 'Casualty', when she told Tina that she'd lost a sister years ago:

Maybe I took you for granted  
And we didn't always get on,  
But deep down I still love you,  
And I miss you now you're gone.

We had some good times, as sisters do:  
Going to parties and the local discos.  
Sharing each others make-up  
And lending each other clothes.

I've suffered in silence  
Since you passed away.  
I wish I could turn back time  
And change that fateful day.

Your photo on the mantelpiece  
Smiles back at me.  
Your youthfulness frozen in time  
For everyone to see.

Sisters are important -  
Back then, I didn't realise,  
But now, when I think of you,  
The tears well up in my eyes.

If only I could talk to you now.  
Life's ups and downs we'd share,  
But I carry on in life alone,  
Knowing you're not there.

Angela Wybrow

## For The First Time

For the first time, someone believes in me.  
They've opened my eyes and made me see.  
Their words have lifted me up high,  
And made me even more eager to try.

They are so hoping that I will not stop,  
And that I will eventually reach the top.  
I've discovered a talent that, to me, is new,  
And it's something which I now love to do.

To reach the highest level, I wouldn't have tried.  
Due to my self-doubt, before, I would have cried.  
In a box, I would have cowered and hid,  
But now, due to them, I've lifted the lid.

With a plan of action now in my mind,  
I'm leaving my former self far behind.  
I'm now willing to work hard to reach my goal,  
And have discovered new strength in my soul.

I never considered I was good at anything,  
But, now, I'm flying high without any wings.  
Of my life, I didn't think Drama would be a part,  
But it's become something that's dear to my heart.

I happened by all this, just by pure chance,  
But, my life, I feel it has really enhanced.  
In myself, my success has made me believe.  
I'm amazed at what I've been able to achieve.

Due to their belief, to the top, I now want to fly,  
Rather than kissing this chance, in life, goodbye.  
Sometimes, in the past, I've brushed chances aside,  
When I could have soldiered on and really tried.

I finally feel like I'm really beginning to bloom.  
I'm finally being lifted from life's doom and gloom.  
Tasting success has given me a real sense of hope,  
And no longer, do I sit around and cry and mope.

I have more confidence now, than I had before,  
And that confidence makes me want to try more.  
I want to work hard and be the best that I can,  
And finally be the true person, who I really am.

Angela Wybrow

## Freedom!

This time, next week, I'll be in a different place.  
This time, next week, I'll have a smile on my face.  
One whole week will be my very own;  
One whole week, when I'm free to roam.

There'll be so many different sights and sounds,  
And many miles of pavement, my feet will pound.  
I'm not going there with the intention to relax;  
I want to fill each of my days to the very max.

I'll make the most of my precious time away;  
Time when I can, to the very brim, fill each day.  
Each morning, I'll have a fry-up on my table,  
And I'll go to the theatre, as much as I'm able.

In the City, I'll be surrounded by bright lights.  
I'll, more than likely, have a few late nights.  
I can choose what and where and when I eat,  
And spend a lot of time exploring on my feet.

There are quite a few films which I want to see,  
And there are museums which I can visit for free.  
Some places that I visit, for me, will be new,  
But I'm definitely keen on revisiting the Zoo.

I'll definitely have to eat haggis, tatties and neeps.  
The benefit of a week's freedom, I think I'll reap.  
I just love being there, soaking up the city's atmosphere,  
And spending time with a friend, who, to me, is so dear.

I haven't visited the Royal Botanical Gardens yet,  
And Mary King's Close, for me, is a definite bet.  
I'd also like to tour the haunted vaults underground,  
And go where the butterflies and insects are found.

Being on my own, means I can just be the real me.  
Being on my own, means that I can be totally free.  
Just thinking about it now, makes me smile,  
Despite the fact I have to travel many miles.

I've been to Edinburgh quite a few times before,  
But it's not a place of which I ever really get bored.  
Whether there's rain or whether there's sunshine,  
I'll definitely be making the very most of my time.

Angela Wybrow

## **Frog Frenzy**

One night, I opened the back door,  
And a small brown frog appeared.  
This hadn't happened to me before,  
And I did think it was pretty weird!

Maybe because it was really dark,  
He just jumped towards the light?  
It's certainly something I'll never forget,  
As it really was the strangest sight!

Jumping into our dining room,  
Was a move, which was pretty bold.  
At one point, he jumped on my bare foot:  
He felt all wet and slimy and very cold.

We chased him round for quite a while;  
The whole situation was quite a hoot.  
The poor thing must have been so scared,  
But I did think he was rather cute!

My entire family chased him round,  
But, at first, he was way too fast.  
After much to-ing and fro-ing about,  
We managed to catch him at last!

Our neighbours had a pond,  
So we took him back there.  
We opened the jar and let him out,  
And he hopped away without a care.

Angela Wybrow

## From A Railway Carriage

If you take the same train journey time and time again,  
It can end up seeming to be incredibly boring and plain.  
But if you sit back and look out of the carriage window,  
The list of things that you can see will grow and grow.

Newly built apartment blocks, reach way up to the sky;  
From their balconies, their owners watch trains pass by.  
A playing field is dotted with birds searching for bugs.  
On station platforms, family and friends exchange hugs.

In cemeteries, of inscribed headstones there are endless rows.  
Between disused railway tracks, many tall weeds now grow.  
By Woking Station, there are huge piles of gravel.  
On the platform, there are passengers on their travels.

I see young children at play in school playgrounds,  
But, due to the noise of the train, I can't hear the sounds.  
At many stations, there are large advertising hoardings.  
Trains, at the platforms, the passengers are now boarding.

We pass office and factories on large industrial estates.  
At a level crossing, a queue of traffic patiently waits.  
I pass the famous Sandown Park Racecourse,  
But, as yet, I've never actually seen a horse!

I see many a church sporting an ornate spire.  
In their back garden, someone's just lit a fire.  
Some old buildings have been left to go to rack and ruin.  
The dark, grey clouds in the sky indicate a storm is brewing.

In gardens, I spot many swimming pools and trampolines.  
On rivers and lakes, ducks and swans enthusiastically preen.  
As London draws closer, there are less and less green fields;  
The proximity of the shops, offices and houses slowly builds.

On their final descent to Heathrow, are many planes.  
Helping to construct new buildings, are many cranes.  
In the distance, I spy the Crystal Palace transmitter.  
Along the track, I'm annoyed to spot a lot of litter.

Closer to London, there's graffiti on nearly every wall;  
By artistic hooligans, this vandalism has been caused.  
Over the rooftops, I spot an ornate, light green dome;  
Like you would find in the cities of Oxford or Rome.

En route to London, I've passed many a busy golf course.  
At Clapham Junction, the train spotters are out in force.  
I arrive at Waterloo, having finished my game of I-spy  
And am now much more aware of the things I passed by.

Angela Wybrow

## **Frost**

Upon waking, I pad softly over to my window,  
And look out, at the wintry world, down below.  
Many of the things which are within my sight,  
Are covered with a thin coating of pure white.

I hear car engines running, and ice being scrapped away,  
As neighbours nearby, prepare for another working day.  
Through the gap, between the houses, stood nearby,  
I see a bright patch of beautiful, peach coloured sky.

With icing sugar, the world appears to have been sprinkled.  
In the morning sunlight, millions of minute crystals twinkle.  
With dazzling diamonds, pavements seem to have been encrusted;  
But, my, once sure, footing upon them, can no longer be trusted.

As I walk along the pavement, my feet slide and slip;  
It is much more difficult now, to get a really good grip.  
My pace, this morning, is much slower than my norm;  
I tread much more warily, on this crisp, cold, frosty morn.

Only the very hardiest of plants, will survive and linger,  
As, across the land, wicked Jack Frost, points his finger.  
Fine, feathery patterns, now decorate the window panes;  
But, as beautiful as they are, sadly, they will not remain.

Where the sunlight shines, the frost crystals disappear first,  
But, where the shadows fall, crystals take longer to disperse.  
Slowly, but surely, the frost melts, as the day wears steadily on,  
And, by midday, the last of the glistening crystals, will be gone.

Angela Wybrow

## Fussy About Food

I've always been really fussy about what I eat,  
But I'll tolerate most foods, if the cook cheats!  
It really depends on how a food has been cooked,  
Whether or not, it has a place in my good books.

Examples of my some of my most hated foods,  
Are sliced roast beef and apples that are stewed.  
I'll eat beef that's been minced up into a pie,  
And apples diced into a crumble are also fine.

Fresh coriander leaves, I definitely will not touch,  
But cooked in a curry, I don't mind them so much.  
On potatoes that have been boiled, I'm not that keen,  
But eating mashed potato or chips, I can be often seen.

Egg and cress sandwiches, by me, are never approached,  
But I love eggs that are hard boiled, fried or even poached.  
I dislike the taste of carrots that have been picked fresh,  
But with the taste of tinned carrots, I'm really impressed.

I'm not so keen on either petit pois or garden peas,  
But with the taste of mushy peas, I'm very pleased.  
In pies and pasties, I hate to have a filling of cheese,  
But I'll devour a slice of cheese on toast with ease.

I've been a fussy eater pretty much all of my life,  
And, caused my mother much trouble and strife.  
When I was small, I often left much of my dinner.  
My mum often worried that I would get thinner.

Like many other children, my main course  
Often ended up, smeared with tomato sauce.  
The enjoyment of a meal, this often improved,  
And frayed tempers were also often soothed.

If there was a certain food, which I did really hate,  
My mum would still insist putting it upon my plate.  
Even with it on my plate, I still didn't like the taste,  
So that particular food would inevitably go to waste.

As I've got older, I've acquired an improved appetite,  
Much to my mother's extreme relief, and total delight.  
Now, as an adult, my dinner plate is often cleaned,  
And, hardly ever is a single morsel left, to be seen.

Angela Wybrow

## Girls' Night Out

To our favourite pub in town, my friends and I, hurry.  
For just over a fiver, we can order a drink and a curry.  
From the bar, we grab our change and various drinks,  
And there's a loud chorus of 'cheers!' as glasses clink.

At our table, we catch up on each others lives,  
As a waitress brings each of us, forks and knives.  
There's a delicious aroma of food lingering in the air,  
And my pangs of hunger, I almost can no longer bear.

We sit there chatting and laugh at each other's jokes,  
Whilst eyeing up some really dropp dead gorgeous blokes.  
A waitress approaches, and puts our food on the table;  
We're starving and we all tuck in, as soon as we are able.

As we all get stuck in, our chatter is held, slightly, at bay,  
Until the waitress returns, to clear our empty plates away.  
I peruse the dessert menu and find myself unable to resist  
Chocolate fudge cake, served with cream. Mmm! Pure bliss!

At the bar, I order my wickedly indulgent, calorie filled, treat,  
And now feel happy and contented that my meal is complete.  
I grab my purse as it's my turn to buy another round of drinks.  
Into the tall glasses, the ice cubes, dropp with a musical PLINK!

In high spirits, we decide to leave the warmth of the pub,  
And head up town, to continue our night out, at a night club.  
The DJ plays some fabulous Eighties retro dance tracks,  
And the illuminated dance floor is almost constantly packed.

We're soon on the dance floor, dancing the night away,  
And, there, until the early hours of the morning, we stay.  
By the time the club closes, we're almost dead on our feet,  
Having spent many a happy hour, dancing to the disco beat.

At the end of the night, we all head home to our beds.  
We're feeling happy, but very tired, it has to be said.  
We tumble into our beds and very soon, we fall asleep,  
And, from not a single one of us, is there another peep.

Angela Wybrow

## Going Shopping

En route to go shopping at our local grocery store,  
I came across something which I hadn't seen before.  
A rustling sound within the trees, by me, was heard;  
I just imagined it was either a cat or some kind of bird.

But what emerged in front of me, gave me a surprise;  
A surprise which made me question my very own eyes!  
Out of the trees, there very suddenly appeared,  
An extremely lively, little brown deer.

I know that large herds of deer do reside  
In the big forest, in the nearby countryside.  
But never before in my life had I ever found  
Any deer this close to the centre of our town.

As soon as he saw me, away he sprang,  
But in my mind, alarm bells loudly rang.  
For the deer, I began to feel a little scared,  
As I wondered how, in a town, he would fair.

He was quite far from where he had grown,  
And now, here he was, having to cope alone.  
The countryside compared to the town are different places;  
Here, he was faced with houses, cars and people's faces.

I imagined the sheer panic which he felt inside,  
And for that poor little deer, I almost cried.  
To help him, there was nothing I could do.  
He was so far away from all that he knew.

I thought about him for the rest of the day,  
And couldn't believe how far he had strayed.  
A deer in the town was a strange thing to have sighted.  
I just hope that, with his herd, he was safely reunited.

Angela Wybrow

## Going To War

A young lad, only eighteen years old, goes off to war.  
This will be his first time away from these home shores.  
He's done plenty of practice, but, now, it's for real.  
With homesickness and fear, he will now have to deal.

Up to a point, he now knows the life that's in store;  
It will be different from anything he's seen before.  
He can't imagine being in a strange and unseen land;  
One where he feels lost and there are deserts of sand.

He knows he must answer his call of duty.  
He'll miss his girlfriend: a face of beauty.  
He'll miss her tender touch, her smile, her smell:  
All the things about her, which he knows so well.

He'll miss his loving family and all of his friends,  
But he hopes to see them again, when his duty ends.  
Six months feels like a lifetime to be away,  
And he'll think of them all, every single day.

He'll experience the terror of an active battle zone,  
And miss the safety and little comforts of his home.  
He knows that he and each one of his colleagues,  
Will be faced with fear, hunger, tiredness, and fatigue.

But, together, they will stand up and fight.  
Of their mission, these men won't lose sight.  
They will do the job, for which they've been trained,  
Knowing, full well, that they could be killed or maimed.

He has written letters to loved ones, in case he dies,  
Telling them all, to celebrate his life, and not to cry.  
But, ultimately, he hopes that he'll be homeward bound,  
And be reunited with family and friends, safe and sound.

He prays for restful nights, so he can sleep; quiet and calm,  
Not ones where he's rudely awoken by a missile attack alarm.  
For himself, he doesn't know, what the future holds in store,  
But, bravely, he and his many comrades march off to war.

Angela Wybrow

## Guinevere

She is a young lady, with a caramel complexion.  
To others, she shows much warmth and affection.  
When faced with danger, she can be very brave,  
And, those in peril, she will endeavour to save.

She has jet black hair, and dark chocolate eyes.  
She is loyal and true, and doesn't tell any lies.  
She is softly spoken, and her manner is mild.  
She is not someone, who is ever rude or wild.

She is loved by everybody, who she knows;  
Their fondness for her, ever steadily, grows.  
Her soul is gentle; she rarely ever gets mad.  
She believes in good, and she repels the bad.

That patience is a virtue, people often will say;  
She has endless patience, which will last all day.  
For what she believes in, she will always fight.  
She is intelligent and wise, and extremely bright.

Each day, she proves to be so caring and kind.  
A lovelier, young lady, you never will find.  
A prettier maiden on earth, will never be seen.  
The maiden, in question, will one day be queen.

(This poem was inspired by the BBC TV series 'Merlin, ' and is about the servant girl, Gwen.)

Angela Wybrow

## Heavy Rain

Fields everywhere, now are completely sodden.  
No more can their surfaces be safely trodden.  
The grass in the fields was all turning brown,  
But now, I fear that the fields could drown.

This year, it looked like we were facing a drought,  
But now, I can't believe how much rain is about.  
It rains all day long, without even a pause.  
Only by the plants, is all this rain is adored.

On the roads, there are massive puddles.  
In the fields, under trees, the cattle huddle.  
I know we all said we wanted the rain,  
But now, it's becoming a bit of a pain.

There are grey skies constantly overhead,  
And I'm not that tempted to leave my bed.  
The water in the fields will take ages to go,  
And, now many of the vegetables won't grow.

In this weather, you're constantly soaking wet,  
And, by many a gloomy face, are you often met.  
At any moment, I fear there'll be a thunder storm.  
This weather makes me feel very far from warm.

Every day, there is more heavy downfalls forecast,  
How much longer can this dreadful weather last?  
Even the weather forecaster gives a sympathetic look.  
This weather is really pretty bad, even by his book.

In the towns, the High Streets are somewhat deserted.  
On some roads, floods cause the traffic to be diverted.  
Leaves and general rubbish clutter up the drains,  
So that, on the road surfaces, the water will remain.

It's summertime, and the weather is supposed to be hot,  
But we've had all this rain lately, so obviously it's not.  
People everywhere are cancelling their summer barbeques;  
Informing all their guests of the rather disappointing news.

There was a time when summer was hot and winter was cold,  
But, into one, the seasons now seemed to have been rolled.  
The whole nation over, organisers are cancelling events,  
While fed up campers are speedily packing up their tents.

What the weather would be like, you once were able to guess,  
But it's all turned topsy-turvy and is now a real bloomin' mess.  
In an ideal world, during the day, the sun could shine nice and bright,  
Then the rain could fall for hours on end, as long as it was only at night.

A healthy mixture of sun and rain is what we really need;  
Both of which are needed to germinate newly sown seeds.

I really do wish that this constant rain would just go away;  
Allowing us to carry out activities, we'd planned for the day.

Angela Wybrow

## Hedgehogs In The Garden

I went outside to retrieve the washing one night;  
It was dark, apart from a glimmer of moonlight.  
Suddenly, I was aware of a very strange sound.  
Feeling rather worried, I began to look around.

To my surprise, I saw two hedgehogs there;  
Busy searching for their food, without a care.  
Gone were my former feelings of anxiety and fright;  
They were swiftly replaced with joy and sheer delight.

I stood and watched the two hedgehogs in total awe,  
As I'd never been that close to a live hedgehog before.  
I had absolutely no idea that these creatures roamed,  
Unseen by me, each night, so very close to our home.

Of my presence, I'm not sure that they were aware,  
But my close proximity, they seemed happy to bear.  
To us, they were extremely welcome guests,  
As, hedgehogs are known to eat garden pests.

I stood in the garden, dressed in my cosy PJs,  
Watching them both there, snuffling away.  
I stood there watching for quite a while;  
On my excited face, I wore a joyous smile.

From them, I struggled to tear my excited eyes away,  
And I really hoped that they would return the next day.  
They visited us for a few weeks, then disappeared,  
But, the memory of their visits, to me, is still dear.

Angela Wybrow

## Hotel from Hell

(This poem was inspired by the Channel 5 series 'The Hotel Inspector, ' hosted by Alex Polizzi.)

I stayed in the hotel from hell.  
About my stay, you, I will tell.  
As I carried my case to my room,  
Little was I aware of impending doom.

There was hair in the sink.  
The light was on the blink.  
On the carpet, were stains.  
The roof let in the rain.  
The pipes were rusty.  
The skirting was dusty.  
The floorboards creaked.  
Both of the taps leaked.  
The shower was cramped.  
There were patches of damp.  
They didn't supply towels.  
The toilet smelt really foul.  
There was no loo roll.  
In the wall, there was a hole.  
There was a spider in the bath.  
There was hardly any staff.  
There were dead flies at the window.  
There were noisy road works down below.  
The furnishings didn't match.  
The door had a broken latch.  
The beds were really hard.  
The walls were as thin as card.  
The heating system was broken.  
By noisy neighbours, I was awoken.  
The television didn't work.  
Around the room, cockroaches lurked.  
The two curtains didn't meet.  
There were scorch marks on my sheet.  
The dressing table was all wobbly.  
The blanket was rough and bobbly.  
The food was really bland.  
The whole place, I couldn't stand.

By the conditions, I was stunned,  
So I asked for a full refund.  
I cut short my weeks stay,  
And returned home the next day.

Angela Wybrow

## Hurt

I thought that you were someone who cared,  
So, my deepest personal feelings I laid bare.  
Very slowly, I emerged from within my shell,  
But, sadly, I never heard the loud warning bell.

As time went on my confidence slowly grew.  
What was around the corner, I hadn't a clue.  
I thought that, to me, you were a true friend.  
You turned on me: I just can't comprehend.

I thought that I could put my trust in you,  
Which, again, is something I never will do.  
You humiliated me in front of everyone.  
No longer did I hear the tones of 'Hi hun! '

It hurts, when I see you walk away;  
It hurts me much more, than I can say.  
We used to get on so extremely well together,  
But, our close bond was very sharply severed.

If you see me walk in through the door,  
Where once you would greet me, now you ignore.  
When we last spoke, with me you were so curt,  
And I walked away upset, because, me, you so hurt.

I thought that you would try to understand,  
Rather than just bury your head in the sand.  
I thought that you would be on my side,  
But I see your sense of loyalty died.

We'd known each other for many years.  
You saw my smiles and witnessed my tears.  
With me, many things, you used to share.  
The tension between us, I just couldn't bear.

I still can't believe it turned out this way;  
I never thought that I would see the day.  
You obviously hate me, without a doubt.  
It makes me so angry, that I want to shout.

I put myself out there: The world I embraced,  
Just to have it all kicked back in my face.  
My trust in people has now been lost,  
And now I'm left here counting the cost.

Angela Wybrow

## Ice Skating

People love to go skating, across the ice;  
It may be rather chilly, but it's just so nice.  
People wrapped up in coats, gloves and scarves,  
Share each other's company, and also some laughs.

Fairy lights twinkle, up in the trees nearby.  
Excited eyes sparkle, and spirits are high.  
Across the rink, the skaters twist and twirl;  
On the ice, their skates create ornate swirls.

Novice skaters hang on, tightly, to the side;  
Their nerves, with smiles, they try to hide.  
A good sense of balance is vital, to stay upright;  
Wobble-wobbling about, some people lose the fight.

Some skaters execute some amazing moves;  
That they are old pros, they can easily prove.  
Some people hold hands, as they skate around;  
Taking in all of the exciting sights and sounds.

The skaters' noses and cheeks glow, rosy pink,  
As they make their way around the huge ice rink.  
Some of the first time skaters, tumble and fall,  
And they just can't seem to get the hang of it all.

It's a festive experience, which is hard to beat,  
And, for many, it's an exciting winter time treat.  
To go skating, at an outdoor rink, people wait all year;  
It's an activity, guaranteed to bring some festive cheer.

Angela Wybrow

## **Impromptu Fireworks**

As, from our local rail station, we made our way,  
We were treated to an impromptu firework display.  
Upon spying this spectacle, our journey, we briefly stopped,  
As fireworks whizzed and whistled and banged and popped.

We just happened to be passing on by,  
When, into the sky, we saw fireworks fly.  
The display, to us, was totally unexpected;  
On my face, excitement could be detected.

We saw many decorative designs of silver, green and red:  
One, of which, reminded me, of a seeded dandelion head.  
There were many lovely patterns for us to see,  
And we saw this amazing spectacle, all for free.

The display had been organised by the local church,  
But, onto nearby railings, some people were perched.  
We were stood on the opposite side of the road,  
As, one by one, the fabulous fireworks flowed.

We had an uninterrupted view, from where we were stood;  
I thought the fireworks, that we saw, were really rather good.  
All too soon, came the big finale of the firework display,  
And after the final big bang, to home, we made our way.

Angela Wybrow

## Invisible

Sometimes I wonder if I'm actually even here:  
If the space where I am supposed to be is, indeed, just clear.  
Stood in a queue, a man walked in, and got served first:  
It makes me so annoyed, that I feel like I want to burst.

Do people just not actually see me standing there?  
Or is it because I'm so quiet, they basically just don't care?  
People don't seem to worry how long, I may have been waiting.  
Although, my pushiness factor doesn't score that high a rating!

Sometimes in the street, I say 'hi!' to people who I see,  
But they don't even react and just look straight through me.  
When a guard on a train enters my carriage, and shouts 'Tickets please!'  
How come he bypasses me and it's only everyone else he sees?

When a person acknowledges that I was next in line, I'm very grateful,  
But people who push in front of me, I find just very hateful.  
When people queue jump, maybe I look the type, who won't say anything,  
And, maybe, that makes them feel important, just like a king.

If going round a room asking for input, a teacher got sidetracked,  
Very rarely, to me, to ask for my opinion, would they come back.  
Everyone is important, and everyone really matters.  
If people are ignored, their confidence gets battered.

Doesn't it ever matter to you, what I may think?  
I always seem to be the invisible missing link!  
If people can see and if, in their head, they've got eyes.  
The fact that I'm stood there, how can they not realise?

Feeling invisible most of the time is certainly no joke;  
I sometimes feel as if I'm wearing an invisibility cloak!  
But, when I did my drama exam, I wasn't ignored,  
And, my sense of being, up to the sky, really soared.

That was my moment: it was my moment in time,  
And I took the opportunity to prove, that I really could shine.  
Maybe I just need to learn to appear as though I'm bold,  
So as I no longer feel that I'm being left out in the cold.

Angela Wybrow

## **It's Going to Be a Good Day**

There's plenty of blue sky,  
And the sun is shining bright.  
Hurray! hurray! hurray!  
It's going to be a good day!

I'm sat on a speeding train  
And I'm London bound again.  
I'm going to sing with my choir.  
Of this train journey, I never tire.

I love the constantly changing view.  
To see, there is always something new.  
The train hurtles towards Waterloo Station,  
Passing amidst a still sleepy nation.

For a while, together we will croon,  
And finish our show an hour after noon.  
After that, I'll go for a steady trot.  
I love walking the South Bank, when it's hot.

I love it when you can take your time,  
And when time is entirely all mine.  
The day is off to a really good start.  
I have an excited feeling in my heart.

It's going to be a good day, I have a feeling.  
These kinds of days are just so appealing.  
From the drudgery of life, it gives me a break,  
Like indulging in a slice of gooey chocolate cake.

When you take a trip out for the day,  
All of your problems just seem to drift away.  
Days like these give my heart a really big lift,  
Like when you receive a really special gift.

My soul is in joyous rapture.  
This special feeling, I am trying to capture.  
I'm nearly there, so I'll be on my way,  
But, like I say, it's going to be a good day!

Angela Wybrow

## Josh's Story

This poem was inspired by the character, Josh, the paramedic, in the TV show 'Casualty.'

It all began just over two years ago  
When I lost my family in a blaze.  
I couldn't believe what had happened,  
And I just wandered around in a daze.

But I had to get back to work -  
Keep busy, find things to do.  
Maybe if I didn't think about it,  
Somehow it wouldn't be true?

Life was a nightmare for a while -  
I'd lost my kids and my wife,  
Then one of our nurses, Jude,  
Was stabbed and left fighting for her life.

I rescued a young lad, Liam,  
From a blaze in which his father died.  
Memories came flooding back to me.  
Secretly, behind closed doors, I cried.

I needed some excitement in life,  
So I went to the bookies to place a bet.  
Soon one bet led to another, then another,  
And soon I found myself in debt.

I borrowed money from many people,  
And I squandered it all away.  
Money from friends. Money from colleagues.  
Money which I couldn't repay.

The loan sharks came for their cash,  
But my bank account was empty.  
They beat me up, trashed my home  
And even took my brand new MG.

My colleague, Penny, was a tower of strength.  
She pulled me through and was very kind.  
So now I can look forward to the future,  
Leaving that chapter of my life far, far behind.

Angela Wybrow

## **Katie: The Cocker Spaniel**

With her caramel fur, and long, floppy ears,  
Seeing Katie go for her walk, brings me cheer.  
Away from her mistress, she excitedly bolts;  
Over neighbour's fences, she effortlessly vaults.

Sniffing around, here and there, she loves to explore;  
Despite having travelled this path, many times before.  
Whether she's out on a sunny day, or in a force ten gale,  
She's guaranteed to be happy, and have a very waggy tail.

Still only a few years old, she appears to have endless energy.  
There are so many things in life, for her curious eyes to see.  
Full of the joys of spring, she rushes around all over the place;  
If dogs could smile, then she'd definitely have one on her face!

Let off of her lead, she darts off, and is, very soon, gone,  
But she returns to her strolling mistress, to beckon her on.  
She really loves to go for her twice daily walks;  
To other dog owners, her mistress often talks.

At some people, she jumps up, as them, she loves to greet,  
But, by doing so, she leaves an impression of her muddy feet!  
That she lives her life to the full, there isn't a single doubt;  
Barking joyously, she runs and jumps and dances about.

Of a snarling, butch, muscular looking dog, I am really scared,  
But, the presence of a playful, Cocker Spaniel, I will happily bear.  
They pass my house, each and every day, whatever the weather.  
Over the coming years, they will share many great times together.

Angela Wybrow

## Keep Talking

Citizens of the world, to you, I now do beseech,  
Whatever happened to good old fashioned speech?  
Now, we all seem to communicate with our fingers,  
So that, no longer, in the air, do any spoken sounds linger.  
If we talk to each other, face to face or on a telephone,  
We can detect colour in speech and variations in tone.

We rely too much on electronic communication, but  
If electricity and mobile phone networks were ever cut,  
To us, the world around us, would suddenly fall apart,  
And, with regards to communication, we'd be back at the start.  
We would have to revert to the communication system of old,  
With news and views, to each other, now being, personally, told.

Speaking to each other in person, is a pretty sure fire way  
To ensure important information doesn't get lost along the way.  
You've probably had someone send you an email, that you didn't get,  
And you probably have undelivered text messages somewhere, I bet!  
The idea that, to each other, we should actually speak,  
Is one which, nowadays, seems considered rather antique.

Methods of communication seem to forever advance,  
But, to form relationships with others, we get less chance.  
If we talk to each other, there's usually room for two way interaction,  
But, by using electronic means, from this, there's a marked retraction.  
Whether it be to a friend, relation, colleague or lover,  
We really do need to keep on talking to each other.

Angela Wybrow

## **Kite Surfers**

In Bournemouth, it's a bright and breezy autumnal day.  
Kite surfers are out in force, zooming around the bay.  
We stand there and watch them for a short while,  
Admiring their talent and their individual styles.  
Lifted by the strong wind, into the air, they rise a few feet.  
That feeling of exhilaration, I can imagine, can't be beat.  
Their kites lift them way up high towards the blue sky,  
And, for a few precious moments, they actually fly!  
For them, today, the weather conditions are just right.  
And their amazing antics make a truly awesome sight.  
Once back down on the water, they soon pick up speed;  
Their coloured canopies, filled with air, taking the lead.  
They launch themselves from the next big wave.  
To the natural elements, they are all but a slave.  
Feeling decidedly chilly, we are soon on our way;  
Leaving the kite surfers behind, to frolic and play.

Angela Wybrow

## Late Lunch

We went to a local restaurant,  
Where we thought it would be good to eat.  
We were soon handed a menu  
And taken through to our seat.

We ordered starters and drinks,  
Along with our two mains.  
The waitress wrote our order down,  
Then trotted off again.

After quite a while had passed,  
I thought that it was all taking a bit long.  
I did start to wonder to myself,  
If, maybe, something had gone wrong.

We called the waitress over,  
And told her of our concern.  
She, in turn, called the manager.  
Of the delay, she wasn't happy to learn.

She apologised and went away,  
To see what she could do.  
She returned a few minutes later,  
Saying that our order hadn't been put through.

She was mystified about what had happened.  
She wondered how it could so be.  
To say sorry for the hour's delay,  
She gave us the entire meal for free!

Angela Wybrow

## **Leadenhall Market**

Stepping into this market place, Victorian, in its design,  
Is like stepping back into another world, and another time.  
We happened across this dazzling gem, quite by pure chance,  
And we were captivated by its charm, upon our very first glance.

At first, it seemed like a mirage: we couldn't quite believe our eyes:  
The market nestles amongst towering offices, reaching for the skies.  
Upon spotting the marketplace, we immediately changed our course;  
We experienced a sudden attraction to it: rather like a magnetic force.

When walking through the arcade, you follow many a cobbled street;  
As you cross over the market's threshold, the old and new worlds meet.  
Compared to the dullness of the dismal day, the marketplace was all alight;  
Adorned with holly wreaths and Christmas trees, it was an amazing sight.

The alleys are bathed, with a warm, golden glow, created by the ornate lighting;  
Amber coloured alleyways, make the market place look beautiful, and inviting.  
Shoppers are sheltered from the rain, by a magnificent vaulted, ornate ceiling.  
There is a wonderful atmosphere about the place, and a real Dickensian feeling;

The shop fronts are all uniformed: adorned with maroon and dark green paint.  
There's a real 'olde world' feeling about them – they are really rather quaint.  
Unlike most of today's high streets, it has a character, which is really unique;  
Shops include a butcher's, a florist's, a pen shop, a fromagerie, and boutiques.

The location has been used numerous times, in movies and in dramas on TV;  
It's a setting, which often has location managers, rubbing their hands with glee.  
That you've found such an awesome place, you are almost unable to believe;  
The magnetic force, which drew you there, almost stops you wanting to leave.

Angela Wybrow

## Leaving A Friend

To me, this bad feeling is one, which isn't all that new;  
It's an emotion which, many times, I have been through.  
It's the final evening of my trip away,  
And, deep inside, I'm yearning to stay.

My time spent away, inevitably always flies,  
And, now I'm sat here, with tears in my eyes.  
It's never an easy moment, saying goodbye,  
And I'm finding it such an effort not to cry.

I love to spend time with my friend, so very dear:  
A friend who makes me laugh, and brings me cheer.  
Being in her company fills me with such happiness;  
I feel like I'm riding on a wave: on the very crest!

I always crave the attention and affection;  
More precious memories, for my collection.  
For me, a motherly kiss and a hug,  
Are so very addictive: just like a drug.

So, tomorrow morning, when I'm sat onboard my train,  
No doubt, I'll relive these memories again and again.  
I know that when, from the station, I finally depart,  
I'll experience the very slight breaking of my heart.

I do so hate to experience this mood:  
The creator of emotions should be sued!  
Although, I'd hate not to have feelings of any kind;  
Like a Cyberman from 'Doctor Who', with an emotionless mind.

But I wouldn't have missed coming for all the tea in China;  
To my mind, there is no other experience, which is finer.  
In the company of my friend, I feel so elated,  
But after, she's gone away, I feel so deflated.

I find it hard, when I have to go home;  
I suddenly feel so upset and all alone.  
Having been in spirits, which were so high,  
There comes the final hug, and then 'goodbye.'

But, although, each time, I go through this pain,  
I know, for sure, that I'll endure it again and again.  
I really need to occupy my mind,  
And leave this feeling far behind.

Instead of spending more time moping about,  
I go for a brisk walk, to help tire myself out.  
Down in the City, people's spirits are high,  
And, now, I no longer feel like I want to cry.

Being in the fresh air, seems to clear my head,  
And, it isn't too long, before I'm ready for bed.

My earlier depression appears to have passed,  
And I'm feeling ready to go back home at last.

Angela Wybrow

## Like A Cyberman

What must it be like to live life like a Cyberman:  
Living a soulless existence, inside an old tin can?  
You would spend each and every single day,  
Walking, here and there, in a regimented way.

You would never ever feel either happy or sad,  
Or know when life is going either good or bad.  
You would just look on, when somebody cries.  
You wouldn't feel any grief, when someone dies.

In other's eyes, you would see dread and fear,  
And you would never ever hold someone near.  
You would never hold somebody's warm hand.  
People's feelings, you would never understand.

You wouldn't have a brain, in order to think.  
You'd just stare straight ahead: unable to blink.  
Your voice would be monotone: you'd use no inflections,  
And for people and animals, you would feel no affection.

You would kill people with such heartless, brutal force,  
And, having mown them down, you'd feel no remorse.  
Any human you met, you'd feel the need to upgrade,  
And not a whiff of humanity would ever be displayed.

You wouldn't be able to laugh or to cry,  
Or experience life's lows or all-time highs.  
As humans, we experience a mixture of emotions,  
Of which, Cybermen do not have a single notion.

Although some emotions can be hard to endure –  
Your heart can feel as though it's being skewered –  
Emotions are something which make us human in form,  
And both tears and laughter, to humans, are just the norm.

Angela Wybrow

## London

My visits to London always bring me cheer;  
I wish it were possible to bottle the atmosphere.  
I would collect together all the sights and sounds,  
And surround myself with them, when I'm down.

A trip to London always seems to lift my mood;  
By good old London town, I'm easily wooed.  
There is always something new and exciting,  
Which is why, to me, London seems so inviting.

I may begin a day feeling just a little bit down,  
But once in London, a smile replaces my frown.  
It's one of my very favourite places to be;  
There's always so much to do and to see.

I think that London is such an amazing place;  
It can suit all your needs, whatever your pace.  
In central London, people are always in a rush,  
But in the gardens and parks, can be found, hush.

When in London, I always feel on such a high;  
My problems, for the day, I can kiss goodbye.  
At the end of the day, I don't want to leave.  
The heady mix of aromas, I love to breathe.

I always find it so very hard, to pull myself away,  
When, deep in my heart, I desperately want to stay.  
Even when, at Waterloo, I'm sat on my train;  
In London, a little piece of my heart remains.

Angela Wybrow

## London By Night

As we walk along the City's busy roads,  
Ornate buildings, here and there, are a-glow.  
They are bathed in a golden or silvery light;  
Illuminated against the dark, star-lit night.

Across the Thames, we gaze at the skyline:  
There are buildings, old and new; all designs.  
Some of the buildings, we see, are really very old;  
Nestling with the 'Gherkin' tower: new and bold.

Standing proudly, at the very centre of it all,  
Is the magnificent dome of good old St Paul's.  
It is a skyline, at which, I always love to peer;  
It is constantly changing, each and every year.

Tonight, dozens of dedicated joggers are out in force;  
The Thames Embankment, seems the favourite course.  
We see a traditional Christmas market and fun fair;  
Traders in brightly decorated cabins, sell their wares.

Gifts, being sold, range from traditional to unusual:  
All neatly displayed for the eager customer's perusal.  
We see people tucking into chips, and curried bratwurst;  
Plus, there's spiced mulled wine, to quench their thirst.

Fairy lights twinkle away, white and blue,  
On the trees, creating such a beautiful view.  
As we walk along, I hear the river swirling below;  
Lights reflected in the water, make a dazzling show.

At seven o'clock, the bell of Big Ben, loudly tolls.  
The air feels decidedly chilly, as the day grows old.  
We wander along the river, until it gets quite late,  
Then it's time for us to leave: a time which, I hate.

Angela Wybrow

## Long Lost Daughter

This poem was inspired by a storyline on the TV show 'Casualty', when Colette's long lost daughter found her.

My Mum came to see me at work,  
Asking to speak to me urgently.  
She had recieved a phone call  
From my long lost daughter, Natalie.

Then one day, Natalie turned up at work.  
I was taken by surprise:  
She was a beautiful young lady now,  
And was stood before my very eyes.

I asked my boss for an hour's break.  
Natalie and I went for a walk.  
We had a lot of catching up to do,  
And had a good heart to heart talk.

She asked why I had her adopted  
And I had to tell her the truth.  
My Mum had told me if I kept her,  
I was no longer welcome under her roof.

I was fifteen at the time.  
I was alone and very afraid.  
Soon after I had her, she was whisked away,  
And so it was at home I stayed.

She asked about her father,  
But he left me years ago.  
When he discovered I was pregnant,  
He just didn't want to know.

Sixteen years had passed  
Since I gave my little girl away,  
But eventhough life carried on,  
I thought about her every day.

Only those close to me knew of her existence.  
I'd kept her a secret all that time,  
But now the time had finally arrived,  
To tell the world, Natalie was mine!

Angela Wybrow

## Market Day

There's a market in our town, two days a week.  
It's nice to have a browse and take a quick peek.  
There's a riot of colours up and down the street,  
And mouth-watering smells from all the food to eat.

There's an explosion of different sights and sounds,  
And dozens of people are leisurely milling around.  
At the market, there's always a great atmosphere,  
And there's nothing for sale there which is too dear.

A mobile van serves up spicy German bratwurst,  
Plus a variety of different drinks to quench your thirst.  
On one stall, they sell leather purses and handbags:  
Cheap ones, plus designer ones, for the would-be WAGs.

In his mobile truck, a rotund butcher chops up some meat:  
He promises his customers that his prices can't be beat.  
There's a stall which sells low price pet supplies.  
This is always a big attraction for the penny wise.

Hoping that none of his food will end up in the waste,  
The Mediterranean food stall holder offers a free taste.  
There are crisps and cakes stacked in crates,  
Which are not long off of their sell by date.

From yet another stall, drifts an amazing perfumed smell.  
They sell a variety of novelty soap and bath bombs as well.  
A Jeweller displays a variety of items made of silver and gold.  
He also buys any old unwanted jewellery, if it is being sold.

Then, of course, there's the doughnut man –  
Of this particular stall, I'm a very big fan!  
Each market trader has their own unique call,  
Trying to attract the customers to their stall.

They brave all weathers – the heat and the freezing cold,  
Hoping that, by the close of day, their wares will be sold.  
At the end of the day, there are real bargains to be found,  
Such as a box of mixed fruit or veg for only a pound.

Come late afternoon, they pack up after a long day.  
They load up their vans and are soon on their way.  
When they have all gone, all that is left is a space,  
And, of the market, there isn't left a single trace.

Angela Wybrow

## Mary-Jess (Singer)

A remarkable singer, by the name of Mary-Jess,  
Stands on stage, in a gorgeous, flowing dress.  
She opens her mouth and her singing is sweet.  
To hear her sing her songs live is truly a treat.

She waves her arms as though she's freely floating.  
She's a new artiste who's definitely worth noting.  
About her, the critics have only good things to say,  
And it's already clear that she's going to go a long way.

Her music sounds distinctly oriental,  
But her interpretation of it is pure and gentle.  
Charmingly pretty with a fresh-faced complexion,  
With an audience, she's able to make a real connection.

With her new album just released,  
Her popularity has greatly increased.  
To be a singer, has always been her dream,  
But her journey hasn't been as easy as it seems.

She oozes such elegance and style,  
And possesses a very radiant smile.  
In her dress, she resembles a beautiful princess.  
Wisdom beyond her years, she does possess.

This young singer, at only twenty one,  
Is amazed to think how far she's come.  
She's come a long way in such little time,  
And now she's definitely ready to shine.

Her music is beautiful and a tad exotic.  
Listening to her sing is almost hypnotic,  
The emotions in her songs mix and swirl.  
So endearing is this gentle and charming girl.

Her voice soars up to an all time high.  
Inside, her spirit and soul upwardly fly.  
Her journey to fame has been a real whirlwind.  
On reaching the top, she has her hopes pinned.

There are different colours and tones to her voice.  
In what she sings, she gets a personal choice.  
Her songs are full of feeling and inspiration.  
She's already the new singing sensation.

The songs of this pretty brunette,  
Are ones which you won't forget.  
She softly closes her smoky looking eyes,  
As the song ends and the music gently dies.

Angela Wybrow

## **Me And My Shadow**

Sometimes, my shadow appears really short and small;  
Whilst, at others, it stretches ahead of me, thin and tall.  
Sometimes, my shadow is behind me; sometimes it's in front.  
Quite often, for my shadow, I find myself having to hunt.

Depending on how the street lamps shine their light,  
My shadow may be hidden, or may be within my sight.  
Sometimes, I have two shadows, plus me;  
Then I appear in triplicate: one, two, three.

Sometimes, when I take my time, my shadow seems to rush;  
My shadow dances round me, amid the dark night's hush.  
When I wander through an unlit patch, my shadow disappears;  
Although I cannot see it for a moment, I know that it is still near.

As I emerge back into the light, I'm rejoined by my shadow.  
My best buddy and I are very firmly attached, down at the toe.  
My shadow is featureless; of me, it's just a darkened outline.  
During my night-time journey, it's an ever changing design.

To my shadowy friend, I do feel really very attached.  
We are two of a kind, and, I think, very well matched.  
My shadow and I, travel everywhere together;  
From each other, we will never ever be severed.

Angela Wybrow

## Memories

Some memories, from your mind, you wish you could erase;  
Whilst, other memories, in your mind, you are happy to replay.  
Of your life, some memories, you wish had never been a part;  
Whilst others, which are dear to you, you hold close to your heart.

Over which memories I choose to keep, I wish I had some power:  
The happy ones, I'd treasure and I'd erase the ones, which are sour.  
In my diary, of the good times, I record every single detail,  
But, to acknowledge the bad times, I'll readily admit to fail.

There can be periods, in life, which you wish were just not there;  
Their memories still cause distress and are just too hard to bear.  
There are some memories, in your mind: those ones, long installed;  
That bring nothing, but joy and smiles, the moment they're recalled.

Our life's memories are a mixture of the good and the bad;  
Ones, which make us happy, and ones, which make us sad.  
Throughout our lives, of memories, we have to live with a mix;  
The good and bad mingle, and that's something we cannot fix.

Angela Wybrow

## Memories From Christmases Past

Precious memories from Christmases past,  
Forever, in my mind, will last and last.  
We'd hang paper chains and balloons from the ceiling,  
To give our home a really lovely, Christmassy feeling.

Tinsel, baubles and bells, adorned the Christmas tree,  
Which, was lovingly decorated, by my dad and me.  
On top of the tree, a heavenly angel would be placed:  
Her dress was pure white, and was made of fine lace.

On Christmas morning, quite early, we would all rise,  
And be thrilled with the lovely presents before our eyes.  
On Christmas afternoon, we would all watch the TV,  
And later, in the evening, we'd all enjoy a buffet tea.

We'd always buy crackers, which we all loved to pull,  
And we'd eat our Christmas day roast, until, finally, full.  
We'd have Christmas pudding, which I, for one, adored,  
And over the top of it, we'd have double cream poured.

But when dad died, our Christmases seemed to fall apart,  
And now, no longer, is it a special time within my heart.  
Now it just seems to be a time of much anxiety and stress,  
And, as an adult, I'm beginning to like it less and less.

I often wish that Christmas was still as it used to be,  
When dad and I enjoyed decorating the Christmas tree.  
As an adult, the years seem to speed by so very fast.  
Oh, how I wish for those times of Christmases past!

Angela Wybrow

## **My Constant Companion (cat poem)**

Sometimes it feels like you're my only friend in the world,  
As, on my lap, you lie fast asleep, contentedly curled.  
You really do seem to be the cat that got the cream,  
As you lazily lie there, eyes tightly shut, in deep dream.  
I rhythmically stroke your lovely soft, jet black fur,  
As you lie there seemingly unaware and happily purr.  
You always seem so immensely happy and so content.  
If only you could realise just how much, to me, you meant.

There's always space in your stomach whatever your mood.  
You're always completely ravenous when it's time for food.  
I really wish that sometimes I could read your feline mind,  
And see how differently from mine, your thoughts are designed.  
When you gaze up at me with your emerald green eyes,  
I can read your face and see that you are extremely wise.  
You always love it when I make a really big fuss of you.  
Your companionship cheers me, when I'm feeling a bit blue.

I remember when you first came to live with me here.  
We were both nervous at first, but now you're so dear.  
It took us quite a while to get used to each other:  
You were young and had not long left your mother.  
But, as time went by, our relationship grew and grew,  
And, day by day, I fell deeper in love with you.  
I feel calmed by your reassuring but gentle touch.  
You're my constant companion, who I love so much.

Angela Wybrow

## **My Favourite Food**

Here are some meals, which I really love to eat,  
When, at the dinner table, I take my seat.

Lasagne served with a slice of garlic bread,  
Is one of my real favourites, it has to be said.  
Chunky chips and a tender gammon steak –  
A really lovely meal for me, this would make.  
Chilli con carne, served with pilau rice,  
I also consider to be really rather nice.

A deep pan pizza, especially chicken supreme,  
Is guaranteed to set my hungry eyes agleam.  
Chicken of any kind, especially southern fried,  
Is always a big hit with me, it can't be denied.  
Another of my favourites, is all-day brunch –  
On this popular dish, I very often munch.

Britain's favourite dish, bangers and mash,  
I'm always extremely willing to give a bash.  
Given lashings of sausage casserole,  
I'm guaranteed to scrape my bowl.  
I simply love a really good Indian curry,  
And will gobble one up in quite a hurry.

The thought of a delicious mixed grill,  
Always gives me such a real thrill.  
And lovely, tender lamb chops,  
For me, are pretty hard to top.  
But, cooked to perfection, a Sunday roast,  
Is the meal that I really love the most!

So, now here's a selection of puds,  
Which I consider to be really rather good.  
All of these are lovely and sweet,  
And always go down as an absolute treat!

At the offer of any fruit crumble,  
You will never hear me grumble.  
In a slice of gooey, chocolate fudge cake,  
I'm always more than happy to partake.  
And luscious, creamy tiramisu,  
Is one of my favourites to.

A scoop of any flavour of ice cream,  
Always goes down as an absolute dream.  
Offered a bowl of thick, creamy rice,  
I wouldn't need to be asked twice.  
Of puddings with lashings of jam,  
I've always been a particular fan.

At the sight of a fresh strawberry trifle,  
My excitement, I have to try and stifle.

A slice of lemon meringue pie,  
You will never see me pass by.  
I adore hot, sticky, gooey, treacle tart,  
It's a pud which always warms my heart.

Chocolate, cream filled, profiteroles,  
Are always guaranteed to fill a hole.  
A toffee nut sundae, served in a tall glass,  
Is a sweet which I consider to be pure class.  
A pastry pie, with any fresh fruit filling,  
For me, has always been rather thrilling.

If I was served up any of these, I'd be thrilled,  
Even if I was sat right in the middle of a field!

Angela Wybrow

## **My Favourite Things**

I love lots of things in life. By many things, I'm cheered.  
By the time you've read the following list, you may think I'm a bit weird!

I love watching the penguins at the zoo.  
I love the giraffes and the zebras too.  
I love the sights and sounds of a carousel.  
I love the distinctive toll of the Big Ben bell.  
There are many shows I love on TV,  
Like Doctor Who, Merlin, Coast and Glee.

I love eating out in Wetherspoons pubs.  
I love eating Ben & Jerry's ice cream tubs.  
I love to eat a slice of gooey chocolate cake.  
I love to drink a thick, frothy milkshake.  
I love the bassoon's deep resonant tone.  
In summer, I love to eat an ice cream cone.

I love walking by the Thames on a sunny day.  
I love cooked breakfasts when I go away.  
I love watching swans swimming, gliding past.  
I love floating bubbles - it's a shame they don't last!  
I love hot chocolate topped with marshmallows and cream.  
I love Edinburgh at festival time - have you been?

I love to go and see a theatre show.  
I love the sight of freshly fallen snow.  
I love seeing seals in their natural habitat.  
I love to befriend and pet a cute cat.  
I love to sing with a huge choir on the stage  
And read a book which is compelling page after page.

I love lasagne and garlic bread.  
I love the snuggly warmth of my bed.  
I love to listen to music when I'm feeling low.  
I love the moon and stars, which in the sky glow.  
I love pastel colours of every hue -  
Baby pink, lilac, lemon and powder blue.

Maybe if you have a spare while,  
You can list the things that make you smile? !

Angela Wybrow

## **My Feathered Friend**

You were my funny, little feathered friend;  
To your every need, I would always tend.  
You'd stand under a running tap, trying to catch the drips.  
In your brightly coloured birdbath, you loved to take a dip.

In your mirror, you thought you'd found a new mate,  
And your food, for him, you'd, very kindly, regurgitate!  
For hours on end, you could roam freely out of your cage;  
You'd happily spend ages, shredding a newspaper page.

Some of your acrobatics, used to scare me half to death;  
Scared that you'd fall and hurt yourself, I'd hold my breath.  
On the lace curtains, you'd sometimes catch your claws.  
I had to be extremely careful, when I opened any doors.

Through the rungs of your ladder, you'd sometimes squeeze;  
This often worried me, but you, it really seemed to please.  
I'd often give you a freshly washed, lettuce leaf to eat,  
But you bathed on it instead, and thought it was a treat.

The wallpaper, above the kitchen cupboard, you'd often chew,  
And when you spied me eating food, you'd want some too.  
You'd fly on to my head: you liked the softness of my hair;  
Then you'd get yourself all comfy, and nestle down there.

Shiny, sweet wrappers, you'd always pick up, and throw away;  
I replaced them onto the table, but the same action you'd replay.  
Your antics, and funny little ways, often made me laugh;  
You were often amusing to watch, and really quite daft.

It's been ten long years now, since you passed away,  
But one of your long tail feathers, I still have today.  
Recalling your life, a smile appears upon my face,  
And, in my heart, you will always hold a special place.

Angela Wybrow

## **My Hero: Michael Crawford**

My hero is the brilliant Michael Crawford.  
I consider him to be a very talented actor.  
If you were to ask me why I like him so,  
I could reel you off quite a few factors.

He's known to be a perfectionist.  
Things will never 'just have to do.'  
He knows that practice makes perfect:  
A fact which has been endlessly been proved.

In the series 'Some Mother's Do 'Ave 'Em',  
He very bravely did all of his own stunts.  
Michael, himself, is really pretty intelligent,  
But his character, Frank Spencer, was a dunce.

He's currently starring in 'The Wizard of Oz',  
And must be an extremely busy man,  
But he still puts aside a little time,  
To write back to all of his loyal fans.

He's more than happy to meet his fans.  
He smiles at them and happily chats away.  
I haven't had the chance to meet him yet,  
But, I really hope that I do some day.

I've seen him in 'The Wizard Of Oz',  
And, in two other West End shows:  
'Barnum' and 'The Woman in White.'  
He's always a hit wherever he goes.

Even though he's really popular and well known,  
He appears to be very pleasant and down to earth.  
He may well be very famous and have much money,  
But nothing compares to what these virtues are worth.

Age wise, he's now only a year from being seventy,  
And, some people would, by now, consider retiring,  
But he has so much enthusiasm and spirit and drive:  
These are factors which I find extremely inspiring.

He has a great sense of humour,  
And will often make people laugh.  
He said of a signed photo he sent me once,  
He'd heard that it made a good board for darts!

He always appears to very kind and considerate,  
And his personality seems to be really warm.  
Maybe it's due to all these endearing factors,  
That he has taken the whole world by storm.

He's also a really wonderful singer,  
And, my ear, his voice does please.

His velvet tones really melt your heart.  
I have quite a number of his fab CDs.

He has a wonderful presence on the stage.  
He can light up a stage, as brightly as fire.  
People cheer him whenever he first appears.  
Him, you just can't help but really admire.

Angela Wybrow

## **My Two Sides: Jekyll & Hyde**

Normally, I'm so scared to do so many things,  
But now, a new soul has stepped up to sing.  
Like someone has transplanted my mind:  
A whole new me, you now will find.

Suddenly, I feel like I can face the world.  
My whole being becomes totally unfurled.  
I don't care what people think any more.  
Where I had doubts before, now I'm sure.

The new me feels relaxed and free,  
And now I can be who I want to be.  
Over my words, I no longer trip,  
And no longer does my stomach flip.

Where I'd usually run far away,  
Now I want to face my fears and stay.  
No longer does my pounding heart race:  
It now beats at a much steadier pace.

With my 'fight or flight' response now gone,  
I have the sudden strength to soldier on.  
No more biting my nails down to the quick.  
No more sudden adrenalin kicks.

Now that I am feeling really quite calm,  
I have the whole world within my palm.  
My hands are steady - they do not shake,  
But I'll be my old self tomorrow when I wake.

It's almost as if I have two different sides,  
Like in the story of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde.  
I use the magic potion as a kind of crutch,  
But it enables me to do so very much.

Angela Wybrow

## **New Friends (Ducks)**

I recently went to the small town of Arundel,  
And visited the Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust.  
I spent a relaxing few hours there strolling around.  
If you haven't already been, then you simply must.

After a while of strolling around,  
I sat down to relax on a bench.  
There were ducks under and around me,  
Who had settled down and seemed quite content.

I sat watching tourists being taken  
On a boat trip around the reed beds.  
I was happy enough to sit watching the ducks:  
Some, as they rested and some as they fed.

Sat there, I reached into my bag for a snack,  
And, suddenly, dozens of pairs of eyes were on me.  
The ducks dared to venture a little closer,  
And made it obvious that they were extremely hungry.

I did feel rather guilty and apologized to them,  
But there's notices saying not to feed the ducks.  
So, I very respectfully obeyed the rule,  
Although, I suspect they think that rule really sucks!

As I strolled around the extensive site,  
I could hear webbed feet following in my wake.  
Another give away to the identity of my pursuers,  
Was that I heard the quacking sound which ducks make.

But, when I turned round to look at them,  
They panicked and quickly ran away.  
It was if they were asking me,  
'Are you accusing us of following you? No way! '

I turned away from them and carried on,  
And the sound of slapping feet began again.  
It made me smile at the apparent disinterest,  
Which my pursuers were badly trying to feign.

I especially liked watching the diving ducks,  
Who dive underwater, completely out of sight.  
It's usually many seconds before they reappear,  
And bob back up into the daylight.

I enjoyed my trip to the nature reserve,  
And I made new friends, albeit only for a while.  
But I will always remember their funny antics,  
And the fact that they managed to make me smile.

Angela Wybrow

## Night Clubbing

Endless records being spun.  
Everybody's having fun.  
Girls wearing sparkly tops.  
The cork from a champagne bottle pops.

Girls with gelled and laquered hair,  
Dance with hands up in the air.  
The music with a boom boom beat,  
Makes everybody move their feet.

Girls with delicate strappy shoes,  
Sitting cross-legged drinking booze.  
Downing drinks which are very fizzy,  
And suddenly feeling rather dizzy.

Coloured lights flicker and flash.  
Feeling sick, to the loo, people dash.  
Music so loud, you can't be heard.  
Trying to chat, you can't catch a single word.

Groups of girls having a laugh,  
Watching the guys acting daft.  
Groups of girls kiss and embrace,  
All dressed up in satin and lace.

People at the bar are five or six deep:  
The drinks, however, are far from cheap.  
People are dancing on the floor.  
There's a fight with bouncers at the door.

Cocktails topped with coloured umbrellas.  
Girls on the hunt for handsome fellas.  
Guys looking for willing girls to bed:  
For one night stands - not to wed.

Girls pout with ruby red lips.  
People go on drug induced 'trips.'  
By the end of the night,  
There's one more fight.

Soon, people head home,  
By taxi or drunkenly roam.  
Soon, they crawl into bed,  
Complete with a very sore head!

Angela Wybrow

## **No One Quite Like You!**

You sit there, and listen  
To my tales of woe.  
You sit there so patiently  
And you never, once, moan.

I always know that  
You'll be my friend;  
Right the way through  
Until the very end.

In bed, at night,  
Your hand, I hold.  
You keep me warm,  
When outside, it's cold.

You've seen my smiles  
And you've felt my tears.  
You're still a true friend  
Even after all these years.

You've felt my hugs  
And my kisses to.  
No one can comfort me,  
The way, in which, you do.

A bond, like ours  
Is a thing, so rare.  
There's no one quite like you:  
My very favourite teddy bear!

Angela Wybrow

## Ode To Sarah Jane Smith (Doctor Who)

(This poem was inspired by the TV character, Sarah Jane Smith, played by the late Elisabeth Sladen.)

The world famous journalist, Sarah Jane Smith,  
Knew that alien existence wasn't just a myth.  
She knew that the universe was utterly amazing,  
But she had little time to stand around star gazing.

Helped by her three young teenage friends,  
She would always win her battles in the end.  
To her teenage sidekicks, she was just like a mother.  
Like Sarah Jane Smith, there was definitely no other.

Her attic room was the hub of her investigations,  
In her constant bid to save an unsuspecting nation.  
'Mr Smith, I need you!' was an exclamation which we often heard.  
Her computer would appear accompanied by steam and whizzes and whirs.

Both data and objects Mr Smith would strategically analyze.  
His findings would often open up Sarah Jane's eager eyes.  
Suddenly she realised the situation with which she was now faced,  
And off to solve the problem, she and her friends would quickly race.

With her, she always carried a trusty gadget - her sonic lipstick.  
This came in extremely handy and, with it, many a lock she did pick.  
With Sarah Jane by your side, you would never come to any harm.  
She would always stand her ground and keep herself very calm.

She could always detect when something wasn't quite right,  
And in her heart, she knew she was in for yet another fight.  
She knew what to look for - the various tell tale signs,  
And she saved our world from harm numerous times.

Even when she was captured and bound tightly with tape,  
Due to her resourcefulness, she'd always manage to escape.  
On many occasions, she was on the receiving end of a gun,  
But she would always sweet talk her way out and then run!

Her responsibility to the human race, she did not shirk.  
To her, saving the world was all just in a day's work.  
Even when she was full of fear, she wouldn't run away.  
She'd bravely battle on and live to fight another day.

She and her friends had a totally amazing time together.  
She had a quick thinking mind and was extremely clever.  
Sarah Jane Smith was special and truly one of a kind.  
A more warm and gentle person, you will never find.

Hers was such an amazing and blessed life to lead  
Her adventures were so exciting to watch and read.  
Sarah Jane Smith was a worthy heroine of our time,  
So I wanted to remember her forever in this rhyme.

Angela Wybrow

## On Seeing My First Fox

Travelling on a train through Surrey, close to Virginia Water –  
Due to engineering works, my route had been slightly altered –  
I decided to look out of the window, so I turned my head,  
And it was then I spotted a lightning flash of orangey-red.

Of course, I'd seen many pictures of foxes in books and on TV,  
But an actual living, breathing one, had never been seen by me.  
Thrilled by what I was seeing, I gave a small gasp of delight;  
It was the first time I'd seen a fox, so it was a memorable sight.

I was excited at seeing the fox, and I was unable to hide my surprise.  
Foxes are one of my favourite animals and I couldn't believe my eyes.  
He was on the embankment, and, from the train, he headed away.  
I only glimpsed the fox quite briefly, but it really made my day.

I've been lucky enough to glimpse a few more foxes since then,  
But you never can tell where they will turn up or, indeed, when.  
On a train journey to Birmingham, I was as watchful as can be:  
Luck was with me that day, as I saw not one, not two, but three!

I spotted a fox, carrying its prey in its mouth, crossing over a field.  
Foxes need to eat to stay alive, but I felt sorry for the rabbit it killed.  
My sightings of them, over the years, I have noted down in my diary.  
I love their sleek outline, long, thick bushy tail, and their fur so fiery.

They are a fine animal in appearance, but they can be a real pest;  
They can cause havoc, when they hunt like a mad thing possessed.  
Despite having been on many trains, sightings of foxes are rare;  
So if I'm lucky enough to spot one, I can't help but sit and stare.

Angela Wybrow

## One Little Comment

One little comment can really change your life;  
It can make you feel good or cut you like a knife.  
As a result, you may now want to try something new,  
Or with an aspect of life, you may now be through.  
You mull the comment over and take it to heart;  
The speaker of the comment, unaware they've played a part.

The chances are that, of the comment, the speaker has forgotten,  
But you are now left feeling really encouraged or really rotten.  
Some comments are just throw-a-ways,  
But they can easily make or break your day.  
Some comments stick forever in your mind,  
Whether they're really hurtful or really kind.

Many years later, a comment you may still be able to quote;  
It could be one which made you sink or one which made you float.  
You will probably still be able to recall it word for word,  
And even imitate the tone in which the comment was first heard.  
As the result of a comment, you may feel better or worse,  
And the speaker of the comment, you'll either love or curse.

A comment can make you give up or give you the will to succeed;  
Off one little comment, our further thoughts will often feed.  
They can change the way that you see yourself,  
And even have a good or bad effect on your health.  
A bad comment can leave us feeling rather unsure,  
Whereas a good comment, can leave us wanting more.

Just one comment, which may last only a few fleeting seconds,  
May result in a whole new life, which suddenly now beckons.  
You may leave your old life far behind,  
Or a whole new life, you may now find.  
So just take a moment and think before you speak;  
Of the joy you may bring or the havoc you may wreak.

Angela Wybrow

## One-Eyed Bear

In the stock room, at the charity shop, I saw a teddy bear,  
Sat, looking very forlorn and I wondered why he was there.  
His fur was very plush, and, unusually, in colour, he was plum,  
But, he sat there looking extremely lonely and really rather glum.

He had quite deep set eyes,  
And, at first, I didn't realise.  
Only one eye shone, as it caught the light;  
The poor teddy bear only had half of its sight.

His remaining eye was as black as coal,  
But on the other side, there was now a hole.  
I knew he needed an owner just like me,  
And I was very kindly given him for free.

In looks, he was really very appealing and ever so soft.  
It's a shame to think that he was someone else's cast-off  
So, now it's my mission to get him a new eye;  
To restore his full sight, I'm now going to try.

He may look slightly different to the others,  
But he needs someone to help him to recover.  
I couldn't just leave him there on his own to rot.  
Other bears would have got sold and he would not.

He would have been stuck in a bag and thrown away,  
But, now with me, in my house, he has come to stay.  
At present, his fate is still pending,  
But I can foresee a happy ending.

Angela Wybrow

## **Panic Attack**

When I had my first panic attack,  
It shook me to the very core.  
I'd experienced worry and anxiety,  
But certainly nothing like that before.

I ended up in a real state,  
As I was unable to face my fears.  
I was shaking like a leaf, gasping for breath,  
Unable to speak and in floods of tears.

I'd never felt such total panic.  
My heart was thudding BOOM BOOM BOOM.  
Suddenly the world around me didn't matter,  
As I legged it out of the room.

My fight or flight response had kicked in,  
Leaving my mouth feeling as dry as a bone.  
I rushed upstairs to get myself a drink,  
Trying to calm myself and feeling very alone.

I'd always worried what people thought of me,  
And had always done as I was told,  
But, that day, fear got the better of me  
And gripped me in a vice like hold.

It crossed my mind that I'd get into trouble,  
But, for that instant, I didn't care.  
As customers and my colleagues alike,  
With mouths agape, stood and stared.

It was scary not being in control of myself.  
I don't want to go through another attack,  
And I found that facing that particular fear again,  
Was just way too much for me to hack.

So here I am, feeling down and without a job,  
Wondering what the future holds.  
And until something else comes along,  
Every other week, I'm signing on the dole.

Next week, I'm starting therapy,  
So, maybe there's a glimmer of hope.  
I'm hoping they can teach me methods,  
So that maybe in the future, with my fear I'll cope.

Angela Wybrow

## Paris By Night

I've decided to spend a few days away,  
To celebrate one of life's big birthdays.  
So, here I am in the famous 'city of love',  
Wrapped up in my coat, scarf and gloves.

I'm at the Eiffel Tower, up on the second floor;  
Taking in the City's panoramic views, with awe.  
I text my friends, but my fingers are frozen cold;  
So that my mobile, my hand can hardly now hold.

Being less than a week into the brand New Year,  
It isn't long before the daylight begins to disappear.  
It's nearly six o'clock and, soon, the tour bus departs,  
So my descent of the Tower, in earnest, now starts.

But, when I reach the bottom, I find I'm a little too late:  
The back of the tour bus is just pulling out of the gate.  
At first, I feel worried, and I admit, just a little bit scared,  
But, the sights I see are ones, which, are beyond compare.

If I'd caught the bus, I'd have missed these sights:  
Sights, which fill my soul with such sheer delight.  
I see the bright lights on the Eiffel Tower flicker away;  
It's a delightful sight, and now I'm glad that I stayed.

I decide that, missing the bus, was a blessing in disguise,  
As I tuck into the visual feast, set before my very eyes.  
The long walk back is pretty long, and really very cold;  
Unlike pairs of lovers, I have no warm hand, which, to hold.

I see the tall, illuminated, obelisk and the observation wheel;  
My excited eyes are greatly enjoying this rich, cultural meal.  
I see the glass pyramid at The Louvre, gently glowing blue;  
If I had managed to catch the bus, I'd have missed this too.

I work my way back to the banks of the mighty River Seine,  
And glance at the stunning buildings opposite, again and again.  
The important buildings and monuments are all shrouded in light:  
I snap away with my camera, attempting to capture this very night.

Each time I stumble across a new and glorious sight,  
I say a soft, whispered 'wow!' into the darkened night.  
Further up river, at Chatelet Metro station, I board the next train.  
Memories of what I've seen tonight, forever, with me, will remain.

Angela Wybrow

## Party in the Park

Early morning, and the organisers are up with the lark,  
Getting ready for this year's 'party in the park.'  
They set up various stalls and marquees,  
And tie coloured bunting between the trees.

Hundreds of people are expected to come,  
So they're really hoping for some summer sun.  
A few hours later and the stage is now set.  
They're hoping that this will be the best year yet.

The entertainment all kicks off at twelve noon.  
A man walks round selling coloured balloons.  
At one stall, a lady paints designs on children's faces,  
While, on stage, a dance troupe go through their paces.

The stallholders are busy selling their wares.  
The children enjoy rides at the mini fun fair.  
The beer tent proves popular, especially with the men.  
Children enjoy activities in the arts and craft den.

There's a never ending queue of people buying ice creams.  
Clutching a soft toy she's just won, a little girl proudly beams.  
In the mobile kitchen, they sell hot-dogs and chunky chips,  
Whilst on the griddle, more beef burgers are being flipped.

Also on offer today, are temporary henna tattoos.  
At the sweet stall, it's hard to decide what to choose.  
Young girls are having their hair put into pretty braids.  
Most of the stallholders are doing a really roaring trade.

Up on the massive, brightly lit stage,  
There are various acts, catering for every age.  
Some people sit watching on chairs or a rug on the ground;  
There are so many people; for a clear space they search around.

Evening time closes in and it soon begins to get dark,  
And so to an end, draws this year's party in the park.  
The organisers pack everything away, in the knowledge,  
That everyone has enjoyed this really wonderful day.

Angela Wybrow

## **Picnic By The River**

On the grassy river bank,  
We place our tartan rug upon the ground.  
The gently flowing river and random birdsong,  
Are the only audible sounds.

We sit down on the rug and relax,  
Basking in the glorious sunshine.  
Then open our wicker picnic basket,  
To reveal food and drink on which we'll dine.

There's plenty of food to for us all to share,  
Including a gorgeous home-made savoury tart.  
There's also finger food and various fruits,  
And, in no time at all, we all make a start.

We've brought a bottle of champagne,  
For a special treat, for us all to drink.  
I love to watch the tiny bubbles rise.  
'Cheers! ' we exclaim, as, together, our glasses clink.

As we sit, a sudden movement catches my eye;  
I see a fleeting flash of vivid bright blue.  
To my joy, I realise it's a kingfisher,  
On the look out for his daily food.

Nearby, I spot some dragonflies,  
Darting quickly here and there.  
At their lovely, iridescent colours,  
I can't help but sit and stare.

There are many beautiful butterflies;  
In the air, they dance round together.  
They chase each other to and fro,  
Coaxed out by this lovely weather.

A pair of swans swim serenely by;  
Their feathers are as white as snow.  
I marvel at their amazing majesty,  
As I watch them onwardly go.

The river, as it gently flows,  
Is a haven and a duck's delight.  
They seem happy and contented,  
As they swim in the sunshine so bright.

As we sit there laughing and relaxing,  
We're cooled by a delicious breeze.  
We don't seem to have a care in the world.  
Oh! How I adore days just like these!

Days like these are so very precious,  
And they're always such good fun.

I sit there reclining, lost in thought,  
As I tuck in to a sticky Belgian Bun.

The afternoon draws to a close,  
And we all pack our things away.  
With the current run of glorious weather,  
We're bound to return on another day.

Angela Wybrow

## **Poppies**

Seeing poppies growing in the wild,  
Takes me back to when I was a child.  
We'd often go for walks on a Sunday,  
And often spot poppies along the way.

My dad's hand I would tightly hold,  
As I spied the poppies bright and bold.  
Because I was young and very small,  
The poppies seemed to be so very tall.

There was a field full of them, which I adored.  
By their appearance, I never ever grew bored.  
The large field where the poppies once grew,  
Soon made way for a factory, shiny and new.

True to say, it was only empty waste ground,  
But it was our little haven, which we found.  
I think they should have left the field alone,  
So as, through it, other people could still roam.

I know everyone nowadays talks about progress,  
But there are times, when it's not always for the best.  
When they cleared that large patch of waste land,  
That stunning view became something very bland.

To me, they are a flower which brings much cheer,  
As they remind me of times, which I hold so dear.  
Now, when I spot poppies growing here and there,  
They remind me of the days, when I had little care.

That riot of colour. That sea of red:  
That vision is still there in my head.  
I can still picture it in my mind's eye,  
And recall those days of times gone by.

Angela Wybrow

## Press Intrusion

The World's Press are often extremely intrusive,  
Just so they can obtain a 'world exclusive.'

When a celebrity pops out to buy a new pair of shoes,  
It's really not that thrilling or potential headline news.  
We also see photos of celebs with spots on their faces,  
And sweat patches under their arm pits, in some cases.

With really pointless pictures, they fill column space,  
And, of everyone's time and effort, it really is a waste.  
The same old celebrities are pictured time and time again,  
And it's increasingly becoming a really annoying pain.

The Press are making themselves a real laughing stock.  
And I feel on some of their activities, there should be a block.  
They don't care about anyone, who their actions may affect.  
They hone in on the tiniest shred of emotion they can detect.

When celebs are doing normal things or are just on the phone,  
The Press really need to just butt out and leave them all alone.  
They often set up camp outside celebs private homes,  
And this type of behaviour, I really can't condone.

When people are at one of the lowest points of their entire lives,  
The last thing they really want is the Press sticking in the knives.  
If a member of the press was at an all time low,  
Would they like the whole wide world to know?

I really don't wish to see photos of people lying around dead,  
Or of people upset and injured with blood bespattered heads.  
If someone is obviously upset or wincing in severe agony or pain,  
Then, from sticking a camera in their face, the Press should refrain.

When a famous footballer breaks their little toe,  
The Press seem to think the whole world wants to know.  
People often break bones. It happens every single day.  
But their injuries aren't reported to everyone in this way.

There were photos of the lovely Princess Kate in Waitrose,  
But, when she's off-duty, I don't really care where she goes.  
They timed her trip and listed all the items which she bought.  
For her personal privacy, they never gave a second thought.

When the Press take photos, they really should ask for permission.  
Not just consider that the taking of a photo is their rightful decision.  
The Press do not seem to have a shred of respect for anyone.  
They see what they do as business, or, in some cases, a bit of fun.

The situation really is becoming more than just a little strange,  
And I truly believe that there are things which need to change.

Angela Wybrow

## QE2: A Lost Legend

On Veteran's Day: Tuesday, 11th November, 2008,  
The QE2 liner sailed off towards an uncertain fate.  
Onboard, there was just about anything your heart could ever desire,  
So it was a really sad day, when it was announced she would retire.

Her new life in Dubai, should have been a new chapter to her story,  
But, sadly, for her, it seems to have been a case of 'faded glory.'  
She's the innocent victim of a major global, economic crash,  
As everyone now seems to be so extremely strapped for cash.

She always was such a classy and elegant liner;  
There was no other ship on earth that was finer  
She is now moored at a remote berth in Dubai,  
Feeling unloved, underneath a blazing hot sky.

The original plan was to refurbish her and turn her into a luxury hotel,  
But, with a world recession on, these plans haven't worked out too well.  
Her future, for now, does seem to be extremely uncertain,  
And hopefully, for her, it won't mean the final curtain.

Stories which, at first, appeared to have a very firm base,  
Seemed to surface, and then suddenly sink without further trace.  
Into the wealthy city of Dubai, the cold wind of recession soon blew,  
Which led to developers sitting around, wondering what they should do.

A big hole in her glittering career, there now gapes.  
In despair and disappointment, she is now draped.  
For now, she is left in the lurch, awaiting a date,  
When she may finally learn of her eventual fate.

Hundreds of times, the Atlantic Ocean she has crossed;  
By wind and waves, she has often found herself tossed.  
'The Dame of The Seas', by many, she was often dubbed.  
She was well looked after and her decks kept well scrubbed.

She was considered part of British excellence for over forty years,  
And watching her leave Southampton, many people shed some tears.  
A flotilla of ships sailed with her down the Solent, blowing their horns,  
Her unwelcome departure, as a nation, was so very greatly mourned.

People crammed every possible vantage point, despite the cold weather,  
To bid her a fond farewell, and see her sail away from these shores forever.  
I think, and I'm sure many would agree, that we should have kept her here,  
As she was part of our nation's heritage and in our hearts, we held her dear.

As her graceful outline disappeared into the autumn darkness,  
Little did she realise, she was sailing into a red-taped mess.  
Developers still say she is a central part of their plans,  
Which, I guess, is some small comfort to her many fans.

She's the most famous ship in the world, but is now standing obsolete  
She was once considered the greatest and the toast of the entire fleet.

This nautical gem, has a very powerful heart,  
And many were saddened to watch her depart.

At the end of her voyage from Southampton to Dubai - her last:  
She was greeted by waving flags, a fireworks display and a fly-past.  
Shortly after her final passengers disembarked,  
To a cargo area, she was moved forward to park.

The Atlantic ocean, many times over she criss-crossed,  
But, now, forever, it seems this precious gem may be lost.  
Day after day, in her berth she stands statically moored,  
And, if she had feelings, by now, she'd feel quite bored.

Our whole nation loved her and the fact we can't bear,  
Is that she being left there to rot and is going nowhere.  
It would be a dream come true to see her, again, grace our shore,  
And have her back, where she belongs, home in the UK, once more.

Angela Wybrow

## Rainbows

I once travelled to the West of Scotland, to the town of Ayr,  
And the most magnificent rainbow, I remember seeing there.  
The rain was still pouring down, but the sun was shining bright;  
These two factors mixed together, created a most magical sight.

The sight of such beauty, made me catch my breath,  
But, I knew that, soon, the rainbow would die a death.  
All too soon, after the rainbow had, into the sky, evolved,  
Than it disappeared, back into the clouds, and dissolved.

The arc of vibrant colours, which I'd seen there before,  
Faded away, leaving the sky, dull and grey, once more.  
A multicoloured rainbow, I really do love to see;  
It is one of those 'wow!' moments in life, for me.

From the rainbow, I found it hard to steal my eyes away;  
It helped to brighten up, what was really a miserable day.  
It's still a mystery where rainbows start and end:  
I still don't know the answer: do you, my friend?

Any rainbow which, by me, is sighted,  
Makes my soul awake and feel excited.  
Upon my face, there appears a bright smile,  
As I watch the arc stretch away, over the miles.

I wish a rainbow was tangible: something I could hold.  
Rainbows are always fresh and new: they never get old.  
I'm always amazed how each individual colour is so clear.  
A rainbow is a rare sight, which never ceases to bring cheer.

Angela Wybrow

## Recession

Many places are becoming like ghost towns,  
As the recession hits and their shops close down.  
In some towns, the current state of recession,  
Has led to a prolonged sense of depression.

We don't like the situation being this way.  
Like times gone by, we wish it could have stayed.  
High Streets are ever changing places,  
Constantly changing their outward faces.

Small businesses are finding it hard to compete,  
Experiencing many difficulties finding their feet.  
Their prices are often higher than the famous chains,  
So it's often the multiples who are the ones which remain.

Long established companies who have been there many years,  
Are closing down, leaving their employees in tears.  
Even some of the really big names are going under.  
Who will be next? It does often make you wonder.

To many people, the famous names going, has been a shock,  
As years ago, to these stores, people would regularly flock.  
With less and less variety now in the smaller towns,  
People are travelling elsewhere to spend their pounds.

There are empty, neglected shops everywhere:  
To see every single shop trading in a town is very rare.  
On some goods, shop owners have lowered the price,  
So that more customers their business will hopefully entice.

Some empty shops have boarding across their fronts:  
Abandoned now, but they did really good business once.  
On the windows of shops, that couldn't afford to pay their rents,  
There's now plastered bill posters promoting various events.

Even the big companies are beginning to get,  
In thousands of pounds worth of unpaid debt.  
When will our county's economy be on the mend?  
When will this hard hitting recession finally end?

Angela Wybrow

## **Red Roses Of Remembrance**

It's a cold and crisp November day,  
And to Waterloo Bridge I make my way.  
Wrapped up against the bitter cold,  
A bunch of red roses, in my hand, I hold.

I start to cross, but stop midway.  
I bow my head and begin to pray.  
I get strange looks from passers-by,  
But I ignore the looks of wondering 'why? '

Before it's cast, I kiss each flower.  
Our love was full of passion and power.  
The flowers gently float away.  
Oh, how I wish you could have stayed.

I still can't believe that you're gone,  
But in my heart, your spirit lives on.  
I recall us standing on this very spot.  
You were always there for me and now you're not.

My mission accomplished, the steps I descend.  
Will this heartache ever end?  
Lost in my thoughts, I hurry away,  
But I'll be back next Remembrance Day.

Angela Wybrow

## Remembering 9/11: Ten Years On

Ten years have now passed since that fateful September day,  
When many people's loved ones were cruelly whipped away.  
Children, who lost parents, have turned into young women and men;  
Husbands and wives still feel their loss now, as they did way back then.

Also on that day, many Mums and Dads lost their daughters and sons.  
Many people were in the prime of their lives and were still so young.  
Aunts and uncles too, lost much their loved nieces and nephews;  
No decent human being could believe the heart stopping news.

I remember how I watched the events unfold, that day, on TV.  
I found it very difficult to take in the images which I could see.  
I distinctly remember seeing the Twin Towers falling  
And found the terrifying footage so extremely appalling.

How could the culprits sit there and watch them fall,  
Knowing, full well, that they, alone, were responsible?  
It's bad enough when you kill or injure someone by accident,  
But those untimely deaths were planned and were cruelly meant.

Even when things in life go so very tragically wrong,  
New York City showed the world it could be so strong.  
They picked up the pieces, and showed they wouldn't be beat.  
Only a short time later, the City was getting back upon its feet.

Today, there are many remembrance ceremonies taking place,  
Being attended by the many decent people of the human race.  
They wanted to remember both people they had and hadn't met.  
That day is one day that the entire world never will ever forget.

By the events that day, you couldn't help but be moved.  
How callous some people can be, this day really proved.  
That morning, people innocently made their way to work,  
Completely unaware of the dangers which, nearby, lurked.

The world was caught up in a complete and utter nightmare.  
People couldn't hide their shock and feelings of total despair.  
We remember all those killed that day, now exactly ten years on.  
The memories of that day, from our minds, will never ever be gone.

Angela Wybrow

## Remembering Misty

Sometimes it felt like you were my only friend,  
And I was so upset when it all came to an end.  
When I heard the news that you had died,  
I'll readily admit the fact that I cried.

Racing towards me, you didn't seem to have a second to spare.  
It was almost like your life depended on you getting there.  
Upon arrival at my feet, you'd promptly turn away from me,  
So as I could stroke the fur on your back very gently.

You trusted me, but if someone walked by,  
Fear would set in and you'd run and hide.  
From the safety of your garden, you would peer,  
Then I'd coax you back out again when the coast was clear.

When you came running, my heart lifted and I felt glad  
And when I was with you, I never felt sad.  
When I was with you, the world seemed to disappear.  
I was lost in my own little world, when you were near.

I didn't care if my neighbours thought I was mad,  
As you cheered me up when I was feeling sad.  
I remember once, as I was about to walk away,  
You put your paw on my foot, gazing up at me, as if to say 'Please stay!'

You had the most gorgeous, long grey fur,  
And, when contented, the happiest purr.  
With your golden eyes, you'd gaze up at me  
And sometimes place a paw upon my knee.

You weren't my cat, but of you I was very fond.  
Over the years, we formed a very close bond.  
I always smiled when I was with you,  
And, in a funny way, I could feel that you were smiling to!

A few times, when you shot towards me in the dark at night,  
I almost jumped out of my skin, as you gave me quite a fright!  
If, at work, I'd had a particularly bad day,  
Time spent with you would take the stress away.

Sometimes I passed your gate and just didn't see you there -  
Lost in my own little world of worry and care,  
But you always spotted me and would have something to say:  
Quick as lightning, you'd rush past me, turn, and then stand in my way!

When I think of you, a smile creeps across my face.  
I've made other feline friends, but you they can't replace.  
We were friends a long time - ten years,  
So I guess it's understandable that I shed some tears.

It's over four years now, since you went away,  
But I still miss you every single day.

Now that I've captured your essence in this rhyme,  
Your memory will live on for the rest of time.

Angela Wybrow

## Returning To RADA

I sit in Reception and wait, and wonder  
What is going on, as it sounds like thunder.  
Up on the first floor, somewhere above my head,  
The students are making enough noise to wake the dead.  
Across the room, I can hear feet running to and fro,  
And the drama students utter loud sounds, as they go.

It's Saturday, but rehearsal studios are alive wherever I go,  
With drama students, honing their skills, in readiness to show.  
En route to my exam, I pause upon the first floor,  
And, am drawn by sounds, which I just can't ignore.  
A tinkling piano and the sound of singing, is what I hear;  
I stand there momentarily, soaking up the atmosphere.

Sitting outside the exam room now and I can hear a cello;  
Its sound soaring towards me: deeply resonant and mellow.  
The previous candidate emerges from the exam room,  
And is living proof that you should never ever assume.  
He's a stocky guy, in his mid forties, with shaven hair;  
Not the kind of person I would have expected to see there!  
But, then I guess I'm not a typical drama student either;  
Just another person, like him, hit by Shakespeare fever!

In the exam, I begin reciting my sonnet and fluff my lines,  
So I end up starting the piece again, for a second time.  
I'm calmer now and my train of thought is back on track,  
And in my concentration, there is now no further lack.  
During my second piece, I sit on an imaginary moonlit bank.  
This time, thankfully, my mind is clear and doesn't go blank.

I launch into my final piece and have a right ball,  
As the speaker is angry and this is not like me at all!  
Where my imaginary target stands, I have a man in mind;  
Someone from my life, who I've recently left behind.  
I would have loved to have shouted at him like this;  
I find the moment extremely therapeutic! Pure bliss!

I thoroughly enjoy throwing my two arms around,  
And raising my voice; making such a loud sound.  
The words are firmly stuck there, within my head,  
And, if looks could kill, my victim would be dead!  
Through the piece, venting my pent-up anger, I plough,  
And, from the examiner, my efforts earn me a 'wow!'

With my sight-reading test, I attempt to 'emotionally invest',  
But with only three minutes to study the piece, I just do my best.  
We talk and she tells me that I bring much to the table.  
I express self-doubt, but she seems to consider me able.  
She expresses hope that I'll come back to the Academy again.  
Next time, it will be my Gold Certificate I'll be hoping to obtain.

But I wonder how I'll know, if my standard ever gets that good?

How will I know if I if I shouldn't attempt it or even if I should?  
Next time, there'll be two examiners watching me,  
And I can imagine just how nervous I will, then, be!  
I'm just not sure within my self, that I'll ever be that clever,  
But, then again, as the saying often goes, never say never!

Angela Wybrow

## Reunited

When I received a letter from my Dad,  
Saying he didn't want to meet,  
I decided to go and confront him.  
I wasn't going to admit defeat.

'I told you in my letter not to come.  
I thought I made that perfectly clear!  
It would never work. I don't even know you, '  
Were not the words I'd hoped to hear.

'It's too late, ' he told me.  
'You've got your life. I've got mine.'  
He was shocked when I told him  
I'd lost my Mum in an accident when I was nine.

My brother, Luke, asked me to stay in touch.  
He was begging me to stay,  
But there seemed nothing between me and Dad,  
And I thought it best for me to go away.

When I was small, we went for walks.  
It was always Dad's hand I wanted to hold.  
It kept me from falling.  
It kept me from the cold.

I was sitting in the car ready to leave,  
But took one last look out the window.  
Dad was stood there. I went to him.  
'Don't go, ' he pleaded. 'Please, don't go! '

As he held my hand in his  
For the first time in thirty years,  
I found it totally impossible  
To hold back the flood of tears.

I put my head on his shoulder,  
And we held each other tight.  
This was the moment I'd dreamed of,  
And now I was convinced the moment was right.

Angela Wybrow

## Road Works

I think we'd all agree that Britain's road works,  
Whilst ongoing, offer up little in the way of perks.  
You know that it will all be worth it in the end,  
But, being caught in them drives you round the bend.

You sit there in the queue – cars nose to tail,  
And you speed along as fast as a garden snail!  
You're in a rush and need to be somewhere quick,  
But, forgetting the works, this was the route you picked.

For ages, there's no movement from your steering wheel.  
Angry and very frustrated is how you're beginning to feel.  
'Come on! Come on! I haven't got all day!' you silently say.  
If you'd chosen another route, you'd now be on your way!

You're feeling really tense and have a terrible headache,  
But, quite a while longer, this situation is going to take.  
To be able to get out of this mess, you well and truly yearn,  
And wish that you were able to perform a cunning U-turn.

But, now you're here, you have to sit and wait.  
You glance at your watch, hoping you won't be late.  
You can feel your blood pressure steadily rising.  
In the circumstances, I guess it's hardly surprising!

You try to calm down, so a tune you begin to hum.  
On the steering wheel, your fingers manically drum.  
You grab the steering wheel and swear and curse.  
You dearly wish that you were allowed to reverse.

Finally, the lights go green and you're on the move.  
You're back to your old self and back in your groove.  
Upon your face, there slowly appears a smile  
But, it's taken you twenty minutes to drive a mile!

From the traffic queue, you've now been freed,  
And foot on accelerator, you pick up speed.  
You now feel fully invigorated and alive,  
And off into the sunset, you happily drive.

Angela Wybrow

## **Rosie (Dog Poem)**

She howls like a wolf, morning, noon, and night,  
Whenever her family, are not within her sight.  
I always know when none of her family are about,  
As she barks and howls, until she wears herself out.

When she became ill, her family began to worry,  
So they took her off to the vets' in quite a hurry.  
From her neck, she had to have a lump removed,  
And her condition, very steadily, began to improve.

For a few days, she sat feeling sorry for herself,  
But, soon enough, she was back to her full health.  
Her family were thrilled, that she had recovered,  
As they think the world of her, and really love her.

She really loves her family, with all of her heart,  
And, from them, she really hates being apart.  
Their love and attention, she constantly craves.  
She is well trained and so impeccably behaved.

She enjoys their companionship so very much.  
Every so often, she will seek a reassuring touch.  
I always know whenever the postman is around,  
As, from next door, I hear a manic barking sound.

For her, playing 'fetch' with her ball is a real treat.  
Upon retrieving it, she'll dropp it down at your feet.  
She'll nudge the ball towards you, with her nose;  
You throw it for her again, and away she will go.

Of many dogs, I'm scared, but with Rosie, I'm fine;  
She has a gentle nature, and her eyes are really kind.  
With Rosie, I don't feel that I'm under any threat;  
She's one of the gentlest dogs, who I have ever met.

Angela Wybrow

## Sand Storm

We make our way along Bournemouth prom,  
To a favourite pub of ours, for a lazy late lunch.  
But long before we ever make it that far along,  
Our mouths fill with sand, on which we crunch.

The sand from the beach is being blown by the wind.  
We watch it as we walk along the almost endless prom.  
Despite having to battle through the gusting gale,  
It's quite a novelty to see the sand being blown along.

The fine granules form ever moving designs.  
Many an interesting pattern the sand makes.  
As it's perpetually blown this way and that,  
It twists and turns and twirls, just like snakes.

The sand has collected in patches here and there,  
And some of them really are pretty deep.  
Rather than walking along the tarmac prom,  
We could almost be walking along the actual beach!

As I walk through the large patches of sand,  
The granules collect in both of my shoes.  
But I walk through patch after patch en route:  
I don't mind, as, me, it does quite amuse.

The wind whips the sand up into a frenzy.  
It's in my mouth, my eyes and in my hair.  
Sand is being blown all over the place.  
In fact, it seems to be almost everywhere!

I happen to place my hand on the back of my neck,  
And I can feel sand there, just below my head.  
The next morning, when I get up and look,  
There are grains of sand near the foot of my bed!

It was really nice to have a small reminder  
Of our very enjoyable, but tiring, day out.  
I do so love going down to Bournemouth.  
We'll be back there soon without a doubt!

Angela Wybrow

## Scared!

&lt;/&gt;I feel quite happy going up escalators or stairs,  
But, for coming down them, I don't much care.  
I hate elevators which have sides made of glass;  
Given the option to ride in one, I think I'd pass.

I hate looking downwards from a great height,  
As, over the edge, I'm scared I'd take flight.  
I'm totally terrified of wasps, which may sting,  
But, am not that keen on any insects, with wings.

Another creature which would give me a fright,  
Is a boisterous dog, which I fear would bite.  
I hate having to have injections into my arm;  
I always tense up, and can't keep myself calm.

I shake all over when, at me, someone shouts,  
And I waste no time at all, in getting myself out.  
I hate being on a plane, just as it's taking flight;  
I grab my seat, so that my knuckles turn white.

In winter, I'm scared of walking along on the ice;  
I've fallen over a few times and it isn't very nice.  
I hate roller-coasters and other rides which go very fast;  
But, I know some people, on these rides, have a right blast.

There are many things in life, which I worry about,  
And there are many things, which freak me out.  
With the idea of facing my fears, I have often toyed,  
But I find it less stressful if, these things, I just avoid.

Angela Wybrow

## Scrap Metal

Today, we had a leaflet dropp through our front door.  
Any old scrap metal was what they were looking for.  
They were after smaller items, like pots and pans,  
Through to the very large items, like cars and vans.

On collection day, I looked out of my bedroom window,  
And saw the truck parked up by the curb down below.  
In the back were bikes, ladders, lawnmowers and kitchen sinks.  
Metals of all types: steel, copper, aluminium, iron, brass and zinc.

Scrap metal seems to be very big business these days.  
There are many dodgy deals going on, but it seems to pay.  
Scrap metal dealers are obviously turning a blind eye.  
The price they're paying for items must be pretty high.

There are now many buyers after jewellery, new or old.  
They will happily snap up any precious metals being sold.  
Since the beginning of our current state of recession,  
People are more likely to sell any items in their procession.

Trolleys were recently stolen, totalling a hundred or more,  
From the outside of a famous supermarket chain store.  
When the company pays out for trolleys which are new,  
The thieves return at a later date and then steal those to.

Cunning plans these thieves almost certainly do not lack –  
Stealing trolleys, they ask for money to return them back.  
Also recently stolen was a long length of telephone cable –  
To make any phone calls, the local residents were not able.

A while back there were major delays on the local trains:  
Thieves stole some cabling. It's all getting rather insane.  
Also being frequently stolen is the lead off church roofs,  
And next, it will be the horse shoes off of horse's hooves.

Of stolen post boxes, there has been many a recent report.  
Morals obviously weren't something these people were taught.  
These people will stop at nothing in order to get financial gain  
But it can often be at the expense of someone else's mental pain.

Angela Wybrow

## Season Of Unrest

Watching TV, I really can't quite believe my eyes.  
The country's losing control, I'm starting to realise.  
If I was caught up in the riots, I'd be shaking with fear,  
But, to be honest, I wouldn't even dare venture near.

All that people can see for many miles around,  
Are buildings on fire, being razed to the ground.  
Some people have literally lost all their possessions,  
Which hits them harder in this time of recession.

Faced with rioters with masks to hide their faces,  
Riot-trained police are put through their paces.  
The authorities seem to be rapidly losing control,  
And their lack of strong presence is taking its toll.

In some places, are police dressed in their riot gear.  
All around, you can almost smell the sense of fear.  
Cars and buildings are being deliberately set on fire.  
People are running amok till their heart's desire.

They're breaking down people's front doors,  
As well as looting goods from the nearby stores.  
Many shops have had their windows smashed;  
Their goods carried off to where the loot is stashed.

Petrol bombs and missiles are being thrown at the police,  
Who are doing their best to restore relative peace.  
The streets are bathed in orange firelight,  
As police and rioters continue to fight.

Staff have locked themselves in; too scared to leave work.  
Scared of getting caught up in the mobs going berserk.  
TV reporters try their very best to keep us up to date,  
But, with their own lives at risk, reports have to wait.

Unrest has now spread far and wide.  
Law abiding citizens run and hide.  
People are being forced to leave their homes.  
Through the dark streets, terrified, they roam.

Unrest has been brewing for quite a while.  
With cutbacks and job losses, people get riled.  
People wonder where will be targeted next.  
The whole country, this problem now affects.

I'm concerned for the safety of a dear friend.  
I do so wish these awful riots would end.  
I really do hope that it's not long before,  
Peace and harmony are restored once more.

Angela Wybrow

## Shakespeare's Globe

Last summer, I went to Shakespeare's Globe  
For the first time ever, to watch a classic play.  
Sitting in one of the covered tiered gallery seats,  
I saw 'Henry 1V' and it really was a wonderful day.

The weather was really very hot and sunny,  
But there was a lovely, cooling, light breeze.  
I thought it had such a wonderful ambience,  
And, my soul, the whole experience did please.

The 'groundlings' are permitted for just a fiver,  
But, if the heavens opened, they would get wet.  
I've been to the theatre three times now,  
And, not once, has it rained on them yet.

There are always padded seat cushions available,  
And I would really recommend that you hire some.  
The plays they present are often quite long in length,  
And the wooden seats are pretty hard on your bum!

You can often see and hear planes overhead,  
Through the round hole in the theatre's roof.  
And as the performers sometimes discover,  
The building also isn't very pigeon proof!

Once time, when I went to see a play there,  
A pigeon landed on the front of the stage.  
The actress, giving a speech at the time,  
Stamped her foot hard and shooed him away.

The audiences seem to have a wonderful time,  
And there's always such a great atmosphere.  
Young and old alike are completely captured,  
And you often hear the audience's hearty cheers.

On my first visit there, I fell in love with the place,  
And I was suddenly eager to visit some more.  
By that time, it had been open over ten years,  
And I deeply regretted not having visited before.

I'm due to visit the theatre in August again,  
To see their production of 'Anne Boleyn.'  
It was there last year and got great reviews.  
So to miss this chance would be such a sin.

I've now set myself a small goal in life,  
To see at least one play there per year.  
Even if, like me, you're not that well off,  
You can book a seat which won't cost dear.

The nature of the place is just so appealing,  
And I find its magnetic pull very attracting,

Plus, of course, the play themselves are good,  
And so are all the brilliant casts and their acting.

As well as the actual plays themselves,  
There's also related events you can attend.  
Going there is such a great experience,  
And one I would definitely recommend.

Angela Wybrow

## Shepherd's Hey

When I hear the Northumbrian Pipes play  
Percy Grainger's folk song, Shepherd's Hey,  
I feel the need to move my body in some way:  
Tap my fingers or feet or, side to side, sway.  
My hands, I feel, I want to rhythmically clap.  
I'd be challenged to keep them still in my lap.  
I can't help but have a smile on my face,  
As it's a cheerful piece with a jaunty pace.  
It brings back many happy memories for me,  
As years ago, I played it as a music exam piece.  
It makes me feel like I want to get up and dance,  
And I probably would, if I was given the chance.  
It's so very joyful and I just want to jig around.  
I could imagine it accompanying a circus clown.  
I feel a sense of excitement in me, deep down inside.  
I could imagine it accompanying a fast, galloping ride.  
The piece is very playful and very light.  
It's also very vibrant and extremely bright.  
The tune is catchy and memorable to hum:  
Dee dum dum dum, Dee dum dum dum!  
It's one of those tunes which stay in your head all day;  
Even a long time after, you've heard it being played.

Angela Wybrow

## Simple Pleasures

In our lives, there are many little pleasures;  
Little moments which we love to treasure.  
Things which, on your face, put a smile,  
Even if only for the very briefest while.

Sleeping between freshly laundered cotton sheets.  
Breakfast in bed is an experience, which can't be beat.  
Discovering that you've at last lost a few pounds in weight.  
Going to the cinema to see the latest film with a good mate.

Browsing around a second hand bookshop.  
Making the bubbles on bubble-wrap pop!  
Sitting, browsing through your old photos.  
Playing about in the freshly fallen snow.

Singing your heart out to your favourite song in your car.  
Meeting up for a drink with your friends at a local bar.  
Curling up on the sofa with a hot drink and a good book.  
Someone paying you a compliment on the way you look.

Waking up, thinking it's a workday, and then discovering it's the weekend.  
Having a relaxing, girly night in, with your all of your close girlfriends.  
When you make someone's face light up with a big smile.  
Catching up with old friends, you haven't seen for a while.

Discovering a tenner in you pocket, which you forgot was there.  
The odour of freshly cut grass filling the summer air.  
Finding yourself in the quickest supermarket queue.  
Having a relaxing massage or getting a new hair-do.

Getting all dressed up for a great, fun night out.  
Eating your Mum's Sunday roast, without a doubt.  
Reading a good book on holiday by the pool.  
The side of the pillow, which is lovely and cool.

When a random person smiles at you in the street,  
Or when a person on a bus or train, gives you their seat.  
Excitedly watching the very first snowfall of the year.  
After work, sitting relaxing, sipping a nice, ice-cold beer.

Seeing a small baby clap their hands and joyfully laugh.  
Lying back and relaxing in a luxurious, warm bubble bath.  
When, from a friend, you receive a colourful, news filled letter.  
When something happens, which makes everything feel better.

Different things bring different people pleasure,  
So it can be difficult to calculate the exact measure.  
But I suspect that at least one of the above,  
Describes something which you really love.

Angela Wybrow

## **Singer/Songwriter (Leddra Chapman)**

(This poem was inspired by the singer/songwriter, Leddra Chapman.)

This singer songwriter, of only nineteen years of age,  
Is met by warm applause, as she takes to the stage.  
She acknowledges her fans and bids them a cheery 'hello.'  
This evening, she's accompanied by keyboard and cello.

As she stands on stage, tuning her guitar,  
She still can't believe that she has come this far.  
She soon launches into her first song.  
Her fans join in and joyously sing along.

With her audience, she happily interacts.  
Fans, into every venue, she manages to pack.  
She is able to light up an entire room,  
When, all around us is doom and gloom.

Her outfit gives her a slightly hippie appearance,  
Which, with her long blonde hair, gives her endearance.  
Her manner is easy and light.  
Her smile always beams so bright.

She often plays at small, intimate venues,  
But quite a few festivals, she's played at to.  
She's still studying at music school,  
But, already, her music is considered really cool.

Her first album has already been released.  
Soon, there'll be a second. Another musical feast!  
Her songs have often been played on Radio Two,  
And she's also been on TV, singing and doing interviews.

This young lady who's still up and coming,  
Stands with her guitar, her fingers gently strumming.  
At the end of her set, she and her band take their bows.  
The applause from the audience is extremely loud.

After finishing one of her wonderful shows,  
She's happy to sign autographs and pose for photos.  
She's one singer, who will never grow too big for her boots,  
As she stays down to earth and remembers her humble roots.

Angela Wybrow

## **Singing With Excitement!**

Standing on the stage, with the choir,  
At London's famous Royal Festival Hall,  
Singing Carl Orff's iconic 'O Fortuna',  
Was one of the greatest feelings of all!

It felt unreal, but so amazing, to be there.  
The choir was over a hundred people strong,  
And we were all singing, on stage, together;  
Raising our voices, and being united in song.

This famous piece, really packs a punch,  
And it's delivered at an unforgiving pace.  
It can be difficult to sing a single note, though,  
With a massive ear to ear grin upon your face!

The two pianos and percussion, accompanying us,  
Were hammering the music out at full pelt.  
Absolutely nothing on this earth, could compare  
To the sense of total exhilaration, which I felt!

I love the moment, when the dynamics change;  
They range from quite soft to really very loud.  
We stood there singing, at the tops of our voices,  
And the audience, I'm sure, were pretty wowed!

Sadly, it all seemed to be over, way too soon,  
But I could have carried on singing all night.  
When we had finished our powerful performance,  
We got a standing ovation, much to our delight!

Before we went on stage that night,  
There had been a real air of anticipation,  
And now, that it was all finally over,  
There was a feeling of total elation!

Backstage, following the performance,  
There were smiles, and many a 'well done! '  
The atmosphere there, was totally electric,  
And, of course, we'd all had so much fun!

Angela Wybrow

## **Speedboat Ride**

Eastwards, along the Thames, we leisurely cruise,  
Taking in, all around us, some magnificent views.  
We are given a live commentary, by our Guide,  
As, past many places of interest, we now ride.

By the time, the speedboat reaches Canary Wharf,  
There is far less river traffic, going to and forth.  
Very suddenly, our boat picks up great speed;  
To hold on tightly, there now is a great need.

As our boat zooms about, here and there,  
The cold, wild wind whips through our hair.  
The experience is just so totally exhilarating,  
And, most definitely, well worth the waiting.

As the speedboat, merrily twists and turns,  
The river water, below us, restlessly churns.  
The boat zigzags about, rocking side to side;  
In our seats, our bottoms can't help but slide.

Over newly created waves, our boat now hops;  
For a second, we're flying, before we then drop.  
We're bumped about: just like at a fairground,  
But, all too soon, our boat is homeward bound.

Our experience has really been just so thrilling;  
To repeat it all, we are both more than willing.  
A while later, we're stood back upon dry land,  
With another speedboat trip already planned.

Angela Wybrow

## Spider Eviction

Upon my bedroom wall,  
A big black spider crawls.  
I tell him 'Stay where you are! '  
While I dash off to get a jar.  
I place the jar over him,  
So that he is within its rim.  
He panics when he realises he's trapped,  
But when the jar is tapped,  
He runs straight inside.  
There's no escape now, even if he tried.  
Between the jar and the wall,  
I slip a thin piece of cardboard.  
From the wall, I take the trap away,  
And in the jar, he unhappily stays.  
Keeping my hand firmly on top,  
Down the stairs I quickly pop.  
I push the door handle with my elbow,  
And outside, him and me go.  
Upon the grass,  
I place the glass.  
I place it on its side,  
Leaving the mouth open wide.  
He runs off quickly into the night.  
Both him and me having had quite a fright!

Angela Wybrow

## **Spring: New Beginnings**

I have always loved the heralding of spring,  
When the spell of youth is cast upon everything.  
Gardens everywhere awaken from their sleep,  
As the sun, from behind the clouds, does peep.

Leafy green shoots begin to sprout.  
Flowers begin to pop their heads out.  
Yellow daffodils stand proud and tall,  
But, sadly, are gone in no time at all.

The sweet smell of blossom on the trees,  
Wafts down from above on the gentle breeze.  
Buttercups and daisies are abundant everywhere  
And the buzz of flying insects fills the warm air.

The season heralds a bright new dawn.  
Baby birds and animals are being born.  
The days are beginning to get progressively longer  
And the sun's rays are beginning to shine stronger.

There's a sense of hope at this time of year,  
Bringing with it, some much needed cheer.  
It's heartening to know that summer is around the corner,  
When the weather will grow increasingly warmer.

Angela Wybrow

## Stars

I love to watch the night stars as they glow;  
They are one of nature's 'free for all' shows.  
Take the time to look upwards towards the night sky,  
And be amazed at the spectacle, which meets your eye.

There are different stars; both big and small.  
Twinkling away, like lights at a fairytale ball.  
I'm not so fond of cloudy days, I have to say,  
When, these natural wonders are hidden away.

We spend most of our time, looking straight ahead,  
Or, snuggling up in our nice, warm and cosy, beds.  
So when it's dark, we tend to miss this amazing sight;  
This spectacular show, playing at such a great height.

I love to look up at the sky on a cloudless night,  
And feel totally astounded by this awesome sight.  
Upwards, it is worth your while to stand and stare,  
As you can never tell exactly what you will see there.

Angela Wybrow

## Steam Dreams

In this day of electric and diesel, very rarely is seen,  
A shining locomotive, which is powered by steam.  
Back in the days, when my parents were born,  
The sight of a steam train was quite the norm.

Whenever a steam train catches my eye,  
I stand, watching in awe, as it passes by.  
'Oh wow! Look!' I say, as I point a finger,  
And the memory of it in my mind will linger.

Steam trains will never completely die out,  
As, thankfully, there's still quite a few about.  
About a steam train, there's something really quite dramatic.  
And at the chance of riding on one, people are often ecstatic.

I remember seeing The Flying Scotsman at Salisbury station,  
And I stood there marvelling at it with such great admiration.  
The engine and all of its carriages just looked so smart.  
The sight of such a train, never fails to quicken the heart.

Steam trains are so very elegant in their style.  
To spot one, enthusiasts will travel many a mile.  
It strange to think that years ago, they were all the rage,  
When, they are such a very rare sight, in this day and age.

The sight of the world famous Orient Express,  
Is one which will never ever fail to impress.  
Through the windows, you can see the plush seats,  
Where excited passengers will sit down and eat.

On board, the historic carriages of brown and cream,  
They serve expensive champagne and gourmet cuisine.  
Sat in a world of pure indulgence, passengers glide,  
Through the green and pleasant British countryside.

The carriages have all been restored to their former glory;  
If they could talk, I'm sure they could all share quite a story.  
The carriages have been described as 'palaces on wheels',  
And I would really love to know just how that feels.

Still being a very rare sight in these modern times,  
I fancy taking a trip on a steam train, to sit and dine.  
I guess you would have to pay quite a princely sum,  
But I think it would be worth it, just to travel on one.

Angela Wybrow

## **Stratford-Upon-Avon**

Oh, how I wish I could be  
Back in that dear little town,  
Where the ambience is so laid back  
And folks just stroll around.

I love being by the river,  
Watching the world go by,  
With the sun shining bright  
In a cloudless, blue sky.

If you're visiting the town for pleasure,  
Then you rarely look at the clock.  
You can wander through the waterside gardens,  
And watch the boats go through the lock.

The geese and swans and ducks,  
Always on the lookout for a bite to eat,  
Are extremely tame and will take the risk  
Of hijacking your food, if you leave it on your seat!

From the barges on the river,  
You can buy a filled baguette or ice cream,  
Then you can sit back and relax  
In the pretty gardens and admire the scene.

Going for a boat trip down the Avon  
Is relaxing and is great fun:  
If you're lucky, you may spot dragonflies -  
Their bright blue bodies shimmering in the sun.

In the evenings, folks head to the theatres,  
To see plays by Shakespeare and the like,  
But if that's not your cup of tea,  
You can always go for a walk or ride on a bike.

Life is so stressful nowadays  
So it's the perfect place to get away.  
My heart yearns to be there again,  
And I really hope to return some day.

Angela Wybrow

## Street Dancing

We're the number one street dance crew;  
We're doing what we were born to do.  
We strive to reach the highest heights.  
What we do is explosive: like dynamite.  
There ain't no room for any indecision;  
All our moves need spot-on precision.  
This way and that, we twist and turn.  
The floor, we set on fire, and we burn.  
We need to keep our routines tight;  
Each move needs to be exactly right.  
We spin cartwheels across the floor,  
Leaving the crowds, calling for more.  
We spin on our heads, and on our backs.  
We're aiming real high: for the very max.  
Strutting, tutting, and doing scissor kicks,  
Our routines are a total dance fusion mix.  
Techno, ballet, tap, urban, folk and jazz -  
Moves from all these genres, add pizzazz.  
We're hip-hopping and body-popping.  
Jiggin', jerkin', bouncing and bopping.  
Waving, turfing, floating, strobbing, snaking:  
Add to new routines, which are in the making.  
We need to keep the energy high.  
Their very best, everyone will try.  
Dedication, is the name of the game.  
Dressed in our gear, we're all the same.  
We're bustin' all our coolest moves,  
To the very latest happenin' grooves.  
When we hear the very first beat,  
We can't help, but move our feet.  
You'll find us, most nights, gettin' down,  
To the coolest sounds and vibes around.  
The club is alive, and the beat is thumping.  
All around us, the crews are krumping.  
On the dance floor, we glide and slide.  
In our every move, we show our pride.  
Through our dance, ourselves we express.  
We're hopin' that our moves, will impress.  
Our feet, upon the floor, we do stomp.  
We need to win our next dance comp.  
When it comes to our next big test,  
We won't be happy, till we're the best.

Angela Wybrow

## Summer At The Beach

It is late morning and I arrive at the beach,  
Which is alive with so many sights, sounds and smells.  
The sound of the rhythmic waves can be heard,  
As can the sound of children's excited whoops and yells.

The sea glints and glitters in the shining sun.  
The feel of wet sand beneath my feet is pure bliss.  
Just being here enlivens all of my senses  
And the feeling is way too good to miss.

The surfers are out and about in full force,  
Hoping with their hearts to catch the waves they crave.  
Lifeguards keep watch from the beach that all is well  
And anyone they see getting into difficulty, they'll save.

Dogs splash around at the water's edge.  
They shake their coats; the droplets drench like rain.  
Then, having splashed everything in sight,  
They race back down to the water and dash back in again!

Small yachts can be seen way out to sea;  
Their white sails glinting like pure snow.  
A speed boat zig zags, zipping across the bay,  
Leaving a frothy white trail as it goes.

The cries of seagulls can be heard  
As they wheel around on the lookout for a bite to eat.  
Discarded bits of sandwich, doughnut or crisps  
Are often found and for them make a tasty treat.

Walking and talking or just lost in their thoughts,  
People stroll along the seemingly endless prom.  
Losing all track of time and distance,  
Amazed when they look back to see where they've walked from.

Children are splashing about in the sea,  
Or building sandcastles of every kind,  
While others go off exploring the rock pools  
Full of excited anticipation of what they may find.

Some people are happy to sit in the sun  
On a towel or on a sun lounger and relax,  
While others like to play sports or games,  
Wanting to live their lives to the very max!

At the kiosks along the front, there are massive queues  
Buying chips, burgers, doughnuts, popcorn and soft drinks.  
Sat in their stripy deckchairs outside their beach huts,  
People read the paper or try to catch forty winks.

People are sat on the patio outside the pub on the prom,  
Eating and drinking and busily chatting away.

With the warm summer sun kissing their skin,  
They wish this moment would last all day.

Sunny days like these really lift your mood,  
And it's a shame we don't see much of this weather.  
But when these sun-drenched days do come along,  
You wish they could go on for ever and ever!

Angela Wybrow

## Summer Is Nearly Over

Our long, hot summer is sadly nearly over.  
No more will we see the daisy or the clover.  
The leaves have already begun to fall from the trees.  
No longer will the summer flowers attract busy bees.

For dinner, we'll be cooking hearty casseroles,  
To warm through our poor, cold, shivering souls.  
We'll soon be experiencing many a misty morn,  
When pretty little dew-drops crystallize the lawns.

In shop windows, mannequins wear browns and greys;  
Reflecting the forthcoming grey and gloomy winter days.  
We'll be dead-heading the once pretty summer flowers.  
And huddle under umbrellas against the wintry showers.

About leaves on the train lines, we'll soon have to worry,  
And the wrong kind of snow will slow down those in a hurry.  
Students will soon return to University, college and school,  
As the weather changes from being very hot to decidedly cool.

Out of storage, we'll retrieve our winter duvets,  
And, longer in our beds, we'll now want to stay.  
With the summer season over, seafront cafes will shut up shop,  
And pleasure boat rides for tourists will soon begin to stop.

The nights will grow increasingly longer.  
The winds will grow increasingly stronger.  
Soon, there'll be dull days and rain drops.  
No more will we be wearing strappy tops.

In our woolly hats, coats and gloves, we'll be all snug.  
At night, we'll sit, by the fireside, with soup in a mug.  
No longer will we be craving strawberry ice cream.  
Of next year's summer holiday, we'll sit and dream.

Soon, we'll be faced with many a hard frost,  
When some of our precious plants may be lost.  
Very soon, we'll have changed our style of dressing,  
From summer to winter, which is so very depressing.

Angela Wybrow

## Summer On The South Bank

Nothing quite beats strolling along  
London's South Bank in the sun.  
From the cafes and bars laughter is heard.  
The vibe is electric. There's a real sense of fun.

Like a giant bicycle wheel,  
Turning slowly, is the London Eye.  
Its numerous see-through pods  
Carrying passengers way up high.

The 'Appearing Rooms' art installation,  
Has constantly dancing water jets.  
Small children in swimwear, shriek with joy,  
As them, the water cools and wets.

In the ballroom at the Royal Festival Hall,  
There's often entertainment for free.  
You can watch singers, dancers or musicians,  
While sitting having cake and a cup of tea.

Out on the rolling River Thames,  
There's boats of all kinds, including catamarans.  
As they pass under the numerous bridges,  
Passers-by smile and wave their hands.

At Gabriel's Wharf, a bit further along,  
The smell of garlic lingers in the air.  
People sit outside eating pizza and pasta,  
Chatting and relaxing, without a care.

The sand sculptors work away  
On the small beach left by the tide.  
When the water, once again, rises,  
Their masterpieces, it will wash away and hide.

Keep going, and you come to the Globe,  
Where the roar of the crowd can be heard.  
This round wooden 'O' is dedicated  
To keeping alive Shakespeare's word.

Ice cream vans are dotted along the way,  
Selling strawberry, vanilla and chocolate ice.  
They often also sell other snacks and drinks.  
With their wares, customers they try to entice.

Caught up in the atmosphere,  
It's hard to tear yourself away,  
But you finally leave the thrilling throng,  
In the knowledge that you can repeat it all another day.

Angela Wybrow

## Summer's Here At Last!

I wake up early and the sun is shining in the sky.  
It sends my still sleepy spirit soaring to a real high.  
Having recently had so many a grey and rainy day,  
It's nice to see some sunshine finally come our way!

The roads are chock-a-block as folk get away  
To local beaches, where they'll spend the day.  
Loving couples are strolling slowly hand in hand.  
There's a massive queue for the ice cream man.

Some folk are dressed in shorts and strappy tops,  
While on their feet, they wear sandals or flip-flops.  
Some ladies laze in a bikini reading a good book,  
With a pair of sunglasses to complete the look.

Some people in the park relax in a deck chair.  
There's a definite smell of suntan lotion in the air.  
Birdsong is heard from the branches of the trees,  
As is the constant buzzing of the bumble bees.

A beautiful bright blue butterfly catches my eye.  
I pause and watch enchanted as it flutters on by.  
Kids dash in and out of the shallow paddling pool -  
Playing in the water, whilst keeping nice and cool.

I hear the hum of an electric lawn mower.  
I see ripples on the river left by a lone rower.  
I hear a garden sprinkler chit-chittering away,  
Giving crucial hydration on this hot summer day.

Way up high, in the cloudless pale blue sky,  
A small plane leaves a smoke trail as it flies by.  
The inviting smells from a barbeque drift past my nose.  
I hear someone squeal as they're drenched by a hose!

Wind chimes are stirred by the soft summer breeze -  
With their plinking, tinkling sounds, my ear, they please.  
I wish that days like this could just last and last,  
But they always seem to fly by extremely fast.

All too soon, this perfect day comes to a close.  
Will tomorrow be another sunny day? Who knows?

Angela Wybrow

## Sunday Cycle Rides

Quite often, on a Sunday morning,  
Dad and I would take a cycle ride.  
Up the steep hills, we would struggle,  
But, down them, we would glide.

We'd cycle to villages like Monxton,  
Abbott's Ann and St Mary Bourne.  
We'd pass fields of lowing cattle,  
As well as fields of golden corn.

Once, as we were passing some sheep,  
I gently applied my brakes and stopped.  
I stood watching the cute little lambs,  
As they leapt, and jumped, and hopped.

We would cycle along the back roads,  
And whiz along winding, country lanes.  
I felt happy enough when the sun was out,  
But not so much so, when it began to rain.

Along the roads, we'd pass babbling brooks,  
And horses with rhythmic clip-clopping hooves.  
We'd pass village greens with duck ponds,  
And pretty little cottages with thatched roofs.

But our cycle rides abruptly came to an end,  
When, one day, my Dad suddenly died.  
Nowadays, I don't even own a bicycle,  
But I really miss our Sunday cycle rides.

Angela Wybrow

## Tears For A Friend

When we first met, I was fourteen;  
You were younger than me, by a year.  
When I learned of your recent passing,  
I couldn't help from shedding a sad tear.

Our paths crossed again, two years later,  
In Winchester, when we did a 10k run.  
You were a seasoned runner by then,  
But I was running the race, just for fun.

The final time that I ever saw you,  
We were young ladies, in our late teens;  
We were both so happy to be reunited,  
And hoping to become Carnival Queen.

Then, to university, you went away.  
Later, you married and had a family.  
Life was different, and you'd moved on,  
And, for many a year, you lived happily.

But, a few years back, I met your mum,  
And, was shocked to learn of your plight.  
I was so glad that you were in remission,  
But, now, I learn that you've lost your fight.

There's an old saying, which is strange:  
'Life begins at forty' so people often say,  
But following your bravely borne battle,  
That's the exact age, you were taken away.

Sometimes, life seems to be so very unfair.  
'Only the good die young' goes the song,  
But when you're in the prime of your life,  
Death and suffering just seem so very wrong.

Our two lives took very different paths,  
And it's been years since we last ever met.  
But, over the years, I thought of you often,  
And you, I promise, I will never ever forget.

Angela Wybrow

## The 10k Run

I'm stood at the start of my first 10k run,  
Waiting for the sound of the starting gun.  
BANG! And I'm off like a flying shot.  
I'm going to give this all that I've got.

I soon fall into a comfortable, steady pace.  
I'm not aiming for anything like first place,  
But I still want to achieve a decent time,  
When I finally cross the finishing line.

I'm jogging along and doing just fine,  
Until we reach a very slight incline.  
Running up even this fairly small hill,  
Uses just about every ounce of my will.

But soon, we're back to the flat,  
And I think 'Thank goodness for that! '  
I grab a cup from the water station,  
Then plod on with grim determination.

Thousands of rhythmic feet  
Continue pounding the streets.  
I keep pressing on and on and on,  
And soon five miles have gone.

By this point, some people are starting to tire,  
While others have as much energy as a live wire.  
I'm really hot and have broken into quite a sweat,  
But there's no way I'm intending to give up yet.

The crowds along the route clap and cheer.  
With every footstep, the finish draws near.  
I punch the air as I finally cross the line,  
And am pleased to see I beat my target time.

I'm thrilled with the time that I've achieved,  
But that it's all over, I admit to being relieved.  
My body feels like a mental and physical wreck,  
As an official places a shiny medal round my neck

It was hard going out there today,  
But it was also really great fun.  
So soon I'll be back in training  
For my next 10k run!

Angela Wybrow

## **The Arrival Of Georgia Jayne**

&lt;/&gt;A brand new baby has just been born on our block;  
She wears pretty little dresses and dinky little socks.  
The recent arrival of gorgeous, little Georgia Jayne,  
Has made all the waiting worthwhile – and the pain!

I go to visit her and her family, at their house;  
Georgia doesn't cry: she's as quiet as a mouse.  
She's looks so very innocent and so very small;  
She looks around, trying to make sense of it all.

A fleece blanket protects her against the cold;  
Of her mother's finger, she takes a firm hold.  
Her curious, bright eyes constantly look around;  
Her delicate little ears, alert to every little sound.

I see her safely cradled in her mother's arms,  
And I am instantly captivated by her charm.  
Lying in her mother's arms, she looks so content;  
She is unaware of her visitor's kind compliments.

She's been on this earth for less than a week;  
She has rosebud lips and chubby little cheeks.  
She has a layer of fine, silken hair upon her head;  
She is so very cute and adorable, it has to be said.

She was born in the house next door: her future home;  
But, from her mother, we heard not a scream or moan.  
It is a very exciting time, and it's very good to know,  
That, over the years to come, we can watch her grow.

The older she gets, about more things, she will learn,  
And to increase her knowledge, she then will yearn.  
Little Georgia Jayne's arrival upon this age-old earth,  
Makes you marvel at the never ceasing miracle of birth.

Written: 13th November 2011

Angela Wybrow

## The Choir Rehearsal

(This poem was inspired by the choir rehearsals I attend with Voicelab, based at the Royal Festival Hall in London.)

The day that I joined the choir,  
I satisfied my singing desire.  
Music is such a magical gift.  
My sleepy soul, it awakes and lifts.

It's heaven to listen to the four voice parts,  
Singing together with all their hearts.  
The four tunes all twist and entwine,  
Sending shivers of excitement down my spine.

They come together and are heard as one.  
It sounds beautiful and I'm totally stunned.  
It's wonderful being part of it all.  
I really am having a magical ball.

When I leave home sometimes, I may feel down,  
But when I get to rehearsals, it soon lifts my frown.  
My face feels as though it's always ready to smile  
And I am enjoying myself all of the while.

Our vocal coach keeps the mood light,  
But, of her aims, she doesn't lose sight.  
She sings a short phrase and we sing it back  
We repeat it a few times until we've got the knack.

If we go wrong, we hear an operatic 'Stop! '  
And the volume of singing suddenly drops.  
She will go over a phrase until it is just so,  
Then, and only then, onwards she'll go.

A single finger placed in front of her shushing lips,  
Indicates for us to sing softer, so our volume dips.  
Seeing her drawing her hands slowly apart, we know,  
Indicates that she wants the sound to rise and grow.

Not everyone in the choir can read music, so  
Her hands indicate whether to sing high or low.  
During rehearsals, we're given much praise,  
To motivate us for our performance days.

When she's pleased, we're rewarded with a smile,  
Making it seem all the more worthwhile.  
When it's all over and I board my train,  
Traces of a smile, on my face, still remain.

When I reach home, I'm still on a high,  
And it's hard to wind down and shut my eyes.  
Eventually, over me, tiredness creeps,  
And, feeling content, I drift off to sleep.

Angela Wybrow

## The Council Estate

On the council estate, the migration of residents is constant and steady;  
There's a mixture of the house proud tenants, and the rough and ready.  
The older folk are respectable and very particular in their ways;  
They moved there from London in the 1960s, and decided to stay.  
They all know each other, and watched each others children grow,  
And they've all seen each other through life's highs and lows.

At some windows, hang net curtains grubby and off-white;  
I must say, they do not make the most appealing sight.  
Some people fly-tip rubbish in their own back gardens:  
For doing this, they certainly won't earn my pardon.  
There's abandoned vehicles all battered and wrecked,  
But, on this situation, wardens do keep a regular check.

There are a few front gardens dotted here and there,  
Which are a real eye-sore, as their tenants don't care.  
Some garden fences are missing a few wooden slats.  
I've seen the odd garden here and there, overrun by cats.  
There are many paving stones, all broken and cracked,  
And tree roots push through the, once smooth, tarmac.

From nearby bushes and trees, there blows many seeds,  
Which have resulted in clusters of two foot high weeds.  
The council workers used to come round, and keep them down,  
But, now, in a sea of weeds, the locals have been left to drown.  
In public areas, there are sections of concrete piping for plant containers;  
The local council certainly couldn't have chosen anything plainer.

Outside one house, a lady, in her dressing gown, sits,  
With a cigarette hanging from her mouth, recently lit.  
She eats from a crisp packet, perched on the wheelie bin,  
While her gaggle of kids around her, make a right old din.  
On the footpath outside their house, children's toys lie,  
Making it difficult for residents who wish to pass on by.

Council estate residents are, unfortunately, tarred with the same brush.  
The area is looked down upon, and isn't considered to be very plush.  
But many residents do make an effort to keep their property decent.  
All these problems, mentioned above, have only been quite recent.  
Care and consideration and community spirit, everyone should give,  
And the residents could all feel proud of the estate where they live.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Coventry Squirrels**

Near Coventry Cathedral, upon the green,  
A group of grey squirrels can often be seen.  
Squirrel food can be bought from the gift shop,  
Where many of the City's tourists do often stop.

The squirrels there are amazingly tame,  
And seem to enjoy their relative fame.  
Up and down the tall trees, they race;  
Dashing around at an incredible pace.

When they spot a tourist walk along the path,  
To them, it could mean food – they're not daft!  
Up in the trees or on the ground, they keep an eye,  
On all of the people who are passing by.

When someone stops and looks their way.  
They run on over to them, totally unafraid.  
For food, they are always on the scrounge,  
And luckily, for them, there's plenty around.

I feel slightly unnerved if they come too near.  
Inside, I begin to feel a slight sense of fear.  
I saw on You Tube, a surprising video online,  
Where, up someone's leg, a squirrel did climb!

Watching the squirrels, I really do adore,  
And always want to stay a few minutes more.  
Watching them all, really does make my day,  
And I find it incredibly hard to tear myself away.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Cross-Country Run**

At secondary school, we went on Cross-Country runs;  
By the same old people, these races were often won.  
For many, these runs, were a chance to joke and talk,  
And rather than run, many people would simply walk.

I was inevitably at the very back,  
As enthusiasm, I tended to lack.  
But, one day, I tried my utmost best,  
And overtook all, but five, of the rest.

At me being sixth, the Games staff were surprised.  
In fact, they found it hard to believe their very eyes.  
At coming in at sixth place, I felt extremely proud.  
For once, I was among the usual winning crowd.

Judging by the fact that I had done so well,  
The Games teachers were then able to tell,  
That many people had not tried too hard,  
And soon a group lecture was on the cards.

During the lecture, I looked downwards, at the gym floor,  
But, was told that I didn't have anything to be sorry for.  
For myself, a merit mark was earned,  
And, for the rest, a lesson was learned.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Daffy Duck**

A daffy duck stood in the middle of the road.  
She wasn't in a rush, so her time she took.  
The approaching lorry driver wasn't happy,  
And his angry fist at her he shook!

She soon became the main attraction.  
People tried chasing her out of the way.  
Soon, she was back on the pavement,  
And was now safe and well again. Yay!

But people were walking towards her,  
And, of the crowds, she was very scared,  
So she ran back into the road again,  
And at her, the next approaching driver glared!

She ran around in a blind panic,  
Not knowing which way to go.  
In and out of the road she ran,  
Dashing this way and that, to and fro.

She halted all the traffic.  
The wrong turn she'd taken by mistake.  
I wished that I could catch her  
And reunite her with her waiting drake.

The last sighting I had of her,  
She was running off up the High Street,  
As fast as her little legs could carry her,  
And, boy, how fast could she move those feet!

Angela Wybrow

## **The Dawn Chorus**

Dawn is the time when darkness becomes light;  
A time when darkness disappears from sight.  
The ashen veil slowly fades away,  
To reveal another brand new day.

Up in the trees, the little birds awake,  
And a pretty chorus, they now do make.  
There is no other music on earth, quite as sweet,  
As their cheerful chorus of twitters and tweets.

To the bird's pretty chorus, I lend an ear,  
And am filled inside with joy and cheer.  
The little birds are so jolly when they sing;  
I wonder if they know of the joy they bring?

It is a treat to hear the birds trilling in the trees;  
The sound is carried to my ears, upon the breeze.  
Their symphony is carried aloft to where I lay;  
Such sweet music, no instrument can ever play.

I do not often wake that early in the morn;  
To witness another new day being born.  
It is a magical time of the day, I think,  
But, I am often still having forty winks.

So, for me, to hear their music is very rare,  
But, I consider it beautiful, beyond compare.  
Maybe, I should make a date, and set my alarm,  
So as, more often, by their songs, I am charmed.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Deceiving Sun**

The sun looks deceptively warm, when I'm at home,  
But the cold wind outside, chills me to the very bone.  
In the bright sunshine, I thought that I would bake,  
But it's freezing, and my poor fingers actually ache.

I left my jacket back at home, hung there on its peg.  
For the sun to warm my frozen soul, I now do beg.  
I think I will seriously have to consider my attire,  
If warmth is what I seek and is what I really desire.

The sun's glare is so bright and almost blinding;  
Way too bright for my eyes, I am now finding.  
I put on my sunglasses to stop the sun's glare.  
The wild wind blows and roughly ruffles my hair.

Inwardly, my nerves sense the chill, and they shiver.  
Outwardly, my body can't help, but give a slight quiver.  
Only a few days previous, the weather was really hot;  
There was so much warmth in the sun: now, there's not.

I can feel the wicked wind's powerful force;  
It pushes against me and slows my course.  
The freezing wind relentlessly blows in my face.  
I'm keen to escape it and now quicken my pace.

Finally I reach home and switch on the heat.  
I feel the warmth return to my fingers and feet.  
From the wind's relentless pounding, I'm finally free.  
I snuggle down on the sofa, with a nice mug of hot tea.

Angela Wybrow

## The Declining Art Of Communication

We all seem to be living our lives  
At an ever increasing pace.  
We are finding less and less time  
To meet up with people face to face.

You often read stories in the press,  
About people being fired or dumped by text.  
The way in which we communicate has changed so much,  
That you do find yourself wondering 'Whatever next? '

There are some things, which by text or email,  
You just really shouldn't say:  
Like, if you're telling someone that they're no longer wanted,  
Or that someone they know has just passed away.

You can check your email at your leisure,  
Unlike if someone contacts you by phone,  
But like they say, it's good to talk,  
So you really shouldn't moan.

I love receiving letters on fancy paper from my friends,  
And hear them dropping through my letterbox,  
But the whole idea of 'snail' as opposed to email,  
Is a concept which, nowadays, is often mocked.

If you're talking face to face,  
You're less likely to get the wrong impression.  
You can connect more to people's thoughts and feelings,  
If you are able to read their facial expressions.

Tackling a sensitive subject with someone,  
Often has us trembling with fear,  
But is it really better for it to be discussed  
Electronically, rather than ear to ear?

Sometimes, you can spend hours together,  
During which time, very little of importance is said.  
Then, later, you log on to your computer,  
And discover all the gossip is on there instead!

If you put all of your news on Facebook,  
You may find your face to face conversation is suddenly dead.  
When you next meet up with someone and mention your news,  
They will turn to you, and say 'Yeah, you said'!

The world of communication has come on in leaps and bounds,  
But, in some ways, it has advanced too much.  
Communication can now be so impersonal,  
That we seem to have lost the human touch.

Angela Wybrow

## The Drama Exam

I sit outside the exam room,  
Worrying that I'll forget my lines.  
I sit there feeling anxious,  
Trying to convince myself it will be just fine.

I can hear the slightly muffled sounds  
Of the previous candidate going through their paces.  
Sat in the corridor at RADA, on my own,  
My mind feels with fear, while my heart madly races.

I've rehearsed these pieces over and over,  
So the words I'm hoping that I won't forget.  
I've recited them every day for weeks on end,  
So, in my mind, they should be firmly set.

Soon enough, it's my chance to shine.  
I know I've got to keep my nerves at bay.  
I take a deep breath, compose myself, then launch into  
'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? '

After my sonnet, I perform my speech.  
'If music be the food of love, ' I start to recite.  
I'm totally amazed and relieved that, for both pieces,  
I manage to get every single word perfectly right!

Next, the examiner sits me back down,  
To discuss her expectations for the sight reading test.  
With only a few minutes preparation time.  
I'll just have to try and do my very best.

With the exam now over,  
To the examiner, I bid farewell.  
I think I've done okay,  
But, I guess, it can be hard to tell.

A few weeks later, I get my result.  
I've passed with Merit. I feel great,  
And so, that night, I head to the pub,  
For a drink to celebrate!

Angela Wybrow

## **The Duck Pond**

There's a pond at the centre of the village green,  
Where ducks, moorhen and coot can be seen.  
It's a feature which adds to the character and charm.  
When sat by the pond, you feel a real sense of calm.  
Pond-skaters and other small insects on the water skate:  
The surface tension supporting their miniscule weight.  
Waving their heads, the long, lush, green reeds,  
Provide partial shelter for a fish as it feeds.  
A frog pops its head up and looks around,  
Then slips back under the water with a plopping sound.  
Darting this way and that, are beautiful blue dragonflies:  
Their motion so quick, they're gone in the blink of an eye.  
There's sweet gallingale, marsh marigold and watercress,  
But, for me, the pretty pink water lilies are by far the best.

Angela Wybrow

## The Edinburgh Military Tattoo

An August evening, and people make their way to  
Edinburgh Castle for the world famous Military Tattoo.  
Once everyone has arrived and taken their seats,  
From the battlements, sounds a steady drum beat.

Soon, a large corps of drummers appears,  
To the audience's applause and rousing cheers.  
Each of the soldiers, dressed in their smart uniforms,  
Has been up, rehearsing, since the first break of dawn.

The drummer's skills are most highly rated:  
They perform all kinds of rhythms, including syncopated.  
The sound of the big bass drum, through my body, resonates;  
Its booming beat similar to that of my own pulsing heart rate.

The drummers are replaced by another military band;  
No drums this time, but they have bagpipes in hand.  
The whole event is a real feast for ears and eyes.  
Some of the tunes played, I instantly recognise.

During the show, the arena is constantly filled,  
With military personnel demonstrating their skills.  
Soldiers stand to attention in a long regimented, straight line,  
Then, as one, move their feet, as they stand there marking time.

The spectacle of the Massed Band of The Royal Air Force,  
Makes the blood in my veins race and excitedly course.  
You can't help but be moved by the sights and the sounds,  
Of one of the world's most famous military displays around.

The audience of some seven thousand people strong,  
Sit enraptured, taping their feet and clapping along.  
The Esplanade, where the action all takes place, sits  
In front of the impressive stone castle which is floodlit.

This stunning pageant has a truly international flavour.  
Talents from around the world, the audience can savour.  
To a Scottish fiddle, traditional dancers swirl.  
Regimental flags are ceremoniously unfurled.

And, just as all this action has made the audience rather hyper,  
They are calmed down again by the lament of the lone piper.  
To the ramparts, where the piper is stood, all eyes are drawn,  
As the pipes play a haunting melody, traditionally, used to mourn.

Near the end, my neighbours link their arms with mine,  
As, together, we sing a rousing chorus of 'Auld Lang Syne.'  
The audience make their way home, and soon, a hush falls.  
I stroll back to my hotel, feeling glad to have been a part of it all.

Angela Wybrow

## The End Of The Run

&lt;/&gt;The production has now come to the end of its run.  
Last night's farewell party was a whole lot of fun.  
You now have to leave all the friends you made,  
And emotional farewells must now sadly be bade.

You've all been so close throughout this theatre project,  
And your thoughts, you now feel, you need to collect.  
You exchange mobile numbers, hoping to keep in touch,  
But you know you won't see these people half as much.

You rehearsed together, every day, for a good six weeks;  
You exchanged hugs, and you pecked each other's cheeks.  
Of weeks, the actual production, ran for a further three.  
You made loads of money, and you collected your fees.

You spent hour upon hour, perfecting all of your lines;  
Repeating them constantly, so they stuck in your mind.  
When the production won rave reviews, you were on a high.  
Time has flown so quickly, and now it's time to say goodbye.

But, parting from these friends, old and new, is hard.  
An uncertain future, as is the norm, is now on the cards.  
There's a chance that your paths may, once again, cross.  
Without each other's companionship, you feel at a loss.

There have been collective lunches and late nights out.  
You've got to know each other well, without a doubt.  
The past couple of months have been a learning curve,  
But your time in the production has now been served.

All aspects of the production boasted total perfection.  
Away from the other cast, you've lost your protection.  
You were one big, happy family for those few weeks,  
But a new theatrical family, you, very soon, will seek.

You witnessed each other's frustrations, tears and smiles,  
Which, you now recall, as you head home, across the miles.  
Now it's all over, you feel a sense of emptiness deep inside;  
Soon, you'll all be scattered across the nation, so very wide.

Angela Wybrow

## The Garden Party

The bright sun is shining down  
On the party guests milling around.  
Everyone has gathered on the stripy green lawn,  
Which, by the gardener, has recently been shorn.

Garden parties are always such a pleasure.  
A lovely way to spend a few hours of leisure.  
The guests gather round in small mixed groups.  
Periodically, there's the sound of laughter or whoops.

Some people sit and relax in recliner chairs,  
As the soft sound of music fills the balmy air.  
The guests are soon engaged in different conversations,  
Exchanging a mixture of interesting and trifling information.

With each other, the guests chat and make new friends.  
Those who may have previously squabbled make amends.  
The ladies wear pretty, summery, floaty dresses.  
Sporting a variety of beautifully dressed tresses.

A trestle table covered in a red gingham tablecloth,  
Holds a variety of inviting food and drink aloft.  
There's a selection of sandwiches: cheese, tuna and ham,  
And fresh scones with clotted cream and strawberry jam.

There's roast chicken legs, pies and mini sausage rolls,  
And salad items are laid out in brightly coloured bowls.  
There are cocktail sausages and cubes of cheese on sticks.  
Of finger food, there really is quite an eclectic mix.

The ladies, who are on diets, needlessly quibble,  
Over whether or not, at the food, they should nibble.  
There's everyone's favourite drink, Pimms and lemonade,  
And, a large pitcher of alcoholic punch, freshly home-made.

At the bottom of the garden, children play by the old oak,  
And there's shrills of laughter, as they all share a joke.  
From a tiny tot, there are joyful cries,  
As she chases after pretty butterflies.

A toast to their hosts, the guests propose,  
As the party finally draws to a close.  
It's been an enjoyable and successful day,  
And now, all that is left to do is clear away.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Great British Holiday**

A recent survey carried out, discovered the various ways,  
In which British holidaymakers like to fill their free days.  
During a break away, there are many things we like to do,  
Such as a day trip out, to visit the animals at the local zoo.

We are also fans of the amusement arcade,  
And a round of crazy golf is often played.  
Lazy pub lunches are considered a real treat,  
And fish and chips, wrapped in newspaper, can't be beat!

We love walking round museums and visiting heritage sites,  
And going for leisurely rides in the countryside on our bikes.  
We treat ourselves to traditional cream teas,  
And a shopping trip is always sure to please.

We love exploring rock pools and the creatures there,  
And swimming outdoors, if the weather keeps fair.  
It's relaxing to go for a drive through the countryside,  
But, not so much, if you go on a fast theme park ride!

We love to take time to wander around historic stately homes,  
And through the rolling countryside, we really like to roam.  
Some folk brave all weathers and enjoy camping in a tent.  
From wherever people are, many a postcard is often sent.

The world of work nowadays is so very pressurized,  
And it's not unusual to feel really quite traumatized  
It can be extremely therapeutic to get away,  
And enjoy a lovely, relaxing British holiday.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Hawk Moth**

Last night, when it was too hot to sleep,  
In to my lit bedroom, a Hawk Moth did creep.  
He flew round and round and round my light.  
I switched off the light, so he was out of sight.  
I was hoping that he might settle down,  
But, the room, he continued flying around.  
He was certainly a very active mini beast:  
From darting around, he never ceased.  
I heard him bumping into the lightshade,  
And the rapid fluttering noise he made.  
In the same room as him, I couldn't stay,  
So, downstairs, to the sofa, I went to lay.  
I slept very fitfully - on and off.  
All this was caused by that very annoying moth.  
At 5.30am, when it was broad daylight,  
I went back upstairs and of him, there was no sight.  
I had a really good look around the room,  
Hoping that around me, he wouldn't zoom,  
But, chances are, he's now sleeping tight,  
Ready to come back out again tonight.

Angela Wybrow

## The Home For Misplaced Bears

At The Home for Misplaced Teddy Bears,  
The residents are given much love and care.  
Some of their owners gave them away,  
And, so, with me, they've come to stay.

They are welcome whatever colour they may be:  
Whether it is dark chocolate, milk, honey or toffee.  
It isn't strictly only teddy bears which I tend to keep:  
There's also Charlie, the orang-utan and a baby sheep!

I buy them new and also, cheap, from charity shops.  
My attraction to soft toys just won't seem to stop.  
Some come naked and some come fully clothed.  
Who knows how long these orphans have roved?

The biggest problem, which I now have to face,  
Is that very soon, I'm going to need extra space.  
They are all over the house, including on my bed;  
Where soon there won't be space to rest my head.

Life for the residents is really pretty relaxing.  
They sit there all day, which isn't at all taxing.  
Some of them have been here for many years;  
They've witnessed my smiles and also my tears.

When I see a cute bear sat there on a shop shelf,  
I go all gooey and just can't seem to help myself.  
When they gaze up at me with 'choose me' eyes,  
I often find it very difficult to just pass them by.

Sat there, they do look rather cute and appealing,  
And, inside, I experience a warm kind of feeling.  
I really do try to resist, but I often lose my will,  
Resulting in the bear accompanying me to the till.

The place would look so empty if they weren't here.  
It would be a lot tidier, but there'd be a lot less cheer.  
Every chair and shelf, my bears decorate;  
Each one is special and each one, my mate.

Angela Wybrow

## The Hotel Inspector

There are hotel owners, who are up to their necks in debt;  
Their situations are just about as bad as it can possibly get.  
They call in Alex to save their businesses, that are failing,  
Hoping that she'll soon get them back on track and sailing.

It is the Hotel Inspector's policy to always stay the night,  
Then, she advises owners on just how to put things right.  
With her, she always carries her overnight bag – big and red;  
Only from one hotel, so far, has she actually been to, and fled.

Over the years, she seen some decidedly dodgy décor,  
Dirty loos, blocked sinks, grime and a whole lot more.  
She's seen breakfast rooms piled high with dirty plates,  
And for her breakfast, she has endured some long waits.

She's seen lights with bulbs, which have blown  
And shower rooms where mould has grown.  
She's seen wallpaper that is all tattered and torn,  
And soft furnishings that are well used and worn.

She hates knick-knacks and ornaments that harbour dust;  
A high standard of cleanliness, for her, is always a must.  
Empty function rooms can be a dull and depressing sight,  
But Alex transforms them, so they end up airy and bright.

Rooms are often given a brand new colour scheme,  
By Alex's professional and skilled decorating team.  
In her mind's eye, she conjures up an idyllic vision,  
And, plays a paramount part in influencing decisions.

Sometimes Alex gets annoyed and somewhat frustrated,  
And many a clueless hotel owner, she has angrily berated.  
She tries to help out as much as she possibly can,  
But laziness is one trait, which she cannot stand.

Some owners are really very stubborn, but she's very strong,  
And is not backward in telling them exactly what is wrong.  
She knows what she wants and hardly ever backs down;  
Often, to her way of thinking, the owners come around.

For each of the hotel owners, a challenge is usually set;  
Most of which, with her guidance, are successfully met.  
Having worked her magic, her job is finally done,  
And, her battle to help failing hotels is finally won.

Angela Wybrow

## The Island

Early morning, and the first ferry of the day,  
Makes its way between the two coasts,  
Bringing another boat load of visitors,  
To share in the beauty that the Island boasts.

On the Island, there are many types of wildlife.  
Many birds feed along the shingle shore.  
There are oystercatchers, curlews,  
Spoonbills, various types of gull and many more.

Out in the bay, basking in the sun,  
Is a colony of seals, resting on the rocks.  
It is spectacles like this, which make  
This a haven to where tourists love to flock.

Unless you've seen it with your own two eyes,  
It's surprising how quickly the mists settle then lift.  
From the mainland, the Island is there, then suddenly not.  
It's almost like the shape of the land itself totally shifts.

Dotted here and there around the Island,  
Are quaint crofter's cottages with thatched roofs.  
On the roads, you will often encounter horses,  
Trotting steadily along with their clip-clopping hooves.

On the harbour front, is the traditional tea-room,  
Where you can buy sandwiches and cream teas.  
Further along, is the small, but well stocked, gift shop.  
On spying the tourists, they rub their hands with glee.

The George Inn is the only pub in the village.  
It's always busy and serves traditional fayre.  
They also have several rooms to rent,  
And, for a reasonable fee, you can stay there.

There are boat trips around the bay,  
And whales and dolphins are often seen.  
Diving in and out of the water, they put on a show.  
It really is a wildlife lover's ultimate dream.

Much of the Island is a patchwork of fields:  
Shades of yellow, gold and every hue of green.  
The gentle breeze blows in from across the bay:  
The air is crisp and light and very clean.

There is a stately manor house, built of stone,  
With beautiful flower beds and manicured lawns.  
Bordering its gardens, is a large, dark forest,  
Where you can often spot the odd speckled fawn.

A river runs through the valley to the sea,  
Where many types of aquatic life can be found.

There's also an old ruin of a castle keep,  
Set up high on the top of a grassy mound.

The day draws on and evening falls.  
Soon, the darkness starts to creep.  
At 9pm, the last ferry leaves the harbour,  
And the tourists head home for some sleep.

Angela Wybrow

## The Journey Home

I arrive back at Gare Du Nord  
Only to discover that I'm already off to a bad start.  
Due to the heavy snowfall in the UK,  
It's hours till my train will finally depart.

I join the already snaking queue,  
And I can feel the panic rise inside,  
But there's nothing I can do about it,  
So my time, I just have to bide.

I listen to the bi-lingual announcements  
Telling us there's at least a four hour delay.  
I stand there feeling tense and tearful,  
And in my head, I'm worrying away.

During my stay in Paris,  
I didn't come across many Brits,  
But now, stood here in this queue,  
I realise many people here are my fellow citz.

I get talking to two ladies,  
Named Deborah and Sue,  
Who take me under their wing,  
And, the experience, they help me through.

Having finally made it to the departure lounge,  
My anxiety has begun to melt away.  
By this point, I'm feeling pretty sure  
That I'll be on a train which leaves today.

In the lounge, there's a real sense of camaraderie,  
With everyone chatting to people they've never met.  
They discuss their present predicament -  
Well aware that it's far from over yet.

The journey back to London,  
Seems to take forever and a day.  
I sit in my seat, concentrating on keeping calm,  
But it's difficult to keep the worry at bay.

There's an audible sound of relief around me,  
As we exit the tunnel back into the UK.  
We're thrilled to have been repatriated,  
But it's been just the most stressful day.

We arrive back at St Pancras.  
I grab my case and dash to the Underground.  
I rush across London as fast as I can  
To Waterloo, which is where I am bound.

I've already heard that train services  
Are finishing early due to the snow.

I arrive, out of breath, at Waterloo.  
The last train has left, as far as I know.

But, due to a total stroke of luck,  
I discover there's been a delay.  
Onboard my train, I cry tears of relief,  
Glad that things are finally going my way.

It's at half past ten at night,  
That I finally reach home,  
And tell the tale to my family  
Of my experience I endured alone.

Angela Wybrow

## The Magic Of Words

I admit to never having read much poetry before,  
But now that I've started, I'm eager to read more.  
I've discovered many poems, ones old and new;  
There are all sorts: happy ones and sad ones to.

Some poems paint a picture, and are descriptive in their style.  
While some are humorous, and are designed to make you smile.  
There are also narrative style poems, such as the 'Goblin Market' story,  
By Christina Rossetti, there are close to five hundred lines, in all their glory.

Alliteration always sounds extremely catchy and really rather nice –  
When an initial consonant is sounded, in quick succession, at least twice.  
Assonance also often comes in quite handy too,  
Especially when the rhyme isn't quite exactly true.

The addition of onomatopoeia can be a real whiz,  
Adding sounds like Crash! Bang! Pop! And Fizz!  
I love poems which have a regular rhythm, and which rhyme,  
And I try my best to incorporate these factors into poems of mine.

In rhythm and rhyme, myself, I like to try and immerse,  
As I have to admit that I'm not a particular fan of free verse.  
With poetry, I'm really beginning to get a little bit obsessed.  
I change words around, trying to see how they sound the best.

I like to keep my writing quite simple, not complex;  
I hate it when words and ideas complicate the text.  
I love it when words paint a picture in my inner mind;  
When a masterpiece is created, as snapshots are combined.

My mind finds it difficult to process ideas which are too abstract;  
I just like simple descriptions and a smattering of interesting facts.  
Unless I understand the first few lines, I can get very easily bored,  
And from then on, reading the rest of it can become quite a chore.

I'm not keen on poems which, I consider, are way too short,  
As they probably haven't really required that much thought,  
And, likewise, I'm not keen on poems which, for me, are too long,  
As reading them, can feel like running a twenty six mile marathon.

If I see a word in a poem which I have not previously seen,  
I will look it up in a dictionary, to see exactly what it means.  
I always enjoy learning the meaning of the odd new word,  
But I hate it when there are many, of which, I've never heard.

I also like to look words up in a thesaurus to learn,  
If I can swap them for an alternative word or term.  
Reading and writing poetry can be a real education in themselves.  
You pick up books which may have previously been left on the shelf.

If you're sat concentrating on reading or writing,  
Temporary release from problems, is quite inviting.

It can have a very calming affect upon your soul,  
When life's worries and woes have taken their toll.

I don't know if I'm just going through a phase, or if my obsession will last;  
Over the last few months or so, I really have been having an absolute blast!  
I've felt proud of some of my works - I didn't think I could do such things,  
And I've really revelled in the happiness, into my life, which poetry brings.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Marvels of Music**

A world without music would be so very plain.  
From music, spiritually, there's a lot to be gained.  
It lifts your soul, when you're feeling a bit down.  
It is considered one of the best medicines around.

Through music, many emotions we can express.  
It is one of the best known busters of stress.  
There's a wealth of rhythms the world wide.  
Their power to pull people can't be denied.

Music comes in so many different forms:  
No one type could be considered the norm.  
Without music, church bells wouldn't chime  
And our fingers and feet wouldn't beat time.

Music unites the masses together in a single song,  
Even when everything around us is going wrong.  
In our bodies, we feel the beat.  
To the music, we move our feet.

It has the ability to calm and relax you,  
Plus, the ability to exhilarate and enliven to.  
Music is a common language, which unites.  
It is a force which has plenty of might.

When you hear someone begin to sing,  
You often find yourself wanting to join in.  
It often brings smiles to people's faces,  
As they go through their daily paces.

It's great to sing along with your favourite pop star,  
At home, at work, in the car or wherever you are.  
Music can make you feel like dancing around the floor,  
When you're getting bored with your household chores.

You can use instruments or just simply use your voice.  
It's totally up to you. It is entirely your own choice.  
My love of music will never ever end.  
To me, it feels like a very good friend.

With the pop group ABBA, I'd have to heartily agree,  
In saying 'Thank you for music, for giving it to me.'

Angela Wybrow

## **The Moon**

The moon hangs in the sky, shining so bright;  
Everything below, enveloped in a silvery light.  
Once darkened corners, are now subtly lit,  
As, silhouetted against the moon, bats now flit.

The moon appears early, on a winter's afternoon;  
Aware that the onset of darkness, will begin soon.  
Occasionally, we get to witness a solar eclipse,  
When the moon, in front of the sun's face, slips.

The milky moon, reflected on the restless ocean,  
Highlights the wild water's never ending motion.  
A silvery ribbon stretches from horizon to shore;  
A mesmerising sight which, many people adore.

This celestial light is totally natural in its source:  
Commanding tides, with a strong, gravitational force.  
The moon waxes and wanes, from full to crescent:  
Whatever form it takes, the view is always pleasant.

Everything in sight, is painted with a silvery splash,  
As darkness and light, now mix together, and clash.  
From the moon, there radiates a milky, white glow,  
Which kisses everything, in its path, down below.

Illuminated by the sun, the moon appears to shine;  
But this is all down to its make-up and clever design.  
The moon is highlighted against the black, velvet sky,  
And will still be hanging there, years after we all die.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Movie Premiere**

Fans gather to watch the stars,  
Arrive in their limousine style cars.  
Cameras click and flash,  
As stars head to the pre-screening bash.  
The stars stop to smile and pose,  
Wearing the latest designer clothes.  
The red carpet, the girls walk down,  
Wearing a selection of gorgeous gowns.  
They stop to do press interviews,  
And show off their new chic hair-dos.  
Once inside, they can relax a bit.  
They wonder if the movie will be a hit.  
At the reception, they drink champagne.  
The room oozes with fortune and fame.  
The girls do a tad more primping and preening,  
In readiness for the actual screening.

The showing over, it's party time.  
There's plenty of food and free flowing wine.  
Celebs kiss and hug. Each other they greet.  
Wanting to look the best, with each other they compete.  
Wearing expensive diamonds and pearls,  
Round the dance floor, the ladies whirl.  
The partying continues till very late,  
While outside, the paparazzi continue to wait.  
Once again, cameras click and flash,  
As stars leave the post-show bash.  
Some shield their eyes from the camera's glare,  
Obviously feeling a little bit worse for wear.  
The cars darkened windows hide them from sight,  
As they are driven off at speed into the night.

Angela Wybrow

## The Music Exam

I sit outside the exam room, waiting, patiently, for my turn;  
Anxiety has, long since, set in, and my stomach is all a-churn.  
These music exams, have always been really rather formal,  
So, I guess, to get this nervous, is just completely normal.

I enter the exam room, and, having warmed up, I start,  
But, all too soon, things, very slightly, begin to fall apart.  
For this moment, in my life, I have, relentlessly, rehearsed;  
Of the times, I've played this piece; this is, by far, the worst.

I'm unable to stop my two hands from, literally, shaking,  
And I'm feeling annoyed at the mistakes, I'm now making.  
At home, I've played this piece, hundreds of times before,  
But my fingers just don't seem to want to work any more.

At my mistakes, I'm now feeling really rather frustrated,  
And deep inside, my spirit is now, somewhat, deflated.  
At home, feeling relaxed, I played these pieces just fine;  
Now my fingers, no longer feel as though they are even mine.

Next up, the examiner asks me to play some scales and chords;  
To make too many errors, in this section, I can very ill afford.  
But, I hardly falter, and I get all of them, pretty much, right;  
I feel extremely relieved, and the end of the exam is in sight.

Finally, I'm presented with a short piece of sight reading;  
'Nothing too difficult' – in my mind, I'm, silently, pleading.  
The examiner thanks me for coming, and I am now free to go.  
How well I did, I now have to wait a few more weeks, to know.

Angela Wybrow

## The Music Festival

The beat of the music goes THUD! THUD! THUD!  
As revellers dance around, ankle deep, in thick, gooey mud.  
Bedecked in waterproofs and their designer Wellington boots,  
The festival goers are all having themselves a right old hoot.

Famous bands have been booked to headline.  
The organisers pray that the weather stays fine.  
Revellers of every age – both young and old,  
Are wrapped up against the wild wind, so cold.

The fans sway from side to side and wave their hands,  
As they sing along at the tops of their voices to the bands.  
Some fans are here to see their favourite bands in the flesh,  
While others want to check out talent, that's new and fresh.

Despite the mud, there's a smile on every face  
Of the fans who, each year, flock to this place.  
Some girls wear pretty flowers in their hair.  
At their heroes on stage, they stand and stare.

The singer on stage, stands and sings famous hit after hit,  
As the drummer behind him, bashes away on the drum kit.  
Heard are the strains of electro-acoustic and bass guitars.  
To be here, many bands and their fans have travelled far.

Everyone really looks forward to this wonderful weekend,  
When they can listen to wicked sounds and make new friends.  
Fans sing along at the top of the voices, until they croak.  
The rain falls down again, and the poor fans get soaked.

Everyone is feeling happy and spirits are riding really high,  
Despite the fact, not a single fan has managed to stay very dry.  
Girls jump up and down and wildly scream.  
Their perfectly made-up faces excitedly beam.

As evening falls and we head on into the inky night,  
Mobile phones are held aloft and there's a sea of light.  
By the end of the night, everyone's feeling drained,  
But they'll return tomorrow, ready to do it all again!

Angela Wybrow

## **The Mystery Gift**

I once received a exquisite mystery gift,  
Which gave my mood, that day, quite a lift.  
Inside, was some chocolate covered fruit,  
Bought from a chocolatiers of high repute.

With the mysterious gift, I was totally thrilled,  
But with wonderment, my mind was then filled.  
I was taken aback by the gift, which had been sent,  
And, on finding out who purchased it, I was intent.

I wanted to find out who had been this kind,  
But, at the shop, no name had been left behind.  
While I was there, I sneakily checked out the price,  
And was amazed that someone had been that nice!

To whoever sent me the gift, I'd like to say 'thank you',  
As it really was a very kind and thoughtful thing to do.  
Which kind person sent that lovely gift my way,  
I, still, am not aware of, even to this very day.

Angela Wybrow

## The Night Before

For the first time, I'm not fearful any more;  
Not bursting into tears, like I did do before.  
I'm actually feeling confident and calm.  
There's no cause for panic or for alarm.

For me, tomorrow, a huge task lies ahead.  
Yet, I feel happy, as I lie here in my bed.  
Due to self-doubt, I've cried many a tear,  
But, suddenly gone, are my former fears.

Six months ago, a drama exam was a big ask;  
Now I feel quite calm, when faced with this task.  
It's not that, about the exam, I no longer care.  
I really do feel that I should be feeling scared!

Previous success has helped ease my self doubt.  
The fear factors have cancelled themselves out.  
I'm slightly worried about forgetting my lines,  
But, then, everyone does, so I guess that's fine.

I've practised the rhythms and the rhymes,  
And I'm getting better at it, all of the time.  
As I lie here now, I can't help but think back  
To a few months ago, when confidence, I lacked.

Before my first drama exam, I sat in a pub alone,  
Ready to jump on the next train heading home.  
Back then, I felt like running far, far away,  
But something inside me, made me stay.

After much debating, whether I could do it or not,  
I decided to go along and give it my very best shot.  
A veil of calm, over me, has now gently descended;  
My tattered nerves and tangle of terror have ended.

This major task, I feel that I can confidently face.  
It's almost like there's a new person in my place.  
But, I'm still the same person; I am still me,  
But now I'm more like the person I want to be.

Having been to this drama school once before,  
I now know roughly what's going to be in store.  
This time, there's no factor which is the 'unknown';  
Thus, cancelling out, the fear which, in me, has grown.

I know pretty much what is expected of me,  
And know who the examiner is going to be.  
Plus, I know exactly where it is, I have to go,  
So there's no reason for my anxiety to grow.

In my tummy, I've felt far less fluttering butterflies,  
As, to the situation, I'm now beginning to get wise.

For once, I'm not viewing tomorrow with fear and dread;  
I now actually find myself looking forward to it instead!

Angela Wybrow

## **The Orb Weaver Spider**

The Orb Weaver spider spins her web,  
Round and round and round.  
She works away slowly and silently,  
Without making a single sound.

She's patient and determined,  
No matter how long it takes,  
And, if the web gets badly damaged,  
The whole thing she will just remake.

She secures her new web  
Between a fence and a washing line,  
Then retreats into the middle of it,  
Hoping that everything will be just fine.

Unfortunately, the house owner  
Hangs her tea towel right there.  
The web is now in tatters  
And has to be repaired.

This situation with the tea towel,  
Happens again and again and again.  
Having to repair the web constantly,  
Is starting to become a really big pain.

Having seen this fine work of art hung there,  
The owner shows the spider no respect.  
She just carries on hanging it there regardless.  
Whether the web is there or not, she hasn't checked.

The spider and the house owner  
Are now at war and neither will give in.  
Neither of them will budge an inch,  
So neither of them will ever win.

But, the year rolls on and on.  
Like the rest of her kind, the spider will die.  
One day, she's just not there anymore,  
Having gone to meet her maker in the sky.

Angela Wybrow

## The Perfect Poem

Fledgling poets often make a wide variety of mistakes,  
And it's nice to have these brought to your attention.  
People enjoy writing poetry, as at the end of the day,  
They end up, with a product of their own invention.

If you're writing a poem to enter into a competition,  
Don't be tempted to use coloured ink or fancy fonts;  
Along with the use of images, they detract from the poem,  
And this is not what any reader, especially a judge, wants.

The title of your masterpiece is very important indeed;  
It needs to really grab the reader's eye and attention.  
People don't always realise how important a catchy title is,  
But, it is a valid point which really is worth a mention.

The body of text, needs to be broken into bite size verses,  
So as it's attractive to the reader's roving and selective eye.  
If a poem looks forbidding, and uninviting on the printed page,  
Many a reader is likely to just gloss over it, and pass it on by.

The wording of a poem should sound as natural as can be:  
Phrases shouldn't be inverted in order to satisfy a rhyme.  
The use of inversion is not considered to be skilful writing,  
But, it is used by many writers of poetry, time after time.

The lines of a poem, especially those ones which rhyme,  
Give or take a syllable, should be roughly of equal length.  
If a poem has a really good strong, rhythmic pulse to it,  
It really does give it so much more balance and strength.

Readers are much less likely to choose to read a poem,  
If it is really confusing, or if it is just weirdly obscure.  
Too many ideas and themes packed into one piece alone,  
Is another problem which readers hate to have to endure.

You shouldn't tell the reader too much or too little –  
It needs to be just the right amount of information.  
They need the chance to find their own way into a poem,  
Leaving room for their own imagination, and interpretation.

Certain subjects are covered time and time again,  
And so there's not really anything very new to say;  
If you do choose to write about a popular subject,  
You need to present it in a totally fresh and new way.

If you follow the above useful advice and guidelines,  
Your chances of winning a competition should increase.  
Correct any spelling and grammatical errors you may have,  
Then, you should end up with pretty much the perfect piece.

Angela Wybrow

## The Phone Call

The eleven digit number, I very carefully dial,  
Hoping that my query, will only take a while.  
I am greeted by a cheery, automated voice:  
To sit and listen, I don't have much choice.

The speaker, I admit, sounds very polite,  
But, I don't require details of their website.  
I really just wanted to find something out,  
And, avoid all this, unnecessary, faffing about.

I'm given a list of options: one through to four.  
Having chosen option 'one', I'm given six more.  
The options, once again, to me, are explained.  
Already, I'm starting to find this all, a real pain.

This time, I decide to go for option number two,  
But, to a human adviser, I still can't be put through.  
Having dialled two, another list of options, I endure,  
But this time, I will admit, there is one option fewer.

The final option on the list, is number five:  
At last, I can talk to someone, who is alive!  
But, by an automated voice, I am, then, told,  
That, they are currently busy, so 'please hold.'

By cheerful, piped music, I am initially greeted;  
Once finished, it is, then, immediately repeated.  
To the repeated musical strains, I sit and listen,  
Still feeling very intent, on fulfilling my mission.

This is taking way much longer, than I first thought,  
And, by now, my nerves are, ever so slightly, fraught.  
The receiver, at the other end, is picked up, at long last.  
Checking my watch, I see, ten minutes have now passed.

Of the answer to my question, the adviser isn't too sure,  
So I'm put back on 'hold', to the same music as before.  
This is going to take ages, I'm now beginning to realise.  
I'm quite impatient by now, and, annoyed, I roll my eyes.

The adviser apologises, and he thanks me for waiting.  
This whole scenario, for me, is getting rather grating.  
At last, my query is answered by someone,  
And, twenty minutes later, I'm finally done.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Pop Concert**

Crowds stream into the arena  
And begin to take their seats.  
They sit chatting excitedly,  
Awaiting the first few beats.

There's loud claps and cheers,  
As the band take to the stage.  
Everyone keeps their fingers crossed  
That their favourite song will be played.

The band begin their set  
With one of their biggest hits.  
It's one of my all time favourites,  
And I'm totally thrilled to bits.

The singer's melodic voice  
Soars way up to a high.  
Oooh! He's sooo gorgeous!  
Wow! What a guy!

Computer graphics swirl around  
On the screens behind the band.  
Soon, everyone is singing along,  
Swaying, waving their hands.

This is just pure heaven  
And I don't want it to end.  
I'll be at the band's next gig.  
On that fact, you can depend.

The band have been on stage  
For nearly two whole hours.  
They finish singing their final song,  
And some fans throw them flowers.

The singer thanks all the fans.  
I'm left feeling as high as a kite.  
He wishes us a safe journey home,  
Then bids us all a goodnight!

Angela Wybrow

## **The PS 'Waverley' (ship)**

As the PS Waverley approaches the quay,  
She's such a grand and majestic sight to see.  
To many a passenger, she has played the perfect host;  
Taking them on days trips all along Britain's coast.

The first time I sailed on her, was up in the Isle of Bute;  
To Tighnabruaich - taking in breathtaking scenery en route.  
Then, more recently, once more, I bade her, a very hearty 'ahoy',  
As she took me to see the Queen Elizabeth set sail on her maiden voyage.

I trail her timber decks and find myself a vacant seat,  
In the knowledge that, today, I'm in for a really big treat.  
Many passengers have their cameras held at the ready,  
As she sails forever onwards, at a pace, nice and steady.

I love to feel the chill wind whoosh in my face,  
As she leaves the quayside and picks up pace.  
Out there on the ocean, you're free from all stress;  
You can feel the tension inside you grow less and less.

Soon, I'm looking somewhat windswept; my hair is a mess,  
But, if I'm totally honest, I really couldn't care less!  
For now, I'm just going to sit back and enjoy the ride,  
Over the mighty ocean so very deep and so very wide.

All ages are here: the young and the old;  
All wrapped up warmly against the cold.  
Some passengers head to the warmth of the dining saloon for lunch,  
Whilst others sit up on deck, with sandwiches and cakes to munch.

The Waverley has two bright red funnels which upwardly tower,  
And two massive paddles, which, by mighty engines, are powered.  
On any cruise, passengers can often be found lurking,  
In the engine room, watching the pistons working.

The ship is bedecked with gleaming varnish and polished brass.  
The whole experience onboard her, is nothing short of first class.  
The onboard souvenir shop sells everything from DVDs to book marks.  
Many passengers buy a small memento of their day, before they disembark.

As we sail along the South Coast, on our relaxing little cruise,  
We are treated to some really amazing and dramatic views.  
As they say 'Time flies when you're having fun, '  
And, in no time at all, our trip is over and done.

As I disembark, along the ship's wooden gangplank,  
To the crew member stood there, I offer my thanks.  
Once more, she departs, and is soon on her way,  
Leaving me with memories of a wonderful day.

The Waverley is the last sea going paddle steamer in the world.  
Nowadays, she is classed as one of Maritime's most precious pearls.

She is part of the National British Register of Historic Ships collection,  
And is regarded by many enthusiasts with much heartfelt affection.

Her solid drive shaft means she requires much space to turn,  
But once she's off, the water, her paddles rhythmically churn.  
Seeing her sail by, really is such an uplifting sight,  
But now, poor Waverley has her own battle to fight.

The Waverley is no doubt very magical and very charming,  
But rising fuel costs, her future, are now possibly harming.  
I don't want this trip on her to have been my very last,  
And for her to become a delightful antique of the past.

She is a living and active ship, rather than a static museum piece,  
But with rising costs, her annual coastal trips may now well cease.  
With her passenger numbers steadily becoming fewer,  
This season could well end up being her farewell tour.

Angela Wybrow

## The Quiet Zone

When travelling on a train, in the 'Quiet Zone, '  
Why do people have to use their mobile phones?  
Above the train's rumble, they need to be heard,  
So they speak very loud, so you hear every word.

On the window, there's a picture of a phone, with a cross,  
But, on some people, this request, to be quiet, is just lost.  
They continue to talk on their phones, despite the sign,  
And they seem to think that this behaviour is just fine.

People also sit with their earplugs plugged in;  
Their music, loud, so you can still hear the din.  
You can hear the annoying, tinny sounding beat.  
The object of such a zone, such actions defeat.

The train staff can't watch every passenger there,  
But, this disturbance, to others, doesn't seem fair.  
If you're sitting there, quietly, attempting to read,  
With such interruptions, you will fail to succeed.

But, passengers, nowadays, are too scared to moan:  
To point out that, this is, indeed, the 'Quiet Zone.'  
They worry that their reminder may be used as an excuse,  
For the other person, to turn round and, at them, hurl abuse.

Passengers should show one another more consideration.  
In the 'Quiet Zone', there shouldn't be loud communication.  
It's a designated place for those who want to sit and relax;  
Not speak loudly or turn their iPod volume up to the max.

Angela Wybrow

## The Restaurant Inspector

(This poem was inspired by the TV series 'The Restaurant Inspector' hosted by Fernando Peire.)

He dines at the chosen restaurant incognito.  
His true identity, the owners do not know.  
He orders a starter, which takes half an hour;  
Already, this visit has started to turn sour.  
He would have expected a little more pace,  
As there's only a handful of diners in the place.  
He orders a tempting Chicken Kiev for his main,  
But it's undercooked, so he has cause to complain.  
The food he's served is only lukewarm,  
And he's left wondering if this is the norm.  
For dessert, he has cheesecake, but finds a human hair.  
He knows for certain that it's not supposed to be there.  
The dining area isn't particularly well dressed.  
With the whole place, he's not that impressed.  
On the stained tablecloth, he spots some fluff.  
The Restaurant Inspector has seen enough.  
He pays the waiter the rather hefty bill,  
And leaves the restaurant, feeling vaguely ill.

The following day, sees his return.  
His true identity, the owners will learn.  
They realise that they've seen him before.  
The revelation shocks them to their very core.  
The damage has been done and it's now too late.  
How they wish they could wipe clean that slate.  
He gets down to business and tackles the main issues.  
The owners are emotional and need plenty of tissues.  
He points out that the décor is extremely dated,  
And, the colour of the walls, by him, is really hated.  
He also dislikes the amount of needless clutter.  
If they ignore his advice, they could head for the gutter.  
He wants to re-launch the restaurant in two weeks time.  
They send out invitations to local people to dine.  
The failing restaurant, which was heading down,  
Is soon transformed, and fortunes turn around.  
The Restaurant Inspector's job there is done.  
With his help, the owner's battle has been won.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Rose**

The fragrant rose is my favourite flower,  
Particularly when bejeweld after a shower.  
It's perfume is so very sweet.  
It is a gift when lovers meet.  
Often present is the rose,  
When a lover doth propose.  
Its light and delicate smell,  
Is a fragrance we love so well.  
It is a flower who's reputation is bold.  
It's a declaration of eternal love to hold.  
The rose represents,  
All that is heaven sent.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Seal Colony**

On leaving Inchcolm Island, on the rocks,  
We spotted a large colony of seals.  
The boat drifted in to take a closer look.  
The noisy engine, the skipper killed.

It really was an amazing sight.  
I'd never seen seals in the wild before.  
Seeing them there with my own two eyes,  
Left me feeling excited and in total awe.

Some were moving clumsily about.  
Some were resting, 'bottling', in the sea.  
Some were lying along their young pups.  
It was wonderful to see them wild and free.

We got as close as we dared,  
Without causing them any upset.  
From where we were, they seemed content,  
As we weren't posing them any threat.

We all got our cameras out,  
And for many minutes were clicking away.  
I didn't want to take my eyes off of them.  
I could have stayed watching them all day.

It was so peaceful and tranquil there,  
Just watching them lazing and playing in the sun.  
But all too soon, the boat reversed away,  
And our precious encounter was over and done.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Setting Sun**

Just before the sun starts to set, a gentle golden glow  
Spreads across the weary world, way down below.  
The sun has the Midas touch; a touch of pure gold,  
But it's not long until the world starts to fall cold.

The sky is streaked with shades of pinks and reds,  
Signalling that, tomorrow, there's a fine day ahead.  
In the late noon sky, there's a spectacular show;  
A myriad of colours, before the daylight goes.

The colours that are seen, all have a warm hue:  
They look so amazing against the sky so blue.  
It's when people, from their tasks, pack away,  
And has always been my favourite time of day.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Silent River**

The river usually runs in such a great rush,  
But, today, it is still, and there is only hush.  
I glance over at it, in the darkness, as I pass:  
I see the river's surface is as smooth as glass.

It's like the river itself is feeling the great grief,  
Of losing someone, whose time on earth was brief.  
It appears to be grieving for its long time neighbour,  
Who, for many years, in the nearby store, did labour.

Just like people, it stands in silence, to show its respect,  
And its many thoughts and feelings, it wants to collect.  
No more will the river, running through this restful place,  
See its neighbour with her eternally happy and smiling face.

From the river, to be heard, there isn't a single sound:  
Night time has fallen, so no ducks or swans are around.  
Never before, can I recall the river being so totally still;  
It's as though it has decided to stop of its own free will.

From what I can see, and this may sound just a little bit mad,  
The river, just like its neighbour's family and friends, is sad.  
It isn't in the mood to chatter cheerfully, to dance, or to run;  
Now is its time of remembrance: not a time for it to have fun.

Soon, it will continue on its journey, but it will remember,  
The loss of this lovely lady, on the tenth day of December.  
As it journeys onwards, its surface will shimmer and shake,  
And, with it, precious memories of its neighbour, it will take.

(In memory of Debbie Baptiste)

Angela Wybrow

## The Storm

The tall trees angrily toss their heads.  
Many leaves, they rapidly now shed.  
The boughs of the trees sway and creak and groan  
In the strong wind, as it continues to loudly moan.

Twigs and branches lie broken on the ground.  
Fruit, berries and seeds are also now downed.  
The wind continues to lose all control and roar,  
Leaving folk wondering what damage is in store.

Everyone's hair is looking completely windswept.  
Today, nobody's normally tidy hair is smartly kept.  
The sound of the wind rushes past my ears,  
Making other sounds quite difficult to hear.

Many bridges are closed to high-sided trucks,  
In case, into the river below, they are sucked.  
Rain water collecting in roof guttering now overflows;  
Cascading down to the already sodden ground below.

Along the coastline, massive waves pound the sea wall,  
Roaring like a mighty lion, as they angrily rise and fall.  
The waves are crested with white frothy foam,  
And threaten to engulf nearby seafront homes.

In some places, fallen trees are blocking roads;  
Any approaching traffic is now abruptly slowed.  
Some railway lines, to, are blocked by fallen trees;  
Commuters, who are in a rush, this does not please.

Refuse bins fall to the ground with a sudden clatter;  
Pouring out their contents of largely decaying matter.  
A power cut is caused by fallen electricity cables,  
Which workmen will fix as soon as they are able.

Flooding some streets, the heavy rain beats down;  
Almost cutting off some of the much smaller towns.  
People dash through the rain: their jaws clenched,  
But, however fast they run, they still get drenched.

People look far from happy and wear a frown.  
They shiver, as the rain falls relentlessly down.  
The raging storm causes damage far and wide,  
Before it finally calms and decides to subside.

Angela Wybrow

## The Storyteller's Word

In a decent book, I can lose myself,  
For, at least, a good couple of hours.  
A well told story, for young or old,  
My mind will quite hungrily devour.

I've always loved a real page turner:  
A story, which, is totally compelling.  
Sometimes, there's a story, true or invented,  
Which, simply, deserves, and needs telling.

Sometimes, a person in a book,  
To me, can feel like a true friend;  
You share their life and adventures,  
And feel rather sad, when it all ends.

A story can stir up a mixture of emotions:  
I've cried tears, and gasped with surprise.  
I've found myself completely captivated,  
As a story unfolds before my very eyes.

A good story, has the ability to transport you,  
To different places, and to different times.  
You just never know where you may end up,  
When you sit and read those immortal lines.

Stories should never be kept locked away:  
With others, they should be readily shared.  
There is no other past-time, known to man,  
With which, reading a book, can quite compare.

Whether a story is based on a person's life,  
Or whether, it has been quite purely invented,  
A story can make such an impact upon you,  
That, forever, in your memory, it is cemented.

I've always adored a really well written story,  
Regardless of, by whom, or when, it was written.  
Snuggled up, with a book held in your hands,  
It is so easy, to become completely smitten.

A story can make you lose all track of time,  
When, in a book, you are totally immersed.  
I love reading a story, and really drinking it in;  
For reading books, I've developed a real thirst.

There are many stories, the world over,  
Which, are still waiting to be heard.  
Nothing on earth, is quite so powerful,  
As the power of the storyteller's word.

Angela Wybrow

## The Talent Show

Hundreds of people wait in the queue.  
All eager to show off what they can do.  
At today's talent show,  
They hope for a 'yes', but may get a 'no.'  
The panel of judges, they want to wow.  
Their families, they want to make proud.  
The singers range from bad to good.  
Some can't sing, but someone told them they could!  
A few singers are totally amazing,  
And they lap up the judge's praising.  
Represented, are all types of dance.  
Round the stage, the dancers prance.  
Ballet, Tap, Jazz, Folk and Street.  
To the music, the dancers move their feet.  
Stand-up comedians go through their paces,  
Hoping to put a smile on the judge's faces.  
A martial arts duo show off various kicks.  
There's many magicians doing magic tricks.  
A ventriloquist takes the stage with his furry friend:  
To his friend's performance, a hand he lends!  
The contortionist can do many a weird pose,  
Like getting her toes to touch her nose!  
There's dogs who can dance or sing,  
Or, indeed, try their hand at anything!  
Some people have turned up, just for a bet,  
And some of the acts, the judges just don't get.  
It's been a long day, but it's been fun,  
And soon the judge's shortlist is done.  
All of the acts have now been put to the test.  
Now it's the moment to decide who is best.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Things That People Give Away**

Handbags and purses which have a dodgy zip.  
An old china mug with a massive great chip.  
Clothes which are now all bobbled and holed,  
With their colours faded, where once they were bold.  
New clothes unworn, which are still in their pack,  
And others, fresh off the rail, with labels still attached.  
A skirt which is old and no longer quite fits.  
T-shirts with sweat patches under the arm pits!  
But expensive designer wear is given away too.  
Books, which are still in the chart, they're so new,  
While others are discoloured and all dog-eared.  
All topics are covered - The wonderful and weird.  
Shoes with their heels all scuffed and worn down.  
Belts, whose owner's waists, they now won't fit round.  
Double CDs which are missing a disc.  
Jigsaw puzzles which have one piece amiss.  
Fluffy soft toys, which still have their tags.  
Old Queen Elizabeth coronation souvenir mags.  
Ornate vases made of pottery or glass.  
All types of jewellery - the array is vast.  
All stock is sorted by volunteers at the charity shop.  
Donations keep coming, so the staff never stop.  
Unsaleable goods are recycled or thrown away,  
With only the very best things being allowed to stay.  
So, you may well pick up a bargain instore,  
Or spot something which you've never seen before.  
Charity shops are like an Aladdin's cave,  
But would be nothing, if people never gave.

Angela Wybrow

## **The Week Before Christmas**

Everyone has now decorated their Christmas tree.  
The winter weather is now beginning to freeze.  
Supermarket queues are getting extremely long.  
On radio, being played, are many Christmas songs.

People are attending their works' festive party;  
Filling up on booze, and food, hot and hearty.  
Children are happy to have broken up from school,  
Which, by them, is thought to be extremely cool.

People are writing their last minute Christmas cards.  
Twinkling, coloured lights decorate the front yard.  
People are embarking on Christmas gift wrapping;  
Stress is kicking in, and there's now much flapping.

Last minute deliveries are now arriving by post.  
Christmas parties are being planned by the hosts.  
Santa Claus seems to be everywhere that you go:  
Dressed in his bright red suit, calling 'Ho! Ho! Ho! '

Carol singers, to people passing by, bring much cheer,  
People are stocking up on bottles of fine wine and beer.  
The pick of the most popular gifts, has now been sold:  
What's left on the shelves, looks a bit battered and old.

At the post office, they're queuing right back to the door;  
You're wishing now, that you'd sent all of your cards before.  
People are now offering season's greetings to each other:  
To family, friends, neighbours, strangers, and their lovers.

In less than a week, Christmas day will finally be here,  
And dear friends and loved ones will all gather near.  
Despite all their stress and the cold, wintry weather,  
Everyone hopes this will be the best Christmas ever!

Angela Wybrow

## **The Wild Wind**

For the time of year, the weather is mild,  
But the raging wind is running wild.  
The rain has stopped, and now there's sun,  
But the wild wind is very far from done.

Bins are upended – their contents spilled.  
Weeping willows wave their long tendrils.  
A garden fence rocks dangerously to and fro;  
A sudden gust comes along, and over it goes.

By a cottage doorway, wind-chimes dangle;  
Caught by the wind, they now joyously jangle.  
With such brutal force, I am blown along;  
Helped on my way, by the wind, so strong.

Trees take a battering; some have broken boughs.  
The wild wind lets out one long, horrendous howl.  
Across the ground, crinkled leaves skip and skitter,  
As do pieces of paper, crisp packets, and other litter.

The clothes on my washing-line, are, very soon, dry;  
They are securely pegged, so that, away, they don't fly.  
By the wild wind, an open gate is slammed, firmly shut.  
On the radio, there are numerous reports of power cuts.

The sky is a mixture of dull grey and bright blue;  
The weather is undecided on what it wants to do.  
By the time evening arrives, the wind has died down;  
It gives one last wave, and with that, it slowly drowns.

Angela Wybrow

## The Written Word Rules!

At the idea of poetry, some people seem to scoff,  
As they consider it is an art form only for toffs.  
They may think that the concept of poetry is boring,  
And that it will leave them fast asleep and snoring.  
There are all types of poems: modern and classical.  
There's something for everyone: it's not boring at all.  
The lyrics of songs are poems as such;  
They often rhyme together very much.  
People like to sing along with their favourite songs,  
So why does the concept of poetry feel so wrong?  
I've only started writing poetry in the last few weeks,  
And, I have to admit that I thought it was just for geeks.  
But, now I can see, that whoever you are,  
Everyone has the potential to go really far.

I have to admit, I much prefer  
The written, to the spoken word.  
At night, I lay awake tossing and turning in bed,  
With random thoughts running through my head.  
By my pillow, I keep a pen and note pad,  
To jot down any thoughts, which I've had.  
At the top of the page, my thoughts I jot,  
And I always plan out a really rough plot.  
I like to include words which have a nice ring.  
Words, like these, into my poetry, I like to bring.  
I continually go through the alphabet time after time,  
Searching for useful words which, pretty much, rhyme.  
In simple terms, my ideas, I always like to express;  
Complicated and fancy words, my mind doesn't possess.

I'm sat here, writing this poem, on a speeding train,  
As thought after thought, floods into my brain.  
I'm writing notes on a mini pocket timetable,  
In any tiny blank space which is available.  
In my handbag, I've got no pad, but I've got a pen;  
My scribbled notes, I just hope I can comprehend.  
I really must start carrying a notepad everywhere;  
To forget all these thoughts I've had, I couldn't bear.  
When I'm thinking of ideas, I just can't relax;  
My mind seems to buzz to the absolute max.  
I'm not far now from my final destination,  
And the train is due to pull into the station.  
On this subject, there's not much more to be said,  
So, I'm now putting this poem well and truly to bed.

Angela Wybrow

## Theatre Trip

To the theatre, I love to go,  
To see all different kinds of shows.  
The audience sit and excitedly chatter,  
About the show or about other matters.  
Sat in a seat on the very end of a row,  
I end up bobbing up and down like a yo-yo.  
If it's a musical, the orchestra will tune,  
And you know the show will be starting soon.  
Shortly, a voice using very professional tones,  
Asks the audience to turn off mobile phones.  
In the auditorium, the lights dim down,  
And soon, there's hardly a single sound.  
The moment comes for the curtain to rise,  
And, suddenly, attentive, are everyone's eyes.  
Of the first act, we reach the last scene.  
During the interval, people eat expensive ice cream.  
Some people head for the theatre bar,  
To share their views on the show so far.  
A while later, and it's time for Act Two,  
But some ladies are still in the queue for the loo.  
The stage, the cast, once again will grace,  
And the story continues at a steady pace.  
At the end of the show, the cast take their bows.  
There's claps and cheers. The audience were wowed.  
'Brilliant, 'Fantastic', 'Wonderful', I hear them say.  
Everyone's had such a memorable day.  
People leave to catch their buses or trains.  
In their memories, forever this day will remain.

Angela Wybrow

## **There's A Spider In My Room!**

I've just spotted a spider in my bedroom.  
Around the walls, he's decided to zoom!  
My eyes are now glued to the wall;  
Not that I'm the least bit worried at all!

Oh no! Now he's crawling on the ceiling,  
And I'm getting a slightly anxious feeling.  
He's now hanging around over my bed:  
Just above where I usually lay my head!

I'm sitting, watching him crawling around,  
Praying that he doesn't fall to the ground.  
I dare not now switch off the light,  
As, of him, I'll suddenly lose all sight.

Why couldn't he have stuck to the wall,  
Where he would have been less likely to fall?  
He's running around as fast as he can.  
Of any size spider, I'm not a great fan.

Unfortunately, at this time of year,  
Outside, there are greater things to fear.  
If I capture him now and throw him out,  
I'll get a crane fly in return, without a doubt.

A smallish spider, I can just about bear,  
But, for crane flies, I really do not care!  
I guess, a spider is the lesser evil of the two,  
As they can't fly at you, like crane flies do!

If it's dark, maybe he, to, will go to sleep,  
Or round the room, he may continue to creep.  
So, maybe I'll turn out the light and be brave,  
And just hope the spider doesn't misbehave!

Angela Wybrow

## Things To Do Before I Die

Before my time on this earth is finally through,  
There are many things which I'd really like to do.  
I'd love to visit Staffa to see the dramatic Fingal's Cave:  
One of the many wonders which, to us, our great God gave.

Over the mighty ocean, in a boat, I'd like to sail:  
I would dearly love to spot a dolphin or a whale.  
To Salzburg in Austria, I could easily be lured,  
To take a coach trip for The Sound of Music tour.

I love to sing and would love to record a song on CD.  
That would surprise everyone, even including me!  
I'd love to go and watch the Royal Variety Show,  
And have a seat, bang in the middle of the front row.

I'd love to experience the Last Night of The Proms,  
And join in, at the end, with all of the famous songs!  
To publish my poetry, in a book, is one of my ambitions:  
When I've written enough poems, I'll make this my mission.

One day, I'd love to visit the amazing city of New York,  
And, at all the skyscraper buildings, I'd stand and gawp.  
I'd also love to visit the continent of Australia, down under;  
To see Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide, I hunger.

One of my dreams is to go for a ride in a hot air balloon:  
Maybe it will be possible to achieve this one quite soon!  
Hopefully, I'll realise some of these dreams before I die.  
To tick each of them off of my list, I will definitely try!

Angela Wybrow

## **Together Again**

Since we last met, it has been a while;  
We greet each other, with a big smile.  
Although, on Facebook, we keep in touch,  
Meeting in person, means so very much.

To see him again, I am just so thrilled;  
With a sense of joy, my heart is filled.  
He is a dear friend, who, I look up to.  
He cheers me up, when I'm feeling blue.

He pulls me into a warm embrace,  
And, plants a kiss, upon my face.  
Enfolded into his protective arms,  
My anxious soul, begins to calm.

Releasing me, he asks me how I have been;  
To catch up on each other's news, we are keen.  
We discuss projects, we have, in the pipeline,  
While enjoying a glass of chilled, white wine.

Being in his company, is just pure bliss.  
Before he departs, I'm given another kiss.  
Our latest catch-up finally comes to an end,  
And, reluctantly, I bid farewell to my friend.

Angela Wybrow

## 'Toploader' Gig

When I won tickets for an exclusive Toploader gig,  
My whole face lit up and I danced a joyous little jig.  
Thrilled that they were coming to the town where I live,  
I chose my brother as the guest, who I wanted to go with.

The two members of the band, who were there to perform,  
Were guitarist, Dan Hipgrave, and singer, Joseph Washbourn.  
They sang the wonderful hit 'Dancing In The Moonlight',  
Which, fulfilled my expectations and me with such delight.

They sang some older hits, as well as ones from their new CD,  
And we got to hear all of these fabulous songs completely free!  
After the gig had finished, their new CD was available to buy,  
Which, for fans, the guys, very kindly, agreed to personally sign.

We joined the back of the, already very long, queue,  
And waited there, very patiently, for our turn, as you do.  
Finally, it was our turn to meet the members of the band;  
They were both very friendly, and both shook our hands.

My nerves about meeting them both, were totally unfounded,  
As they were very approachable and seemed well grounded.  
Meeting the two guys, was such a total honour and pleasure,  
And my personally signed Toploader CD, I will now treasure.

I love it when famous people are so very down to earth,  
And, when they treat their loyal fans with such real worth.  
Joseph and Dan gave local fans here, a good first impression;  
I think they could teach some other stars a much needed lesson!

Angela Wybrow

## Trimming The Trees

Out of the darkness, the tall trees loom,  
Like massive monsters in the dull gloom.  
Their upper branches now reach up at awkward angles,  
Since, by council workmen, they were totally mangled.

The trees are silhouetted against the darkening sky;  
They remind me of a nightmare, as I pass them by.  
They no longer look natural, as they did so before;  
In fact, they don't look that much like trees anymore.

When the council said they were cutting the trees back,  
I didn't realise how much of them, they were going to hack.  
The trees had spread their boughs, and had been there years,  
But the brutality, they endured, almost moved me to tears.

I thought that they'd trim a few branches here and there,  
But how much they chopped, the workmen didn't care.  
The trees now look like something from a horror story;  
Nothing like the way they looked, in their former glory.

The workmen are, what are known as, tree surgeons by trade,  
But they didn't have to go quite so crazy with their sharp blades.  
The branches, they chopped off, were fed through a machine;  
Seeing them, being shredded, was a most heartbreaking scene.

The trees, in question, have now been irreversibly maimed,  
And their, once natural, contours will never look the same.  
When planting the trees, the council should have planned ahead,  
Because now the trees look as though they are pretty much dead.

Angela Wybrow

## Trouble On The Trains

Many of us often have to travel by train,  
But the delays and overcrowding drive us insane.

The announcement at the station, informs of delays due to leaf fall,  
But the computerized voice used, doesn't sound very sorry at all.  
Your train is now running well over twenty minutes late,  
But, annoyingly, you have no choice, but to stand and wait.  
At the watch on your wrist, you constantly look,  
While some others immerse themselves in a book.  
Then there are times when we have the wrong kind of snow,  
Which means all of the trains are on a complete go-slow.  
Stood on the crowded platform, you look down the track,  
But, of a train approaching, unfortunately there's a big lack.  
The train slowly pulls in to the station – it's finally here,  
And from the waiting passengers, up goes a big cheer.

More often than not, there isn't a spare seat,  
So you spend your entire journey stood on your feet.  
You stand tightly packed together like a tin of sardines,  
Along with a large group of loud, gobby, young teens.  
You feel awkward with their public displays of affection,  
And quickly avert your eyes in the opposite direction.  
At the next station, passenger wise, getting on, are even more,  
So now you're squashed together twice as tightly as before.  
Inside the train, it's getting really hot and stuffy.  
Inside you, you're feeling claustrophobic and puffy.  
There are very similar scenes up and down the entire nation,  
And you're overjoyed when you finally reach your destination.

Angela Wybrow

## Underground

From the tunnel, there comes a rush of hot air,  
And, at the platform, the Tube train is soon there.  
There's an eclectic mix of people aboard the train;  
From making any eye contact, many of them refrain.

There are smart, high flying, suit clad commuters,  
Carrying with them, in their cases, laptop computers.  
There are tourists, from countries so very faraway,  
Who are in London city, for a well earned holiday.

There are languages from far flung nations;  
Their speakers wrapped up in conversations.  
Those not seated, hold the handrails very tight,  
In a desperate attempt to remain standing upright.

Day-trippers alight at South Kensington for the museums;  
All those objects steeped in history: they love to see `em.  
We head into a tunnel, and I can feel my ears go POP!  
Then, annoyingly, the train grinds to a complete stop.

The temperature, inside the carriage, is steadily rising;  
That some people are feeling faint, is hardly surprising.  
At Charing Cross station, due to the short platform,  
The last set of doors won't open, so we're informed.

A soulless female voice informs us which station is next.  
Engrossed in their mobile phones, some people sit and text.  
I reach my destination, and have to fight my way to the door;  
I'm relieved to feel the cool rush of air on my face once more.

Angela Wybrow

## Wasps!

I'm walking home, along the road,  
Carrying my shopping; a heavy load.  
I hear a buzzing sound right by my ear,  
And my whole body fills with fear.

Without even looking, I know what is there.  
I'm afraid that it will get caught in my hair.  
I stand there stock still and totally freeze;  
I'm terrified of wasps, but don't mind bees.

A frown appears upon my face and I pray,  
That this worrying wasp, will soon go way.  
Soon, he loses interest and gets off my case,  
But, even so, I purposefully quicken my pace.

The wasp disappears and I'm on my own again,  
Thankful that, on me, he didn't inflict any pain.  
To date, I've been lucky and haven't been stung,  
But I'm so totally dreading my first ever one.

Freezing on the spot has worked for me so far,  
And has managed to keep me from any harm.  
When a wasp approaches, my shoulders hunch.  
Needless to say, I'm not a fan of 'al fresco' lunch!

Some people wave their arms and go 'shoo! '  
But, I know this is the worst thing they can do.  
Of wasps, I've always been so totally terrified,  
And it's a fear, which is extremely hard to hide.

A wilful wasp flying around in search of food,  
Can, in a heartbeat, suddenly change my mood.  
Bees, unlike wasps, are useful and earn their worth,  
But what is the actual purpose of wasps on the earth?

They just annoy people to the point of distraction;  
Where there's a wasp, there's often some action!  
I'm really not their biggest fan, and I really think  
I'd be more than happy, if they became extinct!

Angela Wybrow

## **We Love To Moan!**

As a nation, us British really do love to have a good old moan.  
We complain about anything and everything in a really grumpy tone.

We hate it when shop assistants couldn't care less and are really rude,  
Or when, in a restaurant, we have to wait far too long for our food.  
Many people complain about their neighbours making too much noise.  
They also hate their own homes are constantly littered with the kids toys.

It's so frustrating when your internet connection is way too slow,  
And when automated phone systems, almost make your temper blow.  
People really hate to be caught up in lengthy, slow moving traffic queues  
And when they have an almighty hangover, as a result of too much booze.

We hate it when our bus, to get to work, is, yet again, running late,  
And, when charity workers in the High Street, for money, lie in wait.  
It's annoying when we have to work when the weather is fair,  
And when it rains all day, when we're on holiday and not there.

One of our favourite things to moan about is the state of our health,  
And, since we're in the middle of a recession, the state of our wealth.  
We complain when we are feeling bogged down by a heavy workload,  
And, when, at the end of the day, our body goes into tiredness mode.

We moan that there's never anything decent on TV at night,  
And when our headache reaches its very highest height.  
It's annoying if you hear a knock at the door and you run downstairs,  
In your dressing gown, only to find a uninvited cold caller stood there.

We really hate it when another driver parks in our space,  
And, when we're going on a date and we get spots on our face.  
We moan when someone leaves the loo seat up,  
And when someone else uses our favourite cup.

We moan when prices in the shops seem way too high,  
And we have to cut down on the treats we usually buy.  
It's annoying when someone leaves the towel hanging askew,  
And when someone keeps leaving the top off the toothpaste too.

It's annoying when you've just washed muddy footprints off the floor,  
And when some walks across it in their boots, leaving you loads more.  
It's horrible when your computer crashes and you lose three hours work,  
And when people cough and don't cover their mouths, so in the air germs lurk.

It's frustrating when you're trying to find the end of the Sellotape,  
And when people eat their food noisily, and with their mouth agape.  
We get tons of pointless junk mail dropping through our doors,  
And endless spam email on computers is also a really big bore.

We get angry when, at the airport, there are delays to our flights,  
And when on the roads, we encounter 'road rage' and people fight.  
When walking along, having someone stopping dead in front of you.  
Is almost as annoying as getting chewing gum stuck to your new shoes.

It's annoying when able bodied people park in marked disabled bays,  
Leaving the genuinely disabled people having to struggle quite a way.  
We are outraged when pet owners don't clear up after their pooches,  
Or when we witness public displays of affection, with teenagers smooching.

We roll our eyes when people talk too loudly on their mobile phones,  
And spotting that you have a flat tyre, will always make you groan.  
We hate it when we approach traffic lights, which always turn to red,  
And people who sniff a lot, when they should be using a tissue instead.

It's really annoying when people read over your shoulder,  
And we also complain when the weather begins to get colder.  
Another bug bear is when people jump the queue at the bar,  
And when the driver behind you drives too close to your car.

It's frustrating when someone has turned off their mobile phone,  
And all you keep getting is a constantly engaged ringing tone.  
It's so annoying when people drive really slowly in the fast lane,  
And when rail companies keep increasing the prices on the trains.

There's an endless list of things about which we often complain;  
Things which often drive us round the bend and almost insane!

Angela Wybrow

## **Weird Food Combos!**

Consider a roll, with a bacon and fried banana filling;  
To take a bite, would you consider yourself willing?  
Worcestershire sauce poured over cheese on toast,  
Is a concept which, to me, seems really rather gross.

Apple pie, topped with a melted cheddar cheese slice,  
Is something, which is considered, by some, rather nice.  
Chilli and dark chocolate, I think is really delightful,  
But marmite and chocolate, strikes me as just frightful.

A sandwich filled with strawberries and double cream,  
May be rather squidgy, but, to me, it would be a dream.  
A meal served to me, with both chips and sprouts,  
Is not something which I would definitely rule out.

For bacon and marmalade sandwiches, I would not rush,  
But there are some people, who think that this is just lush.  
It seems really popular, and I wondered what you'd make,  
Of dipping French fries in custard or chocolate milkshake?

Years ago, from a supermarket chiller, I very happily chose  
A pack of yoghurts: the flavours included lavender and rose.  
Apparently, an omelette is good, spread with strawberry jam;  
Although, you may prefer yours, filled with just cheese or ham.

A little nutmeg lightly sprinkled over hot boiled potatoes,  
Is said to add depth to the taste – but it's a strange combo!  
Hot creamy custard poured over crisp, golden fish fingers,  
Produces an unusual aftertaste which, in the mouth, lingers.

Raspberry jam, spread on chicken, which is barbequed,  
Is another unusual combination, but is a well liked food.  
Crackers topped with peanut butter and horseradish sauce,  
Is not one of those combinations, which I think I'd endorse.

Apple sliced up, and mixed with chunks of fresh tuna,  
Is something I may try much later, rather than sooner.  
Ham which has been marinated in fresh orange juice,  
Is adored by some, because of the flavour produced.

Some people love to mix different foodstuffs up together,  
And they produce new exciting combos, which is so clever.  
I'm glad that people experiment, and try tastes, which are new,  
And invent some amazing concoctions, on which we can chew.

Angela Wybrow

## Welcoming The New Year

Up into the midnight air, Chinese lanterns lift;  
Away, across the miles, they now silently drift.  
I gaze up at their orange flickering lights,  
Until they slowly disappear out of sight.

I stand on tiptoes at my bedroom window,  
Intently watching this spectacular show.  
I'm so determined not to miss a single thing;  
More and more fireworks, each minute brings.

I turn my head this way and that,  
As though I was at a tennis match.  
Fireworks are launching all over the place;  
Up, into the sky, they now rapidly race.

Small birds twitter in the tall trees nearby;  
Unable to understand happenings in the sky.  
In the distance, I can hear some loud cheers.  
People stagger past, having had some beers.

Sparkling silvery stars fill the night sky,  
But, sadly, it isn't long before they die.  
Fireworks explode to my right and my left;  
When they're all over, I feel quite bereft.

The fireworks last for an hour or more;  
The Chinese lanterns, I'd never seen before.  
An hour later, the night sky is almost dead.  
Having greeted the New Year, I go to bed.

Angela Wybrow

## **What I Saw In London..**

A full on confrontation between two angry guys,  
Which made me stop in my tracks and avert my eyes.  
At the Royal Festival Hall, a singer and a jazz band.  
Couples whirling each other round the ballroom, holding hands.

A film crew by Gabriel's Wharf, filming 'Pop Up Quiz, '  
Although, I haven't the faintest what that exactly is! ?  
A young woman near the bridge of Blackfriars,  
Performing operatic pieces till her hearts desire.

A middle aged man playing solo acoustic guitar,  
Sat strumming away, just along from the riverside bar.  
A lone trumpeter playing a rendition of 'Amazing Grace' -  
I love buskers: They really add to the ambience of the place.

In Embankment Gardens, there was an American school band,  
But I only stopped for a while, as the heat I just couldn't stand.  
Under Waterloo Bridge, the famous book fair:  
I looked around, but didn't buy anything there.

A pebble, a young boy, along the water skimmed,  
Just done on a single moment's heartfelt whim.  
Sand artists at work on the small exposed beach.  
People sitting, relaxing on the wooden seats.

Lots of people dining under umbrellas in the shade,  
Eating mouth watering food, all freshly made.  
The Globe Theatre shop, where I went to take a look,  
And ended up buying a very useful Shakespeare book.

Children getting soaked in the fountains, making a din.  
I loved the feeling of the cooling spray on my very hot skin.  
And as I walked back to Waterloo, en route,  
I came across a magazine photo shoot.

You never know what things you may find,  
And it's nice to paint a picture in your mind.

Angela Wybrow

## When I Was Small

&lt;/&gt;When we were both small,  
We'd go on trips out with our Dad.  
I look back now and remember  
The happy times that we had.

We'd drive to Harewood Forest,  
To try and spot some fallow deer,  
Or stroll to a nearby village,  
Where my first cuckoo I did hear.

We'd often go to the local park,  
For a cricket or a football game.  
We'd also play in the playground,  
On the swings and climbing frame.

We often went for bicycle rides:  
Dad in the lead and us two behind.  
We went blackberrying at Cowdown Lane,  
And picked all the berries we could find.

We'd go for strolls along Ladies' Walk,  
Collecting conkers in their shiny coats,  
Or go to the local leisure centre,  
And go for a ride there on a boat.

As a family, we'd also go further afield,  
To various resorts along the South coast.  
We'd have fish and chips and play on the beach,  
And these were the days that I loved the most.

I really loved going for family picnics,  
To the park in Salisbury or to Beacon Hill.  
With sandwiches, sausage rolls, pork pies,  
And cup cakes, our tummies we would fill.

It's nice to cast your mind back,  
To those childhood days gone past.  
They will never be forgotten.  
The memories will always last.

Angela Wybrow

## When The Clocks Go Back

I dread the day, when the clocks go back;  
Of daylight hours, there's now a real lack.  
I wish that, like some animals, we could hibernate,  
As winter is a time of year, which I don't highly rate.

At six o'clock, in the summer, it was still really very light,  
But the same time, in winter, feels like the dead of night.  
Once it gets dark, it suddenly feels really late,  
And, these are the days, which I really hate.

There are a few winter events, on which, I'm keen,  
Such as, Christmas, Bonfire Night, and Halloween.  
But, for me, winter is just a season, to be got through;  
It's hard to keep myself from feeling down and blue.

My system begins to feel rather sluggish and slow,  
As everything around me, loses its once golden glow.  
Unlike, in the summer, when you feel at your best,  
In winter, it's all too easy, to lose some of your zest.

On dark evenings, it is now more dangerous to roam,  
And, if I do, then it means getting a taxi back home.  
On long summer evenings, people love to sit outside,  
But, in winter, in their homes, they'd much rather hide.

With less daylight hours, there's an increase in crime;  
Unfortunately, for us, it's a sign of our modern times.  
For people, who now go to and from work, in the dark,  
It's no longer safe, to take a short cut through the park.

One of my favourite times of year, is the onset of spring;  
A time when my sleepy soul, once more, begins to sing.  
Spring is a season, which I really look forward to;  
The onslaught of winter, it helps me to pull through.

Winter weather is very often dull and grey,  
With persistent, heavy rain, on many a day.  
When the weather warms up, I feel on a high:  
Glad that the winter has, at last, passed on by.

Angela Wybrow

## Where I Live

For all of my existence, to date,  
Andover has been my home.  
I love this town, with all my heart,  
And, from it. I will never roam.

I love that we're not too far from London,  
Which, I always love to visit for the day.  
Towns and cities, with decent shops,  
Are also located not so very far away.

But, as much as I love visiting London,  
It does seem to be all race, race, race.  
But, here in our little country town,  
We live life at a much steadier pace.

On a sunny day, it's nice to take a slow walk,  
Round the nature reserve, where there's a lake.  
You can spot fish, and birds, and frogs, and the like,  
And the fresh air makes your soul feel so very awake.

There's a farm park on the edge of town,  
Where you can while a few hours away.  
There are horses, cows, sheep and pigs,  
A café, and a place for children to play.

We have a pub in the centre of our town,  
Which, in years gone by, was a flour mill;  
Nowadays, you can sit in its garden by the river,  
And watch the endless turning of the waterwheel.

It's lovely to sit and relax on the benches,  
By the flowing river, in the centre of town;  
Children like to feed the ducks and geese,  
Or just watch them all swimming around.

A poetry trail can be traced through town,  
Featuring verses set in stone, metal and glass,  
And in the High Street, there's a 'time ring' -  
Ten mosaic panels depict events from our past.

The impressive church of St Mary's,  
Stands proudly, high upon the hill;  
Many buildings have come and gone,  
But the old church remains there still.

It was once a sleepy little market town,  
But, it's growing at an alarming rate;  
Whether this is a good thing or not,  
Is often the topic of local's debate.

The town has changed a lot over the years:  
It's totally transformed before my very eyes.

The town of the 70s and 80s, I grew up in,  
You are now barely able to still recognise.

If I ever go away for a period of time,  
The pull at my heartstrings, is strong.  
I can't imagine living anywhere else:  
To this little town, my heart belongs.

Angela Wybrow

## Wonky Weather

Never in my life before, can I ever remember,  
Such mild weather, at the start of a November.  
The grey squirrels, in the park, are still running wild,  
As the weather, for this time of year, is warm and mild.

At the popular pub, a way along the seafront,  
Some people sit outside, to enjoy their lunch.  
Some brave souls, have rented themselves a beach hut,  
While, along the shore, dog owners exercise their mutts.

Girls wear dresses, which leave their arms and legs bare;  
That it's now winter time, they don't seem to really care.  
On the crazy golf course, players are still having much fun;  
All so eager to try and score that, often elusive, hole in one.

The weather in November is traditionally cold and grey,  
But we've really enjoyed a most warm and pleasant day.  
I would guess, this is all to do with global warming;  
That a whole new pattern of weather is now forming.

Despite the pleasant day, it still gets dark extremely early;  
Even in the daylight, I spot the moon, all white and pearly.  
Over the town, a veil of darkness, slowly, begins to creep,  
But, it is still too early in the day, for people to fall asleep.

But, when to the summertime, I now think back,  
Of pleasant days, I recall, there being a real lack.  
Our patterns of weather have now gone all weird,  
But, by the weather, today, my soul felt cheered.

There was no rain today: all day, it stayed dry,  
And the temperatures reached a seasonal high.  
In July, I can recall one particular, rain soaked, day,  
When the wild winds, almost blew me clean away.

When I was a child, the impression, which I got,  
Was that summer was hot, and winter was not.  
But now, the seasons have all gone rather awry,  
And the weathermen now tell us a different story.

I remember early one April, not so very long ago,  
I awoke in the morning, to a thick layer of snow.  
This phenomenon, they refer to as 'climate change, '  
Is, indeed, making the weather turn extremely strange.

Angela Wybrow

## **Your Eyes**

Around every corner, I turn, you are there;  
Fixing me with your steely, unseeing, stare.  
Your eyes are static: they do not move,  
But, your eternal presence seems to soothe.

The scenario, very slightly, freaks me out,  
As, everywhere I go, I see your face about.  
Whenever I see your watchful blue eyes,  
I suddenly begin to feel just a little bit shy.

You seem to watch me, wherever I go.  
But, no emotion does your face show.  
What I know for sure, in my own mind,  
Is that, in real life, you are caring and kind.

A poster image of you, is what I am seeing:  
A momentary snapshot of your very being.  
The image lacks colour, but for eyes of light blue;  
This very distinguishing feature of yours, is so true.

It brings a strange sense of comfort to me,  
Even if, me, you are unable to physically see.  
In some strange way, I feel safe and sound,  
Knowing that, wherever I go, you are around.

It's almost as though you have been multiplied;  
There is no place where, from you, I can hide.  
But when I head home, away from that place,  
I no longer see you, or any image of your face.

Angela Wybrow

## Your Words

When I feel like I'm drowning, your words keep me afloat.  
Of your words, in my mind, I have etched a mental note.  
Any time, that I'm feeling low and really down,  
Through my mind, your words tumble around.

Your welcome words of praise linger in the air,  
And, on a printed page, they are written there.  
Your words, I have heard and I can now see,  
But, surely, these words don't describe me?

Even if, at everything else in life, I fail,  
I seem to have one skill at which I prevail.  
My new passion in life, has come as quite a surprise,  
And reading your comments, I couldn't believe my eyes.

Your words give me a sense of hope in my heart,  
When, feelings of despair and deep depression start.  
Your words help to hold my head above the water,  
When, my normally good mood begins to falter.

With me, for the rest of my life, your wise words will remain.  
When I've felt myself falling, your words have kept me sane.  
Our two paths only crossed for the very briefest of times,  
But, out of the doldrums, your words have helped me climb.

That you made such an impact, you're probably unaware,  
But your words have helped make my life easier to bear.  
You've shown me that, amazing things, I can now achieve,  
If only, in myself and my abilities, I choose to believe.

Angela Wybrow