

## Poetry Series

**Gillian.E. Shaw**

**- poems -**

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### **Gillian.E. Shaw**

G.E.Shaw Originally from Bedfordshire the poet moved from Britain to France where she works as a Teacher.

Having found the opportunity to work and prove herself in France, the country serves as a constant source of inspiration.

Gillian E.Shaw hopes you enjoy her work.

Works:

The poem 'While the Princes Slept' is published in Britain in the anthology 'The Path Less Travelled' by dogma press.

**47.**

This was the year  
of 'martini',  
of 'pate brisée'  
yellow roses  
(pretty posies)  
his loving lip  
my heavy hip!

September 08

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **A Child.**

Bold, brave  
and beautiful  
strong of limb  
bright of eye  
the little girl  
of eight  
or nine  
too young to hide  
her  
disappointment  
and misery  
stamped her foot  
with frustration  
while  
passers by  
blind  
to her need  
refused  
her outstretched  
hand  
as she  
begged.

I was afraid  
for her.

Nantes France  
16/10/07

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **A Demon abducted his reason!**

So charming, one found him amusing:  
Save, even right from the beginning  
he didn't know how to love women  
cared nothing for loving and giving  
while worshipped through earning a living  
had squandered such savings on sinning  
at liberty quaffing and sipping  
negligent, wounding, unthinking,  
let loose the tongue's excessive prating  
and blasphemed which sounded so frightening;  
when dog like haphazardly mating  
remorse and compassion were lacking  
brutal, the grip held kept tightening  
oblivious as the web woven  
yet floundering, barely surviving;  
treacherous, insecure, wavering  
and night after eve slowly sinking  
unyielding, that ol' Demon's drinking!

June 2006

First hand experience of a drunkard.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **A Wilderness**

There was a wildness to the man  
whose hand hammered at the door;  
an old familiar order, a command  
recognition on demand:  
Slid back the latch  
while there on the mat  
stood the patriarch  
far... far from home.

Lived peacefully in foreign parts  
beyond the pail at last!  
On setting out had skipped along the path where  
daisies line the route and buttercups may bloom  
and yet... there was a day; perhaps an hour  
once, of heaven shared:  
A country walk, a glade,  
savored each mouthful of golden lemonade...

Bewildered, by brutal education  
and bleak outlook; a measure of fear, doubt  
and harsh neglect  
in equal parts  
which was preferable - be assured  
moreover, on reflection  
and in preparation  
threw light across the years.

Resentment harnessed, hid and checked  
gave way to a regular warm smile of welcome.  
Strangely, responsive to that withered soul  
in search of rest and comfort;  
expectation - to provide.  
Then hopefully, making tea  
as usual, resistant to the wilderness  
and always and savagely returned there.

October 2007

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **British Statesmanship**

An ordinary soul  
told a tale  
of The Birthday Girl  
who deserved:  
'To be dragged down the Mall  
by the hair.'  
Extraordinary phrase  
and worthy;  
I never forgot it.  
But did he?

For The Milk Snatcher.  
13th October 2005  
France

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Came to Grief.**

Christmas 1986 - Flitwick.

Then taken by the neck  
and hurled across a room  
disregarded all too soon.  
Threw, flew away rapture  
when landing on harsh ground  
had lain without a sound.

So landing on harsh ground  
had lain without a sound  
whole hope and joy; let down.  
Weary, wounded, weak while  
a child within the womb  
kicked hard at her innerds.

A child within the womb  
kicked hard at her innerds  
as blame yearns to be borne  
loves currency near spent.  
This, how one comes to grief's  
ruinous spiral - thief.

March 2007

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **D - Faith and the Huntress.**

Across a mind in dream a form  
hovered as white diamond light  
bedazzled by the entity;  
belief and trust and loyalty.

Who once upon a purple time  
when footsteps fell on sodden ground  
and absolute; fair gaze intense  
conveyed a word and all it meant.

The word of import for mankind  
a little wisdom hard to find  
and keep and hold in all men's hearts  
until death comes and so departs.

Across a famished soul in dream  
hovered as white diamond light;  
belief and trust and loyalty  
without verification: Indefinitely.

For Alan and Joan Berry.  
A dream.

France  
September 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **D - Murder in the Cathedral**

Do you suppose we take it for granted?  
Naive, simple in our faith;  
that values are still considered  
truly important in daily life?

Do principals really matter?  
Character and morality too?  
Is the difference between good and evil  
fundamental to me and you?

When Henri Deux took the crown from Stephen  
he fathered the dynasty of Richard and John;  
those two ambitious brothers  
couldn't fathom right from wrong.

A conflict deviously developed  
between English Church and State;  
King quarelled with the Archbishop  
and rashly began to prate...

Overheard by the ears of Knights-errant  
murder most foul their eventual deed;  
'cause his majesty forgot to mention  
how such a devout soul was deemed.

While Sire loved him as a brother;  
firm friendship: false fickle failed...  
public penance performed most brutally  
at the shrine hence 'The Canterbury Tales'.

Do you suppose we took it for granted?  
Naive, simple in our faith;  
The Prince had acquired the wisdom  
to care for his maiden wife?

For they do well who mourn her  
when in answer to their prayers:  
A King perform public penance  
for the Queen of Hearts most fair.

For the Revd Paul S Williamson who bravely spoke out  
about broken tradition within the monarchy.

France  
April 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **D - Royal Divorce.**

Upon a time a grail Queen said  
'Keep this until you know I'm dead.'  
Of sacred oaths, twice a mother;  
lily livered, watched her suffer  
and maiden fair sought marriage quest  
all the while writing at her desk  
by weakened, broken sacred bonds  
then stalled, kept waiting for so long.

Thus strengthened from the ties that bind  
some disappointment left behind  
mistrust, revealed a spiteful plot  
so bravely faced; though not forgot.  
He patiently awaits her word,  
shining knight, brandishing a sword.  
Hand delivered, foretold her death  
when sorrow salted tears were shed.

For Paul.

The People's Princess who gave a letter to  
her Butler revealing her private fears.

August 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **D - The Death Knell. 10 years.**

One of the most sorrowful days  
when Subjects all, diverted gaze  
fell upon noble Princes and Earl;  
Her standard loyally lovingly unfirled.  
And coffin adorned with chaplet of flowers  
folding, falling across steadfast shoulders.  
Behold! Our beloved uncrowned Queen.  
A wielded sword by a hand unseen;  
substance, full sapp, felled before time  
smoulder, fester the embers of crime;  
where the sea of blossoms once were laid  
and two young men once had played.

It was the most sorrowful of days  
and Subjects all, diverted gaze.

For those who mourn.

A comparison between the decapitation  
of Anne Boleyn and the death of the  
People's Princess.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **D - While The Princes Slept.**

While the Princes slept:  
An unseen hand.  
While a secret kept:  
Reached through their dreams.  
As cold steel sparked,  
eyes wide awake!  
While the Princes slept.

While the Princes slept:  
A destiny lost.  
While a secret kept:  
Then to bear a cross.  
With a crown of gold  
and tragedy told  
while the Princes slept.

While the Princes wept:  
A nation felt grief.  
While the Princes kept:  
The lonely vigil.  
And a coffin fetched  
for an Uncrowned Queen;  
while the Princes slept.

For her sons.

A comparison drawn between  
the Princes in the Tower and  
the sons of The People's Princess.

France  
October 2003

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Dad's Childhood.**

Underground, down in the dugout  
when during the second world war  
a siren wailed a last warning  
before the darkest pall... plunging;  
insecurity; screaming soon commenced  
higher; higher it seemed to climb  
human fear greeting the silence.

As hunger gnawed at his belly  
a youngster decided to run  
away up out of the shelter  
in search of action and fun.  
Wow! It was just so exciting  
watching war planes in the night sky  
as the enemy passed over  
left behind, their lethal bye-bye's.

Far better than the cinema!  
For these were Hitler's men! Pow! Pow!  
And were really up above... BOOM!  
With searchlights; chaos and mayhem.  
He could see Britain was fighting  
and his Dad was a soldier too  
but Mum was down in the dugout...  
from here; such a fantastic view!

When they got back he'd be for it!  
Oh but couldn't care less right now  
when the bombing left off in a  
moment... get up, out on patrol.  
As hunger gnawed at his belly  
recalling the meal from last night;  
that cat was really quite tasty  
but what could they all eat tonight?

Taking off into the distance  
with nothing to wear on his feet;  
perhaps the house was still upright  
people started to pass on the street.  
As hunger gnawed at his belly  
slowly turning to where he thought:  
Was it here our home had been standing?  
Must tell Mum we've been bombed out!

France  
February 2005

Northeast England sometime during the war.  
based on a memory of my Father.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Day trip (an exsanguination)**

The place I love is gone  
it has been bled dry

and my race  
demoralized  
and ignored  
at home.

My country which  
provides opportunity  
to the world

pays  
her councillors  
more than  
her prime minister -

so I have read.

While her roads  
and winding paths  
have hidden  
traps

of their own...

NEGLECTED

as the old  
bent  
stiff  
limp limping

fearfully

infront of

stationary

supersonic  
transport  
spanking silvery new.

Speech

transmitted

to a loved one  
somewhere

far away

and I  
listening to...

something  
verbal

(which resembles  
intonation from

a  
soap opera)

the human  
proclamation

of

personal hatred?

Diction  
ignorant

IGNORANCE.

Cursed  
lycra

stretched over  
youthful forms

reveal  
secrets  
once covered  
for  
modesty...

it was rightly so...

My race  
sacrificed...

lost  
submerged,  
drowned

for GREED  
and SELF

can't find  
their way home.

DISAPPOINTED  
those  
who

PAID

a  
lifetime

to live

respectably...

and wonder

WHY...

they

foot the bill

for WAR

in far off climes;

Sorrow filled.

Grieving still.

Horror held and

voiceless...

The place once loved  
is gone  
and has been bled dry.

August 08  
After a day in my home town  
of Bedford  
which was once a county town.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Death by Hanging.**

Incredulous I.  
Neither one appears to fear  
yet so certain God is near  
times trodden trail to make and mend  
for that's the way all's done my friend.  
Barbaric still; now to what end?  
Better banishment by far  
cloistered then those souls disarmed  
will abide in harmony.

November 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

### **French bus ride home -**

The bus was packed  
made my way from front to back  
seat by chance found  
youth - leg astraddle; sat down  
together and  
mine, knees towards the ai-sle  
crooked then while  
people passed in single file  
just brushed, a smile  
respect, from an age long gone  
'Pardon Madame! '  
Which gladened a yearning heart  
Chivalrous art.

January 2008  
France

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **From the Other Side of Sorrow.**

Her name was 'Holy' conscience said  
and sorrow heaped upon a bed.  
In vain the search to find by chance  
lift her; hold her; for their last dance  
held hopelessly in crimson time.

A heavenly view; man and wife,  
had thought to throw away a life  
was only such a little sin  
guilt, forever unforgiven  
tyranny, bleached white finds those condemned.

The other side of sorrow sought  
blindly fumbling to find a door  
knock; call a familiar name  
to light a very steady flame  
so famished souls may feed and thrive.

Can you see she's all to me?  
Heartbeat and love from the one above.  
Faith has been a steadfast guide  
and I along with sorrow sit  
among those who have known of it.

Inspired by 'Where there is sorrow there is holy ground'  
De Profundis  
Oscar Wilde.

France  
July 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Glasgow Bye - election**

In a place where one in four  
is unemployed  
they gave an 'aye' for themselves  
bye - election:  
Panic swept parliament  
and embarrassed  
the Prime Minister's party.

Unpopular  
the politics from the south.  
Misunderstood,  
as they live from hand to mouth;  
a show of strength  
as they voted for freedom  
and tradition.

Why then, it was bravely done!

August 08

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Habit Handicap.**

Once a woman with a misshapen foot  
and an ill fitting shoe  
trod so carefully, cautiously then took  
a hard and uphill route.  
Heel kicked out at an undiscovered time;  
toe towards (yet ever  
further from) a youth spent remembrance;  
visionless, retarded  
wholly mistaken with stumbling stance  
she laboured in reverse  
desperate to find but kept toiling on  
unable to see her footing was wrong.

November 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

## Heath

Heart sorrow soak  
sense of loss; broke  
beauty sleep on!

Eyes gently close  
sudden he goes  
turning from here.

Captured that smile  
given awhile  
Salute! Fare well!

January 2008

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Home Rule.**

January 1964 - Flitwick.

Mother, who only days before  
had given birth  
was nearly dead  
and face down in deep snow.  
What for? I didn't know.

Father, who turned to lock the door  
bore such self thirst  
but fist, unquenched -  
looked up to a child there  
screaming from the top stair.

When blind fury once extinguished  
revealed shame and  
embarrassment  
then he'd snatched at the catch  
blaming, beckoned her back.

As unmerciful as ever.  
A new realm stained  
crimson on white;  
she'd crawled through frozen air  
abused year after year.

February 2007

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **In search of Oscar.**

On, through the necropolis;  
Grave or crypt or tomb?  
Varied form once chosen - housed  
in a time to come;  
they watched while I just browsed?

Some were proudly looking down  
others just a name  
in a slate stone cobbled town  
long ago found fame  
had completed the game.

Dank, shady, dark and sombre  
sunshine just can't reach  
thick clouds of flies in number  
swipe, swat try to cheat.  
But can a dead man speak?

Stumbled on then one by one  
David... Dumas... Wilde,  
a pale pink sphinx erection  
à la mode - in style?  
It will stand yet awhile!

Surely any sort of clue  
just a sign or word?  
'Outcasts mourn' - that is so true  
lines once penned in gaol  
a sad, sorrowful tale.

Few words writ as fine and rare;  
prompted by that vault  
perfumed colour everywhere;  
much is oft' forgot  
his faultless verse is not.

Cimetière Père Lachaise Paris

April 2007

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Issue of the British Underclass. (Britain 1980's)**

Can one believe the artless truth  
how much love costs with illicit youth?  
Cast felons must pay as pay they did  
legitimate choice once made well hid.

Civil dispatches; forms of menace.  
Entitlements like unseen fetters.  
Thus denied the human need to reap  
and sow... save fifteen pounds a week.

Base retribution enforced, applied.  
Destitute, difficult but alive.  
Who conceived to criminilize man  
and babe, in that green and pleasant land?

For those who know.  
October 2005.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **J - Ballantrae (A Jacobite Poem)**

This for those who care to listen  
while others lie in wait  
there is news well worth the hearin'  
it's said as fixed as fate.

The Jacobite lives in the hearts  
of clans the globe to roam  
within the shores of Scotland's realm  
the word is ' He's come home'.

The word is ' He's come home' my friends  
as all do well to heed  
kingdom spread throughout the world; a  
forgotten monarchy.

Read about The Prince of Scots; so  
conveniently untold,  
chiefly: Sacred crown and sceptre  
The Savage Butcher stole.

With disregard and ignorance  
buried, a cause alive  
grand legacy and tradition  
fibs long ago contrived.

Our Scottish Prince once lost now found  
who wears the celtic crown:  
For 'tis the wish of Jacobites  
this sphere dispersed around.

Seek justice and seek evidence!  
Thus claimed: The Winter Queen  
who journeyed down the centuries  
now crowned: her namesake seen.

Direct decent of Stewart line  
upon a time dethroned  
whence Bonnie Prince of Scotland came  
not fruitless as supposed.

A matter unresolved I say  
and risen from the grave.  
Perhaps the ground is warmer yet?  
Legend reveals a babe.

If Jacobite within your hearts  
deep sleep awakens from  
unfurl the flag of blue and white;  
remember ' He's come home! '.

For Prince Michael of Albany.  
France

July 2005

Inspired by R.L.Stevenson  
The Master of Ballantrae.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **J - Exile. (A Jacobite Poem)**

He left to watch his father die  
and accusations flew  
like poison barbs; brawn from on high  
knaves dishonour and defame  
play dangerous devious games.

Hand on the dirk we pledged our aid  
cared nought for such deceit  
so run hit hide the highland way  
loyal, brave with white cockade  
constant, watchful... we'll read him yet!

We'll read him yet so turn the leaf;  
Why quill so much maligned?  
Four, six, seven then Marguerite's  
fragile petals on canvas speak  
out: of a sovereign marriage bed.

The searching, soulless, furious, cry  
' 'tis a tissue of lies! '  
Destruction bent and blind by pride.  
Thus guard, keep her and defend  
steadfast, unyielding to the end.

The reason? An aforesaid name  
a future commitment and a claim.

For Prince Michael of Albany  
August 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **J - Le Chevalier d'Écosse (a Jacobite poem)**

As a highland waterfall  
fell, cascading clean and pure  
he hurtled out of the glen  
lone rider; without his men.

Astride a silver charger  
ride on -on to kingdom come  
'C'est le roi des Écossais! '  
Restored to his rightful place.

Knight of honour, brave and true  
for how could I forget you?  
Noble, t'was magnificence  
walking the way of Wallace.

Once enfolded and engulfed  
cleansed by fathomless torrents,  
awoke; touched that golden head  
'take care' I simply said

But he was gone.

November 2008

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **J - The Bonnie Prince.(A Jacobite Poem)**

So there he wrote  
under the candle light  
the candle light  
which flickered in the draught  
the draught that dimmed  
his purpose and his sight  
into the night  
as night fell on 'the cause'.

To say he cared  
he cared for native land  
and shared his heart  
with those who stood for him;  
no foreign troops  
to fight the enemy;  
tried everything  
to hold to kith and kin.

He was the heir  
for King he gave his best  
that much is true  
you surely know the rest  
the rest is known  
once penned so long ago  
tended pow-er  
'automatic right'.

They had been kings  
the kings of Britain's shores.  
But who had come  
through the beheaded Charles?  
Of En-ger-land  
to title held on tight  
then multiplied  
quickly, with all their might.

The first were last  
yet least but not forgot  
and place 'usurped'  
outnumbered over years  
thus when he died -  
he died on foreign soil;  
betrayed, ignored:  
He wore the British Crown.

For he had been  
The Prince, The Prince of Wales.  
He had been crowned -  
crowned by the 'Auld Ecosse'  
and as he wrote  
under the candle light  
by ring-ed hand,

lace fell from tartan cuff.

The rest we're told  
for it is history  
of genocide  
and vicious butchery  
but they are wrong  
'twas he who was 'usurped'  
their rightful king  
they surely did supplant.

And that is how -  
is how it is today.  
A coronet:  
'usurpers' had their way!  
Now set upon  
upon an aged head,  
a silver crown  
so longed for by the blood.

Thus here we had  
a challenge plain to see.  
The British crown  
a prize for victory.  
Yet first by George,  
did sit upon that head?  
'Twas not by right  
it really must be said.

So there he wrote  
under the candle light.  
The candle light  
which flickered in the draught -  
the draught that dimmed  
his purpose and his sight  
unto the night  
as night fell on the brave.

For 'twas the brave  
Highlander's fought the war;  
invited all:  
what they were destined for  
and if you doubt -  
doubt what is written here:  
you go in search  
through records year by year.

It was unjust  
yet as the Bonnie Prince  
had breathed his last  
the diadem was passed  
to Cardinal

'de jure', ninth Hen-er-y  
by fair or foul  
the foe took up that throne.

Explain to me  
the logic of the thing.  
It puzzles one  
to think - to think of them:  
adversaries  
fought for kingdom and crown.  
After defeat  
hunted, chased from home.

And since that time  
such sorrow in the hills.  
Far northern place  
expressed by age old quills;  
they paid the price  
and yet still wish him come -  
come once again  
though he is now long gone.

So there he wrote  
under the candle light.  
The candle light  
that flickered in the draught -  
the draught that dimmed  
his purpose and his sight  
which glowed so bright  
he wrote on through the night.

\*After reading:  
The manifesto of August 1745  
and the Royal Almanachs  
'a record of european princes  
of europe'  
In the Biblioteque National  
Paris.

April 2007

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **J - The Fugitive.(A Jacobite Poem)**

I'll tell you of the Jacobite  
who cuts right through my heart;  
heed the call of the drums and pipe  
a hand on hilt ready to fight  
flashing blade with white cockade  
lies deep within my heart.

I'll read you of the Jacobite  
revealed through written yarns;  
haunted echoes of drums and pipe  
'Kidnapped' by quill for he did write  
truth held in words yet valiant  
wrote what was in his heart.

I'll whisper of the Jacobite  
a treasure from the hearth;  
attend the call of drums and pipe  
vital spark we'll keep alight  
fearless, bold and vigilant  
chased cruelly from our hearts.

Lets celebrate the Jacobite  
who occupies our hearts!  
Honour the call of drums and pipe  
a fugitive though his by RIGHT!  
He's come home in highland plaid  
forever claims our hearts!

June 2006  
France

Inspired by HRH Prince Michael Stewart.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **J - The Great Seal of Scotland (A Jacobite poem)**

Once a God annointed king

who

after three years  
into  
his rightful reign

they

deposed, defamed

so...

cast  
the great seal in the  
Thames

didn't see Britain again.

Not even found or regained

vain, treacherous time

viscid...

seal newly struck  
and  
just made...

What luck!

For

Queen Anne's  
treaty of Union.

Thus hither 'twas it replaced...?

Why, such an utter disgrace! ! !

August 08

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **J-The two Kings of 'Angleterre' (a jacobite poem)**

It was here in St Germain en Laye  
long long ago and many a day  
where jacobite James held his court  
by senventeen o' one 'il est mort...'  
still, trace along these balconies  
once resonant with laughter and glee  
as ran the princess called Louise  
after a brother she loved - to tease  
sprung from the beauty of 'Modene'  
and the exhiled British King.

A handful had condemned him thus  
who caused such grief and a terrible fuss  
daughters royal were hardly loyal  
babes were born with various boils  
yet with exuberance and mirth  
welcomed the little prince's birth;  
now abdicate Jacques deux did not  
though circumstance proved somewhat hot!  
So in that green and pleasant land  
crown passed down from hand to hand.

Usurped, invaded; one by one  
first the Dutch then the Hanovarian  
'invited' always reads the claim  
while 'occupation' was their game  
for it is writ in records here  
there were once two Kings of 'Angleterre'  
Granted, silly Billy's mandatory oath  
guarenteed that he was free to boast  
that HE was monarch for all the see  
even if not quite - quite legally.

For here in St Germain en Laye  
long long ago and many a day  
the sovereign who lived 'over the water'  
toast him! Raise a glass - of port-er  
square toed, red heeled, and curly old whigs  
they frequently went to hunt wild pigs  
and boar and entertain each other  
dressed in silks, lace, tricorne and feather  
diamonds glister; rubies glisten  
to music baroque they would listen.

While across 'la Manche' in London Town  
however, this story is not well-known;  
England's Freddie's last words bore the truth  
'Respect the British Prince's claim and youth! '  
So 'twas here in St Germain en Laye  
long long ago and many a day  
then when he grew to man's estate  
they stole his title and denied his fate

Drummossie Moor, forty-five - the date  
for some sort of justice we await!

The Butcher committed genocide  
from the fact one cannot hide  
while Robert sat with ink and quill  
wrote how the jacobite is frozen still  
his body deep under the ground  
buried alive without a sound:  
so if you dig you just might grasp  
a written truth lost in the past  
though you could never find today  
on a visit to St Germain en Laye.

Victoria upon herself  
decided to construct - with all her wealth  
a plaque to commemorate the long dead Jim  
who after all wasn't buried within  
conveniently she just forgot  
his majesty had ruled the lot  
the Ruler of Britain - for that he was  
these lines writ here just because  
it is the principal you see  
and it seems its just left up to me  
so do remember do recall  
King James the second was sovereign of all.

After a visit to St Germain en Laye  
April 2009

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Marauders**

After toil which lasted a lifetime  
adolescence through until seventy  
asked to pay for private healthcare  
' I've already paid the '-uggar ' said he.

Given weekly from hard earned wages  
promises once made from cradle to grave  
yet, on the brink of his dotage  
there was but little to spare for old age.

Then not able to understand this  
contributions made right until the end  
marauders from distant places  
arrived to take advantage - yes my friend!

To take advantage, an objective  
of a system; result of others work  
reason doesn't much matter  
so the upshot is a darn empty purse.

There are those who call it racism  
that is something I utterly refute  
cut-backs are all I remember  
and then a rather distinct lack of loot.

That wasn't enough for a nation  
with neither work, education nor homes  
sad doleful beggars, down and outs  
their names such as Mr Broon, Smith or Jones.

Yet no one has tried to explain it  
simply cannot see that logic at all  
others from far distant places  
marauding while the inhabitants fall.

So there surely must be a limit  
when our folks are demoralized thus  
living reduced circumstances  
to accomodate idealistic tosh.

Of how one should welcome one's brother  
permitted to arrive and help himself  
without toil which lasts a lifetime  
the outcome is to sap a countries wealth.

It's certain one's views must count somewhere  
with those who claim such concern for their own  
defending rights of our people  
native-born, against the marauding foe.

July 2008

Maraud: make raid, pillage.  
Marauder: person or animal that goes  
about in search of plunder.

Plunder: Carry off goods from(place)  
or of (person) by open force and by  
right of might; rob, steal or embezzle.  
Violent or dishonest acquisitionof property;  
property so acquired, spoils.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **N - A Lick and a Promise.(1960's Britain)**

Together we climbed up the stairs  
'now come on matey' Nanna said.  
Once at the top both entered there  
while she decided what to wear  
so after while the sun streamed in  
warm water filled the sink within  
removed with care as one by one;  
work clothes off afternoon clothes on;  
'Wright's coal tar' and the job was done.

Decision taken turned to say  
'a lick and a promise today'.  
Donned soft clean vest; stiff long line bra  
extra best support 'cross your heart'  
struggled with hooks and hauled it up  
big, thick, white a double F cup.  
Next infact was just like murder  
jerk, tug, yank hoisted the girdle!  
Like clearing a major hurdle.

Chatted on with her granddaughter  
dirty underclothes and water  
thus swiftly cleared of all the mess  
pretty petticoat, floral dress.  
At length we'd pass along the stairs  
a bedroom with the horse hair chair;  
then cocked left ankle on right knee  
rolled up stocking, chit chat with me  
relaxed, that's how we used to be.

Sliding doors of lemon black stripe  
in the dressing table; behind  
ever faithfully guarded pearls  
there lived a fairy with Nan's jewels.  
Fixed suspenders, checked seams were straight  
impossible contortions made!  
Memories of joy and laughter  
how I miss such treasured chatter  
hope she waits in the here after.

November 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **N - In Service.**

When Nanna went into service  
at fourteen years of age;  
she went to Barratt's 'the shoe people'  
who resided in St Ives.  
A uniform had to be purchased  
two of everything folded and neat  
and off she went with her suitcase  
and a pair of new boots on her feet.  
Then, she purchased a ticket  
for the steam train to the next town  
and tearfully waved through the window;  
her parents agreed 'she's fullgrown'.

To Mrs Jones:  
'My Kate's gone into service  
she went two days ago,  
hired only recently  
we're very proud you know.'

Master and Madam Barratt were the owners  
of an impressive estate: Then -  
wide eyed taken around it,  
instructions and duties to relate;  
Madam liked beds made to perfection  
not a fold or a crease in sight,  
shown the correct way to make them:  
Beds had to be made 'just right'.  
There really was so much to remember  
everything so different from home  
that Kate began to worry  
and to wish she'd never come.

To Mrs Smith:  
'My Kate's gone into service  
I expect she'll be alright -  
told her to keep herself tidy  
and not to fear the night! '

Kate thought it over and over  
as the mornings tasks commenced:  
She didn't 'quite like the Lady',  
and didn't think much to the food.  
There was a rotten smell in the larder  
as game was hung overnight: to be  
prepared for a fancy dress soirée  
taking place on the following day.  
Exhausted, up in the attic  
far away from her mother's care  
with no-one to come and kiss goodnight  
how she wished she wasn't there!

And after... to Mrs Green

'My Kate's gone into service  
I have no news at all  
yes, we really miss her  
hope she does as she's told! '

Rising at four in the morning  
after breakfast with so much to do,  
one task arrived after another  
finally lunchtime ensued.  
At her post, ready and waiting  
as the Ladies and Gents arrived  
all colourful costumes and tissue  
a wonderful view to behold:  
There was Bo-Peep, Godiva and Ape-man  
surprised, and all so extreme,  
Kate longed for what was 'dead normal'  
her brothers, her mum and her dad.

Then to Mrs Day:  
'My Kate's gone into service  
I wonder how she's got on?  
Remembered to answer politely  
and been made real welcome... '

It was then that Kate decided,  
like a butterfly winging its way;  
thought no-one would miss her  
how could she ever explain?  
Serving guests and the family  
then without word and turning to go:  
Not a thought for the consequences  
but what was happening at home.  
Putting hat and coat on  
she disappeared out of sight,  
the party already in 'full swing'  
left behind a suitcase shut tight!

And finally to Mrs Jones:  
'Whose that now in the distance?  
Recognition made her groan...  
'It can't be her 'cause she's away -  
JUST WAIT 'TILL I GET YOU 'OME! '

For Lydia and Demelza

France 2003

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **N - Nanna's angel.**

One day my Nanna said to me  
she'd seen an angel in a tree  
determined I to see it too  
but wasn't quite sure what to do.

Out in the garden skip five steps  
as a feline stealthily crept  
over the grass and bird bath past  
vegetables; up winding path.

A glint of white, a wing in view?  
Simply was too good to be true!  
Eye looked about and thought I saw  
but couldn't spot it anymore.

The day was sunshine bright and blue  
from childhood such a perfect view  
and far off Grandad with his spade  
the memory will never fade.

Then Peter cat with paw and claw  
had put an end to that for sure!  
Bending only to pat his head  
drew blood which was terrible red!

Wincing a little then I ran  
back up the garden to my Nan.  
For where in the world could it be  
the angel in the apple tree?

And after that I've often looked  
for a seraph from the good book.  
Peeping, peering just to see  
if she was looking back at me.

June 2006  
A memory.  
For Christine Taylor.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **N - Survivors of The Great War.**

Soldiers awaiting departure,  
a kiss for mum, cherished goodbyes,  
a trio of golden haired angels  
despite their 'short back and sides'.

On receiving 'call up papers'  
then certainly, they had to go:  
to fight for King and country  
to territory they didn't know.

Innocent, unable to question,  
dutiful boys of their word  
toughened at home by father who  
was skilled in the art of his belt.

So, brothers calling for sister,  
but a child of only five;  
hidden high up in the rafters  
of the barn in the yard outside.

Sitting there quietly listening  
name called just like in a game;  
call her for 'THE VERY LAST TIME! '  
and call her once again.

For they really must be off now  
and so had better make haste -  
out of sight: she would detain them.  
Unseen, perhaps they'd remain...

And after all fell silent  
only then she really knew,  
they'd gone away to be soldiers,  
hands waving a fond farewell.

They didn't like to speak of it,  
their experience of war, as  
they smoked their 'fags' together  
survivors one and all.

Thinking of 'Old England'.

For Maisie.

France 2003

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **N - The Apron**

My Nanna wore an apron  
for all her mornings tasks;  
such a pretty shade and floral  
and I have kept the last.

She washed and pressed it regularly  
and placed it in a drawer  
with several other aprons,  
she didn't want for more.

They were always very pretty  
made by her own fair hand,  
with many different colours  
and I'd gaze up as she'd stand.

Always standing doing something  
like rolling pastry out  
or frying Grandad's breakfast  
cooking cakes when he was out.

She found it so important  
to cover up for work...  
sometimes jobs were dirty  
sometimes she'd just talk.

So now I wear that apron  
for my mornings tasks,  
such a pretty shade and floral  
I'm so glad I kept the last!

France 2003

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **N - The ghost, nanna and me.**

While sipping a port and lemon  
with nanna soon after tea  
my thoughts inhabited heaven;  
the ghost? It might have been me.

Sudden sniff, her singular air:  
phantom or evil maybe?  
Looming long shadows, hidden fear;  
the ghost? It may have been me.

Mulling over the evidence  
interpreted candidly,  
conceivable yet more than chance;  
the ghost? Was probably me.

Conscious of a call of nature  
light, up a full flight of stairs  
a wee wraith spied from the future  
fearfully whispering prayers.

As fast as legs could carry one  
down, as fast as they could go;  
she must have had such wicked fun?  
Long jumps away from the foe.

Thus often as I close my eyes  
through mind's eye reflection see  
for every room and corner; spy,  
the ghost? It must have been me!

May 2006  
France

Because I look back far too often.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Out in France**

There was no compensation  
for the soldiers of The Great War:  
Returning, they got on with life  
there was really nothing more.  
For they didn't speak about it  
neither moan, complain nor dwell  
because they were the victors  
and had survived 'Bloody Hell! '

So many of them went out there  
a generation gave their youth  
fighting side by side to victory  
oblivious of the truth:  
So... let us not forget them  
Britain's finest and her best  
that we could see a better day  
fulfilment of their quest.

I wonder if you can name them?  
Those from your family  
who fought in the mud whilst serving  
their King and country:  
For innocence is but fleeting  
and a lot of time has passed  
as they faced that hell together  
in the trenches, out in France.

For Lynne Burrows

France  
November 2003

Gillian.E. Shaw

## Princess of Cannes

A stroke of luck  
and for the day  
we ventured to  
an unknown view  
across the bay  
good luck! good luck!  
The south of France  
and daughter fair  
her golden hair  
it was by chance  
our piece of luck  
the dress she wore  
was smart and clean  
loveliness seen  
print palm adorned  
with love and luck  
we walked a lot.  
Princess of Cannes  
with her 'maman'  
so glam! How hot!  
Nail varnish stuck!  
Was but a day  
we lunched and sipped  
as boats just dipped  
that month of May.

While others strutt  
hither, thither  
all important  
seemed unpleasant  
in a dither  
still were the yachts  
just for a day  
we ventured to  
a sea blue view  
but couldn't stay  
and then for luck  
we drank a toast  
they didn't see  
that it was me  
along that coast  
my pride my girl  
we talked a lot  
Princess of Cannes  
with her 'maman'  
so glam! How hot!  
Martini stirred.  
For just a day  
we lunched then sipped  
as boats just dipped  
that day in May.

May 2008  
Cannes Film Festival

Gillian.E. Shaw

## Recall to parliament '93

Learned, lofty lawgivers glimpsed rose clad hatted  
black velvet mourning and beneficiary,  
among the artful, ambitious and astute.  
All recalled. Spoiled statesmen, gorged on expenses;  
slick, sly, subtle the schemers of willfull woe.

Renegades opined the outsider was either  
a lapsed catholic or Madam Defarge. Shame  
returned a smile for envy was hers best hidden:  
Yet those who took the floor soiled, defiled and  
thwarted the unpretentious powerless poor.

When eye saw all there was to see, together then  
in search of England's painted history  
canvas vast past wife who begged on bended knee  
as he had given his head hacked off; hung high in  
corridors where the profane practiced power.

Thus rent apart on leaving; recollection  
of what had been years before when majesty  
boldly strode through miners ignorant misery  
rags wrapped wooden clogs, doffed caps; grateful  
for mugs of piping hot tea, pockets devoid of coin.

Shoulder still next to a future Chancellor  
in the House of Commons bar, as across her  
countenance a brave smile spread though view unchanged  
'Dissenter' she thought 'for those who take the floor  
know nothing at all of the powerless poor; '

For John Carlisle and Barry Simmons.

January 2006  
France.

The Future Chancellor in this poem became Prime Minister yesterday 24/6/07.  
She who wore a black velvet hat with a red rose was a Lone Parent on Income Support.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Rochester Place NW1 (or 'The London Costumier')**

Arrived with just my name  
answering a call as those lead females  
he'd dressed while earning fame.  
So after the audience was over  
hidden under cover

suspended from a rail  
hung the attire of a heroine  
who'd stepped out of the page;  
moreover, kindly told that this was true  
only a moments view.

Just a moment in time,  
pondered the tale of doom from Hardy's pen  
but a moment of mine  
committed, there up on to stitch and hem  
a winding path to wend.

Quite remarkable then,  
excited acceptance: fate's fortune fixed.  
And I have thought often  
about a want of faith amid success  
God's gifts were abundant  
in that artistic place.

(Britain 1980's)

December 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

### **Side by side in Auvers.**

To seek a bright and perfect light.  
We walked along our chosen way  
behind that hallowed twisted site;  
to seek a bright and perfect light  
long long ago 'twas his delight;  
a spot were he and Theo lay  
to seek a bright and perfect light;  
we walked along our chosen way.

In search of clear and perfect light  
he'd walked upon the given way  
captured, each moment of insight  
in search of clear and perfect light;  
rapture bestowed from his dark plight  
and so he'd toiled from day to day  
in search of clear and perfect light  
he'd walked upon the given way.

In memory of Vincent and after Thomas.  
France  
April 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

## Sisterhood

Once there was an observant girl  
who passed the eleven plus;  
so after all the excitement  
and a great amount of fuss;  
entered the establishment  
of Huntingdon Grammer School  
and applied herself forthwith  
when following all the rules.

Settling down to lessons  
then pouring over books;  
glancing out of the window  
for just the split second it took;  
not paying full attention  
when something caught her eye  
a shimmering, shining sports car  
shot by!

It shot right by the window  
in haste and turning to Jean;  
big eyes full round in sockets  
they both began to lean... they  
inclined towards the window  
but alas! There was no trace  
of the shimmering, shining sports car  
and a beautiful woman's face.

Echoes of a well known dancer  
uncommon, behind the wheel;  
aroused from stripling day dreams  
young ripe rounded minds of zeal;  
A long silken scarf abounded  
so different from the others:  
Gaberdeen macks and headscarves  
worn by many of their mothers.

Often the girls noticed her  
Jean knew the reason why:  
Visiting fairly frequently  
as she was driving by.  
There was an explanation  
of whose parent she might be:  
Daughters of different ages  
and the Art Master to see.

Art... the greatest of importance  
in this particular tale;  
viewed from an open window  
inside the mind of a juvenile  
who remembered through to adult  
hood, those exquisite sisters  
Amaryllis, Henrietta

Fanny and Nerissa.

Fleetingly do hours fly;  
while watching the T.V.  
Wedded wife and mother  
of her growing family.  
The evidence uncovered  
made manifest for all...  
appreciation arrived swiftly  
having seen them once before.

The wealth of creativity!  
Connection complete and clear;  
since a blessed memory  
which is held so often dear.  
Four flourishing young blossoms  
freshly grown in Bloomsbury?  
Given here a true account  
of what mum said to me.

Thus, the shimmering shining sports car  
and the beautiful woman's face  
belonged to Angelica Garnett  
a person of aesthetic taste.  
Her mother was the Painter  
who signed: By Vanessa Bell  
and her Aunt the writer: Virginia Woolf  
that's all there is to tell!

The End.

For Ellen Elizabeth

France  
September 2004

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Soldier with 'spangles'. (early 70's)**

They waited on  
a chill wet day  
for the Bedford  
train while it rained,  
rained, then it came.

Ta ta - ta tah! (like a train)

Dewy, sodden;  
'Flitwick station! '  
Her long lank hair  
with sister fair  
climbed into there.

Ta ta - ta tah!

What a relief!  
Smoke hung and dank,  
leather laced boots,  
kit bags; troop train,  
damp - drizzling rain.

Ta ta - ta tah!

Hands held tight as  
darkened carriage  
crept lazily  
to light... lighter  
saw the soldier.

Ta ta - ta tah!

The soldier in  
the corner seat  
girls' eyes like orbs;  
diagonal.  
Unwrapped 'spangles'.

Ta ta - ta tah!

Decision quick:  
phit, fast, threw, flew  
through time and space;  
ace! In lap flat!  
Well, that was that.

Ta ta - ta tah!

They mouthed their thanks,  
warm, tang, shared sweet  
rememberance.  
On on, towards

Ireland's troubles.

Ta ta - ta tah!

September 2006

After 'The wind that shakes the barley' a film by Ken Loach.  
For Julie.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **St. Joe**

Undeserved, accused  
a disgrace, a slur,  
an innocent girl

when charged with a crude  
and unlawful crime:  
which was at that time

outside of wedlock  
dealt a stoning death...  
were betrothed but yet

given strength within;  
he who saved became  
father of her babe

for every christian  
heart and soul since then  
What if not for him?

Christmas Day  
December 2007

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **The Gravedigger**

The knowledge acquired by the gravedigger  
slowly troubles and plays on the mind:  
So old great-grandpa Marcus Woods  
without illusions endeavoured to find  
a solution to the problem,  
how he and grannie might lay  
for their journey into eternity,  
he pondered as he dug during the day.

He knew all the gravedigger's failings,  
how they regularly turned over 'ole bone '...  
then finally it occurred to him:  
'We'll form a tomb o' brick underground!' '  
Goodness know how he ever achieved it,  
but build it her certainly did,  
one on top of the other - thus  
together in unperturbed bliss!

France 2003

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **The Order of Release.**

Spied the man from the glen  
swung the hem of his kilt  
at the back of his knee  
fold of sock down to shoe  
for I came and I came

a tishoo    a tishoo!

september 2006

after Millais

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **The River Erdre.**

Then run along the riverside  
upon a time a French King's pride  
viewed vast breadth and gentle ripples;  
glitter, glisten, glow and twinkle.

Inhale the bird infested air  
of clearer blue and high up there  
free to soar the highest heights  
a brighter day as one takes flight.

The heron builds a mighty nest  
and seagulls plague us overhead!  
Wild yellow iris fill the banks,  
in spring, the Lord is given thanks.

As river flows around the bend  
perfection reflected; sunlight sends  
and man created paint and brush  
to capture the views colourful, lush.

Painted river boats and barges,  
sailing craft of varied sizes  
and floating busses run on time;  
canoe or pleasure where we may dine.

So run, run by the riverside  
upon a time a French King's pride.  
Cycle paths and dogs who linger.  
Glisten, glitter, row the river.

For Egal Bohen.

October 2005  
France

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **The Satin Slipper**

The slipper  
had danced a  
step or two  
upon the  
ballroom floor  
and tapped in  
time to sweet  
minuets,  
under his  
petticoats  
lace galore.

september 2006  
For John Bright.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **They pulled the Plough In Godmanchester England.**

When Grannie and Grandpa met at school  
they only had eyes for each other.  
He left before he could read or write  
and life was hard as she pulled the plough.

So after... Grannie married in grey  
because she thought she'd go far away:  
the farthest she went was the farthest she'd been  
and life was hard as she pulled the plough.

Bravely, one cold Christmas Eve Grandpa,  
with a hungry family of nine  
to feed, poached a graceful waterbird;  
and life was hard as he pulled the plough.

Later Grannie prepared the 'royal fare',  
but didn't eat a mouthful 'No fear! '  
though not a child went hungry that year  
and life was hard as she pulled the plough.

In darkest deep midwinter; Grandpa  
for a farthing would tie skates on those;  
ska\_\_\_\_\_ting way across the frozen Ouse  
and life was hard as he pulled the plough.

Lord! Grannie and Grandpa disagreed!  
In a rage took off 'for good! ' Went as  
far as the 'pig sty' fell fast asleep...  
and lives were hard as they pulled the plough.

On inquiring for 'Parish Relief'  
informed they didn't qualify...how  
proud they were and degraded they felt,  
and life was hard as they pulled the plough.

Well truly, Grannie so loved Grandpa  
lack of beasts, the soil needed tilling  
took turns with the boys in the harness  
and lives were hard as they pulled the plough.

For Grannie and Grandpa tried their best!  
to do what they could for kith and kin,  
of their flesh and bone and blood are we  
and lives were hard as they pulled the plough!

For all the Woods's of Godmanchester.

Thinking of 'Old England'  
France  
October 2003

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Time Honoured Feud. (Britain 1980's)**

Driven on by the economic whip  
hurried down from the glen  
assuredly ignorant, unread men:  
spirited, canny and swift.

Lofty lawgiving legislators wove  
a weak and feeble web:  
betrayed those in search of a marriage bed;  
doomed too: body and soul.

Some took their chance and cast their raft upon  
a harsh and vengeful sea:  
adrift gave life; beauty couldn't unite thee.  
Crude; deliberate done  
the line goes on.

September 2006

Comment: What happened when the underprivileged  
were told to 'get on their bikes' and to look for work.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Uncloaked (a poem about autism)**

As she saw them waving back at her  
all at once heart broke  
when both in perfect harmony  
wept tears of loss: for memory  
they waved their hands in unity  
the other stood aloof.

The other stood aloof  
and only then 'twas understood  
a soul so out of time  
without reason, without rhyme.

As she saw them waving back at her  
all at once uncloaked  
revealed the years with all the tears  
once sorrow drenched yet now so clear  
a wielded sword which held such fear  
hidden well, a truth.

Hidden well a truth  
that only now is understood.  
Our soul was out of time  
without reason, without rhyme.

March 2008

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Unpardonable. (a poem of Britain)**

Prophetic words sung of 'Maggie's Farm'.  
Remembering the horror and harm.  
Squandered production so undeserved.  
Resilient stronghold was 'the word'.

Power to deny; self satisfied.  
Blindness, mindless of those crucified.  
Black of bleakest days when Miner's struck  
rose, rallied and tossed coins in buckets  
somewhere in the youth of '84  
never to work on her farm no more.

The King of the Scallies holding court  
bravely spoke of her lack of support;  
a pint, through laughter and all agreed:  
Wholly ignored what work one might need  
'To be dragged down the Mall by the hair'  
said he; we thought that was pretty fair.

Prophetic words sung in 'Maggie's Farm'.  
Evidence of her havoc, her harm.  
Squandered generation; undeserved.  
Resilient stronghold still 'the word'.

For Tony Evans

November 2005  
France.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **Utopia (an exsanguination)**

As I  
waited  
for the bus  
it seemed to me...

that in a  
preferred  
multi-  
cultural  
society...

natives  
often...

demoralized  
destitute and  
disappointed...

their endurance  
truly tested...

find  
themselves...

victims

of

others  
brothers

thoughtlessness

and greed...

scant...

opportunity

limited...

not  
permitted  
or allowed...

fallen...

somewhere  
falling...

failing...

GO

and seek  
utopia...

failing...  
falling...

still.

Then  
I saw the  
bus and  
got on it.

Bedford Bus Station

August 08

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **We do not feel her.**

And as she turns we do not feel her:  
Four seasons pass in several shades;  
life, the given spark to ignite the flame.  
Time past is spent. Only to be  
waved away without a care?  
Then failing... falling on bruised knees:  
For troubled souls seek a simple prayer  
faced with the complexities of faith.

Oh... who is he without a name?  
Why so many players at the game?  
Wherefor art thou footsteps leading?  
Hearts who suffer much are bleeding.  
Youth lacks compassion; it's the fashion;  
all is given and then taken.  
Mankind's instinct to survive...  
his consciousness brief as he travels through time  
and space, spinning into eternity:  
As she turns we do not feel her.

For Juliana, Irene and Jane.

France  
March 2004

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **X - 21 Not ordinary but Normal.**

Down the fast lane  
zoom zoom zoom!

Busy busy  
sip sip  
screw screw screw  
busy busy  
sip sip  
zed zed zed.

Normal people  
normal needs.

Busy busy  
sip sip  
screw screw screw  
busy busy  
sip sip  
zed zed zed.

Strive to mend, blot  
taint stain spot.

Busy busy  
sip sip  
screw screw screw  
busy busy  
sip sip  
zed zed zed

Verity lost  
stark and bare

Busy busy  
sip sip  
screw screw screw  
busy busy  
sip sip  
zed zed zed.

Long gone the thread  
mother love

Busy busy  
sip sip  
screw screw screw  
busy busy  
sip sip

zed zed zed.

Or-din-ary  
or counterfeit?

Busy busy  
sip sip  
screw screw screw  
busy busy  
sip sip  
zed zed zed.

Written on the 21st Birthday of the  
second son of The People's Princess.

France  
September 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **X - Not Queen Yet.**

How faintly vulgar  
and not even Queen  
wearing such jewellery  
for all to be seen.  
The last to wear them  
she reigned over all  
through 'Votes for Women! '  
and the 'First World War! '  
While the Tzar faced a  
firing squad and the  
family changed names  
belonging to Britain  
those jewels still remain.  
How faintly vulgar  
certainly not Queen  
wearing such rarities  
for all to be seen!

April 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

**X - Random thought.**

If something is inevitable it is unavoidable.  
If something is an accident it is an unexpected event.

Was the way in which Princess Diana died inevitable or accidental?

Thoughts April 2007

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **X - Royalist Voices.**

A beloved soul is 'good Queen Bess! '  
as the voiceless millions know  
attending to their day - to -day toil  
reaping daily bread; firm, fast and loyal  
they are unseen, unheard Subjects.

A beloved spirit, 'The Queen of hearts'  
silently, privately, still mourned  
time well spent doing daily tasks  
earning their crust until the last...  
her hushed and faithful followers.

A beloved hope is the young 'Crown Prince'  
and with him their trust is placed  
when labouring through never ending graft  
of the working class; loyal and steadfast  
hopeful, hale and hearty liegemen!

Ignorance.

France  
November 2004

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **X - The ambitious knave.**

If a prince and his mistress whispered into the ear  
of an ambitious and immoral knave;

would he boast, brag or crow?  
With reluctance say no?  
Or intimidate the court with his standing?

If the ambitious and immoral whispered into the ear  
of a mother a wife and a princess;

would she be afraid?  
Then perhaps tell her aid?  
And write her fears down in a letter?

If a princess felt threatened and whispered into the ear  
of an honest and dutiful servant;

would he furrow his brow?  
And let the police know?  
Or carefully keep what was written?

If the ambitious and immoral whispered into the ear  
of assassins, cut throats and thieves;

could he feel any blame?  
Take delight in the game?  
Or carry that guilt like a burden?

If assassins, and cut throats whispered into the ear  
of an ambitious and immoral knave;

would they tell him ok?  
They'd done it his way?  
Knaveish trickery, treachery: TRIUMPHANT! ! !

Supposition of the evil surrounding the Peoples Princess.

France  
October 2004

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **X - The Old Queens' jewels.**

Handed down, now tainted jewels  
breaking, binding sacred rules;  
that gaudy crown flashy flaunted  
such spoils from an unholy mess  
long long ago Queens and Princess;  
irreverance towards the dead.

Ever joyful sinning, grinning  
feigned innocence running, cunning  
haphazard chance: the hoped for crash?  
The games not over yet awhile  
when such a marriage has no style,  
haunted by an unforgettable ghost.

Blaze beloved diamond gems!  
The blood spilt red of one condemned  
and once united kingdom, torn  
twisted fate had thus been cruel:  
such dressing up in all their jewels!  
So sick! Acquit! Leave us to mourn.

March 2006  
A comment on the latest whereabouts  
of the Old Queen Mary's and the Queen Mothers  
jewels and the breaking of sacred tradition  
within the British Monarchy.

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **X - The Root of all Evil.**

Because they wanted it back  
smothered and suffocated.  
At last a longed for hope; rapt.  
Because they wanted it back.  
Blindly blundered the Rat pack  
at length humiliated;  
because they wanted it back  
smothered and suffocated.

Badly, they wanted it back  
secretly cunningly embalmed.  
Envy, coverted: like Jack  
badly, they wanted it back.  
Once deposed from the fast track  
hurriedly homeward harmed;  
badly, they wanted it back  
secretly cunningly embalmed.

Madly, they wanted it back  
seen paraded on the street.  
The devious have the knack;  
madly, they wanted it back.  
Long ago they'd faced the rack  
Lords and Ladies; smiles that greet;  
madly, they wanted it back  
seen paraded on the street.

Sadly, they wanted it back  
woeful, wasted sacred oaths.  
So the insatiable sat;  
sadly, they wanted it back.  
Through the many mourning hats  
shoved into a beat up horse;  
sadly, they wanted it back  
woeful, wasted sacred oaths.

Keenly, they wanted it back.  
Defiant: Shook hands today.  
Humbug to accept infact  
keenly, they wanted it back.  
Highly skilled but without tact  
'no matter' some might say;  
keenly, they wanted it back.  
Defiant: Shook hands today.

For those who refuse to be brainwashed.

November 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **X - The Wives of Charles III?**

For truth is sadly not a game  
though some may try to shape it  
and honest hearts remain the same  
thus truth is sadly not a game  
the huntress we all knew by name  
usurped, the place she used to sit;  
for truth is sadly not a game  
though some may try to shape it.

'You must move on! ' The cry is heard  
thus twist and turn the hand of fate  
but how this cry just seems absurd!  
'One must move on! ' The cry is heard:  
'Make way the wife of Charles III? '  
An idea many Subjects hate  
'You must move on! ' The cry is heard  
so twist and turn the hand of fate.

Comment: It is impossible to move  
on if one believes The People's Princess  
was murdered.

France  
May 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **X - Unpaid Debts.**

A prince owed a knave for some debts unpaid.  
Whispered a secret taken to the grave;  
obstructed news of how he'd mis behaved;  
a blind eye turned to an order one gave  
as she was betrayed he prepared to save  
while a nation mourned; fresh flowers layed.  
Ammused by the expert little game they'd played;  
commended for all the destruction made;  
the age old lesson that will never fade:  
A prince owes a knave for some debts unpaid.

April 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

## **X - Vis-à-Vis (Face to face)**

Suddenly, through a veil of tears I saw the knave.  
Wearing guilt across a blighted face:  
Like the ambitious wife hiding wrong and blood;  
vile stubborn stain, longing to vanish.  
Vainglorious conquests! Viewed from here; assonine  
exploits with multiple illusions.  
A magician with a box of tricks opening  
up on the darkest day; winding down  
to deeper proceedings. Charmed, stinking essence;  
transparent, I saw the knave; hidden.

France  
November 2004

Gillian.E. Shaw