

Poetry Series

**Wendy Ann Webb**  
**- poems -**



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## Wendy Ann Webb()

Born in the Midlands, UK, married life in Norfolk, Wendy is a prolific poet. She loves gardening, photography, reading Elly Griffiths, and sea/sky/and storm. Her new book LOVE'S FLORELOQUENCE is now available in print at [Amazon.co.uk](https://www.amazon.co.uk).



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# Scents Of Youthful Age

Queueing by the van, scent smooth vanilla.  
Basket-weaving each aisle, smell lavender.  
Spray wrist, at counter, with some bottled rose,  
relax by decking's ripe honeysuckle.  
Imagine hot mulled wine and season's spice  
and settle spirits with a darkened musk.

Bake rich fruit cake into a moorish musk,  
or sponge cake dripped with bottled vanilla,  
or rock cakes, moist and with a hint of spice.  
Relax awhile in cushioned lavender,  
pampered hands with hint of honeysuckle,  
then feast your eyes on solitary rose.

So you are spoilt for choice with petalled rose,  
or fragrance subtle as a mystic musk.  
Bubbles burst in sweetest honeysuckle  
intense aromas, oils of vanilla.  
Sense peace within those waves of lavender  
and bathing lotion's foaming royal spice.

Administer a potion of love's spice  
and bedspread's drifting petals, richest rose.  
Prepare for sleep with pillow's lavender,  
spray damp sensual air with pregnant musk.  
Hide dull soap, a soft and sweet vanilla,  
and shower gel thick with honeysuckle.

Visit gardens wreathed in honeysuckle  
and beds and borders pristine with new spice.  
Ice cream queues, nostalgic with vanilla;  
memento from the plant stall, bare root rose.  
Catch whiffs from visitors, in scents of musk,  
buying future dreams - sachet lavender.

Post ordered scents of Norfolk lavender;  
love seat dell in climbing honeysuckle.  
Buy toiletries and treats, in fruit or musk,  
aromas cool as ice or warm as spice.

Packaged candles, oils of essential rose;  
ice cream online, scoops of soft vanilla.

Bathe in lavender, treat all life as spice;  
grow honeysuckle, soft as thornless rose  
and musk will fall, youthful as vanilla.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Woodland Scene

Inspired by 'Woodland Stream' Alan Kingwell, Liskeard, 1998 (Lynher Valley, Bodmin Moor) .

My friend, you send the sweetest winter scene  
to thrill my eyes and fill my heart with joy.  
Your words, though nothing special, nothing mean,  
glow Paradise in golden light's alloy.

To thrill my eyes and fill my heart with joy:  
the sun, as gleaming winter aconite,  
glows Paradise in golden light's alloy,  
lead-streaming in my garden's richest night.

The sun, as gleaming winter aconite,  
where shadows landscape dense horizon's drift,  
lead-streaming in my garden's richest night.  
Still black and white glows warm with springtime lift.

Where shadows landscape dense horizon's drift,  
steep banks of snow raise paintbrush bark-stroke twigs.  
Still black and white glows warm with springtime lift  
as if an Eden waits on ripened figs.

Steep banks of snow raise paintbrush bark-stroke twigs,  
all leafless dark and light, no shades of green,  
as if an Eden waits on ripened figs;  
dear as spied woodland deer glimpsed hazy, keen.

All leafless dark and light, no shades of green,  
your words - though nothing special, nothing mean -  
dear as spied woodland deer glimpsed hazy, keen.  
My friend, you send the sweetest winter scene.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Walled Garden, Felbrigg

Mature fruit in the apple orchard,  
skies blue as endless summer.  
Neptune's cherub poses,  
harmless in a pond,  
where lavender yet blooms.  
No crooning from the dovecote's aged red bricks,  
while vegetables are fat for harvesting  
before first winter frosts.

A bloom of agapanthus skies  
and angel's trumpets in the greenhouse.  
Just gently snaking breeze  
of naked ladies blooming bare and pink.  
Geraniums in second flush,  
fuschias tall as trees.  
Cabbage whites flit caryopteris airs,  
while pensioners slow to a long-gone age;  
yet fast as humans, fast as fall,  
and always like a Noah's Ark, in pairs.

Geese arch to church-migrating shapes,  
into a storm of popes and formless fears.  
Silent jets spike the sky,  
to seashell echoes of a distant war.

One stray dragonfly dances light-stormed peace;  
too soon, gone.  
An echolalic child lifts laughter into air,  
as windfalls stray and bruise on verdant lawn.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Walking With The Fairies

I met a fairy yesterday  
with no gay smile to read a lie  
and no deep sigh to let me know  
that she was far from home.

I met a fairy on the green  
and - as I'd seen such elven folk -  
impish, joked she was deflowered;  
for she was far from home.

I met a fairy at the show  
that flowed with flowers, garden themes  
and dreams that rooms, like Eden's glade,  
could transplant peace at home.

I met a fairy far from home  
and, with some twitching dragonflies,  
I purchased lies to buy the dream  
- of flowers' fair abode.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Man On A Summer's Day

Shall I compare you to a watering can?  
You get too hot as sun chances upon our lawn  
and you're thirsty when those flowers blush or nod.  
How willing, hothead, to - manly - fill your spout  
and dribble just enough to make them bloom.  
My, is your silver stubble, oh, so smooth  
and how your shape reflects 'stages of man'.  
You are modern just in sheen and yet inside  
you're hollowed out and spent when you're not full.  
Ah, man, such stainless steel, I love you still.

Wendy Ann Webb



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# It's December

Late leaves are falling thick this year, like snow,  
in floating light of winter's glowing gold.

Deep drifting earth of amber's cheering warmth  
then sparks a blaze, too late for bonfire's flush.

Rage against the dying light.

Viburnum's floret blush bursts white to shine  
in dull and darkened skies of grey and green,  
while rhododendron's slowly fattened buds  
soon promise summer's moist and turgid blooms.

Rage against dark's coming night.

Sharp frosts have shot begonias to death;  
some, cradled in the hay, will bloom next year.  
Pot mums have stained their pretty frocks to surf  
their laundered tide marks, pegged to autumn's-course.

Rage a year once cradled, stiff.

It's cold and still and yet our songbirds bring  
their ringing sundown of a year reborn.  
Forlorn, no natal star, yet blackbirds tease  
where robins, brash as berries, please the scene.

Rage for nature's stinging night.

All buds and bulbs mark winter's timely phase  
and trace a fine maturing wine, to pour  
rich heady scents, enriching longed-for spring.

Romance ferments, with birds, to fevered rage:  
effervescent songs of light.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Gloria In Excelsis Soars To Heaven

I wandered lonely through the city streets,  
observing pigeons fighting for each crumb;  
a mess of statues vandalised by blame,  
wan droppings daubing whitewash on our needs.  
Skies banished from Paradise.

I waited, not at all, for spring to breed,  
perceiving TV images' dull flights;  
a mess, our world, still vandalised by pain  
and angry dropping aircrafts' blighted seeds.  
Skies crowded and sowing death.

I ambled through my dreams of yesteryear,  
till autumn fall was late as wreathes deferred.  
Is that the nightingale or lark, newborn?  
Spoiling seasons to wean eternal fear.  
Skies filled with imagined song.

I bled a robin from my cat today,  
suspected drunken wasps, though late, must fall.  
Memorials raised hope for life insane  
and winter visitors dashed crumbs in play.  
Skies cloud dense with autumn shades.

I wandered lovely airs through heaven's space,  
a breeze of art and music's seven seals;  
migrating birds arced nature's late discord -  
bright rainbow pots of gold for every race.  
Skies bright with poetic art.

Then nightingales and larks sang 'Gloria'  
and 'In Excelsis' robins (crimson) preened  
and pigeons (stock as statues) joined the strain:  
till every bird sang nature's Gloria.  
Chorus skies of witnesses.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Genesis Of A Garden

Each colour in the garden is so bright  
and how can I distinguish so much light:  
I know this colour's paradise is green,  
but plants are like a rainbow, it would seem.  
How can I name them all, there's so much time  
and everyone to grace my life is mine.

This shock of yellow I can eat, it's mine  
and, like the sun and moon's celestial bright,  
I cannot bear to place its arc in time.  
Banana it must be, so fat yet light.  
My middle squelches like its ridge-round seam  
and now it feels an ordinary green.

This orb is such an opposite to green,  
I scent the Tigris' blood flows deep as mine;  
it drips Euphrates' raindrops from its seam  
and as the dew at dawn, it's ripe and bright.  
Taste fires a vast explosion into light,  
this orange is a new day caught in time.

I tread upon this wrath of purple time,  
my senses shouting to its sister, green.  
My body twines like breath, it is so light:  
at one with nature, dizzy now spring's mine.  
The night ferments and morning is too bright  
and grapes will never be just as they seem.

This fruit rind breaks thick promises to seem  
like living things, a forest eyeing time.  
Great plumes of shocking wit are ostrich-bright  
and nerves must learn by touch when sweets are green.  
Ripe pomegranate, fertile globe, is mine  
and night will capture day with eyes alight.

She's wrapped in evening blossom, pink and light  
and trammels gently on my middle's seam.  
She's fat as pig and soft as sheep, she's mine,  
the only girl to grace my Eden-time.

I offer her cool fig, but it's too green,  
although her apple's ripe, her flesh so bright.

We wrap light leaves against that serpent, Time,  
for fruit trees seem alive when pith is green,  
and deeper steps than mine shade heaven's bright.

Wendy Ann Webb

# In Defence Of The Slug

The slugs are wobbly short fat worms  
and humans hate the way they squirm.  
They are, resourceful worms, so firm  
they chew through plant life's epiderm.  
They're fat enough to pop their clogs  
inside a beak or where hedgehogs  
munch all night long on snails and slugs,  
until they hide in pots and tugs  
where gardeners, so mean all day,  
provide night safety for their play.  
But then, next morning, bringing salt,  
slug trails evaporate and halt.  
Poor slugs secure the greatest prize,  
food in a garden for wildlife.

Wendy Ann Webb



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# Kissing A Toad

In that hour before dawn  
when birds rise, chill with certainty and song;  
happy people sleep on  
dreaming scenes, so warm, of yesterday.

Stepping out to back yard;  
creeping down garden path  
silently, obscene blot on townscape.  
In that hour gardeners shuffle to the potting shed,  
brew a cuppa, think of pricking out;  
sitting, wrapped in blanket,  
damning expired lamp, striking a match for candle-glow:  
I settle, brimming airs with early birds.

Slowly turning pages to your words,  
poring over flickering poems,  
insight's assured in waxen glow,  
as birdsong brews, crescendos to first light.

Padding soft along the fence, a cat  
pauses aloft, in finest view,  
wish-fulfilling his plan this stalking-day:  
the bird table.

A tired owl tu-whits a final call,  
as morning rises cool in certain damp.  
Stamping final pages of his verse  
I close the book, too satisfied to muse.

Returning to a house now warm, alive,  
I size a frog - or toad - so huge and still  
and contemplate the absence of fat words;  
or hopping rhyme; sun's rising consonance,  
or image brash as day.

It's breakfast-time for routine's chores,  
when nothing more will mew or softly prowl.

Full day bursts on my mind and now

no muse stops at my pen or plays  
as every dawn and every night  
and every fattened day crescendos in:  
my toad - one day my prince -  
will stride indoors.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Beatrix Potter's Pocket Handkerchief

I saw Mrs Tiggywinkle today  
and she was in a sorry state: her dress  
and pinny were no more and on the floor  
her body lay so still but not quite dead.  
Each buzzing fly had marked her out as prey,  
they did not leave her gently heaving chest.  
No fear remained as I leant close to see  
that sun had raised its ugly golden head  
to beat the traces of her muzzle dry  
and settle air before rain's cooling fall -  
too late for her to launder tales so sweet  
that children keep their pocket handkerchiefs  
lest Mrs Tiggywinkle pass their way.  
I could not let such childish fancies fade.

I took a dropper, fat with crystal cure  
and watched pure moisture drip on slender nose  
until she rose from her dull slouch and sniffed  
and dared to move an inch to gentler shade  
and made no protest as I built her hide,  
providing her a place to cool and rest.  
I could not feed, would she regain her strength?  
My neighbour's cat food might have cheered her but  
I rang in vain - and then I saw a way  
that she could stay and fatten for her task  
to launder dreams and peg them to the sky,  
so children's eyes are dry in tales so wild.  
Then Mrs Tiggy fed with rampant greed -  
the feed: a snail winkled from its shell.

Wendy Ann Webb



# Feline Carelessness

Newly raked earth is irresistible.  
You saunter across, lazy in the sun,  
a sheltered closet shades your bush toilette.  
Sabotaged next day, you sniff the damp air,  
stepping four neat feet in a flower pot,  
skimming round the rim in a token scratch.  
Slinking beneath the car's cooler shadow,  
you desert the futile digs - deposit  
your sole declaration of all-out-war.  
A frog croaks loudly its neighbourhood watch,  
bellowing a waspish wind's submission  
as it gusts and prowls a false dementia.  
Unperturbed, you swish the woodchip litter  
and fertilise the roses with your claws.  
Peppered to extinction, you sniff the air;  
leave your calling card on a greener lawn.

Wendy Ann Webb



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# Soften Red Sky To Night

You're gone and now your body's not the same.  
So dull and lifeless, you're not there. It's plain  
that you have flown away beyond this realm  
and earth has lost a gem, a glowing stone  
that sets in ruby night, now you've gone home.  
Coal spots, as eyes, you grey my mood to rain.  
Buried gently, but infinitely near:  
your rest is as an earth-bound, not a dove.  
Surrounded by those flowers loved so dear  
you are, to me, a garden I can't leave.  
To compost you'll return your verve, since here  
your heart remains in every bloom and leaf.  
Your words are worth a child's delight and joy,  
so fly, bright ladybird, my paduasoy.

Wendy Ann Webb



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# The Month Of May

It's the morning after - tulip petals  
are dumping gaudy colours on the ground,  
lips pouting and taut with satisfaction  
as it swells with all nature its summer  
and seals the memory, as wax, its mark,  
or parchment into print, a photograph.

Morning's late, a sepia photograph.  
Stiff images poise, motionless petals  
of grey generations leaving no mark,  
until pruned harsh, to bud from barren ground.  
Rose on rose on rose, to bloom all summer,  
russet shades to scenting satisfaction.

Blades fatten, unseen, to satisfaction,  
in a soft-greening woodland photograph.  
Bright bluebells peal to long-wedded summer,  
as the May buds light in bridal petals.  
Dandelions service picnics' lush ground,  
daisy chains linking sentiment's aged mark.

Magnolia leaves admiration's mark:  
passage of the stars to satisfaction.  
Confetti waste, as snow, to bleach spring's ground,  
till afternoons are but a photograph  
for eyes bathed in tears, not feasting petals.  
Almost gone, we dote on lasting summer.

Forsythia, hot as sun's long summer,  
yet fading fast, to evening's shaded mark.  
Winter stems bloom bare to sunbeam petals,  
then greenly thicken with satisfaction:  
digitally printing a photograph,  
enhancing and removing the background.

All flowers theme the sunset of May's ground:  
thirst for sun and rain and verdant summer.  
Computers scan each garden photograph  
and run a slide show as a virtual mark;

gracing winter's sighs of satisfaction.  
Feasting tired eyes, newly bathed with petals.

Night-ground is luminous, with white its mark,  
scents of summer offer satisfaction  
and photographs don't fade, unlike petals.

Wendy Ann Webb

# East Of Eden

I've seen the most beautiful scene of all,  
such worlds will never sense a brighter Spring.  
See now, for hero Magnolias fall.

Like cherry blossom time, yet here a wall  
so statuesque, as oaks in winter bring -  
I've seen the most beautiful scene of all.

Lanhydrock's pretty Cornish gardens call  
with robin redbreasts darting in to sing.  
See now, for hero Magnolias fall.

No scallop shells, beached feather-light nor small,  
scent drifting in like dew, an elfin thing.  
I've seen the most beautiful scene of all.

Enchantment in a wood, maturing tall,  
yet 'East of Eden' - vapourised - will sting.  
I scene the most beautiful scene of all:  
see now, for hero Magnolias fall.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Come Into The Garden Maud

I could go Japanese,  
but my life is far from simple  
and time must fly before I meditate.

I could turn vibrant Indian,  
with the scorch of earth and drapes,  
but howling winds would shred them bare.

I could dare a Mediterranean calm:  
my sea so blue and fruiting trees  
and tasting olives, wine glass full.

But formal lines might bring firm order now  
and I could dream of English homes,  
Elizabethan dress and tennis games.

I could go minimalist,  
rusting iron, recycled tyres  
or stainless steel chic.

I could bring a little heaven to my earth  
and bloom my soul with fantasies  
of champagne features sparkling dawn,

or I could simply be within my verdant plot  
and watch the seasons as they pass -  
engaging in no artistry but sky.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Peace Of The English Garden

Daffodils shine rigid bright attention  
displaying medals every shade of gold.  
Summer's breath, bewildered, bakes crisp springtime.  
Hellebores slump earthward-rolling snowdrifts.

Hyacinths, yet blushing, bow out slowly  
as Spanish bluebells twinkle in dull earth.  
Too green for envy's night, a carpet lawn,  
anemonies' messed leaves unfurl elf shades.

Dark Pieris flowers, winding long white sheets,  
Red Robin thrusts growth, glossy in fired air.  
For ever blooms of pristine primroses  
And, always, trails of cloud witness blue sky.

Forsythia, no coward, storms like sand  
and roses bud their scarlet, vow to flower.  
Dwarf tulips dance in carnival too soon,  
sun sets in hawthorn's trooping emerald leaves.

A blackbird calls, as blackbirds always will,  
flush collared doves descend and croon of love.  
Wood pigeons crash through branches, stealing nuts,  
and feeders swing with finches in the breeze.

From dawn to setting sun I hear the cries,  
a riot of dull sense my waking hours.  
For life is LIVE as cameras still roll  
and peace is months or worlds away from here.

Wendy Ann Webb

# February Dawn

It was that hour before dawn,  
before the first crack of light  
spread shadows through branches and twigs,  
when every bird called through stark trees,  
elevating tarmac's bland urbanity.

A car slowed through suburbia,  
fog lights glaring;  
spun in a slow arc,  
engine ticking and speakers beating primitive man.

'I love you, Phyllis, '  
in strangled, unnatural tones  
from inside the car's vault.  
A different youth stepped out softly;  
cave-dwellers hurled abuse  
at another Clubber's hunt, so safely homed.

High above, the pure sounds of birds warning.  
Blackbirds, dark shadows across the road's 'lawn'.  
'I LOVE YOU, PHYLLIS.'  
Doors slammed,  
engine revved,  
lads hurled abuse at a lone figure  
waiting at the bus stop.  
Too early to be late.

Darkness vanished slowly;  
a black cat traced shades by the wheelie bin,  
leapt and, with a soft thud,  
snaked along the garden fence.  
A white splash cat  
patted a stately line along the path.

And in their white inviting sheets,  
neighbours slumbered with their Valentines  
or Prodigal, returning home  
to fatted calf, a Saturday dawn -  
one lie-in, sacrosanct, in February.



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# Angel Of The Morning

I am the angel of the pine-dressed tree  
singing Magnificat eternally,  
as Mary kneels annunciation here  
where God is fed in flesh in Christmas cheer.

My light beams from the heavens' starry globe  
where God wraps flurried snow-fall in his robe.  
There is no warmth in purity of shine  
and yet the Logos came as Sarx-poured wine.

All Glorias arise as needles fall  
to carpet spinning wheel's enchanting pall.  
My prince left his fine castle in the sky  
to teach the fairy forest how to fly.

The Falling Star of night prick-ploughed his route  
to sleeping rooms of stone where he held suit,  
until a hundred pauses captured breath  
and he was kissed by angels loosing death.

And now his princess aureoles her dress,  
yet hides her forest bloom in flower press.  
Distracted by the fairy-dance at dawn,  
she grasps at falling stars that now adorn

the festive, Yuletide season, berry-bright,  
while Morning Star fades into darker night.  
So Eros flies, while Psyche treads the earth,  
until her Joy shines fresh in manger-birth.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Spinning In The Hills

He myrrhs eight legs to spin himself to death  
and weave a net of life into next spring,  
on baby legs, all cruciform, all spread  
to web the earth in futures of all spin.

He censers to the gods of gossamer,  
an angel visitation on a stage  
of pantomime, in shades of dames and dudes  
that dress in foreign flowing desert sands.

His time is short, to feast his offspring stars,  
that grail to life the blood of winter prey;  
while donkeys snort and stamp sweet breath to lie  
all wriggings and all scurries into dark.

An unfamiliar cry bleats into dawn  
to break the flimsy flurries of pure fall  
and stretch out harping flesh of female flow  
to colt in swaddling hay where stone is raised:

to henge Apollo in the gleam of straw.  
His gold is spun to crown and orb new day.  
Discarded in his web, the spider breaks  
at coming springing frankincense, to other,

the Shekinah of a desert-Arking cloud  
that lies in tears and pain beneath this web.

None mourn his passing. Gone.

A spider's silk; and now the fire's lit, to spreading smoke

in the hills of Bethlehem.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Eclipsing A New Earth (Magi)

It's darker now,  
sun's late and  
sky's pregnant grey.

Baby will turn,  
descend Suez Canal.  
Eclipse the moon.

Only a day  
to transform humanity,  
deliver hope's resolutions.

Wendy Ann Webb



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# Lonely As A Dell, Late Winter

I wandered, lovely as a crowd  
of snowdrops, like a bluebell wood.  
I should not fault heaven's graceful flowers,  
but how, like death, I wish I could.

I wandered, ash as trees in storm  
and blanched as mossy logs adrift.  
Wraith-sifted earth and bone-damp air  
soon brought the peace of spirit's lift.

I wandered, not at all, today;  
no snowdrops barren in the loam.  
I saw the manger infant's birth  
and now, white dove, my soul's come home.

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# Festive Moulin Rouge

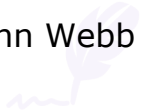
It is the special season for a show,  
a time to leave the boudoir and to shine,  
when all the girls in town must surely know  
silk stockings and bright petticoats are fine.

This is no Moulin Rouge, for dames are free  
to strut their stuff and shake a leg in time.  
Emerging from their dressing room, we see  
polished brush heads, mirrors, emerald green;

combed teeth, not spiked, but dotted saucily.  
A family of shapes, with shammy sheen,  
moist scattered lipsticks, pouting, shocking pink;  
white garters, yellow stocking tops; flesh seen.

This blooming panto should be draped in mink:  
the Christmas Cactus, tongue plunged down dream's sink.

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# Virginal Silence

Stepping softly into winter  
Virgin sheet-white patience fails  
Drop on drop of berry autumn  
Billows blanched as bloated sails.

Thermal vests tuck pantalette-tight  
Boot-pipes drain cool legging blurs  
Seal-pup hats sit sweet in litters  
Scarves and gloves grope fake-skin furs.

Bleak midwinter's sherry-hearty  
Programme guides blaze bright as Yule  
Ruddy Santa's somewhat daunted  
Man, expectant, pulls a mule.

Simply is it Christmas evening?  
Straw-ripe, rough in scratchy stalls  
    Bleating, hoarse sighs, infant crying  
Stars' bright music as night falls.

Stepping softly into winter  
Patience falls to virgin sleep  
Drop on drop to berry springtime  
Blanching sails as women weep.

Wendy Ann Webb

# Yesterday

One day there will be no more pain;  
Today there is too much of pain.  
One day there will be no more hope;  
Today there is too much of hope.  
One day there will be no more sun;  
Today there is too much of sun.  
One day not a flower will grow;  
Today all the flowers still grow.

Tomorrow all this will have passed.  
Is there hope when all this is past?  
Tomorrow this pain will not dream.  
Is there hope, when pain is a dream?  
Tomorrow a new sun will spring.  
Will winter be worth a new spring?  
Tomorrow no flowers will fade.  
Will their peace be as bright when they fade?

Now's past in the prime of a pain;  
Today is a moment of pain.  
Now's passed in a moment of hope;  
Today is a moment of hope.  
Now's passed in a sunrise and fall;  
Today is a sunrise and fall.  
Now's past in a flower's brief scent:  
Today is a flower, brief sent.

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