

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' is now available, published by United Press at the price of £3.99 plus P&P. If you would like a copy, please contact me via my Facebook page (Angela Wybrow - Writer) .

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

## (un) Evensong

I just spied a drunk man up by our church;  
Along the pavement, he unsteadily lurched.  
It was early evening (about half past six) :  
Of alcohol, he'd no doubt had a sizeable fix.

A battered blue bicycle, he wheeled by his side –  
That battered blue bicycle, I prayed he'd not ride.  
Upon a wooden bench, he sat himself down,  
Then, from out of his mouth, came a terrible sound.

I guessed that the sound was supposed to be a song,  
But the words were all garbled and the tune all wrong.  
His musical accompaniment was his bicycle bell –  
What song he sang, I was quite unable to tell.

I doubted he'd be on The X-Factor anytime soon,  
As he sat on his bench beneath a crescent-shaped moon.  
On the opposite side of the road, I very sensibly stayed,  
But a smile graced my lips as I went on my way.

Angela Wybrow

# 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 Dog's Diet

Against my will, I've been put on a diet,  
But it is a fact which I'd rather keep quiet;  
The more that people remain unaware,  
Their food with me, they will happily share.

About this news, I am less than impressed:  
In fact, it's left me feeling pretty depressed.  
My situation has shaken me right to my core:  
Against these diets, there should be a law!

I just love eating food; I adore all sorts;  
Food is a subject never far from my thoughts.  
I'm now given one biscuit - I used to have two,  
And now I only have half of a doggie rice chew.

I keep being told that I need to get thinner;  
That I can't have a treat, as I've just had my dinner.  
On packets, I've spied the term 'weight controlled':  
A term which makes my blood run quite cold.

Next to the table, I patiently wait,  
Hoping for some food from the plate.  
But it's not as forthcoming as it was before:  
For me, this diet is becoming a really big bore.

The vet has assessed the weight I've put on,  
And the extra pounds, she clearly wants gone.  
With the vet, I will soon have a date,  
To discover if I have lost any weight.

With my weight, I am far from obsessed,  
And I really do wish they'd give this diet a rest.  
Surely this diet won't go on for ever?  
At this rate, I'll end up as light as a feather!

Smaller portions are being put in my bowl,  
And this will continue until I've reached the goal.  
I suppose it could be good to reach the goal,  
As then I can return to my portions of old!

Angela Wybrow

# A Golden Moon (Olympic Poem)

Tonight, over Great Britain, there's a golden moon,  
As, over our Olympic athletes, we proudly swoon.  
Between them all, they won plenty of medals,  
Particularly those, whose power needs pedals.

We saw faces streaming with tears of pride;  
We saw faces beaming with smiles, so wide.  
Our Team GB athletes are the toast of our nation,  
And they have helped to inspire a new generation.

All of our athletes, competing on home turf,  
Showcased their skills and showed their worth.  
They performed with great energy and with zest;  
Many proving that they are the World's very best.

Each of them gave it their all, and they did us proud;  
They were cheered on their way by an eager crowd.  
They showed us that now was their moment to shine,  
And up the medals table, our team quickly climbed.

They all felt a great sense of pride within their heart,  
And they all felt honoured to have played their part.  
Many personal bests and new world records were set.  
The Olympic Games of 2012, we will never forget.

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 Magical Moment

It is over twenty-five years ago,  
Since this lady performed a live show:  
Way back then, she was one of four,  
Topping the charts with hit songs galore.

She watches in the wings, waiting her turn:  
Within her heart, she feels a little concern.  
Waiting onstage is her partner in crime:  
There's no turning back: now is the time.

As the intro is played, the crowd go wild,  
And from her co-star, she receives a smile;  
His welcoming gesture, gentlemanly and gracious,  
Beckons her forwards onto the stage so spacious.

Wearing long boots and a black lacy dress,  
She makes her entrance – now for her test;  
She walks onstage to thousands of cheers:  
Her face says 'I can't believe that I'm here.'

The spotlight follows her every move -  
Her nerves, her co-star hopes he can soothe.  
She takes a bow, then, with outstretched hand,  
She takes a moment to acknowledge the band.

He sings, 'Can't believe it's really you.'  
Neither can believe that it's really true.  
She smiles at him, as she sings a line in reply,  
And suddenly a spark ignites within her eyes.

His silent language keeps urging her on,  
And, very soon, her nerves are all gone;  
She then, very visibly, begins to relax,  
And her old star quality comes flooding back.

Despite the fact that it has been an age,  
She is soon feeling confident upon the stage.  
The two singers are so amazing together -  
The magic of this moment will last forever.

At the end of the song, they thank everyone;  
Both of the singers have had so much fun.  
Having made her comeback singing a duet,  
For more live performances, she is now set.

Angela Wybrow

# A Nation Celebrates

Boats take to the Thames to honour the Queen:  
The most craft, at any one time, the river has seen.  
On to the trains, thousands of people cram.  
On the roads, there are massive traffic jams.

People pack in to pubs to consume a few beers:  
There is much merriment, and calls of 'cheers! '  
People are attending parties in their streets:  
Long tables are laden with tasty treats to eat.

In towns, shops windows are patriotically dressed.  
Across the nation, people put on their Sunday best.  
Everywhere that you look is brightly festooned  
With flags, bunting, streamers, and party balloons.

Of Jubilee memorabilia, there is certainly no lack:  
Just about every item possible bears the Union Jack.  
There are Jubilee jelly moulds and garden gnomes:  
Just about everything that you'd need for your home.

Even the packaging on much supermarket food,  
Bears the patriotic colours of red, white and blue.  
Thousands of beacons are being lit. Burning bright,  
They glow in the dark with a glorious, golden light.

At the Palace, there is a massive musical celebration,  
Which is enjoyed by thousands right across the nation.  
Tower Bridge is adorned with thousands of lights:  
Lit up at night, it makes a truly magnificent sight.

People don Union Jack hats or wear cardboard crowns.  
Some paint their faces, or wear patriotic party gowns.  
The rather rainy weather, the nation stoically braves.  
A sea of Union Jack flags, by well-wishers, is waved.

Our warmest wishes to Her Majesty, our nation sends.  
We're having a great time this Bank Holiday weekend.  
It is a time for our whole nation to all come together.  
Memories of this very special occasion will last for ever.

Angela Wybrow

# A Particular Taste

A particular taste  
Took me back years:  
To before all the tension,  
And all the tears.

The taste of a tomato  
And honeyed ham roll,  
Took me way back  
To the days of old.

To when we'd have picnics  
In the local park;  
And when we'd play out  
Until it grew dark.

Back then, my world  
Was a happier place,  
And a cheerful smile  
Often graced my face.

Just for a moment,  
I travelled back to a time,  
When I happily had  
A less troubled mind.

I imagined being  
A child again:  
A time when I had  
No mental pain.

As we get older,  
We have worries and cares,  
Which, when we are kids,  
Are simply not there.

That particular taste,  
I hadn't had in a while,  
And when it hit home,  
It brought out a smile.

As, around my mind,  
My troubles now churn,  
To childhood days,  
I'd love to return.

Angela Wybrow

# A Personal Plea

To the two elderly ladies sitting in Row A:  
Please could you not chat together during the play.  
If having a chat is what you really want to do,  
Then please wait until the interval half way through.

For the audience and the actors, I very much suspect  
That neither of you two ladies has very much respect.  
The actors on the stage are trying to tell a story,  
And I'd really like to enjoy it in all its dazzling glory.

I find that my attention is constantly being distracted  
From the story on stage, which is currently being enacted.  
For many weeks, these actors have learnt lines and rehearsed;  
Stay or go, but either way, neither of you will be reimbursed.

For front row seats, you must've paid pretty decent money,  
But, your rudeness and your disrespect, I do not find funny.  
That you're having a full scale conversation, I cannot believe:  
It's a situation which, with anger, makes me want to seethe.

A theatre auditorium is not the place for a chat:  
A café or a coffee shop is the place for that.  
I'm sure that it isn't urgent – what you've got to say,  
So, please can you zip it, if you are going to stay.

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 Spring Morning

The sky is the shade of cornflower blue;  
The clouds in the sky, are extremely few.  
Caught by the sunshine, everything glows.  
A fresh, cooling breeze, now gently blows.

With bowed heads, daffodils seem a bit shy;  
I gaze, admiringly, at them, as I pass on by.  
Their deep, rich purple, the crocuses show;  
A lovely contrast, to the daffodils' yellow.

Green buds are seen on branches, once bare;  
Stunning outfits, they will, very soon, wear.  
Blossom on a tree, is as white as fresh snow;  
Decorating its branches, both high and low.

Birds sweetly sing, high up in the tall trees.  
I can hear the familiar buzz of the busy bees.  
The butterflies chase each other, to and fro.  
Nearby, I hear the call of the noisy crows.

Dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, I happily roam;  
For the first time, this year, my coat is at home.  
In the cold weather, I rush everywhere so fast;  
In the sunshine, I dawdle, so my walk will last.

Upon my skin, I can feel the warm sunshine;  
The sun brings me cheer, and I'm feeling fine.  
It really is a most pleasant start to the day,  
And, fingers crossed, it will stay that way!

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

# A Walk By The Water

As the thick foam disperses, it looks as though  
A section of sea has been covered with white lace.  
As one lot of water withdraws from the shore,  
With another wave of water, it is rapidly replaced.

Along the shore, feeling lonely and abandoned,  
Are rows of beach huts, and a few wooden boats;  
Their once brightly coloured, perfect paintwork,  
Is now peeling, and looks in need of a new coat.

The rows of beach huts, which I pass by,  
Are painted colours of every possible hue.  
The huts are unique: no two are the same;  
There is purple, peach, and pale pink too.

Dozens of dogs race around the deserted beach;  
Each of them seems to have such endless energy.  
Dogs dart around here, there, and everywhere,  
Barking loudly with joy, now that they're free.

Amusement arcades are closed for the season.  
Only a handful of beach cafes are open for trade;  
During the summer months, they make much money,  
But, come the winter, and their business quickly fades.

Brightly coloured buoys bob about in the bolshy ocean;  
Of impending danger, they warn any approaching ships.  
I walk into the freezing wind, which blows into my face;  
My cheeks are like ice to touch, and I have tingling lips.

Deep patches of displaced sand from the beach,  
Now softly cushion my ever slowing, tired tread.  
On the tarmac, my feet rhythmically Tap! Tap! Tap!  
But on the sand, the sound is suddenly cut stone dead.

Before I make my way back up in to the town,  
I face towards the sea to capture one last thought;  
It is then that I spot a young man on the beach,  
Being photographed in nothing but his shorts!

Angela Wybrow

# A Whole New World

I'd struggled along for many long years,  
And now find myself in floods of tears,  
As, at long last, I can finally hear  
The sounds in my world loud and clear.

In each ear now, I sport a hearing aid,  
And, boy, what a difference to my life they have made!  
To me, the world sounded all muffled before;  
Little did I realise just what was in store!

The sizzling of sausages in a grill pan;  
The hiss when opening a soft drinks can.  
The rustle of paper; the click of a pen;  
The contented clucking of a backyard hen.

The rustling of the leaves upon the trees;  
The whispering of a soft, spring breeze.  
A car alarm, so loud and shrill;  
The beeping at the superstore till.

A cat's meow; a dog's loud bark;  
Young children playing games in the park.  
A helicopter passing by way up high;  
A knife slicing through an apple pie.

The dawn chorus in the early morning;  
A lorry issuing a reversal warning.  
My favourite show on the TV;  
The humming of a honey bee.

A motorbike roaring, as it races on past;  
The gentle tinkle of ice in a glass.  
The tick of a clock: a steady beat;  
The sound of people's passing feet.

All of these sounds, both big and small,  
I'm so overjoyed to hear them all.  
These sounds, many others take for granted,  
But, in my world, they've been freshly planted.

The world to me seems like a whole new realm;  
By all of these sounds, I'm a tad overwhelmed.  
Even my own voice appears to be magnified;  
Though I'm sure, very soon, I'll take this all in my stride.

Volumes were turned up ever so loud;  
I struggled to hear people talk in a crowd.  
But now, oh my, the world's at my feet,  
And, a new world of sound, I am eager to greet.

These sounds to me are new and exciting;  
The world around me now seems just so inviting.  
The future looks rosy, and, it has to be said,  
I look forward to much happier years up ahead.

Angela Wybrow



# A World Without Water

Can you imagine a world without water?  
It would be a world which is totally altered.  
Rivers and streams would no longer flow.  
The oceans' tides wouldn't ebb to and fro.

Without the cooling and refreshing rain,  
Living things would struggle to remain.  
With no fresh water, we'd have little to drink.  
None of us would wash, so then we would stink.

Plants wouldn't grow: we would have no flowers.  
There'd be no energy from hydro-electric power.  
Radiators wouldn't work: there would be no heat.  
We couldn't boil vegetables, eggs, or pasta to eat.

There would no longer be fish left in the sea:  
Many aquatic creatures would just cease to be.  
There would be no pools, in which we could swim.  
Lakes and reservoirs would be empty to their brim.

There would be no travelling by ship or by boat:  
There would be no water for either to float.  
We wouldn't be able to wash the dog, or the car.  
Without any water, we wouldn't get too far.

There would be no water to bind mixtures together.  
We would soon get bored of constant hot weather.  
We wouldn't be able to flush waste down our loo.  
There are so many things which we couldn't do.

But in poorer countries, water is a precious blessing;  
The urgent need for water is a matter that is pressing.  
In the UK, we can access water each and every day,  
But, what if, our water was suddenly taken away?

Angela Wybrow

# Abandoned

A door slams:  
An echo fills the air –  
This once busy sales floor  
Is now completely bare.

For Dad and I, a visit to Woolworths  
On a Saturday morning was a must –  
But now this first floor sales space  
Is empty and full of dust.

I remember when it was full  
Of children's laughter and excited chat,  
But sadly there came a time  
When it kissed goodbye to all of that.

I remember a time  
When girls and boys  
Would rush upstairs  
To purchase new toys.

But as I walk through  
This spacious room,  
All I'm surrounded by  
Is silence and gloom.

To me, it seems sad  
To see the place this way –  
In a state of disrepair  
And slow but sure decay.

As a customer at Woolworths,  
I saw this space bathed in light,  
But now, as an employee of their successor,  
I just see a sad and sorry sight.

The red and cream coloured flooring  
Is the one thing that's still in place,  
But with walls stripped back to bare brick,  
This space now wears a different face.

On the ground floor,  
There's now a bargain store,  
But the first floor sales space  
Was not required anymore.

Its very life has been sucked out;  
Its vibrancy has disappeared,  
The space now lies abandoned;  
Its fixtures and fittings all cleared.

In life, this space  
Has just one goal –  
To make itself useful  
And fulfil a new role.

Angela Wybrow

# All-Day Dinner

They swoop and they swerve;  
They live on their nerves.  
Their eyes, black and beady,  
Are watchful and greedy.  
Their heads nod along  
To a silent pop song.  
The crumbs, they do fly  
From sarnies and pies -  
The pigeons make haste  
And are soon on the case.  
Whether small or large,  
Spread with butter or marg,  
The pigeons don't care:  
They don't wish to share  
The crumbs which they find  
(They don't form a line!) .  
To one tiny crumb,  
They all make a run.  
They take leave of their senses  
And a big battle commences.  
They squawk and they squabble,  
Whether on grass or on cobble.  
They look set to burst,  
But still want to be first  
To the food they have found -  
Their feast on the ground.  
The crumbs are soon downed  
And the winners are crowned!

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

# April Snow

It was early April, a few springs ago,  
When in the UK, we had some late snow.  
Up to London, I was making my way,  
Praying that the snow wouldn't ruin my day.

The Olympic Torch Relay had come to town,  
And we at Voicelab were to make a big sound  
On the terrace outside the Festival Hall -  
Singing our hearts out in the midst of it all.

During our rehearsal, we did not know  
If the skies outside were still filled with snow.  
The snow we hoped would soon be clearing,  
As the time for our performance was ever nearing.

The clock crept round to half past one,  
And a check on the weather was duly done;  
The snow had stopped! We had the all-clear!  
And all of us singers gave a loud cheer.

Into the open air, we all happily trooped,  
And formed ourselves into an orderly group.  
Crowds of people had gathered below,  
To come and witness this special show.

Into loud song, we all joyfully burst,  
Singing the songs which we had rehearsed.  
The experience for us was simply glorious,  
And our hearts and minds were filled with euphoria.

The performance for us went way too fast:  
I think we all wished it would last  
Just a little bit longer - we had such fun.  
We all felt so proud when it was done.

I remember that day so very clearly,  
As in my heart I hold it so dearly.  
In my memory it will forever stay:  
That very special and magical day.

Angela Wybrow

# Army Child

I'm sitting in the classroom.  
The time, it is ticking by.  
I'm finding it hard to concentrate,  
As I feel like I want to cry.

My dad, he left this morning -  
He kissed away my tears.  
He'll be gone for six whole months,  
But it feels like years and years.

I feel a part of me is missing -  
There's a hole there in my heart.  
I really do hate the time  
When we are so far apart.

Whenever my Dad is far away,  
My Mum and I really worry.  
I wish that I could fast forward time,  
And make the days pass in a hurry.

I wish that I could send an angel  
To watch over him day and night;  
I wish that I could rule the world:  
Put an end to this wretched fight.

I often picture him in my head,  
Amidst some foreign field -  
I know that he could get himself injured,  
Or, worse than that, get himself killed.

My life, it carries on though -  
Routine helps pull me through.  
I try to fill up each of my days -  
Find lots of things I can do.

I really want him home again -  
To feel complete once more.  
To feel those loving arms  
Of the father who I adore.



Angela Wybrow

# Art To Art

Spending an hour or two with either of you,  
Makes my heart feel light,  
And my soul feel bright,  
And all of my problems seem way out of sight.

You both have encouraged,  
And you both have praised,  
And, with what I've achieved,  
I have felt quite amazed.

Of my life right now,  
You are both a big part,  
And through you both,  
I am discovering Art.

With an hour or two  
Of deep concentration,  
I've surprised myself  
With many a creation.

You both understand,  
And both lend a hand.  
When I'm full of self-doubt,  
You both help me out.

Positive vibes dance through the air,  
And you both make my life easier to bear.  
Whenever we meet, you are both full of cheer,  
And, within my heart, you hold a place that's so dear.

I've only known you both for a while,  
But, when I'm with you, I can't help but smile.  
You've given to me a sense of self worth -  
You're my two superheroes (and you're here on home turf!) .

Your patience with me, it just never ends,  
And I consider you both really good friends.  
Meeting you both, I will never forget,

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

# At The Water's Edge

At the water's edge, I stop and stand for a while.  
Lost in thought, my face wears a hint of a smile.  
Chalky cliffs are covered with a white, misty veil;  
To spot them, in the distance, you could almost fail.

Across the sea's surface, waves restlessly roam;  
They break, and create lots of thick, frothy foam.  
The water laps against the shore in a wavy line;  
The lines of land and sea, are difficult to define.

My toes sink deep into the dark, sodden sand,  
At the very point, where the sea meets the land.  
The sand is peppered with pebbles and sea shells.  
Nearby, I hear a child's excited squeals and yells.

I scoop up a handful of water: it's as cold as ice;  
It sparkles in the sunlight, which looks rather nice.  
Salty seawater rains down from my frozen fingers;  
Suspended in mid air, for a split second, it lingers.

Under the sultry sun, the sea glimmers and glistens.  
To the seagulls' rowdy, raucous cries, I love to listen.  
Being barefooted by the water's edge is so very tactile;  
The joy experienced is the same for both man and child.

Looking back up the beach, I spy the silken sand dunes;  
When walked upon, the sands sing, and play little tunes.  
I love being by the sea; I love the sights and the sounds;  
Being by the sea, is one of the best ever feelings around.

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

# Battling The Builders

I have to admit that the Great Crested Newt  
Is not that good looking and isn't too cute.  
But when plans were unveiled for hundreds of homes  
To be built on land where the said newts roamed,  
Many local residents protested 'This isn't right! '  
And, against the builders, they began a long fight.

The newts lived in a meadow, next to a big pond:  
To relocate them all, would have been so wrong.  
Pound signs were what the builders were seeing,  
But the Planning Committee considered the newts' well-being;  
Of destroying the newts' habitat, they weren't big fans,  
And so they rejected the building firm's plans.

The Great Crested Newts may be fairly small,  
But they battled the builders, who towered so tall.  
The newts and local residents won the day,  
And they sent the team of builders on their way.  
Now the threat of relocation is over and gone,  
With their lives, the Great Crested Newts can carry on.

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

# Bees

Bees are messengers from up above:  
Filled with goodness and with love.  
Unlike wasps, they mean us no harm:  
They are more friendly and have charm.

On fine, silvery wings, the bees take flight,  
When the sun's warm rays are shining bright.  
They collect up the pollen in their sacs,  
Then, to their hives, they take it back.

They carry out their duties with a smile;  
Their souls full of cheer all the while.  
With keenness, they carry out their work;  
Their responsibilities, they do not shirk.

Bees have such an important role to play:  
We would be doomed if they died away.  
Plants and flowers would cease to grow,  
And supplies of foodstuffs would soon be low.

Of bees, there is no need for us to be scared;  
About their work, they passionately do care.  
If we leave these dedicated workers well alone,  
Near to us humans, they will not dare to roam.

They will not sting us, unless they're provoked,  
For them, using their sting is certainly no joke.  
If a bee ever stings you, you may well cry,  
But the poor old bee, well, it would then die.

Unlike wasps, bees are not considered pests,  
Even though they are very similarly dressed.  
Bees are really fabulous, bees are really brill:  
A bee, you should never ever, on purpose, kill.

Angela Wybrow

# Being A Poet

I find that I can compose a poem best,  
When I am out walking, or am at rest.  
When I am lying in my bed at night,  
I think about what I am able to write.

Or when I'm out walking, or sat on a train,  
Words and ideas, all rush round my brain.  
Sometimes, ideas just appear in my head,  
Or may be a result of something I've read.

At fellow passengers, on a train, I take a look;  
Some chatter away, while others read a book.  
But, me, I'm sat there, quietly composing verse;  
With dozens of ideas, my creative mind bursts.

If I compose lines on my way into town,  
I repeat them over, until I write them down;  
If they are not written down straightaway,  
Around my mind, other thoughts then play.

There are many things which inspire me to write,  
Such as animals, the seasons, and the sky at night.  
If I try to force ideas, they just do not flow;  
The poem itself, I find, just will not grow.

I like to write on a layperson's level;  
In too much information, I do not revel.  
Having chosen a decent subject or idea,  
I then need to get my brain in to gear.

Of a subject, I like to consider all of the aspects,  
But I keep my writing simple; not too complex.  
To make a poem rhyme, words I may change,  
But I only use words that are within my range.

In using unfamiliar words, I can see no point;  
A nice poem, tricky words, can really disjoint.  
Words, within my head, I keep batting around,  
Until the perfect combination, is finally found.

With poetry, I really love the creative process,  
But over time, I've become slightly obsessed.  
Sometimes I find myself talking in rhyme;  
That I am a poet, this must be a sure sign.

Of my finished poems, I often feel proud;  
One day, I'll be brave and read them aloud.  
Into my swirling head, ideas continue to pop;  
I love writing poetry and never want to stop!

Angela Wybrow

# Big, Scary Monster

A big, scary monster is heading my way -  
Will I stand and fight it? I just cannot say.  
It's much, much easier just to run away,  
But, maybe, I'll be brave and make myself stay.

The battle, it draws forever near,  
But my decision, as yet, is far from clear.  
Inside of me, I can feel the fear,  
But support from friends has brought me cheer.

As I walk round the streets of town,  
My forehead wears a worried frown.  
Inside my head, thoughts circle round,  
And, my spirit, they threaten to heartlessly drown.

An answer from me will soon be sought,  
But, like a rabbit in headlights, will I be caught?  
All day long, I am lost in my thoughts.  
I'm like a ship in a storm, away from its port.

Anxiety and fear race round my mind -  
Courage and bravery, I now need to find.  
For my final decision, it's almost time:  
A decision which must be entirely mine.

Over every small detail, I worry and fret,  
But I've never been known to run away yet.  
For the battle ahead, I am all set.  
Will I stand and fight it? Please place your bets!

Angela Wybrow

# Bird Of Prey

I stand on my doorstep with upturned face,  
Watching this creature of beauty and grace.  
Upon currents of air, he effortlessly rides;  
Circling round, he flaps and then glides.

He floats through the air, not making a sound,  
Keeping two beady eyes glued to the ground.  
Without a doubt, he is among the great kings;  
And, panic among the masses, his presence brings.

This regal bird commands such great respect.  
On his menu, smaller birds hope they're not next.  
With outstretched wings, he glides with great ease,  
Cutting like a sharp knife through the chill breeze.

He is a bird full of power and might,  
And really makes a majestic sight.  
Having investigated fully our piece of the skies,  
Off over the rooftops, he soon lazily flies.

Angela Wybrow



# Birdsong

The morning air suddenly comes alive,  
With beautiful birdsong, in bursts of five.  
Sometimes, there are bursts of seven or six,  
To add a dash of variety, to the musical mix.

From other birds, there is no competition;  
To sing the best, this bird is on a mission.  
He sings his song loudly, and crystal clear;  
Sat way up high in the tree, he feels no fear.

To his heart's content, the little bird sings;  
Joy, to nearby shoppers, his sweet song brings.  
I hear the shrill trill of a nearby burglar alarm;  
Compared to the bird's trill, it holds no charm.

Hearing his call, really brightens up my day,  
As I pass him by, and go steadily on my way.  
Some people are too busy to notice his call;  
Upon their deaf ears, his pretty voice falls.

In the natural world, there's beauty to be found;  
You need only to listen, and look all around.  
If you just take your time; if you do not rush,  
You will find beauty aplenty in the relative hush.

Listen to the birds singing, way up in the trees;  
Their voices are carried upon the winter breeze.  
By such sights and sounds, you will be thrilled;  
With nature's beauty, your senses will be filled.

Angela Wybrow

# Black Cat

A sleek, black cat sat there in my path;  
He soon wound himself round my calves.  
I had never encountered the cat before,  
But he was not shy - that was for sure!

Eager to give and receive some affection,  
He soon happily headed in my direction.  
To be my friend, he seemed really keen -  
This lean, mean, little killing machine.

Between us both, there was an instant bond;  
Of my new found friend, I felt really fond.  
His coat was smooth, with a lovely shine.  
His movements were fluid, just like wine.

His liquid gold eyes looked up into mine:  
Of our impending friendship, this was a sign.  
From deep inside, there came a loud purr,  
And he totally ignored any passing bird.

He rolled on the ground upon his back:  
Of false affection, there was no lack;  
For anyone else, he'd have done the same -  
Whether or not they knew of his name.

If he could have had his way,  
He'd have kept me there all of the day.  
But I had an appointment and had to go -  
That I see him again, I really hope so.

Angela Wybrow

# Blackberry Picking

I have fond memories of going blackberrying  
On Sundays, with my Dad, when I was a child.  
Situated on the very outskirts of our little town,  
The lane was long and winding, lonely and wild.

We worked our way along the prickly hedgerows,  
Plucking perfect fruit from amongst the brambles,  
But the berries, which were over ripe or under ripe,  
Were left behind by us, during our country rambles.

We picked plenty of plump, juicy berries,  
And popped them all in to our plastic pot.  
Dad seemed to know the very best time to go,  
So we always returned home with quite a lot.

Along the way, we spotted spiders in their webs;  
Of spiders, I have always been a little scared.  
So any fruit which was located round about,  
Was more than welcome to stay right there!

The blackberries were taken home to Mum,  
Who mixed them up with apples, inside a pie.  
I always felt a small sense of pride, as we ate  
Those blackberries, picked by my Dad and I.

Angela Wybrow

# Blackbird

As I am nearing the centre of town,  
My ears are filled with a glorious sound.  
I hear the call of a single blackbird:  
The sweetest sound I've ever heard.  
His colouring, alas, is nothing to note,  
But, oh! What beauty flies from his throat.  
He sits perched upon a telephone wire;  
His song lifts my heart higher and higher.  
The pretty song which he doth impart,  
Makes me smile and lifts up my heart.  
He sits there singing his summer song:  
From one so small, it's surprisingly strong.  
The song he sings is pure and clear:  
It brings such cheer to human ears.  
Upon the wire, he sits there alone;  
His song, it has such a joyful tone.  
His song carries upon the balmy air;  
He sits there singing without a care.  
A sun-drenched day in the midst of June,  
Is when I catch this most delicate tune.  
On towards town I continue my way -  
The blackbird having cheered up my day.

Angela Wybrow

# Blossom

Blossom blowing all around;  
Scented petals floating down.  
Around my head, the petals blow;  
I see them swirling, just like snow.

Through the air, they dart and dive;  
It feels as though they've come alive.  
The petals travel through the air;  
A few become trapped in my hair.

In delicate shades of white and pink,  
To the ground, they softly sink.  
Bejewelled branches gently shaking;  
Blossom clusters gently breaking.

Angela Wybrow

# Blowing Bubbles

I take a deep breath and begin to blow,  
And soon the bubbles begin to flow.  
From my wand, the bubbles now stream;  
The sunshine makes the bubbles gleam.

Each bubble forms the most perfect sphere.  
My eyes see colours in something so clear.  
A colourful rainbow can now be seen:  
There's orange, purple, blue and green.

At the stream of bubbles, I stand and stare,  
As they float silently downwards through the air.  
In each of the bubbles, the world is reflected;  
By gravity, to the ground, each bubble's directed.

I'm expecting the bubbles to burst on impact,  
But, on the ground, many stay fully intact.  
Across the ground, the bubbles bounce along:  
They seem to be saying 'We are strong! '

The bubbles I blow are both big and small;  
Sometimes I blow and there's no bubble at all!  
Watching the bubbles form and take flight,  
Fills my heart with a sense of delight.

On the ground, a big bubble lands:  
There for a moment, it silently stands.  
Its existence on Earth comes to a stop,  
When, without warning, it bursts with a POP!

Angela Wybrow

# Blues In The Night

It's after eight on a Saturday night;  
The stage lights are lit, shining so bright.  
From head to toe, he's adorned all in black.  
Of punters to see him, there is no lack.  
As the first notes flow from his saxophone,  
The air is filled with a bluesy tone.  
As the intensity of the piece begins to rise,  
Lost in the music, he closes his eyes.  
Some notes are melodious and sound so sweet,  
While others are fighting to escape the beat.  
Some notes are raspy, restless and alarming,  
While others are silky, sensual and charming.  
There are those which flow like a trickling stream,  
And those which remind me of a tormented scream.  
Some notes hoot and honk, they heave and wheeze,  
While others drift gently as though riding on a summer breeze.  
Musical magic, this saxophonist weaves,  
And, a warm round of applause, he duly receives.

Angela Wybrow

# Bolero

Upon the ice, they take their place,  
And wait for the music to fill the space.  
With bated breath, the young couple kneel;  
Nervous, but excited, is how they both feel.  
This is their moment: their one big chance –  
Across the ice, they both will soon dance.  
As the rhythmic music begins to play,  
From side to side, their bodies now sway.  
With arms outstretched to the side,  
They let the music be their guide.  
Their fluid-like movements easily flow,  
As the intensity of the music steadily grows.  
In the air, there is love and romance,  
As, across the ice, the young couple dance.  
Their every move is polished and precise,  
As they skate together upon the ice.  
They execute some breathtaking lifts,  
As, across the ice, they turn and twist.  
Wearing costumes of purple chiffon,  
The dancers don't put a single foot wrong.  
Elements of dance and elements of mine  
Blend together in a performance sublime.  
Their every move is synchronised;  
The audience look on hypnotised.  
At the end of the story, the young couple die,  
So, flat on the ice, the two dancers lie.  
The crowd go crazy: there's a massive roar –  
Such a perfect performance, they've not seen before.  
A string of perfect sixes, they are awarded,  
As, by the audience, they are applauded.  
Such technical brilliance is rarely seen –  
Of the ice, they're the king and queen.  
As the thrilling realisation takes ahold,  
They step up to receive their medals of gold.

Angela Wybrow



# Bournemouth Blues

In the summer, in the baking sun,  
Bournemouth oozes a sense of fun,  
But in the winter, when skies are grey,  
I have no real desire to want to stay.

Today, the silvery sea is surfer-less;  
The wind on my face is cold and fresh.  
On my face, I can feel the sea's spray,  
As, along the prom, we make our way.

The beach beyond is now almost bare;  
The wild wind roughly ruffles my hair.  
A couple of people walk along the pier;  
In the sea air, there is now left little cheer.

The sea is coloured like a grey battleship;  
No kiosks are open for fish and chips.  
At the seafront pub, we have a cup of tea;  
We sit by the window, looking out to sea.

At the seafront pub, the people are all inside;  
At this time of year, there's no Land Train ride.  
Out on the ocean, no boats are bobbing about;  
From the Fairground, there are no excited shouts.

Down on the beach, dogs are exercised;  
Up in the air, seagulls execute noisy cries.  
Towards the beach, the waves all race;  
Topped with foam, which looks like lace.

That it was still summer, I really do wish;  
The sounds of summer, I really do miss.  
Along the seafront, we do not stroll,  
Because the weather is far too cold.

Darkness starts to fall, come late afternoon:  
In my opinion, it draws in way too soon.  
The daylight now quickly begins to fade,  
As, back to the Station, we make our way.

Angela Wybrow

# Braving The British Weather

To brave the British weather, most birds don't have a choice,  
But even in the worst weather, they raise such a spirited voice.  
Cold and rainy weather can leave some of us feeling a little blue,  
But, to me, it seems the little birds hold a different kind of view.

When, to us, the weather seems to go so very, horribly wrong,  
The little birds continue to sing their sweet and happy song.  
When a cloudless, blue sky still seems so very far from sight,  
There is one song which will always ring out, so clear and bright.

When you find yourself walking along, upon rain-soaked ground,  
From up in the trees, there will always come a heart-lifting sound.  
A dull and dismal day can sometimes make us feel a little bit down:  
Our hearts feel a little heavy, and our faces wear an unhappy frown.

Birdsong is a beautiful and pure, but powerful, Heaven-sent gift:  
Upon hearing such a pleasant song, our hearts will begin to lift.  
Even in wet weather, the little birds sing out with such pure joy:  
Like the joy a child has, when hugging their favourite soft toy.

Even when we get wet through, our clothes will very soon dry,  
So we should try to keep our chin up, and our spirits flying high.  
Such joy is contained within the heart of a creature, so very small:  
These tiny little birds really do set a shining example to us all.

Angela Wybrow

# Breaking Free

A new life, for myself, I need to weave.  
I need some oxygen, so as I can breathe.  
From these chains, I need to break free;  
I need the chance just to be totally me.

I need to escape now, from this prison cell;  
Escape from this existence, I know so well.  
Afraid of the world, in my corner, I cower;  
I'm just like a bud, that's waiting to flower.

I can't go on like this forever and ever;  
The storms in life, I will need to weather.  
By your actions, my life has been affected;  
I'm just like a child: my life is protected.

Sometimes it feels like I am suffocating.  
For the perfect moment, I am still waiting.  
You know that one day, I will go away;  
Here, forever more, I just cannot stay.

Into my life, I need to let some light.  
From this place, I need to take flight.  
I need to try and overcome all my fears.  
I need to have my own hopes and ideas.

I now need to have my very own space;  
I need to live my life at my own pace.  
One day, I will be a flower in full bloom,  
And that 'one day' may come very soon.

Angela Wybrow

## Brief Encounter

Through the rain, I rushed at great pace,  
With a glum expression upon my face;  
When across my path, there swiftly ran  
A cute grey squirrel - I'm such a big fan!

I stood underneath my big red umbrella,  
Gazing up at this delightful wee fella,  
Who was peering anxiously back down at me,  
Having expertly sprinted straight up a tree.

The glum expression disappeared from my face,  
And, with a cheerful smile, it was soon replaced.  
This brief encounter really brightened my day,  
And, feeling much happier, I was soon on my way.

Angela Wybrow

# Brownies

The Brownie is a magical, mysterious little creature,  
With brown, wrinkled skin, and haggard looking features.  
He will adopt a house and will do many of the chores,  
From running little errands, to sweeping all the floors.

A Brownie will happily finish off any leftover task  
For their chosen master, without ever being asked.  
The Brownie is indispensable, and he will be the one  
Who carries out all the tasks, which are left undone.

These hard-working men, who often resemble waifs,  
Will watch over farm animals and will keep them safe.  
In return for their labour, they do not expect any money:  
Just a bowlful of cream, and a cake spread with honey.

They will readily accept payment in the form of food,  
But any other form of payment is considered rather rude.  
If, as a form of payment, brand new garments are received,  
The offended Brownie is very likely to up sticks and leave.

The chances are that, when you're tucked up in bed sleeping,  
The Brownie is busy mending, cleaning, or in the field reaping.  
These funny looking, little men appear at the dead of night:  
They happily work all night long, but are gone before daylight.

Angela Wybrow

# Brussels Sprouts

My favourite vegetable, without a doubt,  
Is the humble, but holy, Brussels sprout.  
I cook them until they're really soft;  
Around my house, their aroma wafts.

I eat them with curries and with pies;  
I eat them with burgers and with fries.  
With many a dish, they go really well,  
But, once digested, they produce an odd smell.

Their tangy taste, I so love to savour:  
To any meal, they add real flavour.  
I simply adore their wonderful taste -  
Once on my plate, they won't go to waste.

Some think it quite weird that I am so keen  
On these marvellous morsels, small and green.  
I can eat Brussels sprouts by the bunch -  
Even in a sandwich for my lunch.

Despite their dreadful reputation,  
With Brussels, I have a fascination.  
They're a vegetable which people love or hate:  
They're slated by some, but we are best mates.

I eat Brussels sprouts every day -  
I don't care what other folk say.  
I just couldn't imagine my life without  
The humble, but holy, Brussels sprout.

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



# Butterfly, Butterfly

Butterfly, butterfly, wild and free,  
Fluttering on the summer breeze.  
Over the land, you silently sail:  
Over hill and over dale.

You flit, you float, you dart, you dive;  
You are so full of life.  
Curious kittens, you love to tease,  
But you escape with sprightly ease.

Upon your beauty, people gaze,  
As you flutter by on your way.  
You fly on gauzy, bejewelled wings;  
Your elegant robes are fit for a king.

Of your own beauty, you're unaware:  
Maybe you wonder why we stare.  
But with your colours so bold and bright,  
You are such an exquisite sight.

Through the air, you wind about:  
Up and down, and in and out.  
Many heads turn, as you fly past;  
You are so fragile – just like glass.

We only glimpse you for a short while,  
But, on our faces, you paint a smile.  
To our hearts, you bring such cheer;  
You are a sign that summer is here.

Angela Wybrow

## By Blackfriars Bridge

It is such a lovely day and the sun is shining.  
Outside the nearby pub, there are people dining.  
A street performer dances with a crystal ball.  
Directly opposite me, is the dome of St Paul's.

Along the pebbled shore, a few stragglers stroll.  
Somewhere in the distance, a church bell tolls.  
At the river, people contentedly stand and stare.  
The soft, summer breeze gently ruffles my hair.

The Millennium Bridge shines silver in the sun.  
I pass by some joggers, who are out for their run.  
People take pictures with their mobile phones.  
Along the river, a pair of ducks happily roam.

Of people walking along, there is a constant flow.  
Planes high up in the sky head towards Heathrow.  
A flock of seagulls swoop around above my head,  
As they search for food along the Thames riverbed.

The sun is reflected upon the river, as a silvery path.  
Along the riverbank, crowds of people chat and laugh.  
Tourists mill around outside Shakespeare's Globe.  
An Afro-Caribbean wears a brightly coloured robe.

From the nearby pier, pleasure boats come and go.  
By the river's edge, there is a man playing a piano.  
With the warm sun upon me, I could stay all day,  
And it takes some effort to finally pull myself away.

Angela Wybrow

# Camden Market

It was summer last, when I discovered the Lock,  
But returning in winter, I was in for a shock.  
In summer, the Market is in its full glory,  
But, in winter, it paints a very different story.

In summer, I strolled around a bustling square,  
But returned there in winter to find it all but bare.  
In summer, with people, the Market is thronging,  
But, in winter, for people, the Market is longing.

In summer, people tucked into pakora and pies,  
Deep fried mars bars and burgers and fries.  
In summer, there are visitors from every race,  
But, in cold winter months, this isn't the case.

In summer, Camden Market comes alive,  
But, in winter, there's a rather different vibe.  
In summer, Camden boasts a great atmosphere,  
But in the winter, very few ever venture near.

In summer, the traders all set up their stalls,  
But, in winter, very few of them bother at all.  
In winter, the traders, who still come every day,  
Stay a few hours, then pack their wares away.

In winter, the customers do not hang around,  
And the traders do not make many pounds.  
In summer, around the stalls, the people roam,  
But in winter, they'd much rather stay at home.

Of summer sun, Camden needs an injection,  
To steer it back in the right direction.  
In winter, the Market is somewhat depressing,  
But, in summer, it receives a rainbow dressing.

I just can't wait for the days to get hotter,  
So that, around the stalls, people will potter.  
Of atmosphere, in winter, there is a big lack:  
Oh, how I wish for the summer to come back!

Angela Wybrow

# Can'T Sleep

I find myself yawning again and again,  
But I can't sleep, which is a real pain.  
I lie on my left side, then on my right,  
But, for me, there is no sleep in sight.

Next, I turn and lie flat on my back,  
But, of any sleep, there is still a lack.  
I lie there, looking up at the ceiling:  
Pretty drained, is how I am feeling.

I wish my system would just slow down,  
But, through my mind, thoughts race round.  
Feeling restless, I begin to huff and puff:  
I know that, in the morning, I'll feel rough.

As a poet, my mind is still really busy rhyming,  
But, when I'm trying to sleep, isn't great timing.  
To try and get some sleep, I really endeavour,  
But the night seems to go on forever and ever.

I am really willing my mind to take a rest,  
But, night time is when my mind thinks best.  
Over my sleeping patterns, I have no control:  
On me, tomorrow, lack of sleep will take its toll.

As I snuggle myself down, under the covers,  
My body wants one thing; my mind, another.  
When lying in bed, I just want some peace:  
I want all of this rhyming, for once, to cease.

Angela Wybrow

# Carnival!

The Notting Hill Carnival is a great celebration,  
Which unites many people from across the nation.  
The carnival celebrates the diverse Caribbean culture;  
Upon Notting Hill, the revellers descend like vultures.

You can hear the sound of traditional steel bands;  
See people partying, and clapping their hands.  
Along the streets, the procession winds its way,  
To the colourful beats of both calypso and reggae.

To the music, you can't help, but tap your feet;  
You will soon be moving your body to the beat.  
From static sound systems, comes a bellowing bass.  
Throughout your whole body, adrenaline will race.

The procession snakes on for miles and miles;  
There are vibrant colours, and infectious smiles.  
Participants always put on a truly dazzling show,  
Which encompasses every colour of the rainbow.

Of carnival costumes, there is a glittering array;  
They are one of the major highlights of the day.  
Girls sensually shimmy in colourful costumes,  
As musicians play catchy, toe-tapping tunes.

On the elaborate costumes, all stitched together,  
Are sequins, beads, flowers, and fluffy feathers.  
Faces are carefully painted with colourful designs;  
This is the big moment for the participants to shine.

The parade also boasts many breathtaking floats;  
All hoping to attract the judges' important votes.  
Thrilling sights and sounds, ignite all of your senses.  
Between the different cultures, there are no fences.

A tasty array of freshly cooked Caribbean food,  
Tickles your taste buds, and puts you in the mood.  
The sweet smell of jerk chicken wafts through the air;  
A real taste of the Caribbean, the people love to share.

People love to let their hair down, and have a good time.  
They pray that, on the day, there will be bright sunshine.  
There is guaranteed to be the most amazing atmosphere;  
People dance, whistles shriek, drums beat, crowds cheer.

To its Caribbean roots, the carnival has remained true.  
People of all ages and backgrounds, the carnival woos.  
This is Notting Hill in all its glory, and it's a pretty safe bet,  
The revellers will continue partying way after the sun sets.

Angela Wybrow

# Chalk And Cheese

Around Camden Market, there's a lively pace,  
But, just minutes away, there's a different place.  
It's as though you have entered another world:  
A whole new kingdom is suddenly unfurled.

There, you'll discover tranquillity and peace;  
Life's hustle and bustle will suddenly cease.  
It's a peaceful haven: a welcome oasis of calm;  
It's a really special place, packed full of charm.

It was a warm, sunny day - perfect for walking;  
On the benches, people sat reading, or just talking.  
Along the canal, painted narrow-boats cruised;  
Further upstream, people were paddling canoes.

Ducks and moorhens were dotted here and there.  
At a Friesian cow sculpture, I stopped and stared.  
Wavy patterns decorated the bridges' undersides.  
For cyclists, the towpath made a pleasant ride.

As I passed London Zoo, I heard a waterfall:  
Not what I expected to hear in London at all!  
I spied some posh villas sitting atop the bank:  
No doubt, the residences of the upper ranks.

Further along, the mood was suddenly broken:  
It was as though the world had suddenly woken.  
I heard the loud rumble of a passenger train,  
And, through the sky, there roared a jet plane.

To follow the towpath, I just felt compelled:  
Jewels like this, I never knew London held.  
One of London's hidden gems, I uncovered;  
This place, I felt so thrilled to have discovered.

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

# Changing Times

Numerous High Street names  
Are going to the wall;  
Soon, there'll be nothing left:  
Not a single trace at all.

Some of them had traded  
For over a hundred years,  
But, hit by the recession,  
It all ended in tears.

Walking down the High Street,  
You're very likely to find  
Numerous empty shops,  
Which victims left behind.

It isn't a surprise to find  
Three empty shops in a row;  
The number of empty shops  
Will continue to grow and grow.

Names, which we grew up with,  
Now no longer exist;  
Shops we considered eternal,  
By us, are sadly missed.

If we could turn back time,  
And bring back the shops of old,  
Maybe our towns' High Streets  
Wouldn't look so ghostly and cold.

I never thought I'd see the day  
When big names shops closed down.  
I guess I just took for granted  
That they'd always be around.

There may well come a day  
When everyone shops  
Who knows what the future holds  
In these changing times.

Angela Wybrow

# Chaos On The Coast

Like mighty monsters, up they will rise:  
An unwelcome sight before our eyes.  
They know they have a job to do:  
They do not care about the view.

With long arms slicing through the air,  
About the environment, they don't care.  
Hour after hour, they'll stand making power,  
Resembling some strange, towering flower.

Areas of such beauty, this army destroys:  
Their presence isn't welcomed – it only annoys.  
There isn't a town which wants to play host  
To this massive army, so close to its coast.

The local people, they will put up a fight,  
Determined to keep the enemy from sight.  
With the army's arrival, nobody agrees,  
But, on deaf ears, may fall people's pleas.

Old and young love to take in the views:  
What they see now, they don't want to lose.  
The view's been the same for many a year –  
That it will change, many hearts hold a fear.

The local economy will take a dive,  
If ever the army is allowed to arrive.  
The need for power, the people do rate,  
But, these proposals, they really do hate.

'Save our skyline, ' the local people all call,  
'We don't want the turbines to be installed.'  
'Our coastline will lose a lot of its charm,  
If we are right next door to some wind farm.'

Many a soul will find itself soothed,  
If these proposals are never approved.  
No more will the people feel such alarm,  
And the Jurassic Coast will remain unharmed,

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

# Chicken Burger

Sat there in the restaurant,  
I take the top off my bun,  
To reveal the breaded chicken burger:  
Golden and round - just like the sun!

Angela Wybrow

# Chocolate Cake

So delicious on the lips,  
But so fattening on the hips.  
Sticky, gooey, chocolaty fingers.  
On my tongue, the sweet taste lingers.

Angela Wybrow



# Chocolate Chicken Curry

I saw in the freezer aisle;  
Chocolate chicken curry:  
I couldn't help but smile.

Chocolate chicken curry:  
Should I dare to buy it?  
Chocolate chicken curry:  
Should I dare to try it?

Of chocolate chicken curry,  
I had never ever heard;  
There's chocolate and there's chicken,  
But should they mix those words?

Chocolate chicken curry,  
I would either love or hate;  
With chocolate chicken curry,  
I may just make a date!

Chocolate chicken curry  
Is a limited edition.  
On chocolate chicken curry,  
I'm yet to make a decision.

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 Lights

Houses are decked with Christmas lights,  
Which brighten up the long winter nights;  
The colourful lights flicker and flash -  
They fizz and whizz, they dance and dash.

Some light up section by section,  
While others run in all directions;  
Round and round, some of them race –  
Seemingly caught in an endless chase.

In all directions, the coloured lights flow -  
They brighten my mood with their gleeful glow.  
There's red, blue, purple, yellow and green;  
There are different designs and different themes.

Houses and gardens are beautifully beaming  
With Christmas lights so joyfully gleaming.  
The lights, they give a welcome so warm;  
They light the night from dusk until dawn.

Angela Wybrow

# Christmas Shopping

On Saturday last, we made a mound  
Of lovely, shiny golden pounds.  
Customers queued down the aisles:  
In their baskets, goods were piled.

All day long, the tills were ringing;  
Their money, to us, people were bringing.  
Three hundred pounds, in ten minutes flat,  
Was taken by till staff, wearing Santa hats.

Shop Floor Assistants raced to and fro;  
Of customers, there was a constant flow.  
Tons of stock was stacked on the shelves:  
We were kept as busy as Santa's elves.

By close of day, the store was trashed,  
But, at least we made a mountain of cash.  
We had to stay late to finish the facing;  
To get the job done, we were racing.

Many people had received their last pay:  
Their final one before Christmas Day.  
The cash was counted and we did land  
Ourselves a total of eighteen grand.

Angela Wybrow

# Cilla

This Liverpool lass was a national treasure;  
She filled our hearts with hours of pleasure.  
With her sunny smile and hair of flame,  
Cilla became a household name.

Working at the Cavern as a cloak-room girl,  
She dreamed of a much more exciting world.  
In the swinging 60s, she was the top-  
Selling artiste in the genre of pop.

As she grew older, we saw her most  
On prime-time TV as a much-loved host;  
On 'Surprise Surprise', in her later years,  
She moved us all to floods of tears,

As we watched long-lost families being reunited –  
Hugging each other and looking delighted.  
Or people's wishes suddenly coming true,  
After terrible times which they'd been through.

On 'Blind Date', she tried her best to match  
Those seeking love – those still unattached.  
For numerous couples, she smoothed the path  
While having a 'lorra, lorra, lorra laughs'.

At the BAFTA Awards in twenty-fourteen,  
She was honoured for work on both record and screen.  
In twenty-fifteen, there came a sad day  
When our beloved Cilla passed away.

Her sudden death the nation mourned,  
And her music again took the charts by storm.  
Her hit 'Anyone Who Had a Heart'  
Suddenly went racing up the charts.

By her sudden death, folk were shocked –  
To pay their respects, many folk flocked.  
Our beloved Cilla may be gone,  
But her music and memory still live on.



Angela Wybrow

# Coffee Shop

I enter the already open door of the cafe,  
And a delicious, coffee-flavoured warmth  
Envelopes every inch of my very being.  
I love the aroma, though hate drinking coffee.  
But inside I feel such excitement at the sight  
Of the amazing cakes my eyes are now seeing.

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  
Soon discovering that the problem was far from being only mine!

On forums 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

## Colour-Coded

Whenever we are asked to fill out a form,  
A question on ethnicity is now quite the norm;  
For humans, the options include black, white and mixed,  
But for teddy bears, there are different options to pick.

The forms which teddy bears have to complete,  
Contain options which sound good enough to eat;  
There's honey, milk, chocolate, and coffee;  
There's cream, caramel, cinnamon and toffee.

Next to each box, a colour code is shown:  
A different one for each individual fur tone;  
From my experience, and from what I can tell,  
Most teddies tend to tick honey or caramel.

For those bears whose fur may be grey or plum,  
There is no need for them to ever feel glum:  
All shades of fur, the form needs to be cover,  
So, for them, there is a box labelled 'other.'

These teddy bears are special: they are unique;  
Not being traditional doesn't make them a freak.  
These are the bears who stand out in a crowd;  
That they are different, they should feel proud.

The colour of their fur may not make the list,  
But, from a small child, they will still get a kiss.  
They may be quite different to all of the rest,  
But these are the bears who are truly blessed.

Angela Wybrow

# Colourful Camden

Today, I found myself in Camden Town;  
I had time to spare, so I looked around.  
It was a place that I had not visited before,  
But it's a part of London, I'd love to visit more.

That area of London has a great atmosphere;  
It is packed full of fun and full of real cheer.  
Everywhere I went, there were massive crowds;  
The colours and the sounds were extremely loud.

There were stalls selling food from around the world;  
Stalls that sold everything, from books to fake pearls.  
There was furniture, footwear, and patterned throws,  
Cards, collectables, candles, and all kinds of clothes.

I could have had almost any type of food that I desired;  
My taste-buds were tingling, and were almost set on fire;  
Of colour and smells and sounds, there was a total riot;  
The atmosphere in the marketplace was anything but quiet.

In summer, to the canal-side, many people like to flock:  
They love to watch canal boats going through the Lock.  
There were people with colourful clothes and colourful hair;  
If they looked a little bit different, they obviously didn't care.

The Marketplace itself, is most definitely a real trend-setter,  
As you can eat lunch sat upon the seat of a real Lambretta!  
The aromas of food and perfume, I really loved to breathe.  
There was part of me which really did not want to leave.

In those surroundings, all my senses felt so very enlivened;  
My experience has made my mind feel much more wizened.  
Of life within Camden Town, there is certainly no lack;  
I so loved it there, and, one day, I will definitely go back.

Angela Wybrow

# Cornelia

I am a massive fan of the actress, Cornelia Frances;  
Any TV or theatre show, her presence really enhances.  
Since I was fourteen, of hers, I've been a very big fan;  
To watch her on TV, home, from school, I quickly ran.

In 'The Young Doctors', she played the fiery Sister Scott;  
Viewers loved her, but her on-screen nursing staff did not!  
She ruled the hospital wards with a cast iron fist;  
There wasn't a single trick that she ever missed!

But, through it all, she struck me as a very warm person;  
Someone so very different, from her on-screen version.  
When I've seen her interviewed, as herself, on TV,  
She's exactly the sort of person, I imagined she'd be.

The next Australian TV series, in which I caught her,  
Was as Barbara, in the soap opera 'Sons and Daughters.'  
From this, there were many memorable scenes for me,  
Especially those ones involving Barbara's mother, Dee.

As Barbara, she was, yet again, a lady who was very strong;  
Someone who would cope, even when things went very wrong.  
To those Barbara liked, she would always extend a warm hand,  
But, equally, she was very derisive, to those she couldn't stand.

When any visitors turned up at the Hamilton household,  
They received a welcome, which was either warm or cold.  
At people, who she hated, she would stand, and coldly glare,  
But with people she liked, she'd wrap her arm around theirs.

The people, who she liked, she would very warmly receive,  
But the ones, she hated, she very bluntly asked to leave.  
With husband, Gordon, Barbara had a very close bond;  
Of each other, they always appeared to be so very fond.

For many years, she's played Morag in 'Home and Away';  
She keeps coming and going, but I wish she would stay!  
Morag is a top judge, at the local criminal justice court,  
So, it's no surprise to learn, she's the 'tough-cookie' sort.

Cornelia has always had such very expressive eyes,  
And she strikes me as someone, who is also very wise.  
When she's with others, I notice every little hug; every little touch;  
Her obvious warmth is one of the reasons, why I like her so much.

She's nearly thirty years older than me: old enough to be my mum!  
I've heard she has a really great sense of humour, and is great fun.  
I can imagine that she's like a mother to younger members of cast;  
That they shared many wonderful times, and had a right old blast!

To meet Cornelia in person, is something which I'd really love to do,  
And, for me, it really would be one of my biggest dreams come true.  
I can imagine that I'd feel pretty nervous, and feel really rather shy,  
But, I hope that I'd be brave enough, to approach her and say 'hi! '

Many years ago, in Westcliff-On-Sea, she was in panto,  
But I lacked confidence back then, and so I didn't go.  
I really do greatly regret not going to see her now,  
And really wish that I could put that right somehow.

Angela Wybrow

# Counting Down The Days

At my calendar, I stand and stare;  
The next few weeks appear pretty bare.  
A few of the dates have events pencilled in,  
But, generally speaking, events planned seem quite thin.

It's almost Easter and folk are taking a break,  
But lack of purpose makes my heart ache.  
Eternal days now stretch out ahead:  
I'm full of dread, it has to be said.

I'm counting the days till my life starts again,  
As empty days drive me completely insane.  
The world around me is taking a rest,  
But lack of excitement makes me feel well depressed.

Myself, for a while, I will need to amuse,  
And try to banish those empty day blues.  
My friends, they are working, or have other things planned;  
Having nothing to do, I simply can't stand.

I like to be busy; my days to be filled.  
My current month to view makes me feel less than thrilled.  
The next few weeks I find myself wishing away,  
And, when they are over, we'll be almost in May!

Despite the promise of some gorgeous weather,  
The next few weeks will feel like forever.  
I'll have to stay strong and be really brave,  
But, on the positive side, think of the money I'll save!

Angela Wybrow



# Customer Complaint

'There is something wrong with this mushroom! '  
I heard a lady, on a nearby table, suddenly boom.  
The lady was clearly upset by the whole 'ordeal',  
And, asked the young waitress for a duplicate meal.

Soon, from the kitchen, her new meal appeared,  
But, by its appearance, she was far from cheered.  
'I guess, an idiot, is what you take me for?  
It's the very same mushroom, I had before! '

That it was a different mushroom, she was assured,  
But she was not convinced, so this now meant war.  
By this time, the lady was getting really quite irate:  
'That is the same mushroom, on a different plate! '

'I tell you, this here mushroom is quite inferior!  
I demand that I be allowed to see your Superior!  
Your explanation, with me, girl, will just not wash.  
You're no use: I want you to bring me your boss.'

The Manager appeared, and listened to her complaint:  
Luckily, for him, he possessed the patience of a Saint!  
He stood there calmly, while she ranted and raved:  
A trouble-free shift was what he desperately craved.

She seemed to have time to eat her meal before,  
But, suddenly, she didn't have that time anymore!  
'I want a refund! ' she said. 'And make it snappy! '  
She now seemed in a rush, and very far from happy.

Of the show, the lady was most definitely the star,  
But I think that she carried things just a little too far!  
Tempers flared, nerves frayed, and feelings ran high:  
And this was all over one tiny little specimen of fungi!

Angela Wybrow

# Cycling In The Countryside

In my spare time, I love to ride  
My bicycle out in the countryside.  
I love to leave the town far behind;  
Inner peace, I am hoping to find.

When I am cycling, I can take my time:  
Enjoy the fresh air and the warm sunshine.  
Time is my own: there's no need to rush,  
And I am able to savour the welcome hush.

Powering the pedals can make my legs ache,  
But the wind on my face makes me feel so awake.  
I love to freewheel down never-ending hills:  
A simple pleasure, but, oh, what a thrill!

I hear the village church bells joyfully ring,  
And, the call of the cuckoo, when it is spring.  
I see cattle grazing in the green fields;  
I see sparkling streams and rolling hills.

I pass cottage gardens looking all nice and neat;  
I pass people out walking and fields full of wheat.  
I notice so many details as I ride on my way;  
I find myself wishing that I could stay all day.

When riding my bike, I feel such exhilaration:  
To me, it is one of the very best sensations!  
For a taste of the country, my heart often yearns;  
Back to the bustling town, I really hate to return.

Angela Wybrow

# Dancing Daffodils

I saw a crowd of daffodils standing by the trees;  
I stood and watched them dancing in the gentle breeze.  
Many of them were golden; a few of them were light:  
Standing there together, they looked a pretty sight.

On the adjacent trees, pale pink blossom grew,  
And the colour of the sky that day was a clear pale blue.  
They were stood down by the river on a bank of green;  
Peppered with mauve crocuses, it made pretty scene.

Trying to capture their beauty, I found it couldn't be caught;  
The daffodils had no idea of the joy to me they'd brought.  
The sight of the daffodils had stopped me in my tracks;  
And, as I carried on my way, I couldn't help looking back.

Angela Wybrow

# Dancing Dragonflies

The first time I saw some dragonflies,  
I could not quite believe my eyes.  
They darted around by the willow trees,  
With such sheer agility and amazing ease.

I had thought it an illusion, but it is true:  
Their bodies really do shine electric blue.  
Across the water, the dragonflies danced;  
I watched their antics, feeling entranced.

Through the air, the dragonflies zoomed:  
Like little lights, in the shadowy gloom.  
Dancing about where the light was dimmer,  
Their bright blue bodies shone and shimmered.

They gave the most skilful flying display,  
And I couldn't quite drag my eyes away.  
They really were such an awesome sight;  
I couldn't help but give a gasp of delight.

One landed nearby, upon the railing  
Of the boat, on which I was sailing.  
My camera, from my lap, I slowly raised,  
But, sensing my movement, it flew away.

A most charming sight these creatures made,  
And I really wish that I could have stayed.  
From beneath the willows, the boat pulled away,  
But I will always remember that summer's day.

Angela Wybrow

# Darkness

Here in the darkness, I am caught;  
My mind awash with unwanted thought.  
Here in the darkness, I often lie;  
Tears of sadness, I often cry.

This darkness, it surrounds me;  
This darkness, it does hound me.  
Many a night I lie awake,  
Wondering how much more I can take.

The hours, they pass one by one,  
As, around my head, dark thoughts run.  
These thoughts I wish I could rid from my head,  
And fill my mind with sweet dreams instead.

Surrounded by darkness, life feels bleak;  
A good night's sleep is what I seek.  
In my mind, I recount events,  
Trying to make them all make sense.

Problems at work, problems at home,  
Seem worse in the dark when I am alone.  
In a cloak of darkness, I am draped;  
From the darkness, I cannot escape.

Feeling tired, I can't help but yawn,  
As I wish away the hours till morn.  
I'm willing sleep to come my way,  
So I can start afresh a brand new day.

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

# Dawn

The seagulls are crying,  
and I am still trying  
to get some sleep,  
as, into my room, daylight creeps  
through my bedroom window,  
bringing with it a cold, eerie glow.  
I glance at the time: five thirty five -  
the world outside will soon be alive.  
Whilst I've been laid here in my bed,  
I've danced on the very edge  
of sleep once or twice -  
I think to myself 'Oh, how nice  
it really would be,  
if sleep would come and set me free.'

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 Computer

I've been feeling dead miserable since you broke;  
Life without you...well, it's certainly no joke.  
Letters and projects, I can no longer type,  
And I can't chat to friends, as I can no longer Skype.

I can no longer leisurely browse the news,  
Or, on forums, share my personal views.  
I can't watch my fave movies on DVD,  
Or, on iTunes, listen to music or burn a CD.

I can't check Facebook or check Twitter –  
If the truth be known, I'm feeling quite bitter.  
My email account, I can no longer check,  
Since you became an unresponsive wreck.

I can't book a ticket for a show,  
Or research information which I want to know.  
I can't book a room at a hotel,  
And, my stuff on EBay, I can't sell.

YouTube videos, I can no longer view,  
And, subscriptions, I now can't renew.  
I can't catch-up on TV which I've missed...  
Oh, I think that pretty much completes my list.

We've had so much fun these past few years,  
But now it has all ended in tears.  
You were my friend; my right-hand man.  
I had always been your biggest fan.

Yes, obviously, I do own a mobile,  
But it's pretty ancient - really old style.  
From it, I can phone or send a text,  
But it has no functions for things more complex.

To make you better, I really did try,  
But to 'computer heaven', you must now fly.  
Your successor will hopefully soon be here,  
And refill my heart with some much-needed cheer.

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



# Dinosaurs In The Suburbs

Go to Crystal Palace Park in the dead of night,  
And you are sure to be given a very big fright.  
The dinosaurs, which you see there in the Park,  
Suddenly all spring to life when it grows dark.

They stand stock still as statues during the day,  
But, at night, they all chorus 'Hip-hip- hooray! '  
Around the Palace Park, the dinosaurs roam:  
Looking for food, every inch they will comb.

They have resided at the Park for many a year;  
Faint hearted folk will not dare venture near.  
Some of the local neighbours, who live nearby  
Have reported hearing the odd frightened cry.

The statues seem to cause a slight feeling of unease;  
On seeing them, some folk simply stop and freeze.  
During the day, the dinosaurs will do you no harm;  
Some people think they even behold a slight charm.

As soon as the daylight begins to fail,  
Frightened little children begin to wail.  
They know that the dinosaurs will come alive,  
So, through the Park gates, they quickly dive.

When the Keeper locks up the gates at night,  
He makes sure that they are locked really tight:  
He doesn't want the dinosaurs running around,  
Scaring the neighbours and terrorizing the town.

Of course, the dinosaurs could easily break out,  
But, their cover would be blown, without a doubt.  
So they stay well within the Park's perimeter fence,  
Shrouded by the vegetation, which grows so dense.

To humans, hungry dinosaurs can be a big threat,  
But, luckily, no one has ever been eaten as yet.  
So, if you're ever nearby, and you hear a loud roar,  
Chances are it will be one of the local dinosaurs!

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.



# Dog's Dinner

I sit at her door and I patiently wait,  
With my eyes fixed upon her mug and her plate.  
I watch her eat and I feel mesmerized;  
My chocolatey eyes never leaving the prize.

She tells me to sit and stay on the landing,  
But I give her a look of misunderstanding;  
Obediently, I sit there for a short while,  
Giving her my very best shot at a smile.

As the minutes tick by, I begin to edge nearer,  
Hoping my message is growing a tad clearer;  
Okay, so I'm invading her personal space,  
But who can resist my cute furry face?

Soon I am sat there, right by her knee,  
Hoping she'll share her dinner with me.  
She tells me she finds my gaze quite unnerving,  
As I sit there and wait for my personal serving.

Her willpower weakens and she parts with some food:  
If you ask me, not to offer, just seems really rude.  
I crunch and I chew, then swiftly I swallow,  
Wolfing it down like there'll be no tomorrow.

Even over her leftover gravy,  
I get well excited; I just go stir crazy.  
I run round in circles and I leap in the air:  
She may think I'm mad, but I really don't care!

I look up, lick my lips, and then click my jaw:  
It's my way of telling her that I'm wanting some more!  
There's a whole range of food that's meant just for me,  
But human food's fun: I'm sure you'll agree?

I have to admit that I am gaining weight,  
But I just can't resist the food on her plate;  
She often points out that the food is her dinner,  
And I have to admit that she is getting thinner!

Food for humans, I just can't resist:  
I'll eat most things, but I adore bacon crisps.  
My stomach is like a deep, endless pit,  
So, by her door, I am happy to sit!

Angela Wybrow

# Dole Not Coal

Once these men all mined for coal,  
But now these men are on the dole.  
With rent to pay and mouths to feed,  
An anxious life these men now lead.

Spending more time at home indoors,  
Leads to boredom and domestic wars.  
For these men, life is now lean –  
They've got no money and no routine.

Mining coal was all that they knew –  
What life holds in store, they haven't a clue.  
Now it's a case of make-do and mend;  
The situation, they can't comprehend.

Each day at work, they had a purpose –  
Now they're redundant and they're surplus.  
Each working day, they'd work together,  
Having a laugh and a good old blether.

Once these men all earned a wage,  
But now these men are full of rage.  
Every day, for jobs they queue,  
But there's only jobs for very few.

They'd arrive back home with blackened faces,  
After hours spent in the darkest of places.  
Now these men see hours of light,  
But now these men are a sorry sight.

Having left their life of dirt and grime,  
One or two have turned to crime.  
But most are respectable, honest men,  
Who miss their jobs and miss their friends.

Now the camaraderie has all but gone,  
And these lonely souls just soldier on.  
All they can do is wait for the day,  
When luck once more will come their way.

Angela Wybrow



# Dredging The River

It is often a taker, but now it's a giver:  
Workmen are busy dredging the river.  
On the bed of the Thames, many things lurk;  
Recovering them all is long, mucky work.

Crisp packets, cans, and shopping trolleys;  
Takeaway cartons, and sticks from lollies.  
Spectacles, scarves, gloves, and hats;  
Deflated old footballs, and cricket bats.

Cardboard cups, and broken skateboards;  
Roman coins, and Iron Age swords.  
An amazing menagerie of mobile phones,  
And jewellery set with precious stones.

Tennis balls, toys and bicycle tyres;  
Cameras, iPods, and electrical wire.  
Hub caps, rope, and laptop computers;  
Pieces of pottery and jugs made of pewter.

These are among the artefacts found  
Under the Thames in old London Town.  
Some are mundane - just run of the mill;  
While others promise to provide a big thrill.

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.



# 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: City Of Allsorts

A city of adventure;  
A city of ambition;  
A city of hopes, dreams,  
And futuristic new vision.

A city of old;  
A city of new;  
A city with spectacular,  
Breathtaking views.

A city of business;  
A city of leisure;  
A city which fills your  
Heart up with pleasure.

A city of day;  
A city of night;  
A city which is filled  
With gourmet delights.

A city of beauty;  
A city of history;  
A city with ancient,  
Unsolved mysteries.

A city of festival;  
A city of the arts;  
A city which is powered  
By a strong, beating heart.

A city of opportunity;  
A city of learning;  
A city which keeps  
Its bright soul burning.

A city of literature;  
A city of sport;  
In its magical web,  
You are sure to get caught.

Edinburgh - the jewel  
In Scotland's crown,  
Is the amazing city  
Where all this is found.

Angela Wybrow

# Ella

This is the tale of a young girl named Ella,  
Who spied out the window a less fortunate fella.  
She saw him there, sat down on a seat,  
With no where to go and nothing to eat.

The scene she saw was far less than pretty,  
And, on the poor soul, her young heart took pity.  
She was inside, feeling cosy and warm -  
'A plate full of food would go down a storm, '

Was the immediate thought which entered her mind,  
And so young Ella, being thoughtful and kind,  
Took him her dinner of roast potatoes and steak.  
(His day, Ella hoped her actions would make) .

The man looked up; his face full of surprise;  
Ella saw the gratitude right there in his eyes.  
A knife and a fork, she then handed the guy,  
Then, with a warm smile, she bade him goodbye.

With a happy heart, she skipped back inside;  
The smile on her face was wonderfully wide.  
From the window, she watched him tuck in  
To some delicious hot food - not cold from a bin.

So caring and kind was little Ella that day;  
She injected some colour in to his world full of grey.  
She felt so proud that she'd done a good deed;  
That she'd helped somebody in such desperate need.

Angela Wybrow



# Emmeline

As a political activist, she led the great fight  
For women to vote as a God given right.  
She had a spirit which would not be downed;  
She had a voice which would not be drowned.

She and her followers disregarded State law:  
Rules and regulations, they so often ignored.  
The Union smashed windows and started fires;  
They shouted demands and cut telephone wires.

The Union's motto was 'deeds, not words' -  
These three simple words were so often heard.  
Whenever they marched, they had banners and signs -  
By one of her daughters, these were designed.

The colours of green, purple and white,  
Were those symbolic of their worthy fight;  
Green for hope, white for purity,  
And purple for freedom and dignity.

Emmeline famously once made it her mission  
To pay the Palace a visit to present a petition;  
But she got herself arrested by the police  
For causing a disturbance of the peace.

She was so determined not to fail,  
But, for her efforts, she was quite often jailed.  
By her treatment, she was not too amused,  
And, once in jail, the food she refused.

By her visits to jail, she was not deterred -  
Her voice was one which was still often heard.  
She would stand before an assembled crowd,  
And deliver her message, proud and loud.

Her campaigning led to a change in the law,  
And so she got what she had hoped for.  
To the cause, she was truly devoted,  
And her place in history is duly noted.

Angela Wybrow

# Enchanted

From Norwich, my very sweetest memory,  
Is the sight and scent of the wisteria trees.  
Their enchanting display caught my eye  
The very first time that I passed them by.

I passed these trees by, every single day,  
As, to and from the city centre, I made my way.  
A few of the blossoms had already died away,  
As I visited the city towards the end of May;

A picture of the trees, on my camera, I took,  
So, at least I captured how lovely they looked -  
But, what I really wished I could do as well,  
Was to capture, in a bottle, their intoxicating smell.

The air was heavily scented with their sweet perfume;  
Their blossoms brightened up the rain-soaked gloom.  
Their perfume, I drunk down, as I ambled on by,  
And, having inhaled it so deeply, my soul soared high.

The Church of St Giles' is famed for these plants,  
And, the church's character, they most definitely enhance.  
In my mind's eye, I can still see that magnificent display;  
Seeing such natural beauty really brightened up my day.

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

# Evening Sky

It's a little after quarter to seven,  
When I raise my eyes up to heaven.  
The milky moon emits an eerie light –  
Not its normal pure, pearlescent light.

The sky is a misty midnight blue;  
The moon is almost hidden from view:  
It's like a smoky smudge up in the sky,  
With silvery clouds sailing on by.

The stars are up there shining bright,  
But, by the clouds, they're hidden from sight.  
Darkness descends – his cloak unfurls,  
And spreads itself across the world.

Around me is silence – all is still.  
I shiver with the evening's chill.  
From the darkness, I want to hide.  
I reach my house and I step inside.

Angela Wybrow

# Evensong

It is late, on a cold, dark, wintry afternoon;  
Up high in a tree, a small bird merrily croons.  
Trade in the town, has now begun to wind down,  
And taking centre stage, is the bird's sweet sound.

Like an operatic singer, his voice soars high,  
And his song delights many, as they pass by.  
Your ears can not help, but hear his loud call,  
As the sun, once again, sets and darkness falls.

He sings for joy, at the very top of his voice;  
To listen to his song, you have little choice.  
He sits at the very top of the tallest tree,  
Singing so loudly; his heart full of glee.

His plaintive call pierces the cool air,  
As he sings his song, without a care.  
A pure quality, his sweet song holds,  
And he sings it out, so bright and bold.

His singsong attracts many a nice comment;  
His performance appears to be Heaven sent.  
Of his captivated audience, he is unaware;  
His song boasts beauty, beyond compare.

Like a church choir, as they sing evensong,  
This small bird sings so very keen and strong.  
Through the dark streets, home, I wearily wind;  
Sad to be leaving the bird's sweet song behind.

Angela Wybrow

# Eyes Down

She ambles along with her eyes on the screen:  
Doesn't know where she's going or where she has been.  
Doesn't know what's behind her or up ahead:  
If she's not careful, she may end up dead.

With mobile in hand, she has tunnel vision;  
Her mobile menagerie may affect her decisions.  
To the slimline screen, her two eyes are glued:  
As to what's happening around her, she isn't too clued.

She doesn't see who's approaching or who has passed by;  
Only for her mobile, does she ever cast an eye.  
She doesn't see cars; she doesn't see puddles;  
She doesn't see the 'hoodies' all grouped in a huddle.

She doesn't sense danger; she doesn't feel fear:  
Any words of warning, she may well not hear.  
Her lack of concentration may well seal her fate –  
And all because of a Facebook status update.

Angela Wybrow

# Faces

Impressions of faces are found everywhere,  
If you have the time to stand and stare.

You see them in clouds floating upon the breeze,  
And on the rugged bark hugging the trunks of trees.

They're on patterned carpets which cover our floors,  
And hidden in the natural grain of our wooden doors.

You see them in the food which sits upon your plate,  
And in the fiery flames which flicker in the grate.

They're spotted on maps – here, and in far flung reaches,  
And on the pebbles and shells sitting upon our beaches.

They're in the reddish rust which forms upon our cars,  
And, if you do dot-to-dot, they're up there in the stars.

You'll see them in the tea leaves at the bottom of your cup.  
And you'll spot one on the moon, if you care to just look up.

You'll see them in the shadows which are cast by the sun,  
And on the drying pavements when the rain is over and done.

They're in the patterned paper which hangs upon our walls,  
And on the tiled floor you walk upon in the shopping mall.

They're in the stubborn stains on surfaces and on clothes,  
And in the rock formations you find on cliffs in coves.

Yes, impressions of faces are found everywhere,  
If you have the time to stand and stare.

Angela Wybrow



## Facing The Facts (Wolfblood)

Some saw Shannon as a gormless geek;  
Someone to mock; an uncool freak.  
But she was a girl with a very sharp mind:  
A brighter girl, it would be hard to find.

With the Beast, she became quite obsessed;  
She asked friends to help her in her quest.  
She had seen a hazy image in a photograph,  
But, at her, the others still loved to laugh.

That the Beast existed, Shannon would swear;  
But, the lack of evidence, she could not bear.  
The Beast's presence, she was able to sense,  
But she needed to gather some real evidence.

Being called a liar, she could not stand,  
So off she went with her camera in hand.  
She would often go out in the dead of night:  
Within her heart, she would feel such fright;

Talking about the Beast, she soon became a bore;  
Everyone had heard her story many times before.  
After strange events, she had strong suspicions;  
Following this, she went all out on her mission.

In the end, the shocking truth was finally revealed;  
In the process, Shannon nearly got herself killed.  
She soon discovered that she wasn't round the bend:  
The Beast she'd been hunting was Maddy, her friend.

Angela Wybrow

# Facing The Frost

People, around me, are confidently striding,  
While I worry about slipping and sliding.  
Where it is clear, my confidence grows,  
But where it is icy, my pace, again, slows.

People are walking, looking fairly relaxed;  
While I walk, head down, watching my tracks.  
I approach an icy patch, and pull a funny face,  
As, once again, I find I have to slow my pace.

I see some children on their way to school;  
With walking on ice, they seem pretty cool.  
From the looks on their faces, it is very clear,  
That, unlike me, they do not hold any fear.

Where I am able, I walk along on the grass,  
So that icy patches, on the pavement, I pass.  
At times, I have no choice, but to face the ice;  
With the threat of potential injury, I now dice.

My face is a picture of concern and worry;  
With the ice around, I feel unable to hurry.  
My journey to work seems to take forever.  
Needless to say, I'm not a fan of this weather.

It is a cold and sunny morn, but by midday,  
Some patches of ice have begun to melt away.  
The top temperature today is only four degrees;  
It's been forecast that tonight it will, again, freeze.

Upon the frozen ground, where shadows fall,  
The frost appears not to have melted at all.  
The shady side of the street is still ice white,  
While the sunny side, is now clear and bright.

Come afternoon, some patches of ice are still there;  
Shrouded in shadow; untouched by the sun's glare  
The day grows older and night time draws near;  
The time when Jack Frost, once again, will appear.

Angela Wybrow

## Fairbourne: Sos

Suddenly we find ourselves in the strange position  
Of our lovely little town being 'decommissioned.'  
The government have announced that from this day hence,  
That we'll receive no more funding for our flood defence.

In this wonderful place, we would so love to stay,  
But about this decision, we've not had much say.  
Against the shoreline, the waves they will pound,  
And, in years to come, our town will be drowned.

Many of us have lived here for a number of years;  
None of us want it all to end up in tears.  
Our lovely little town, the sea will soon take;  
We'll cry salty tears, and our hearts they will break.

New homes we residents will soon need to find,  
And leave our precious community far, far behind.  
We're feeling much anger and deep frustration  
That we won't even receive any compensation.

We residents wouldn't have to be forced to move,  
If our sea defences were maintained and improved.  
They say additional defences would incur a 'significant cost',  
But, without them, our homes and shops will be lost.

On maps in the future, our town will cease to exist;  
By the nation of Wales, will our community be missed?  
The name of our town won't grace peoples' lips,  
And it will no longer be seen from passing ships.

The community here will be shattered and torn,  
And the town itself will be left looking lost and forlorn.  
If only the government would just hear our plea,  
And let us stay here in our little town by the sea.

Angela Wybrow

# Faithful Friend

In the admin office at St Mary's Kirk,  
She sits and watches her mistress work.  
Upon a chair, she's contentedly curled –  
Daydreaming in her own little world.

She shifts her gaze every once in a while,  
When her mistress rises to retrieve a file.  
Of her mistress' movements, she keeps a note;  
Upon her mistress, she devotedly dotes.

As soon as her mistress heads for the door,  
She sets her four paws upon the stone floor.  
Of each other, they are extremely fond –  
They've developed a really special bond.

In her caramel coat, she is sleek and lean.  
In the church office, she's very often seen.  
To office visitors, she poses no threat –  
She's quiet and placid – a well-behaved pet.

Angela Wybrow

# Fall From Grace

He was once a respected man,  
Until he discovered the old tin can.  
At council meetings, he had some sway,  
But that was then - back in the day.

He used to be so smartly dressed -  
Campaigning with a rosette pinned to his chest.  
For the people, he once was the voice;  
He had lots of money and drove a Rolls Royce.

He'd sail the world on a luxury cruise,  
But his lifestyle changed: all due to booze.  
Remembering back how he used to be,  
That it's the same man, it's so hard to see.

In scruffy shoes and a shabby old coat,  
He's no longer considered a man of note.  
With a weathered face and hair that's greying,  
Folk no longer care for what he is saying.

He wanders round town, with drink as his friend,  
Wishing each day would come to an end.  
His days are empty and they feel so long -  
He wonders now where it all went wrong.

He frequents a pub - he sits there drinking:  
Of better days, no doubt he is thinking.  
Seeing him now is quite a big shock -  
Does he wish he could turn back the clock?

Now he has little purpose in life;  
His children have left and so has his wife.  
He lives alone in a cold council flat;  
His only company is his black and white cat.

His one time voters now pass him by,  
Without so much as meeting his eye.  
In local press, he was a familiar face,  
But that was before his fall from grace.

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, at last, they  
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



# Farewell To Summer

It has begun: a few leaves are falling;  
Autumn has started its gentle calling.  
Summer is slowly coming to an end;  
Now autumn wants to be our friend.

During autumn, we may feel a little cold,  
But, in return, we've been promised gold.  
Golden leaves will be found all around:  
Up in the trees, and down on the ground.

Leaves of yellow, brown, orange, and fiery red,  
Will form a coloured carpet to soften our tread.  
We'll be presented with a whole wealth of riches,  
As, from summer to autumn, the season switches.

The tall, towering trees will be set ablaze,  
As traces of summer are slowly erased.  
Sorely missed will be summer's long days;  
Sorely missed will be summer's warm rays.

But time moves on, and the summer must go;  
No doubt we'll be dazzled by autumn's show.  
Autumn prefers to paint us a different scene;  
It likes to wipe summer's colour palette clean.

Some say farewell to summer with a sad tear,  
But, others much prefer this time of the year.  
Chill September mornings may be here again,  
But our memories of this summer will remain.

Angela Wybrow

# Fear Of Falling

I am at the local funfair:  
I am sat, strapped in a chair.  
I can feel myself steadily rising –  
My rash decision, I'm now revising.  
Suddenly, I'm there, at the very top –  
My seat tilts forwards, ready to drop.  
I open my mouth, ready to scream,  
But all is not as it may seem.  
The fear, I find, I just can't take,  
And that is when I'm jolted awake.  
That it's not real, I feel so relieved,  
And, once again, I'm able to breathe.

Angela Wybrow

# Feelings

I sometimes wish I were a robot:  
Inner feelings? I'd delete the lot!  
Feelings can make life complicated;  
I consider that feelings are over-rated.  
Feelings can make you act so crazy -  
Making boundary lines seem somewhat hazy.  
Feelings can make you travel such distance.  
Stronger feelings need much more resistance.  
Feelings, they can leave you feeling so poor,  
But they can open up to you so many doors.  
Feelings, they can make you lose all sense,  
Especially those which are extremely intense.  
Feelings for others can be left unrequited.  
They can suddenly appear when uninvited.  
Feelings can make you go insane -  
Make you endure heartache and pain.  
Feelings can drive you totally mad -  
Leave you euphoric, or just down and sad.  
Feelings can make you choose to ignore.  
They can leave you wanting so much more.  
Feelings can rip out a sensitive soul -  
Leaving behind a vast, empty hole.  
As humans, such feelings, we have to endure,  
As, for feeling these feelings, there isn't a cure.

Angela Wybrow

# Finally Found Love

I had often thought to myself,  
That I'd be left upon the shelf.  
But then you, you happened along,  
And suddenly you proved me wrong.

Thoughts of you, they fill my mind.  
A better match I never will find.  
Between us both, there's a real spark.  
Upon my life, you've made a real mark.

Who knows what the future will hold.  
You, in my arms, I want to enfold.  
I want to keep you safe from harm.  
The storm in your head, I want to calm.

In my heart, you've filled a big hole.  
Together with you, I want to grow old.  
I never thought I would feel this way.  
In my life, I hope you will stay.

Angela Wybrow

# Finding Inner Peace

Through my head, the thoughts tumbled round,  
But, inner peace, my soul has now found.  
At night in bed, I got little sleep,  
As, into my mind, I was digging too deep.

I took in what my friends were all saying,  
But, in my mind, mixed feelings were playing.  
I did not know the right thing to do,  
As I kept being given different views.

I needed somebody who was a pro,  
Who could advise me on which way to go.  
Seeking advice certainly did me no harm,  
As the riot in my mind, it suddenly calmed.

I stand here now with a happier heart -  
Feeling less burdened than I did at the start.  
Thoughts through my mind no longer churn,  
Now that I know which way to turn.

Angela Wybrow

# Fireworks

There was a definite chill in the night air,  
As a veil of wood-smoke filled our Square.  
In the air, its rich aroma hauntingly hung;  
I inhaled deeply, drawing it in to my lungs.

I could not see from where the smoke came;  
No dancing embers; no flickering flames.  
The sky above me was as dark as ink,  
As I headed indoors for a warming drink.

I settled down and kicked off my shoes,  
Then, very suddenly, out of the blue,  
Sparkling trails cut across the night –  
Filling my heart with childish delight.

In the night sky, far above my head,  
Bloomed fiery flowers – green, silver, red;  
Up in to the sky they zoomed and whizzed,  
Bursting open with a BOOM, crackle and fizz.

Sometimes just one; sometimes three in a row,  
Lit up the sky with a celestial glow.  
Up in the sky it was all BANG, BANG, BANG,  
Whilst below autumn leaves whispered and sang.

Silhouettes of young children, I could see;  
Their faces, no doubt, were full of glee.  
I spied their dark shapes running about;  
Their young voices raised in joyful shouts.

I waited patiently for more explosions to come,  
But the impromptu display was over and done.  
The firework show had finally ended,  
And a sense of calm once again descended.

Angela Wybrow

# First Meeting

You were friendly from the moment we met;  
You headed towards me, then let me pet  
You. I savoured your warmth beneath my palm.  
By your friendly welcome, my soul was soon charmed.

Suddenly, I got an unexpected surprise,  
When almost level were our two sets of eyes.  
With your two front paws placed up on my knee,  
Upon hind legs you stood gazing intently at me.

You pushed your face up towards mine;  
With happiness, I felt my heart and soul shine.  
I told you that you were ever so sweet:  
The exact kind of cat which I love to meet.

Your friendliness towards me soon rang a bell,  
As I recalled a kindred cat named Chanelle.  
From her, I'd received a very similar greeting:  
She too melted my heart on our very first meeting.

I rhythmically stroked your soft, stripy fur,  
And was rewarded with a deep, resonant purr.  
Your cool, wet tongue licked the back of my hand -  
By this point in time, I was your number one fan.

You circled me constantly - round and round.  
An adorable new friend, I knew I had found.  
For a while longer, I would loved to have stayed,  
But I was heading somewhere, so was soon on my way.

Angela Wybrow

# Fish Tank

A little girl, aged three or four,  
Spots a fish tank in a book store.

She places her hands upon the glass,  
And watches the fish swimming past.

She considers the fish a real attraction,  
But, from them, she receives little reaction.

She bangs her palms upon the glass,  
But the fish look vacant as they pass.

'You're stupid!' the girl angrily says,  
Before pulling a face and walking away.

Then, to the fish tank, she returns,  
And watches the fish glide and turn.

The girl really tries her utmost best,  
But the fish still possess little interest.

The world outside, the fish are ignoring:  
The girl considers fish are really boring.

The girl then gets extremely frustrated -  
She considers fish to be quite overrated.

A raspberry, she then rudely blows -  
She soon gives up and off she goes.

Angela Wybrow



# Flaming Dragon Curry

On the menu, I spotted Flaming Dragon Curry,  
But, to try this dish, I am in no particular hurry;  
It has onions, red peppers, and chicken (diced) ,  
Steeped in seasoning, herbs, and Indian spice.

I'd probably be sitting there with streaming eyes:  
For me to try this dish, I think, would not be wise.  
As well as watery eyes, my mouth would be on fire;  
Neither of which is a sensation I particularly desire.

Five red chillies indicated it was the hottest dish there;  
Certainly way too hot for my taste-buds to ever bear.  
I consider that this curry is only for the very brave;  
It is certainly not a dish that I would ever crave.

Angela Wybrow

# Flying Ant Day

There's a day every summer which I cannot bear:  
The day when millions of ants all take to the air.  
The sultry summer air suddenly comes alive,  
As, around and about, the ants dart and dive.

It is around late July (if the weather is warm) ,  
That these creatures in their millions suddenly swarm.  
They take to the air so they can search for a mate,  
But it's the one day each summer which I really hate.

They land on your skin; they get caught in your hair;  
These pesky little creatures are simply everywhere!  
You'll need to cover your mouth with your hand,  
As that's another place in which they will land!

They fly through the air; they run on the ground:  
Everywhere that you go, these ants can be found.  
These annoying little creatures, I attempt to whack,  
As, from every single angle, I come under attack.

Along the pavements, my feet quickly pace,  
In the small hope of finding an ant-free place.  
Flying Ant Day is a day which I really dread,  
As I just cannot bear insects around my head.

With synchronised precision, come late afternoon,  
Up into the surrounding skies, the ants all zoom.  
As a significant scientific event, the day is billed,  
But, by it, I can't say that I'm particularly thrilled!

Through opened windows and opened doors,  
Ants on the wing will rather sneakily pour.  
I'm sure that the ants will enjoy their big day,  
But I really wish that they'd stay out of my way.

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

# Footprints In The Sand

Along the coast to the East of our nation,  
A recent discovery caused much celebration.  
For thousand of years, they lay undiscovered –  
But, by winds and by rain, they became uncovered.  
Stretching far off across the low land,  
Were dozens of footprints in the sand.  
Footprints of both man and child –  
From way back when our land was wild.  
Searching the sands for plants and shellfish,  
They looked for delicacies to make a nice dish.  
It was a time when mammoths roamed nearby,  
And creatures emitted such fearsome cries.  
Archaeologists were more than thrilled.  
When come low tide, the prints were revealed,  
Further evidence, the experts are hoping to find,  
But at least these footprints were left behind.  
From these impressions seen in the silt,  
A picture of early man can continue to be built.

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 Phoebe

Those words you wrote; those words I read,  
Are stored very safely inside my head;  
They only took you moments to write,  
But, into the darkness, they injected some light.

As I lay awake in my bed next door,  
About everything, I was feeling unsure;  
But then your words, thoughtful and kind,  
Exploded like fireworks into my mind.

Inside my mind, your words whizzed around,  
And lifted me up when I felt so down;  
You wouldn't believe the comfort they brought -  
Your words of encouragement and positive thought.

I doubt you considered the consequence,  
But their effect on me was pretty immense.  
I'd like to thank you for the comment you wrote,  
And, when I was drowning, for keeping me afloat.

Angela Wybrow

## Freedom Is...

Taking a rest in the shade of a tree,  
Or nestling down on my new owner's knee;  
The surprising coldness of frost or of snow;  
Warming my wings in the sun's golden glow.

Watching busy bees buzzing round flowers;  
Feeling the coolness of sharp summer showers;  
Possessing a full quota of soft, fluffy feathers;  
Experiencing every possible type of weather.

Feeling grass tickling the soles of my feet;  
Hearing small birds so joyfully tweet;  
Seeing clouds floating through a blue sky;  
Watching painted butterflies fluttering by.

Watching a snail leaving a silvery trail;  
Watching the postman delivering the mail;  
Watching a spider silently spinning;  
Hearing my owner happily singing.

Breathing in air, so fresh and clean;  
Giving my feathers a much-needed preen;  
Stretching my wings to their very tip;  
Down in the dust, taking a welcome dip.

Knowing I'm able to roam around free;  
Knowing I'm loved for just being me;  
Having a whole new world to explore -  
All of these things and much, much more.

Angela Wybrow

# Freezing Fog

This fog has hung here all of the day,  
Making the world around me look tired and grey.  
In every direction, my two eyes are met  
With fuzzy figures and dark silhouettes.

The freezing air bites in to my bones,  
As, through the murk, I make my way home.  
Small birds twitter and sing joyful tunes,  
Bringing some brightness to today's endless gloom.

The fog obscures most things from view;  
It stops the Sun's rays from shining on through.  
Once it has conquered, it has only one mission:  
To make shapes appear blurred and lack definition.

Edges are softened; in smoke, they seem veiled;  
Brightness is dimmed and colours are paled.  
Familiar forms are now quite unclear;  
In my heart, there's uncertainty, panic and fear.

The horizon is hazy; figures lack form;  
I long for my home which is cosy and warm.  
The world appears strange; nothing's precise,  
And the moist air around me chills me like ice.

The world's out of focus; it's mysteriously vague,  
Especially those objects some distance away.  
Everyday sights are now lacking features,  
Making me wonder if I've met some kind of alien creature.

To reach my warm home, I'm feeling so grateful,  
As the weather outside is particularly hateful.  
I hurry on in and close my front door;  
I make hot chocolate and I finally thaw.

Today is the day before New Year's Eve:  
A new year, we'll enter; this one, we'll leave.  
What's round the corner, we just do not know:  
I hate freezing fog, but worse still is snow!



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 Christmas Tree

In December, I was considered to be the flavour of the month,  
But now, come January, I find myself well and truly dumped.  
In December, I was considered to be the salt of the earth,  
But, come January, and I feel I have lost all of my self worth.

Back in December, we trees were the stars of the show:  
All dressed up with tinsel and baubles and velvet bows.  
At my decorated branches, the people really loved to look:  
They even put pictures of me all over the pages of Facebook.

In December, we Christmas trees were the centre of attention,  
But now, come January, we find that we barely get a mention.  
In December, I appeared to be the best thing since sliced bread,  
But now my health is ailing, and very soon I will be dead.

On many a greetings card, my form has been depicted,  
But that was back in December, before I got evicted.  
No longer am I the cream of the crop or the bee's knees,  
So here I am at the local dump with other unwanted trees.

On Christmas Eve, coloured gifts were placed beneath my boughs;  
On Christmas Day, I witnessed smiling faces and excited 'WOW's.  
I thought that my family and I shared a very special bond:  
Of me, I thought that my family were really rather fond.

Us Christmas trees will probably be getting ourselves shredded,  
But in my family's minds, my image will always be embedded:  
They'll look back at photos of us all dressed up to the nines -  
The kids drinking Coca-Cola, and the adults sipping wine.

Now, in January, I am well and truly past my sell by date;  
Now I find myself heading towards a rather uncertain fate.  
Yes, in December I was considered to be the icing on the cake,  
But chances are that tomorrow, I and the others will not wake.

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

## From A Spider...

Human, human, stood all alone, in the room,  
Watch me, while around your walls, I zoom!  
That you have spotted me, it is all too clear,  
As I see your face, suddenly fill with fear.

I get bored of just standing here all static;  
Watch, while I do some clever acrobatics!  
See how I can hang from this here beam;  
Oh no! I never meant to make you scream!

I see that you can only walk upon the floor;  
Well, I can do walls, ceilings, and a lot more.  
For a while, I was hanging over your head;  
I hung from the ceiling, just above your bed.

Upon me, your eyes appear to be super-glued;  
I detect that you are not in the best of moods.  
You seem to want to keep me within your sight;  
I'm tiny, compared to you; why take such fright?

I'm a good runner: I'm extremely fast,  
And you'll never catch me in that glass.  
I'll happily give humans the run-around;  
I'll crawl into a crevice, never to be found.

I'd feel happier if you just left me alone,  
So, that, around your home, I can roam.  
Now then, I'm really not trying to be rude,  
But I really must go, and find some food.

Angela Wybrow

## From A Wasp...

I spotted your back door, gaping wide,  
So I thought that I would come inside.  
I was in the area, and thought I'd dropp by;  
I often visit people: we wasps aren't shy.

Do you have anything nice for me to eat?  
A sticky bun would go down a real treat!  
I'm partial to a piece of cake, oozing with jam,  
But I also like meat, especially honeyed ham.

I've only come for food - so, why all the alarm?  
Breathe nice and deeply, and keep yourself calm!  
I'd really appreciate it, if you could remain seated,  
While my search of your premises, is duly completed.

I see that I now have your full attention;  
Do I detect a certain amount of tension?  
No! Don't do that! It makes me annoyed;  
Upsetting me is something you should avoid.

There are sweet treats within in my view,  
But they're all covered up! Well done you!  
Though, I find all this, a little frustrating,  
As for a sticky treat, I have been waiting.

Ooh! I detect a pleasant smell upon your skin,  
And I can smell something nice in your bin.  
What's that you're holding? A can of spray!  
Actually, I was just going! Have a nice day!

Angela Wybrow

## From An Ant...

For my colony, I am the explorer scout;  
I am sent on ahead, to sniff things out.  
When I've found something tasty to eat,  
Back to the nest, I beat a hasty retreat.

I inform the others of what I have found,  
Then one by one, we climb above ground.  
Being a scout is a dangerous occupation;  
It takes a lot of guts, and sheer dedication.

Unfortunately, not everyone makes it back;  
Some get squashed dead within their tracks.  
If humans saw us as creatures, who are living,  
Maybe they would be a little more forgiving.

Searching for food is our main passion;  
We set about it in a most orderly fashion.  
Any foodstuffs which are sticky and sweet,  
Are among our very favourite treats to eat.

From door to kitchen, I attempt to dart,  
But if I'm spotted, the world falls apart.  
If one of us gets spotted, there is panic;  
Suddenly, humans run around all manic.

They know I'll return, and tell my friends,  
And that this is the very start: not the end.  
They know full well that, if they let me go,  
Then, into their home, my army will flow.

I'm like a secret agent: dressed in black;  
But, against me, the odds are often stacked.  
My stakeout is done with utmost precision;  
I have to be quick, and make big decisions.

You just have to hope that you won't be seen,  
Because humans are cruel, and they're mean.  
If for too long a moment, you dare to linger,  
Then SPLAT! You'll get squashed by a finger!



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

## Frost (2)

All that glistens isn't gold –  
Frost is white and it's cold.  
It may look pretty; it may look nice,  
But, oh, how I hate walking on ice!

Millions of jewels catch my eye –  
They shine like the stars in the sky.  
The frost paints things sugary white –  
It really makes a most pleasant sight.

But knowing that I may slip and slide,  
Makes me feel anxious deep inside.  
Once the frost has melted away,  
I feel much happier to face the day.

Angela Wybrow

# Full Of The Joys Of Spring

Today, I saw a little Dachshund, out and about;  
That he was full of beans, I had very little doubt.  
He was more than ready to play life's great game;  
He was as playful and lively, as a flickering flame.

The little Dachshund almost bounced along;  
His soul was excited, and his will was strong.  
Determined to live that moment to the very full,  
At his lead, the little chap strained and pulled.

The great outdoors, he was so very eager to explore;  
Round each corner, he wondered what was in store.  
I had no doubt that he was full of the joys of spring;  
He would have almost taken off, if he'd had wings!

His endless energy seemed to know no bounds;  
His senses soaked up all of life's sights and sounds.  
The Dachshund may have been only small in height,  
But watching his sheer vitality, was such a real delight.

I walked along, watching him for a short while;  
Upon my lips, there spread a rather amused smile.  
His mistress turned, and spotted my smiling face,  
And she commented on her dog's very keen pace.

He may have been small, and only had little limbs,  
But with the spirit of life, he was full to the brim.  
I was on my way to work, and so I had to go;  
So, I left him behind, with his mistress in tow.

Angela Wybrow

# Funeral Procession

I saw a funeral procession today:  
No one I knew had passed away,  
But as the cortege passed me by,  
I felt as though I wanted to cry.

Gone were the teardrops of rain:  
Left were the teardrops of pain.  
It took me back, to the death of my Dad:  
To how I felt then - so extremely sad.

I've always been such a sensitive soul,  
And feelings of empathy took ahold.  
I halted my journey and stood to one side;  
My feelings of sadness, I could not hide.

I bowed my head as a mark of respect;  
My mood, this encounter, really did affect.  
The funeral cortege was very soon gone,  
And, with my own journey, I carried on.

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

# Getting On

It doesn't matter that your hair's turned grey;  
Meeting up with you still brightens my day.  
You may have more lines upon your face,  
But you still make my world a better place.

Your walking pace may be slightly slower,  
But my opinion of you has grown no lower.  
You may now be considered to be an OAP,  
But things haven't changed between you and me.

You've experience and wisdom under your belt.  
Each time that we meet, you make my heart melt.  
You are still someone who I really admire:  
My opinion of you could not be much higher.

Life moves on, and each of us grows older,  
But the temperature between us grows no colder.  
You may be heading for your twilight years,  
But you are still someone who I love having near.

Angela Wybrow



# Ghost House

Our old house, it was owned by the Army,  
And I think that folk thought we were barmy,  
When we told them all about a strange sight,  
Which had appeared to me in the dead of night.

A small boy had been stood at the foot of my bed  
(At first, I had thought it was all in my head) ,  
But night after night, he came again and again,  
And, like the nose on my face, the vision was plain.

I would go wake my parents and burst into tears;  
They both tried their best to allay my fears.  
We did some research and what we then found  
Was that the boy, named Kevin, had sadly drowned.

Maybe Kevin was lonely and wished for a friend –  
But, personally, I couldn't wait for it all to end.  
This spooky experience happened when I was four,  
And I have to admit to being shaken to the core.

An exorcism ceremony was performed by a priest,  
But the ghostly apparitions still did not cease.  
We came to the decision that we'd had enough,  
And so into boxes we packed up our stuff.

Although what I had seen could not be proved,  
Feeling uncomfortable, we decided to move.  
Another Army family reside there today,  
But Kevin, the ghost boy, decided to stay.

Angela Wybrow

# Ghost Town

This town is becoming like a ghost town;  
Many of our local shops are closing down.  
Once upon a time, this town was really hopping,  
But now people go elsewhere for their shopping.

The life from our town has been sucked out,  
And nowadays there is hardly anyone about.  
Local people go to other towns and cities:  
That it has ended up this way, is a real pity.

The town's population is rapidly growing,  
But trade in our shops is rapidly slowing.  
Many units stand empty for years and years:  
Owners found the rents were just way too dear.

We need some life breathed back into town;  
We need to turn this situation back around.  
Of help for new businesses, we need much more,  
So that our town can be the place it was before.

Angela Wybrow

# Giraffes: The Gentle Giants

One of my most favourite animals on this Earth, is a gentle giant – the giraffe;  
But did you know that some people are killing them just for a so-called 'laugh'?  
These creatures, with their crazy-paving patterned coats of caramel and cream,  
Are amongst the most marvellous and majestic, which this entire world has seen.

There was a time when they roamed around the African bush, wild and free,  
But recently things have changed, and are now no longer as they used to be.  
Rather than leaving them alone, to live out their lives in relative peace,  
People are shooting them dead, and, sadly, this trend is on the increase.

Blessed with a long, tall, slender neck, and large, dark, gentle eyes,  
Above the rest of living creatures, their noble heads elegantly rise.  
Giraffes make an amazing 'musical fluttering sound', so I have read,  
But their call will dwindle and die, and we'll just have silence instead.

Their lifeless bodies seem to be seen as some kind of sickening prize,  
By heartless hunters who only see a blaze of glory before their eyes.  
If only animals and humans could live in harmony upon this great earth;  
If only we all lived together, side by side, and valued each other's worth.

On this earth, all living creatures have earned their rightful place,  
So why should a sense of superiority be given to the human race?  
Man won't feel happy and fulfilled till we're the only race alive,  
But what gives us any right to be the only race that will survive?

The world is more than big enough, for animals and humans to share,  
But at this rate, more and more animals are becoming extremely rare.  
Giraffes don't invade our lives, so why should we invade theirs?  
For human presence, in their habitat, they really don't much care.

The killers are often pictured with their prey in a 'photo opportunity'.  
We need to stop these needless killings; we need to stop this lunacy.  
These callous killers need to be caught, and justice needs to be done,  
Before the numbers of giraffe on Earth, dwindles down to a lonely one.

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 For Gold

Dreams of winning;  
Wheels a-spinning;  
Ambition burning;  
Pedals a-turning;  
Forward facing;  
Heartbeat racing;  
Senses waking;  
Muscles aching;  
Picking up pace;  
Loving the race;  
Rhythm flowing;  
Got to keep going;  
Right on track;  
Never look back;  
Showing such skill;  
Feeling such thrill;  
Taking the lead;  
Born to succeed;  
Feeling the heat;  
Crowd on their feet;  
Doing just fine;  
Crossing the line;  
A medal you hold,  
And that is the GOLD!

Angela Wybrow

# Going Home

I'm leaving London far, far behind -  
A sense of joy floods through my mind.  
I'm returning to my childhood home,  
Where along the beach I love to roam.

Onboard the chain ferry, I breathe a sigh of relief,  
But my visits back home are often all too brief.  
The air feels so fresh; my head feels so clear;  
My heart feels happy when my loved ones are near.

I love spending time along the South Coast -  
These are the times which I cherish the most.  
In London and Swanage I am the same person,  
But in Swanage I'm a much more chilled-out version.

There I don't need to put on an act:  
I'm free to be me and just relax.  
There's no hustle and bustle: life slows down;  
Folk take their time - there's no rushing around.

The salty sea air feels like a drug -  
It pulls me to it and gives me a hug.  
My soul feels free; my spirits rise  
When I spy the ocean and hear the gulls cry.

Soon London is calling and I know that I must  
Leave my sanctuary and its most welcome hush.  
My heart feels heavy and I soon start to yearn  
For the day when I am free to return.

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



# Goodbye To Summer

Late August, and the summer sun warmly burns,  
But the leaves on the trees are beginning to turn;  
It seems hard to believe, as the sky is so blue,  
But the leaves at my feet insist that it's true.

For the past few months, it has been my friend,  
But the summer season is now nearing its end.  
It won't be long till there is frost and snow,  
And the sun will then have a more watery glow.

A few fallen leaves, curled, edged with brown,  
Skip and scuttle across the sun-baked ground.  
The long summer days, the winter will thief,  
And cast an evil spell upon all of the leaves.

But as they die, they'll set the world alight,  
And create for us the most wonderful sight.  
Crowns of yellow, orange, brown, and red.  
Will adorn the trees' autumnal heads.

Upon the ground, the leaves will create a bed;  
Their carpet will soften every creature's tread.  
When the leaves have finished falling down,  
The trees will then bear a nightmarish crown.

The nights are very slowly drawing on in,  
And the milder weather will then soon begin.  
That summer's almost over, it's hard to believe;  
For long, hot summer days, my heart will grieve.

Angela Wybrow

# Grateley

(After 'Adlestrop')

Yes, I remember Grateley,  
But there wasn't a lot to see;  
My train stopped there one day,  
As, to Salisbury, I made my way.  
Nobody got on and nobody got off;  
I remember hearing somebody cough.  
Every second train sped straight through,  
But, up to the bare platform, my train drew.  
The village appeared to be so very small,  
And I was surprised they had a station at all.  
It was a bright and breezy summer's morn.  
Far in the distance, I saw fields of corn.  
I remember seeing the station sign,  
And hearing the church bells gaily chime.  
One thing which happened to catch my eye  
From the window, as we cruised slowly by,  
Was a plant container made out of wood,  
In which golden daffodils proudly stood.  
Our train, once again, soon set in motion,  
Passing fields of corn waving like oceans.

Angela Wybrow

# Green Fingers

People have gardens, both large and small,  
Whilst flat dwellers have no garden at all.  
Some people love to surround their homes  
With comical-looking, little garden gnomes.  
A few gardens boast fantastic water-features,  
Or a large array of stone, woodland creatures.  
To make their garden nice, some folk really do try,  
Whilst other gardens really are a sight for sore eyes.  
Some folk really wish their garden was just not there,  
And, about them, they, very obviously, just do not care.  
Without a garden, some people would feel really lost,  
And they keep them looking nice, whatever the cost.  
Some people are blessed: they have green fingers,  
And, in their gardens, for hours, they love to linger.  
When some people pull on their gardening gloves,  
They tend their gardens with such heartfelt love.  
People love to spend their time sowing seeds,  
Trimming their hedges, and pulling up weeds.  
Some tend flower beds, upon bended knee.  
Some grow delicious fruit upon their trees.  
The gardener's nightmare is the garden pest:  
To eradicate them all, they do their best.  
Some people love to escape to their sheds,  
Where they can think, and clear their heads.  
In their gardens, people love to spend time,  
But they like it best, when the weather is fine.  
When all of their gardening chores are done,  
Some people love to sit and relax in the sun.  
Time spent in the garden, always really flies;  
The benefits of gardening cannot be denied.

Angela Wybrow

# Grey Skies In July

We are now well in to the month of July,  
But above my head, there's a leaden sky.  
For days on end, it has constantly rained,  
And I must say that it's a right old pain.

Every time that I step out of my door,  
The Heavens open and it begins to pour.  
This awful weather is getting me down:  
My once sunny smile has turned to a frown.

When it rains, it rains nearly all the day long;  
For the middle of summer, it feels so wrong.  
In July, we should be getting long days of sun,  
But, so far, this month, we've had hardly none.

I hate these days which are dreary and dull;  
With this wet weather, there is hardly a lull.  
It was on the radio, that I heard one morning,  
Half of Britain had severe weather warnings.

Around the sodden streets, everyone rushes.  
Packed to full capacity, are our local buses.  
I dare not leave home without my coat.  
Very soon, I'll be needing to buy a boat!

Like many others, I don't mind confessing,  
That I find this weather pretty depressing.  
I want this weather to be over and done:  
Rain every single day, is certainly no fun.

They say that sunny weather is on its way,  
And I'm really looking forward to that day.  
Let us all hope that, for the rest of July,  
We'll see some sun and bright blue skies.

Angela Wybrow

## Guess Who?

You often say you don't possess any confidence,  
But the things you've achieved are quite immense.  
Of the whole world, you often say you are scared,  
But the things you have done, just do not compare.

You've managed to overcome so much fear;  
You've managed to step things up another gear.  
Your determination and true grit, I really admire;  
Sometimes, it seems that your whole soul is on fire.

Your intelligence, others do their best to play down,  
But, one day, you may get to wear a cap and gown.  
In you, others may really despair and not believe,  
But, you'd be surprised at what you can achieve.

As a person, you've always been quiet and shy,  
But you're often willing to give new things a try.  
You're extremely sensitive, and you easily cry,  
But with encouragement and help, you will get by.

You get anxious and panic, and are full of worry;  
You're also very cautious, and don't like to hurry.  
Given any task, you'll always try your very best,  
And, until it is totally perfect, you will not rest.

Someone once described you as a real go-getter;  
Recently, you've changed, and it's for the better.  
Your old life and ways, you are slowly erasing;  
It has to be said, you really are truly amazing.

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 do say:  
Gwen has endless patience that lasts all day.  
For what she believes in, she will always fight.  
She is sensitive, wise and extremely bright.

Every day, she proves herself caring and kind;  
A lovelier young lady, you will never ever find.  
A prettier maiden on Earth will never be seen;  
The maiden, in question, will one day be Queen.

Angela Wybrow

# Guzzling Gulls

Along the prom, I made my way  
One hot and sultry summer's day.  
I was baking; I was boiled to the bone,  
So I bought myself an ice-cream cone.

A chocolate flake adorned the strawberry ice;  
It was simply delicious – scrumptiously nice.  
Then before I knew what was going on,  
A seagull swooped down and my cone was gone.

I thought it outrageous; really unfair,  
As my cone disappeared up into the air.  
I was caught unawares by this daylight raid  
Upon the ice-cream for which I had paid.

The welcome ice-cream I'd been enjoying,  
And I considered this theft extremely annoying.  
Of similar raids, I had indeed heard –  
Where chips had been guzzled by these daring birds.

With his feathered friends, he had secretly planned  
To snatch tasty snacks right out of folks' hands.  
Savoury or sweet, they didn't much mind –  
They sought any food which they could find.

As I'd strolled along, I had been unaware  
Of the plot being hatched way up in the air.  
The ice-cream had been a treat intended for me:  
Why can't seagulls stick to eating fish in the sea?

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

# Hogmanay

Tonecht is th' nicht ay Hogmanay;  
Thes wabbit auld year canne noo stay.

Upon th' hillside stands a lain croft;  
Th' lecht frae its windae invitin' an' soft.

Fowk ur gaitherin' tae hear th' bells;  
They're wishin' thes year a fond farewell.

It is a time fur th' givin' ay special gifts,  
Bein' together an' healin' auld rifts.

At th' ceilidh, folk jink an' sin' -  
Waitin' fur th' parish bells tae rin'.

Canty an' hopeful ur hoo th' folk feel,  
As they jink th' traditional jigs an' reels.

A minute tae midnecht, Hogmanay is near;  
The clock strikes twal, a' fowk all cheer.

Th' bells, they rin' it one lest time;  
Folk join hans an' sin' Auld Lang Syne.

Despite th' hoor bein' sae late,  
Fur their 'first fit', th' revellers wait.

At th' duir, thaur suin comes a knock,  
An' th' duir frae inside is eagerly unlocked.

At th' duir, stands a cheil mirk an' tall -  
Wishing a warm greetin' tae a body an' aw.

Tae th' crofter, he noo hans a peat:  
A traditional gift, providin' some heat.

He also brings whisky - a Scotch single malt,  
Some silver, some breed, some coal, an' some salt.

Coal fur warmth, Salt fur flavour, breed fur food,  
Silver for gear, and whisky tae lift th' muid.

Within th' croft, there's plenty ay cheer,  
Noo `at Hogmanay is finally haur.

Angela Wybrow

# Hogmanay (English Version)

Tonight is the night of Hogmanay;  
This tired old year cannot now stay.

Upon the hillside stands a lone croft;  
The light from its window inviting and soft.

People are gathering to hear the bells;  
They're wishing this year a fond farewell.

It is a time for the giving of special gifts,  
Being together and healing old rifts.

At the party, folk dance and sing –  
Waiting for the parish bells to ring.

Happy and hopeful is how the folk feel,  
As they dance the traditional jigs and reels.

A minute to midnight, Hogmanay is near;  
The clock strikes twelve and folk all cheer.

The bells, they ring out one last time;  
Folk join hands and sing Auld Lang Syne.

Despite the hour being so late,  
For their 'first-foot', the revellers wait.

At the door, there soon comes a knock,  
And the door from inside is eagerly unlocked.

At the door, stands a man dark and tall –  
Wishing a warm greeting to one and all.

To the crofter, he now hands a peat:  
A traditional gift, providing some heat.

He also brings whisky – a Scotch single malt,  
Some silver, some bread, some coal and some salt.

Coal for warmth, salt for flavour, bread for food,  
Silver for wealth, and whisky to lift the mood.

Within the croft, there's plenty of cheer,  
Now that Hogmanay is finally here.

Angela Wybrow

# Hole In The Road

They're digging a hole in our road, yet again,  
And I really must say that it's becoming a pain.  
The drone of their drill is driving me totally mad;  
I have got the worst headache that I've ever had.

The electricity has now been cut off for hours;  
I can't cook a meal, or take a nice, hot shower.  
Electricity is something which we all rely on;  
We don't realise how much, until it has gone.

I can't surf the net, or snuggle up in front of the TV;  
And I can't even listen to my favourite band on CD.  
Packed full of food, I daren't open the freezer door,  
As, if I do, all of my frozen food will thaw, for sure.

I can't boil the kettle, and enjoy a nice mug of tea;  
I can't listen to the classical music on Radio Three.  
Oh, how I wish, the sound of drilling would end;  
The noise is driving me slowly round the bend.

Come late afternoon, when the day isn't as bright,  
My hand instinctively reaches to switch on the light;  
But, my mind, very suddenly, realises that, of course,  
At the present time, we don't have that power source.

When the power was restored yesterday, it was late;  
This endless disruption is something I really do hate.  
Workmen were here yesterday, and the day before;  
I wish they'd finish the job: I can't take much more!

Angela Wybrow

# Holi

Hearts are awash with anticipation,  
For a day of mirth and great celebration.  
In the air, there's a great atmosphere,  
As friends and family now gather near.

Musicians go from place to place -  
Their music lighting up every face.  
It's a special time that's filled with joy -  
Loved by man, woman, girl and boy.

Once a year comes their biggest chance,  
To let themselves go and sing and dance.  
A myriad of colours, Holi does bring.  
Folk are eager to welcome back spring.

It's the perfect time to forget and forgive -  
Let down their hair and, for once, truly live.  
Ruptured relationships are often repaired,  
And a feeling of love fills the spring air.

The celebrations are fun and wild,  
With many folk finding their inner child.  
Through the air, such bright colours fly,  
Like an exploding rainbow up in the sky.

Both men and women, both young and old,  
Throw pigmented powder in colours so bold.  
There are painted people everywhere -  
With colours on their skin and in their hair.

It's a festival filled with merriment and fun -  
A carnival of vibrant colours for everyone.  
Red, yellow, purple, orange and green,  
Are among the glorious colourings seen.

Folk frolic and play fight in open streets -  
Then settle in the evening for tasty treats.  
Whether they're rich or whether they're poor,  
Holi is a festival which so many adore.



Angela Wybrow

# Hot Air Balloon

I saw a hot air balloon flying over my house:  
Most of the time, it was as quiet as a mouse,  
But, every so often, its burners suddenly roared,  
And higher, up into the sky, it suddenly soared.

My excitement, I found hard to keep at bay,  
As, a hot air balloon, you don't see every day.  
A passenger balloon floating through the air,  
For me, is so special, as the sight is so rare.

The sight of the balloon, filled me with delight,  
And I stood watching it, until it flew out of sight.  
My eyes were stuck to the balloon, just like glue,  
As it floated across a sky of cornflower blue.

I wonder what it's like to float through the sky,  
Watching the world down below gliding on by.  
I've always wanted to ride in a hot air balloon:  
I hope I will one day, and I hope that it's soon.

Angela Wybrow

# Hot Coffee, Warm Smiles

We walked along many London streets;  
We stopped at a pub for something to eat.  
We walked around for miles and miles;  
We saw a sign: 'hot coffee, warm smiles.'

I stopped to listen to a brass band play:  
My friend didn't realise and walked away.  
It was in Oxford Street, that I lost my friend,  
But we were happily reunited in the end.

Dark chocolate with chilli, by me, was savoured;  
I bought a festive latte: gingerbread flavoured.  
At festive shop windows, we stopped and stared;  
We lost ourselves in the middle of Mayfair.

At the Christmas lights, we both loved to look;  
I bought myself some Christmas themed books.  
We battled our way through the dense crowds;  
The noise from the traffic was extremely loud.

The South Bank Centre's towers shone pink and blue;  
From Jubilee Bridge, there was a really nice view.  
There was a cold nip in the air, but it didn't rain;  
Back at Waterloo, tired out, we boarded a train.

Angela Wybrow

# Hurricane Brian

Hurricane Brian  
Roared like a lion,  
When he tore through our town,  
And tossed things around.

He huffed and he puffed;  
He made journeys tough.  
He used his great power  
To unleash heavy showers.

Clouds of light grey  
Littered the blue sky that day.  
It was more than a breeze  
Which raced through the trees.

He did not much care  
That he messed up my hair,  
Or made me feel cold  
When the wind took ahold.

Branches fell down,  
Leaving broken tree crowns.  
Autumn leaves: red, yellow, brown,  
Lost their hold and fell to the ground.

Wind chimes, they were clanging;  
Shed doors, they were banging.  
Wheelie bins were overturned;  
People's faces were full of concern.

Through the air, litter was tossed.  
The next day, folk were left counting the cost.  
When Hurricane Brian was clean out of breath,  
He rose to his feet and promptly he left.

Angela Wybrow

# Hurricane Jude

Was really rude.  
At the things in her path,  
She looked and she laughed.  
She roared and she raged  
Like a lion in a cage.  
Power cables, she tore down,  
And she tossed things around.  
She uprooted trees  
With incredible ease.  
She disrupted trains,  
And buses and planes.  
From the roofs, she tore tiles,  
For miles and miles.  
Some scaffolding fell,  
And street lamps as well.  
The sea chopped and churned.  
Vehicles, she overturned.  
Ferries were suspended.  
Many bins were upended.  
A car-port took flight:  
Quite a frightening sight.  
She was so strong  
That she blew folk along.  
As she twisted and turned,  
She showed zero concern.  
There were bangs and bashes;  
There were clangs and clashes.  
All through the night,  
She unleashed her might.  
She raged until dawn,  
But was gone by the morn.

Angela Wybrow

# I Wish I Were A Chocolatier

I wish I were a chocolatier;  
To folk I'd bring some age-old cheer.  
I'd play around with all different flavours,  
And decide on some for people to savour.

Chocolate with chilli, chocolate with chives,  
Chocolate with honey fresh from the hives.  
Chocolate with sweet chutney, chocolate with cherry,  
Chocolate with champagne to make people merry.

Chocolate with caramel, chocolate with toffee,  
Chocolate with sea salt and chocolate with coffee.  
Chocolate with fudge, chocolate with lime,  
Chocolate with mint and chocolate with wine.

Chocolate with marmite, chocolate with mustard,  
Chocolate with vanilla and chocolate with custard.  
Chocolate with bacon, chocolate with jam  
Chocolate with cola and chocolate with ham.

I'd produce all kinds - white, dark and milk,  
With a consistency like that of the purest silk.  
Some of the centres would be slightly chewy,  
While others would be soft and pleasantly gooey.

Chocolate with many foods I would mix;  
By creating new recipes, I'd get my kicks.  
I would concoct many cool combinations,  
And create many delicious taste sensations.

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

# Imperfect

At me, you stand there and snigger,  
But when you are a little bit bigger,  
You may well start to realise,  
That not everybody has perfect eyes.

So, one of my eyes is pretty 'lazy',  
But it really does drive me crazy,  
When you look and point in my direction,  
And laugh out loud at my imperfection.

To me, the problem isn't that new,  
But it obviously is to all of you!  
In your lives, I can see there's no place  
For what you see as an imperfect face.

I don't much care for the way you act,  
And you certainly don't have very much tact.  
Another thing which I can detect,  
Is that, for others, you have very little respect.

At me, you decided to have a poke,  
Then laugh as if I had told you a joke.  
As part of a gang, you feel you have guts,  
But, on your own, I bet you'd keep your mouth shut.

When you're a parent, it will make you wild,  
If somebody laughed at your imperfect child.  
So, one of my eyes is imperfect. Wow! Big deal!  
My advice is to you is, 'go get a life and go get real.'

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

# In My Dreams

Sadly for me, we're not often near:  
We only meet about twice a year.  
But I think about her every day:  
About the things she does and the things she says.

My feelings for her I find hard to hide;  
Last night in my dreams, she was there by my side.  
I felt the warmth of her skin on my own,  
And for once in my life, I wasn't alone.

It was the gentleness of a mother's touch:  
Something I long for so very much.  
It felt as though I was really there.  
Time with her, I so love to share.

She spoke to me in such gentle tones;  
Care and encouragement to me was shown.  
We were working together to make something sweet:  
A rich chocolate cake - a tea-time treat.

In my life, she is a real guiding light -  
Being beside her, it just felt so right.  
The ambience around us felt so chilled;  
To be in her company, I felt so thrilled.

But I awoke to discover it wasn't real:  
Disappointed is how my heart feels.  
To that sweet dream, I long to return,  
And live the life for which my heart yearns.

Angela Wybrow

## In My Dreams (2)

Even when you are not by my side,  
Within my dreams you seem to hide.  
I saw you last night as I slept –  
Dreams like these I wish could be kept.

Deep down into dream, I drowsily fell,  
And very soon I was under your spell.  
In reality you were probably asleep in your bed,  
But at the same time you were there in my head.

I looked up into your beautiful face;  
Your elegant form was so full of grace.  
Darkness surrounded me where I lay,  
But in my dream it was a summer's day.

You held my hands within your own,  
And spoke to me in such gentle tones.  
You smiled upon me with such a fond gaze,  
And the world around me became a haze.

When I'm with you, my life feels fine;  
Each day is filled with pure sunshine.  
Within the dream I wanted to stay,  
But my imagined world just drifted away.

Within the dream I was so immersed,  
But when I awoke the bubble burst.  
Consciousness had called – the dream had ended,  
And over me a sense of disappointment descended.

Angela Wybrow

# In The Dead Of Night

They waited until the dead of night,  
Then headed towards the silvery light.

They left the forests and woods behind -  
Each of them wondering what they would find.

They couldn't make sense of the things that they saw;  
The wondrous sights, they could not ignore.

The place was different from their own little corner;  
The place, they found, had strange flora and fauna.

They wandered past gardens with trampolines;  
Past houses with lawns of emerald green.

Unseen by the locals, resting their heads,  
They trotted by hedges and neat flower beds.

Past parked car, van and pick-up truck,  
Strode the deer – both doe and buck.

Along the pavements, they merrily danced,  
Past people's greenhouses laden with plants.

Past garden ponds filled up with fish,  
And houses with rooftops sporting a dish.

Past fence, brick wall and bins with wheels;  
The scene, to me, sounds almost unreal.

They passed by driveways filled with gravel.  
The mysteries of suburbia, they tried to unravel.

Electricity cables stretched far over their heads,  
As they wandered past conservatory and garden shed.

They wandered past houses with tall chimney stacks;  
Of new things to discover, there wasn't a lack.

The people in bed, they had little idea,  
That a herd of deer were wandering near.

If, out of a window, somebody had peered,  
They may have felt a slight shiver of fear.

For an hour or so, they trotted around,  
And then they headed back out of town.

Back to their haven shrouded in green:  
A place of safety, where rarely they're seen.

Come the morning when alarm clocks call,  
Very few folk would know they'd been there at all.

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

# Jenny Greenteeth

There's a hag by the name of Jenny Greenteeth;  
Of human life, she is a well-known thief.  
She waits under the water of the Old Mill Pond,  
For an unsuspecting victim to happen along.

She claims her victims at the dead of night,  
When many folks' hearts are full of fright.  
It is always under the light of the silvery moon  
That her terrified victims meet their final doom.

The victim won't believe what they are seeing,  
When, from the water, they spy a strange being.  
The victim will think that it is all just a dream;  
They will open their mouth and begin to scream.

She bursts forth from the water with staring eyes,  
Filling her chosen victim with shocked surprise.  
With her long, bony fingers, she grabs at limbs,  
Then having taken a hold, she drags them on in.

Her skin is pale green, and her hair is long.  
Her breath gives off the most dreadful pong.  
Her teeth are pointed, like those of a shark.  
Her eyes are large and, like coal, are dark.

Her reaching arms are as skinny as a rake,  
But unwilling victims, these arms do take.  
With hair like waterweed, and a very thin face,  
Her appearance makes her victims' hearts race.

To the pond's edge, most will not venture near;  
Of Jenny Greenteeth, there is a very great fear.  
The young and the old should take special care  
Not to venture too near to Jenny's watery lair.

With ferocity, like that of a mighty lion,  
She grabs her victims with fists of iron.  
Into the murky depths, she drags them down;  
They breathe their last, and then they drown.

Angela Wybrow

# Joe's Jukebox

The end of day;  
A purple haze;  
Excitement growing;  
Wristbands glowing;  
Energy high;  
A handsome guy;  
Spotlights dashing;  
Colours flashing;  
Hands clapping;  
Feet tapping;  
Smoke drifting;  
Mood lifting;  
Patterns swirling;  
Body twirling;  
A standing ovation;  
A singing sensation;  
Opera and pop;  
Fans all bop;  
Cymbals crashing;  
Drums bashing;  
Hands swaying;  
Music playing;  
Air punching;  
Onstage jumping;  
Beaming smiles;  
A guy with style;  
Hugs, hi-fives;  
The air's alive;  
Song requesting;  
Never resting;  
Mobile phones;  
Velvety tones;  
Reaching hands;  
Lots of fans;  
Love the songs;  
We sing along;  
Fans cheering;  
End is nearing;  
Show is done;

Been lots of fun.

Angela Wybrow

# Journey From A To B To C

By train, she had travelled from A to B,  
But never from A to B and then C;  
A journey which did not require a change  
Was well within her comfort range.

But then came a journey, where a change was required:  
For this young lady, a scenario most undesired.  
As the dreaded day began to draw near,  
Her mind was awash with anguish and fear.

But this was a thing which she needed to do –  
A monstrous task which she had to get through.  
The chances were that she would be fine,  
But this idea never entered her mind.

The dreaded day then finally arrived,  
And her confidence level took a nosedive.  
She arrived at the station ahead of her time,  
With negative thoughts engulfing her mind.

Her boyfriend comforted her on her phone,  
But, in the here and now, she was all alone.  
She looked as though she were about to cry –  
To 'have a nice day', she would desperately try.

Would she catch the correct connection,  
Or find herself travelling in the wrong direction?  
Delays, cancellations, the wrong platform:  
Her mind conjured up a right old storm.

I could see the fear etched upon her face,  
And I imagined myself in her place.  
When I was younger, I had felt the same  
About the 'humongous' task of changing trains.

For most, changing trains is no major task,  
But for this young lady, it was a major ask.  
Some may consider her somewhat weird,  
But she is a hero – she faced her fear!

Angela Wybrow

# Jubilee

Bells across the Nation will ring.  
Bands will play; people will sing.  
The Nation will rise up to its feet,  
And people will party in the street.

People will come together as one,  
For a time of festivity and of fun.  
People will jump up out of their seats,  
To dance along with the various beats.

This is our Nation's one big chance  
For a show of Pomp and Circumstance.  
Flags will be waved and bunting unfurled,  
For the biggest celebration in all the world.

The huge crowds will all clap and cheer,  
As our Queen celebrates her 60th year.  
People will be hoping to catch a glimpse  
Of Her Majesty, and of Philip, her Prince.

People will come from many a mile;  
Upon their faces will be a big smile.  
There will be a sea of rainbow faces;  
People of all religions and of all races.

Over the palace, the Red Arrows will fly,  
As everyone's eyes look up to the sky.  
It will be the biggest party we've ever seen.  
Long may she reign: God save the Queen!

Angela Wybrow



# Kaleidoscope

Coloured gems –  
Lots of them,  
Tumble around  
With a tinkling sound.  
Given a shake,  
They settle to make  
A new design –  
Just as fine.  
A lovely sight;  
A real delight.  
Each pattern is fresh  
And cannot be guessed.  
Each pattern it holds  
Is unique and bold.  
At the patterns, I gaze;  
My mind is amazed.  
Patterns changing;  
Ever rearranging.

Angela Wybrow

# Kaleidoscope (New Version)

Coloured gems –  
Lots of them,  
Tumble around  
With a tinkling sound.  
Given a shake,  
They settle to make  
A new design –  
Just as fine.  
A lovely sight:  
A real delight.  
The tube is rotated,  
And I'm captivated.  
Mirrors reflecting,  
And patterns dissecting.  
Each pattern is fresh  
And cannot be guessed.  
Each pattern it holds,  
Is unique and bold.  
At the patterns, I gaze;  
With colour, they're ablaze.  
Each pattern, I view;  
Each pattern is new.  
Patterns changing;  
Ever rearranging.

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

# King Of My Realm

On you, I have a really big crush,  
But it is a secret: it's very hush- hush!  
To me, you are the brightest star,  
Who I love to admire from afar.

Every time that I see your face,  
My heartbeat jumps and picks up the pace.  
Of my feelings, you are quite unaware,  
And my feelings by you I know are not shared.

I love to hear your melodious laugh.  
When I was drowning, you were my raft.  
There were times when I did not show,  
But you pulled me back and didn't let go.

With my worries, you empathized:  
You looked at the world through my eyes.  
The sessions I missed, I do now regret.  
My journey with you, I will not forget.

When we first met, we both shook hands;  
A crush on you then, I did not have planned.  
But, over the weeks, the seeds have been sewn,  
And my admiration for you has grown and grown.

In my life you are unable to stay,  
And all too soon you will fly away.  
Our time together is fast running out;  
That I will miss you, there is no doubt.

If only I could hold the hands of time,  
The last few months, I'd love to rewind.  
Each week you are there taking the helm;  
At this moment in time, you're the king of my realm.

Angela Wybrow

# Kingfisher

A flash of blue,  
A tropical hue,  
Dives like a dart  
Right in to the heart  
Of the sparkling river -  
A crucial life giver.

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

## Lady (Horse Poem)

Of my girl, Lady, I feel so fond;  
The two of us share a special bond.  
I haven't owned her all that long,  
But the trust between us is so strong.

There was a time when she felt sad -  
When a previous owner treated her bad.  
But with me she's found a brand new start;  
I love her dearly - with all of my heart.

She's a gypsy cob - black and white,  
And thirteen point two hands in height.  
I love to sit and watch her play:  
It chases my blues and cares away.

To her, sometimes I sing a song:  
She swishes her tail and nods along.  
Her funny little ways make me smile,  
And I can forget the world for a while.

She brightens up the dullest of days  
With her constant love and playful ways.  
Across her paddock, she will canter,  
To share with me some friendly banter.

When I feel sad and teardrops glisten,  
Lady is always there to listen.  
My heart returns the love she's giving;  
She makes my life so worth living.

As a young girl, I had a bad fall:  
Between myself and the saddle, I built a wall.  
But she's helping me get my confidence back -  
The confidence which I so greatly lacked.

I know she'll love me no matter what;  
Such a special friend, I know I've got.  
She is the stand-out from a crowd;  
To be her owner, I'm just so proud.



Angela Wybrow

# Ladybirds

If, upon you, a ladybird, lightly, lands,  
Don't just brush it off with your hands.  
Chances are, that its visit will be short,  
Once it realises it is at the wrong port.

For the ladybird, we seem to have a soft spot,  
But for worrying wasps, we certainly have not.  
Ladybirds often feature in stories for the young,  
And, as a result, their praises are frequently sung.

To ladybirds, we have quite an attraction,  
But wasps do not evoke the same reaction.  
Dressed in its shiny shell of bright, rich red,  
The ladybird possesses a tiny, tickling tread.

Upon seeing a ladybird, a wish, you should make,  
Then your wish will be granted, in the bug's wake.  
If you kill one, then, for you, life will be really bad;  
Misfortune will come your way, and make you sad.

A ladybird will never do you any harm;  
It is considered, by some, a lucky charm.  
If, towards a ladybird, you are kind,  
A place up in Heaven, you will find.

Angela Wybrow

## Late Payment

A bookshop received a note - very brief,  
From a suddenly repentant petty thief,  
Saying 'Here is a cheque for £20 - the fee  
For two yoga books unpaid for in 1973'!  
The payment enclosed was pretty late -  
The bookseller was amazed by the date.  
We're now in the year of twenty fifteen -  
So forty two years to finally come clean!

Angela Wybrow

# Learning My Lines

Over and over, my lines are said,  
In order to get them in to my head.  
Sometimes, I admit to getting a little bit bored,  
But the importance of rehearsal can't be ignored.

Along the way, I need to make choices  
About various characters and their voices.  
Other decisions, which I need to face,  
Involve phrasing, pitch, power and pace.

Direct speech needs to be characterised,  
And have feeling: is the person sad or surprised?  
Is the person speaking young or old?  
Are they full of warmth, or are they cold?

Saying the words over and over again,  
Can sometimes become a bit of a pain.  
I practise my lines almost every day:  
I consider the dividends that this will pay!

At first, my delivery is a little unsure,  
But it improves as I rehearse more and more.  
Eventually, there will come a stage  
When I find I no longer need the page.

In my mind, the words all become glued;  
The sequence of events, in my mind, is viewed.  
With learning lines, I am a little obsessed,  
But it means that I will always give my best.

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

# Left Behind

Sometimes when people are leaving a train,  
Behind them, personal belongings still remain.  
It is totally amazing what items are found  
Each day, on London's busy Underground.

The shelves at Lost Property are very neatly lined,  
With an array of items, that people have left behind.  
Here are just some of the things, they have retrieved;  
Some items really have to be seen, to be believed!

School bags, containing a flask and lunch box,  
A stuffed Japanese puffer fish, and a stuffed fox.  
Purses, leather wallets, and bunches of keys,  
Hats, scarves, gloves, and numerous brollies.

Walking sticks, crutches, and the odd wheelchair,  
An array of children's toys, including teddy bears,  
Briefcases and folders, containing important notes,  
A selection of clothing, including jumpers and coats.

iPads, iPhones, memory sticks, and laptops,  
A collection of shoes, socks, and flip-flops.  
A whole library of books: fiction and fact,  
Suitcases and holdalls, still neatly packed.

Works of art, by artists, both modern and old,  
Many items of jewellery, both silver and gold.  
Prosthetic arms and legs, and sets of false teeth,  
Bags of groceries, including joints of fresh beef.

Cameras, video-cams, and pairs of sunglasses.  
Baby buggies, skateboards, train and bus passes.  
Hundred of items are left behind every single day;  
To Lost Property, these items soon make their way.

Some items, with their owners, are soon reunited;  
Owners are very clearly relieved and delighted.  
Some items wait for many weeks for collection;  
For them, nobody seems to show any affection.

Angela Wybrow



# Life After Loss

To me it feels like someone has died.  
For those great times, I've sat and cried.  
I have to admit to feeling amazed  
At just how quickly my life's been erased.

Now that you're gone, I feel quite bereft;  
With a hole in my life, I have been left.  
I'm finding it hard, so hard to cope;  
All I have left is a glimmer of hope.

You helped keep my head above the water,  
You kept me going every time that I faltered.  
You gave me a purpose; you gave me a goal.  
After sunnier climes, I'm now back in the cold.

My previous life no longer exists,  
So you, by me, will be so sorely missed.  
My life's like a desert: there's no one around;  
After a very big 'up', we're now on the 'down.'

I feel like I'm lost, lost deep in space,  
And a picture of sadness is etched on my face.  
The farewell itself was ever so swift,  
And now, through each day, I aimlessly drift.

At this point, I would never have guessed  
That I'd be feeling quite this depressed.  
Our time together is now over and done;  
Grey clouds now cover the once shining sun.

My life's a blank canvas stretching away;  
Instead of bright colours, I see black, white and grey.  
I live in the hope that we'll meet again,  
So I can rid myself of this deep, heartfelt pain.

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

# Living Leaves

The leaves seem to take on a life of their own,  
As, along the ground, they're bounced and blown.  
They run rings around my rapidly pacing feet;  
Pulsating, moving, as if dancing to a musical beat.

Along the ground, the leaves skip and skitter,  
As they're blown around by the wind so bitter.  
Each other, they sometimes appear to chase,  
As they run around, with such a great haste.

With me, the leaves seem to be playing a game,  
But they are very boisterous, and not at all tame.  
Devoid of moisture, they're as light as a feather,  
And are lifted effortlessly, in this windy weather.

Some of them take flight through the air like kites;  
Often soaring up to the most remarkable heights.  
They zoom all around: so much higher than me;  
Seemingly thrilled that, at last, they're finally free.

Endless energy, the leaves seem to have acquired:  
If we ran around like that, we would soon be tired.  
The long dead leaves, all brown, with edges curled,  
Are whipped up by the wind, and tirelessly whirled.

The leaves perform such a merry little dance;  
Up into the air, they now do leap and prance.  
To each other, they seem to whisper and rustle,  
As, along the streets, they now hustle and bustle.

Following their freedom, they seem keen to explore.  
They're totally undiscouraged by the wind so raw.  
More and more leaves excitedly come out to play  
As, along the road, I carry onwards, on my way.

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

# Loving The Light Nights

The light summer nights are here at last;  
The spirit of winter has finally passed.  
Now, when I leave work, the sky is blue;  
Until recently, it had a much darker hue.

On many a morning, there is a misty haze,  
Then, during the day, the sun will blaze.  
Now that the days are getting a little longer,  
My soul, within, feels so much stronger.

When I walked home: when it was dark,  
I never dared to walk through the park.  
Now, there is nowhere for shadows to lurk,  
As, in the daylight, I walk home from work.

Now, when a day's work has taken its toll,  
Through the park, I feel happy to stroll.  
In the light, the park is a pleasant place to be;  
Enjoyed by everyone, up to a hundred and three.

Now, I often see other people in the park too,  
And, no intimidating teens are within my view.  
In winter, when it was dark, by late afternoon,  
Teenagers got drunk, and litter was strewn.

I hated walking home, when the light had gone;  
For it to be dark at 5pm, just seems so wrong.  
It's lovely to be able to walk home in the light,  
When, sometimes, the sun is still burning bright.

I love it when summertime officially starts;  
I feel much happier: there's hope in my heart.  
I would love long evenings for all of the year;  
For the long summer nights, let's give a cheer!

Angela Wybrow



# Magic Box

In my magic box, I would put:

The music from a carousel;  
The magic from a wishing well;  
The beauty of a butterfly;  
The sparkle seen in joyous eyes;  
The perfume of a garden rose;  
The spectacle of a West End show;  
The coolness of a summer breeze;  
The colours seen on autumn trees;  
The warmth that is felt from the sun;  
The sweetness of a sticky bun;  
The cuteness of a teddy bear;  
The fun that is had at the fair;  
The shimmer upon a glassy lake;  
The lacework of a winter snowflake;  
The sound of the waves upon the shore;  
The cry of the seagulls as they soar;  
The radiance of a golden sunrise;  
The fluffiness of a cloud up in the skies;  
The freshness of snow, new and white;  
The twinkle of a star shining bright;  
The sound of a songbird's pure tune,  
And the silvery light from the moon.

And when somebody lifted the lid,  
They'd be amazed to discover what I hid.

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

# Marking Time

I realise that walking down the street isn't a race,  
But, compared to you, I have a much quicker pace.  
Against me, it's like you have committed a crime,  
When I am trapped behind you, semi marking time.

Please can you not stop in front of me, and then turn;  
It really is very annoying, as you, one day, may learn.  
I'd appreciate it if you moved to the side of the street,  
If you are not actually intending to move your two feet.

When stopping in the middle of a pavement, you may find,  
Looks of annoyance on the faces of those people behind.  
I've had an amazing idea for a really good invention:  
Human indicators, so that I can predict your intentions!

My hopes of a speedy journey, have often been dashed,  
When into slow walking tourists, I have almost crashed.  
To me, it seems like everyone moves so incredibly slow;  
Come on, you guys! Move those feet! GO! GO! GO!

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

# Menacing Mobiles

When actors are performing upon a stage,  
It throws them in to a terrible rage,  
When they spy fans filming on mobile phones –  
This type of behaviour they do not condone.

Whenever they see phone lights blinking,  
It interrupts their creative thinking.  
Whether it's red lights blinking or a flash of white light,  
For their very next line, they then have to fight.

Like a rabbit in headlights, they feel caught,  
And it interrupts their train of thought.  
In fan's minds the memories should form,  
As the loss of live theatre we may have to mourn.

There are always those fans who will moan  
When asked to turn off their mobile phones.  
Despite the announcement before the show,  
You still see their screens all of aglow.

The announcements state that filming is banned,  
But this is ignored by some of the fans.  
If detected, what they may then achieve  
Is being asked by staff to promptly leave.

Then they will miss the rest of the show,  
And to them this will be a really big blow.  
When asked, they should put their phones away,  
Then sit back and relax and enjoy the play.

Angela Wybrow

# Merlin

He appears to be just a regular guy,  
But Merlin, he is not like you or I.  
His main duty is to serve the King,  
And for him, he would do anything.

Merlin possesses a happy disposition;  
To protect King Arthur is his mission.  
When he is given any task or a quest,  
Merlin will endeavour to do his best.

Gaius, the physician, is Merlin's mentor:  
His wise words should not be ignored.  
Life can be a challenge for this Warlock:  
For he is often working against the clock.

Merlin has met with many mystical creatures:  
Some of them possess many grotesque features.  
Others of them are beautiful beyond belief;  
Some bring wisdom, while others bring grief.

That Merlin is daft, the King often pretends,  
But the two of them are really good friends.  
Merlin and his master share a strong bond;  
Of Merlin, King Arthur is secretly fond.

Many a time, he's saved Arthur from death:  
Saved Queen Guinevere from feeling bereft.  
When he casts spells, his eyes burn bright:  
It is then he makes sure he stays out of sight.

With magic, Merlin often saves the day,  
But his magical powers, he hides away.  
When the King is in trouble, Merlin's at his side;  
About how he saved the day, he has often lied.

Neither witchcraft, nor magic, can the King stand:  
From the kingdom of Camelot, they are both banned.  
Merlin's magical gifts must never be revealed:  
If they ever were, his fate would be sealed.

Angela Wybrow

# Midsummer In Avebury

Here I am down at Avebury Ring -  
A place which makes my heart and mind sing.  
I'm sitting here by the huge Wishing Tree,  
Basking in a tropical sea of tranquillity.

The midsummer sun is shining so bright.  
My being is filled with such sheer delight.  
Delicate daisies stud the green grass.  
I wish that this day would just last and last.

Only once every year does this special day come.  
Far, far away, I can hear distant drums.  
I can feel the warmth of the sun on my face,  
As I sit and marvel at this most mystical place.

The world outside is lost for a while;  
On my lips, there plays a contented smile.  
My soul, it is shrouded in a veil of peace -  
For now, all my tensions and worries have ceased.

Sweet songs are sung by the birds in the trees,  
Whose whispers are heard on the soft summer breeze.  
Such a magical place, I feel blessed to have found -  
A place where peace and love wear the crown.

My heart feels so light - just like a feather.  
Part of me wishes I could stay here forever.  
When it's time to go home, I'll shed a tear,  
But I'll be back here again the same time next year!

Angela Wybrow

# Milkshake!

I take a long, welcome gulp  
Of the cold chocolate milk -  
It glides effortlessly down my throat  
Like the finest, smoothest silk.

Angela Wybrow

# Missing

Our cats went missing - often for days,  
But then one of them, Sox, went astray.  
Charlie, his brother, sat there and pined.  
Our darling Sox, we so hoped we'd find.

Sox was black: as dark as the night;  
His emerald-like eyes sparkled so bright.  
Snowy white 'socks' graced his four feet;  
He was really good natured and ever so sweet.

I wondered if I would ever see him again;  
We searched local streets, calling his name.  
We put up posters around our town;  
For any sightings, we asked around.

Was he inside a building afraid and trapped?  
Was he ill or in pain or had he been attacked?  
So many scenarios raced through my mind;  
The truth I really wished I could find.

Was he somewhere nearby or wandered far?  
We prayed that he hadn't been hit by a car.  
Our darling Sox was away for so long:  
We feared the worst, but prayed we were wrong.

Then one day, he just sauntered on in,  
But he looked really tired and ever so thin.  
There he stood before my eyes -  
It really was the best surprise.

My heart and mind were filled with joy  
At the sudden return of our precious boy.  
He was a sad looking shadow of his former self,  
But, with TLC, he'd soon bounce back to health.

If only, like us humans, Sox could speak  
And tell his tale which spanned six weeks;  
But the story of Sox - he's fifteen years old -  
Will remain a moggy mystery, a tale untold.

Angela Wybrow



# Missing The Boat

When shipbuilding was shifted far overseas,  
The workforce back here was extremely displeased;  
The countries of Japan and South Korea  
Were now shipbuilding nations - the nations to fear.

We were a shipbuilding nation for many a year -  
But, for too many folk, it all ended in tears.  
Even today there is a real sense of loss;  
Our country is still reeling and counting the cost.

In the following months after the work all ceased,  
Many shipyards were dismantled piece by piece.  
Instead of the daily banging and crashing,  
There was the sound of bulldozers smashing.

The air had once been full of noise and smoke;  
With each other the workers laughed and joked.  
Silenced were the sounds of the whirring drills;  
Across abandoned wastelands blew icy chills.

The workers jobs they were taken away -  
There were no more jobs and no more pay.  
The trade they knew had been cruelly killed;  
At other careers, these workers weren't skilled.

Suddenly folk spent much more time at home;  
Through the streets some aimlessly roamed.  
Let go from a life full of dirt and grime,  
A few of the workforce soon turned to crime.

By their huge shipyards, many towns felt defined -  
They feared losing their identity when the industry declined.  
Shipbuilding was the life-blood of many communities;  
When yards closed down, it seemed like such lunacy.

It was the only life that most folk had known;  
Deep into turmoil their lives were now thrown.  
Generations toiled there - both father and son,  
But for many the whole industry was over and done.

Angela Wybrow

# Muffin

Out of the muffin, I took a big bite,  
And suddenly my taste-buds danced with delight;  
My muffin was a mixture of fruit and spice,  
And, I have to say, it was ever so nice!

Apple and cinnamon – the perfect combination:  
For me it was a completely new taste sensation;  
It was light and fluffy and pleasantly moist -  
I was more than happy with my muffin choice.

After the muffin was completely downed,  
A pleasant spicy after-taste lingered around.  
Prior to trying it, I had been a little unsure,  
But I'll definitely be back buying some more!

Angela Wybrow

# Music To My Ears

The merry music of a colourful carousel.  
The joyous ringing out of church wedding bells.  
A bird singing its heart out, high up in a tree.  
The waves crashing down upon the salty sea.

The skin of a snare drum, being played with brushes.  
A waterfall - the dramatic way that the water rushes.  
The audience's excited chatter prior to a show.  
The melodious sound of the bassoon or the oboe.

The call of geese - their loud, trumpeting sound.  
A music box, as its pretty ballerina dances around.  
I adore some accents: some are really top-notch:  
I love listening to the Geordies and to the Scotch.

The jangling bells and cracking sticks of Morris Men.  
The loud, hourly chiming of London's iconic Big Ben.  
The tinkling of wind-chimes, blowing this way and that.  
The rhythmic and resonant purring of a contented cat.

These are among the sounds which I love to hear:  
Towards these sounds, my feet are often steered.  
These sounds always put a smile upon my face:  
Towards these sounds, my two feet will often race.

Angela Wybrow

# My Constant Companion

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 really rather good.  
All of these are lovely and sweet,  
And always go down 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 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

# National Treasure

In Scotland, she is a national treasure.  
She's given us many hours of pleasure.  
She's entertained us through the years:  
Made us laugh and moved us to tears.

She's starred in every kind of show:  
Comedy, thriller and even panto.  
She's appeared in shows on TV,  
Such as Lewis, Vera and Casualty.

Her, a show's director will often choose,  
As she always receives such glowing reviews.  
If her name is spied upon a cast list,  
Then it's a show that's not to be missed.

A really huge effort, she always makes,  
With any role which she undertakes.  
Her dedication and attention to detail,  
Both guarantee that she'll never fail.

Her, the theatre critics never condemn.  
She's one of Scotland's shining gems.  
She possesses an admirable reputation,  
Which makes her the pride of her nation.

In Scotland, she's now a household name.  
In my opinion, she should be made a Dame.  
She favours roles which are strong and meaty.  
She's Scotland's one and only Maureen Beattie.

Angela Wybrow

# Nature Reserve

I once had a sign saying 'Nature Reserve' -  
My present state, I don't think was deserved.  
Across my river, blue dragonflies skimmed,  
But the state of me now looks really quite grim.

That I was once beautiful, it's hard to believe;  
Nowadays, I am finding it so hard to breathe.  
Lying all around, there is nothing but junk,  
And my once crystal waters are bunged up with gunk.

There is stuff sticking up all over the place -  
A fridge, a TV, a battered suitcase;  
There are bits of old bike, rusty wheel-caps galore,  
Despite such dumping being against our law.

There are supermarket trolleys and an old mattress;  
I've sadly become what you'd call 'a right mess'.  
I now resemble what you may call 'modern art';  
In this crazy creation, I did not play a part.

I had always been what you would call 'pretty wild',  
But I was a playground for both adult and child.  
I hosted picnicking families having fun in the sun,  
And through my waters, wild otters have swum.

Rare plants flourished and kingfishers fished;  
Small children played and young lovers kissed.  
But now they don't come anywhere near -  
The air all around me is lacking in cheer.

My wide expanse is now covered with litter;  
About my predicament, I'm feeling quite bitter.  
With all this rubbish, my waters are choked;  
Feeling this way is certainly no joke.

Folk have allowed me to get into this state;  
Within their hands now lies my fate.  
Maybe one day, I'll tell a different story,  
If ever I'm restored to my former glory.

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

# New Home

When I tun twenty-three,  
I journey East across de sea.  
Pon an island, I mek mi home,  
An, neva again, do I roam.

De people dere, dey look away,  
But, I be strong an wanna stay.  
Most de people, dey were white;  
They did nah understand mi plight.

De skies bak home, dey often blue;  
De sea, it have a turquoise hue.  
Back home, I live by de beach:  
In England, it far outta reach.

De sun in England hardly shine:  
For de sun, mi heart still pine.  
De skies in England often grey:  
De rain fall down most de day.

De English need to guh wid de flow,  
An let dere inna feelings show.  
De English don lacka shakin dere hip:  
Dey guh all posh an stiff uppa lip.

Wi sing, wi dance, wi ave a ball:  
Wi ave ourselves a carnival!  
I use to de ol' reggae beat:  
Ers soon ers it start, wi up on our feet.

De birds in England, all brown an black:  
Of bright rainbow colours, dere major lack.  
In Jamaica, dere diff'rent creatures;  
Pon de landscape, diff'rent features.

I use to jerk chicken served wid rice,  
An pinda cake – mmm, taste so nice!  
I use to eating fresh fruit all de time:  
Pineapple, mango, banana an lime.

I use to food all spicy an rich:  
I find it hard to mek de switch.  
Of flavours bak home, dere a riot:  
De new flavours seemed suh tame an quiet.

De diff'rent sounds an diff'rent sights,  
Dey often gimmi awful fright.  
Sometime I feel extremely glum:  
Dere were times I want mi mum.

I been here now fah thirty year,  
But, for Jamaica, I still shed er tear.  
I got mi job, I got mi friends,  
Suh I feel pretty happy in de end.

Angela Wybrow

# New Starter

For those of us who are naturally quiet,  
Starting a new job can feel like a riot.  
You drum up the courage to walk through the door,  
But you're still feeling nervous and really unsure.

You're given a tour – shown where things are,  
But remembering it all just seems so hard.  
You feel lost and alone in this strange new place.  
You're finding it hard to put a name to a face.

Just like a lifetime seem those first few days,  
As you find your way round this mysterious maze.  
You're finding it hard to get into gear.  
You'd rather be anywhere else but here.

You abort all attempts at casual conversation,  
Leading to your own annoyance and sheer frustration.  
You avoid eating in the works canteen,  
As you don't yet know the rest of the team.

You're wondering if you will ever settle;  
Among the roses you feel like a nettle.  
You feel very much like the odd one out;  
That you will stay you very much doubt.

But you're determined to try your very best,  
Hoping that your efforts will impress.  
If you are brave and decide to stay,  
You'll find things will get better day by day.

Angela Wybrow

# New Year's Eve

It is the last day of December: New Year's Eve -  
A time for us to reflect on all that we've achieved.

Some of us may have lost quite a bit of weight,  
While others may have discovered a life-long mate.

Some of us may have vowed not to eat any more meat,  
Or other foods which, once upon a time, we loved to eat.

Some of us may have cut down our intake of wine,  
Found a new interest, or taken up a new past time.

Some of us may have embarked on a totally new career,  
Given up smoking, or conquered a really massive fear.

Some of us may have returned to adult education,  
Or jetted off to our fave dream holiday destination.

Some of us may have relocated to a brand new pad,  
Or become a proud mother, or an equally proud dad.

Some of us may have purchased a brand new car,  
Or reunited with family and friends who live real far.

Some of us may now be fitter, having joined a local gym,  
Or relocated abroad following a seemingly sudden whim.

Some of us may have found ourselves brand new friends,  
Or moved on from a relationship which was at an end.

Some of us may have tidied out: had a good old declutter,  
Or stopped visiting the betting shop for another flutter.

New Year's Eve is a good time for personal reflection,  
And a time when our lives may move in a new direction.

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

# Night Flight

Late on Christmas Eve, a snowman and I  
Soar across London, flying so high.  
The air all about us feels really bitter;  
At Crystal Palace, we see the transmitter.

We see our reflections in The Shard;  
We see a train and wave to the Guard.  
We see the Monument towering tall,  
The Gherkin and the cathedral of St Paul's.

We see the God, Eros, at Piccadilly;  
The snowman is fine, but I feel chilly.  
We fly onwards towards the Millennium Wheel;  
Flying across London is such a great thrill.

We see Tower Bridge spanning the river;  
The cold night air is making my body shiver.  
We then head north towards Camden Lock;  
The people down below us get quite a shock!

We fly past all of the famous sights,  
Shining silver in the pale moonlight.  
The river shines like a silvery snake;  
We fly in silence: no sound do we make.

At sunrise, it is time for us both to land;  
We say goodbye, and we both shake hands.  
Flying high across London, I really adored:  
That night I will remember for evermore!

Angela Wybrow



# Night Stroll

My Dad and I headed into the night,  
Hoping to glimpse some bats in flight.  
I had only ever seen bats on the TV,  
So this was a whole new experience for me.

The night was cold, but there was no rain,  
As together we entered the leafy lane.  
The lane was lit by the moon's silver light:  
There weren't any street lamps shining bright.

Wonder and hope had both filled my heart;  
Suddenly, overhead, I saw a dark shape dart.  
At first, I thought it was a bird, but I realised that  
I was mistaken, and, indeed, it was a real-life bat!

Having spotted one, we soon spied some more:  
That night, we spotted at least three or four.  
This was years ago, when I was still a teen;  
Back when the world boasted a lot more green.

Back then, the lane was a leafy little avenue,  
With greenery on both sides of ev'ry single hue,  
But now a factory stands next to the site;  
There, no more, are the bats seen in flight.

Angela Wybrow

# Night Vision

When I heard a strange sound late one night,  
The whole of my body froze with fright.

Over to the bedroom window, I dared to go,  
And was met by a silvery, celestial glow.

My eyes couldn't believe what they were seeing,  
As stood in our back garden was an angelic being.

From her shoulders there sprouted two feathery wings,  
And, on her fingers, there shone golden rings.

Like liquid honey, her hair flowed down.  
Her eyes were coloured dark chocolate brown.

On top of her head, there sat a gold halo.  
Her feet were bare: I could see her toes.

Her gown was beautiful: truly out of this world;  
Her wrists were adorned with bracelets of pearl.

The angel's presence, I could definitely feel,  
But my mind was questioning if she was real.

I guessed this vision had some personal meaning,  
But part of me knew that I must be still dreaming.

The expression on her face was gentle and kind.  
Full of thick fog was my own sleepy mind.

She parted her lips and began to croon  
A truly beautiful and haunting tune.

Upon her two lips, a small smile played,  
Then, before my very eyes, she faded away.

Angela Wybrow

# Night Visitor

It's late in the summer, and that time of year,  
When you and your friends suddenly appear.  
Daylight fades and the world, it grows dim;  
Lights are switched on and you head on in.

From the darkened garden, you eagerly swarm  
To worship your sun blazing bright and warm.  
Your long, dangling limbs are extremely lithe;  
Your spirit is keen and is extremely blithe.

You dance so daintily round the light:  
Round your sun which blazes so bright.  
You dart, you dive, you twist, you turn,  
But venture too near and you will burn.

The warming light, you just can't resist:  
By its hot rays, you have been kissed.  
Of your dainty dance, you never tire;  
To worship your sun is your one desire.

I climb into bed, having switched off the light,  
And, suddenly, you are erased from my sight.  
The following morning, my eyes scan the place,  
But, of you, I am unable to find any trace.

Angela Wybrow

# Nina

From her lips, the words start to flow,  
As she sits alone at her piano.  
A pretty lass, with hair, fiery red,  
She sings a song about her 'Single Bed.'

As she sings, she closes her eyes,  
And her powerful voice begins to rise.  
In her music, she is immersed;  
From her lips, such dulcet tones burst.

Her song, it has such a catchy beat;  
Her fans can't help but tap their feet.  
There are happy faces all around,  
As her fans drink in her cheerful sound.

Around her now, the world disappears;  
As the song ends, she's greeted by cheers.  
In their heads, her music still lingers:  
Music she makes with voice and fingers.

Inspired by Ella, along with Nina Simone,  
Her voice possesses such a velvety tone.  
Her own compositions, she loves to sing;  
Joy to others, she loves to bring.

Described as a typical English rose,  
Her music will set your heart aglow.  
Chances are that she will go far,  
And one day, she will be a big star.

Angela Wybrow

# No Fixed Abode

Around the streets, some people pace;  
Others sit in doorways and stare into space.  
With nothing to do and nowhere to go,  
Days seem to drag and time goes slow.

Their daily lives hold little direction;  
They're prone to illness and infection.  
Their dowdy clothes are full of dust and dirt;  
Their eyes are full of hunger and deep down hurt.

Aromas from restaurants waft through the air,  
Making pangs of hunger much harder to bear.  
Their bellies grumble due to a lack of food;  
Remembering better times, they sit and brood.

Some want money for food, drink or drugs;  
Some just want love, and they just want a hug.  
Amidst the city's seemingly never-ending din,  
Many scavenge for their food in rubbish bins.

To ask for money, some seize their chance:  
They get ignored or receive a cutting glance.  
Like you and I, these people have feelings,  
But the sight of them leaves some people reeling.

The lucky few head to a hostel for the night;  
Others bed-down in doorways: a sorry old sight.  
Those left on the streets do their best to sleep,  
But klaxons wail loudly and car horns beep.

Each day and night, they struggle to survive;  
In present circumstances, they cannot thrive.  
Once upon a time, these people had pride,  
But, from the world, they now want to hide.

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

# Northern Lights

Upon the ground lies a blanket of snow;  
The sky up above me is all of a glow.  
Snowflakes fall softly about my face:  
Slowly at first, then picking up pace.

Wide bands of light shimmer and shift,  
As up to the Heavens my wondrous eyes lift.  
Up at the Heavens I stand and stare,  
As magical lights fill the night air.

By my excited eyes the colours seen  
Are purple, pink, blue, yellow and green.  
A thousand pictures the lights now paint,  
With their breath-taking colours - some bold, some faint.

The restless colours ripple through the sky,  
As a shooting star whizzes on by.  
The lights dance through a sky studded with stars -  
Attracting visitors from both near and from far.

With silky celestial lights the sky is ablaze,  
In one of Mother Nature's most amazing displays.  
Multicoloured lights swish and swirl;  
So mystical, so magical - they twist and twirl.

Through the air the coloured lights play,  
And the breath within me is stolen away.  
Through the air these strange lights streak:  
I'm so in awe I feel unable to speak.

I feel my heartbeat quicken - it starts to race,  
And a big smile adorns my uplifted face.  
It truly is the most extraordinary sight -  
My heart can't help but be filled with delight.

The sight before me is totally thrilling;  
Though the cold night air is totally chilling.  
But despite the long wait and bitter cold weather,  
I will remember this sight for ever and ever.

Angela Wybrow



# Not In My Backyard

The local residents are all up in arms,  
Worried that their town may lose its charm.  
With hundreds of new houses, they are faced,  
But plans to oppose them, are firmly in place.

Developers have been granted planning permission,  
But now, residents are all busy signing a petition.  
Faced with losing their precious fields of green,  
The local residents are obviously not at all keen.

Worried about the thriving woods and animals,  
To oppose the plans, there's been many a call.  
By the new plans, will be very greatly affected,  
The Great Crested Newt, which is protected.

The proposed plans have been on display  
At the local community centre, for many a day.  
The new development will obscure the view,  
But the developers have argued this isn't true.

Meetings have been held, and the discussions  
Have focused upon the possible repercussions.  
The council argue that there's a need for progression,  
But this has been met by the angry locals' aggression.

The area has remained untouched for many years;  
That the new estate will spoil it, there are now fears.  
The residents just want to be left to live in peace,  
And for all this sudden madness just to cease.

The residents want the developers to see the light,  
And hope that they will end up winning the fight.  
The locals wish the developers would go away,  
But the chances are, that they are here to stay.

Angela Wybrow

# Nourishing My Mind

I've learnt what's required, and now I'm bored:  
My mind feels the need to learn something more.  
To learn new things, my heart is now yearning;  
I need to keep my mind's cogwheels turning.

The information I've learnt, I need to revise;  
To move on and forget it, wouldn't be wise.  
For learning, I've suddenly discovered a taste;  
What I've learnt so far, will not go to waste.

In learning, as a child, I possessed less interest,  
But now, I'm a lot older, I am trying my best.  
As an adult, I'm finding I really love to learn:  
The flame, within my soul, has started to burn.

What I've learnt so far, just doesn't seem enough;  
I feel ready to learn a whole lot more new stuff.  
Nourishment for my mind, is what I'm needing,  
So, now each and every day, more I am reading.

I need more information to help me fill the hole;  
I need more information, to help achieve my goal.  
With studying, I have become somewhat obsessed,  
But I need to be prepared, so as I can pass the test.

I hope that all this new knowledge that I require,  
Will give me the confidence to rise a little higher.  
To broaden my mind, I suddenly feel really keen;  
Maybe, one day, I will achieve all of my dreams.

Angela Wybrow

## Now I Am One

To climb the stairs, I just can't wait,  
But I find my way barred by a gate.  
I want to open the cupboard doors:  
Finding them locked is such a bore.

To everything, I am attracted;  
By everything, I am distracted.  
I'm finding it difficult to stay still;  
Every hour of daylight, I need to fill.

When I am eating, I must confess,  
That I really love making a mess;  
I get food on my face and in my hair:  
I manage to get my food everywhere!

I'm so eager to get where I am going;  
All over the place, I am to-ing and fro-ing.  
I want to run fast like my sister and brother  
And to be as tall as my father and mother.

When I run, I sometimes stumble  
And to the ground, I take a tumble.  
I really hate reins or any restraint:  
If they are used, you'll hear my complaint.

There's so much to do and so much to see;  
I like it best when I'm allowed to roam free.  
There's a whole world for me to discover;  
So many mysteries for me to uncover.

I want to explore how objects feel;  
To me, many objects hold an appeal.  
For everything, I feel compelled to reach.  
I want to fully understand people's speech.

I rush around in so much haste;  
Not a single moment must I waste.  
I need to investigate everything in sight,  
Until it's bedtime and I'm kissed goodnight.

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 Equal Ground

There is a place which I have found  
Where I can be on equal ground.  
I'd always thought that I was wrong;  
That I was a little less able all along.

But now I have found a new past-time,  
And it is one at which I can shine.  
The underdog, I am feeling no longer;  
My confidence keeps growing stronger.

I have found it all rather surprising,  
That up the ranks I have been rising.  
I know that I will never look back:  
Not now that I am on the right track.

In myself, I can now finally believe,  
And in all that I am able to achieve.  
Confidence breeds more confidence,  
And I now feel able to jump the fence.

The Examiners' comments drive me on;  
A cap and gown, I am hoping to don.  
With my studies, I'm feeling half-crazed;  
But, by my achievements, I feel so amazed.

For once in my life, I am on a mission;  
My heart is full of drive and ambition.  
I will keep on climbing and never stop:  
Not until I have reached the very top.

Angela Wybrow

# On Hearing Bad News

All around me, folks' spirits were high,  
But I just wanted to sit there and cry.  
Having just had a really big shock,  
Inside of me, my voice was now locked.  
I could not sing, I could not dance;  
To digest the news, I needed a chance.  
The news I'd received affected my mood -  
Afterwards, I was feeling pretty subdued.  
From the moment that the announcement was made,  
I felt the happiness inside me instantly fade.  
The sadness inside me threatened to rise,  
And make salt tears fall from my eyes.  
I had to stop myself from breaking down;  
Upon my face, there was a worried frown.  
After each song, I applauded politely;  
I smiled vaguely, but not very brightly.  
The news in my mind was so hard to bear,  
So it was only in body that I was there.  
All around me, the world seemed in riot,  
But I just wanted to think and be quiet.  
I really just wanted to be on my own,  
Now that seeds of sadness were sewn.  
That all was not well, I had been told,  
But this revelation left me quite cold.  
Of certain details, I had not been aware,  
So I felt shocked when they were shared.  
As the orchestra played summer themed pop,  
I wanted to push the button marked STOP!  
As people danced around in the aisles,  
I sat in my seat with a watery smile.  
Within the hall, I was feeling quite trapped;  
The energy within me was suddenly sapped.  
A part of me wanted to let out a scream.  
A part of me felt trapped in a bad dream.  
Sat there beside me, my friend sang along,  
But to me at that moment fun felt so wrong.  
That I felt happy, I just could not pretend;  
I wanted to fast forward the event to its end.  
I wished I could be anywhere other than there,



As the news I'd received I found hard to bear.  
As the last of the performers left the stage,  
I was able to escape from my circular cage.  
Through Hyde Park, my friend and I walked;  
About the news, my friend and I talked.  
I was glad to get away from the din,  
And get the chance to take it all in.

Angela Wybrow

## On Seeing A Butterfly

Flying so free,  
You are faster than me.  
You dance on ahead,  
Seeking bright floral beds.  
You flit here and there  
Through the warm summer air.  
You zigzag around  
Without audible sound.  
On wings so ornate,  
You pass house, shed and gate.  
Then steeply you climb  
In the summer sunshine.  
You fly on and on,  
Until, from my sight, you are gone.

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

# Otters

I have often walked along that way,  
But it wasn't until earlier today,  
That I saw a rare and wonderful sight,  
Which filled my heart with such delight.

They weren't on TV or even in a zoo,  
But there in front of me: could it be true?  
A group of otters before my two eyes:  
It really was such a lovely surprise!

At first, I wasn't sure what I had spied,  
But, when I realised, I stood there wide-eyed;  
Never before had I seen otters in the wild:  
A magical moment for both adult and child.

Altogether, I spotted about four or five;  
Under the water, I watched them dive.  
The water around them splashed and splished,  
As, for their supper, the otters then fished.

I stood on tip-toe to gain a better view.  
(Over my head, some seagulls flew) .  
Through the brambles, I eagerly peeked.  
The otter's bodies were slender and sleek.

Upon the footpath, I silently stayed,  
Watching the otters some ten feet away.  
Through the water, the otters darted;  
From my view, two otters departed.

I stood watching them for quite a while.  
Upon my lips, there played a small smile.  
As, at the otters, I stood there gazing,  
I thought the moment was so amazing.

Between branches, I saw tiny birds flit;  
My view, by this point, was poorly lit.  
For a while longer, I wanted to stay,  
But the descending dusk drove me away.

Angela Wybrow

# Outside The Baker's Shop

Just outside the baker's shop  
Is where most pigeons choose to stop.  
Upon the ground,  
They search around  
For something to eat -  
A nice, tasty treat.  
Every crumb, every flake,  
They'll spot and they'll take.  
Pastry, they love -  
They can't get enough!  
Whether it's shortcrust or puff;  
Whether it's fresh or it's tough.  
Some of them rush, some of them hobble  
Towards the food which they will then gobble.  
When they spot it, they'll dash:  
They'll be there in a flash.  
Every morsel they seek,  
Whether savoury or sweet.  
As long as it is edible,  
They consider it incredible.  
Whether from a pie or a slice,  
They consider it nice.  
Crumbs from cookie or cake,  
They will happily take.  
Crumbs from a roll  
Often help fill a hole.  
Crumbs from a yum-yum,  
They so love in their tum.  
They'll squabble and butt  
Over crumbs from a doughnut.  
They are happy to savour  
Many different flavours.  
Only at the close of day,  
Will they give up and fly away.

Angela Wybrow



# Panic Attack

When I experienced a 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 really bad 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 had never felt such total panic:  
My heart was thudding BOOM BOOM BOOM.  
Suddenly the world around me didn't matter,  
As I quickly legged it from 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 so 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 really did not 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.  
I found that facing that particular fear again,  
Was just way too much for me to hack.

My boss, he thought that I was lying,  
And that my issue was not genuine.  
So I took the decision to leave my job,  
As against the Company, I could not win.

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

# Park Life

Situated in a city, where life is all race, race, race,  
Hyde Park is a sea of calm, with a much slower pace.  
Acres of parkland are shrouded in bright sunlight,  
And it has to be said, it really is a wonderful sight.

A skater skilfully negotiates a long line of cones.  
People sit texting and chatting on mobile phones.  
A couple cool off in the waters of the Serpentine:  
Oblivious to bystanders, their two bodies entwine.

Watching a grey squirrel, some folk stand and stare,  
But for these cute creatures, some do not much care.  
Upon the bandstand, students rehearse Shakespeare,  
Adding a touch of culture to this lovely atmosphere.

At the ticket office, for the boats, there is a long queue:  
The rowing boats and pedalos, folk are all dying to use.  
A large flock of seagulls, so very skilful in their flight,  
Are eager for food, and, over it, they very viciously fight.

Packs of pigeons peck around occupied wooden seats,  
Hoping they will be thrown the odd tasty titbit to eat.  
On the lake, six baby cygnets are bobbing about:  
Nearby, their proud mother keeps a wary lookout.

People sit beneath the tall trees, glad of the shade,  
Tucking into sandwiches, which they have made.  
At the water's edge, people sit soaking their feet;  
Drawn by the water's cooling effect in this heat.

Some folk like to sit alone under the tall trees to read;  
They sit upon a soft carpet of grass, blossom and seed.  
Hyde Park is a haven, where you can leave the city behind;  
In this space, comfort for your soul you, very soon, will find.

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

# Passage From Trinidad

Wi board di boat at Port O' Spain:  
Bound fah England - land of rain;  
Land of frost an land of snow;  
Land weh di sun hardly glow.

Wi leave our homeland far behine -  
A betta life wi ope to find.  
Wi leave our lovely tropical shore,  
Wondering wah wi are heading fah.

Wi travel across di mighty ocean;  
Mi head, it full of mixed emotion.  
Wi travel to England miles wey -  
Di journey, it take many a day.

Smaddy shout out 'Land ahoy! ' -  
Mi head, it full of wanda an joy.  
Bout arriving, wi suh excited,  
As, wid our mum, wi reunited.

Along di Solent, our big ship it sail -  
Wi stand up pon deck holding di rail.  
Finally wi reach Southampton docks -  
Upon di sights, our eyes demma locked.

Wi now inna England: di Promised Land:  
To us, would di people extend a hand?  
By di people, would wi be accepted?  
Would wi be wah they had expected?

Wi wanda ef deh wi will fit in,  
As wi dressed inna a much darka skin.  
Fram our minds wi find it hawd to cast out,  
Di worrying thoughts an niggling doubts.

With us, wi bring our culture an style;  
Wi ope to spread a big cheery smile.  
Wi hear dis di land of 'ope an glory' -  
Bout dis land, wi hear many er story.



Inna London town, there much nize an dut.  
An by di name calling, wi feel much hurt.  
By some people, wi folk are shunned,  
And Ooh! Ow wi missis our tropical sun.

Some people passing, they stop an they tare;  
To approach us directly, they wouldn't dare.  
Gainful employment, wi folk need to find,  
But, by some bosses, wi get left behine.

Wi need to find a place to call home -  
Round many a house, some of us roam.  
Posted inna windows, some of us find  
'No blacks allowed' wrote pon a sign.

Some Brits, they feel that they far superior,  
And they make us folk feel far inferior.  
Some Brits, they determined to chuck us wey,  
But wi just as determined to ignore dem an stay.

Angela Wybrow

# Pegasus

He soars so high above the clouds;  
So high above the bustling crowds.  
He flies past vast galaxies of stars,  
Above the houses, shops and cars.

He flies below the silvery moon,  
Which hangs in the sky like a lost balloon.  
He soars so silently through the sky:  
Upon Pegasus' back, I'd love to ride.

His coat is creamy, just like milk,  
And, to the touch, it feels like silk.  
Pegasus is loyal and extremely wise:  
Traits which are reflected in his eyes.

A wondrous winged steed with a mane of gold,  
He is courageous in spirit and fearlessly bold.  
He flies through the sky on feathered wings.  
His magical hooves set forth new springs.

Many great wars has he endured,  
But through it all, his heart stays pure.  
With his friends, he is gentle and mild,  
But to his foes, he is a warrior wild.

Inside, his soul is brimming with fire;  
By him, many folk have felt inspired.  
Some think Pegasus is only a myth,  
But I know that Pegasus does exist.

Angela Wybrow

# Photo-Phobia

Please don't point that lens at me:  
It fills me with anxiety.  
I do not have a better side -  
All I want is to run and hide.

I know it doesn't make much sense,  
But seeing a lens makes me tense.  
Of such attention, I do not dream -  
In fact it makes me want to scream!

A lens aimed at me makes me feel stressed,  
As a photogenic face I do not possess.  
I'd rather not be in your pictures at all,  
As I'd prefer to stay invisible.

Pictures of me, I do not rate;  
Pictures of me, I often quite hate.  
Unfriendly, I don't mean to be,  
But please don't point that lens at me!

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

# Pigeon Passion

Under the heat of the summer sun,  
He's busily searching for the right one.  
He sets his sights upon a nice girl,  
And, before her eyes, he gives her a twirl.

He bobs and bows and softly coos,  
Hoping that he'll be the one she will choose.  
He dips and dives and puffs out his chest,  
But, sadly for him, she remains unimpressed.

She's pecking about for the tiniest scrap,  
But his bizarre behaviour is making her flap.  
He's trying so hard to catch her eye,  
But she's had enough, so off she flies!

Angela Wybrow

# Pigeons

Under the hot sun, I begin to wither,  
So I sit awhile down by the river.  
It isn't my intention to share my lunch,  
But, around my feet, the pigeons bunch.

For a while, I avoid their greedy glare,  
But, at my roll, they continue to stare.  
I feel my resolve melting deep within,  
And, luckily for them, I soon give in.

I break some small pieces from my roll:  
The pigeons know that they've struck gold!  
I choose the pigeon stood closest to me:  
If he'll eat from my hand, I want to see.

I lower my hand down to his height,  
And notice his eyes are full of fright.  
At first, he jumps back, full of fear,  
Wondering if it's such a good idea.

Then he snatches the morsel from my hand,  
And, straightaway, some more pigeons land.  
More of his kind continue to arrive:  
Bustling around like bees in a hive.

The smallest of smiles graces my face,  
As, over each crumb, the pigeons give chase.  
Of my leftover crumbs, I scatter the rest,  
Leaving the pigeons feeling truly blessed.

Angela Wybrow

# Playground

You can imagine our delight  
When we found the old bomb-site:  
A huge crater in the ground  
On the outskirts of our town.

There were broken old bottles and battered old tellies,  
Rusty old bikes and leaky old wellies;  
There were wooden crates and broken brollies,  
Rusty tin cans and supermarket trollies.

There was junk lying about everywhere,  
But we would-be adventurers did not care.  
Down at the dump we could waste a whole day -  
Our cares and worries seemed a lifetime away.

Corrugated sheeting and discarded wooden planks  
Were used to build dens by the muddy wooded banks.  
We'd get mud on our faces and on our knees.  
In summer we'd bake and in winter we'd freeze.

The walls of our den were sometimes creaky,  
And the roof of our den was sometimes leaky;  
But we didn't mind that our secret camp  
Was more than occasionally somewhat damp.

We could be workmen building a brand new town,  
Or be great inventors with a new discovery found.  
We could be Artic explorers braving the ice cold,  
Or a gang of intrepid treasure-seekers digging for gold.

We could be swashbuckling pirates upon the high seas,  
Or daring young pilots soaring high above the tall trees.  
We could be celebrated detectives hunting for clues,  
Or impersonate Elvis Presley singing the Blues.

We could be spacemen in a rocket bound for the moon,  
Or be Wild West cowboys galloping at high noon.  
Our childhood days were just so much fun,  
But now those days are gone - over and done.



Angela Wybrow

# Playing In The Snow

Watching snowflakes silently falling,  
Children find extremely enthralling.  
They stand with mouths open in awe,  
As, though the air, snowflakes soar.

When children first see snow outside,  
Their excitement, they just cannot hide.  
Through the air, the snowflakes swirl,  
Delighting every little boy and girl.

They put on their coats and their scarves,  
And the air is filled with joyous laughs.  
Their pink, rosy cheeks are all aglow,  
As they fashion men made of snow.

They love the way that the snow glints,  
And love making trails of fresh footprints.  
Despite snow being so wet and cold,  
Handfuls of it, they just love to hold.

On a sledge, they slide down a hill.  
They never seem to mind the chill.  
Many children find much delight  
In taking part in a snowball fight.

The cold chills their fingers and toes;  
It chills their ears and their nose.  
Freezing conditions, they happily bear,  
And they all play on, without a care.

Angela Wybrow

# Poet Without A Pen

A poet who is without a pen,  
Is like a lion that has no den.  
Like a hotdog with no mustard,  
Or like jelly with no custard.

Just like Yin that has no Yang,  
Or like a firework with no bang.  
Just like fish served without chips,  
Or tortillas served without dips.

Just like a teapot without any tea,  
Or like a forest without any trees.  
Just like a singer without any song,  
Or like Hong that's without its Kong.

Just like a toyshop with no toys,  
Or a rattle which makes no noise.  
Just like a play without any players,  
Or a trifle that is lacking in layers.

Just like a night sky minus its moon,  
Or like a song that hasn't any tune.  
Just like a machine that has no power,  
Or a loaf of bread without any flour.

Together, some things just belong:  
If they're apart, it just feels wrong.  
Thoughts in your head just go round,  
If you're unable to write them down.

If you lose your pen, or if it runs out,  
You feel frustrated, and want to shout.  
If you're in the wilds, or sat on a train,  
Having no pen will drive you quite insane.

Angela Wybrow

# Poetry In Motion

Often when I travel by train,  
I discover that my sleepy brain,  
Very suddenly, comes alive  
And jumps straight into overdrive.

All at once, it clicks into gear,  
And mixes together many ideas.  
Above my head, on comes a light,  
And, suddenly, I have a new poem to write.

A poem may stem from a single word:  
Something I've read or something I've heard.  
I sometimes write about places I've been,  
Emotions I've experienced or people I've seen.

To write a poem, I often don't plan,  
But, inside my head, a new idea lands.  
Ideas for a poem are never-ending;  
I have quite a few ideas still pending.

The rhythm of the train provides a good beat,  
And, in my pad, I begin a new sheet.  
Once I've completed the first few lines,  
I know that my poem will work out fine.

I find that ideas are soon freely flowing,  
And, on the page, my poem is growing.  
I love to work with rhythm and rhyme;  
Writing poetry, I spend quite some time.

I often write while I am on-the-go:  
Motion, I find, helps the ideas flow.  
Often by the time my journey is done,  
I've written another poem – just for fun!

Angela Wybrow

# Poetry Obsession

I have been writing poetry for just over a year;  
That I love poetry, I guess, it's perfectly clear.  
My output, to date, has been really quite prolific.  
I feel pleased with my work, but it's not terrific.

Now is the time for me to make a confession:  
For me, poetry has become a bit of an obsession!  
Now I find that, sometimes when I speak,  
My sentences unintentionally rhyme! Eeek!

My poems total over three hundred in number;  
Sometimes, composing them affects my slumber.  
Of my poetry, I admit I feel really rather proud,  
But I feel way too shy to read them out aloud.

Often, when I'm out walking, or I'm sat on a train,  
Ideas will manifest themselves deep in my brain.  
I often find myself spending quite some time,  
Pondering the two factors of rhythm and rhyme.

My poems all rhyme: I don't write in 'free verse':  
In unrhymed poetry, myself, I just can't immerse.  
To me, poetry which rhymes seems more precise:  
It has a better finish, and it just sounds, well, nice!

At my poems people have been gazing,  
But I would disagree that my work is 'amazing'.  
From all over the world, I am quite often sent  
From fellow poets, some encouraging comments.

I have chosen some of my poems to put in a book;  
My local bookshop is selling it! Please take a look!  
I was thrilled when they agreed to sell it in-store;  
They sold the entire first batch, and asked for more!

My dream job is to become a really famous writer;  
I know it's a tough journey, but I'm a real fighter.  
For sitting, writing poetry, I would love to get paid:  
Maybe, if I keep plodding onwards, I will one 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

# Port Isaac's Fishermen's Friends

Ten Cornishmen, of a mature age  
Stand together, taking centre stage.  
Singing together, in close harmony,  
They sing out shanties of the sea.

Their voices are lifted loud in song;  
They sing out proud; they sing out strong.  
Each of the men knows his part,  
And sings it out from his heart.

These men, who appear very down to earth,  
Sing about Cornwall: the place of their birth.  
They are hoping to keep the old songs alive;  
Hoping that, forever, the old songs survive.

Amongst the group, there is much respect;  
A real sense of camaraderie, you can detect.  
Each man appears casual and very laid back,  
But, of enthusiasm, there certainly is no lack.

They perform a long line of catchy songs:  
The audience all clap and they sing along.  
Everybody smiles and taps their feet:  
They tap their toes to the steady beat.

These worthy winners in the world of Folk,  
All enjoy a cool pint and sharing a joke.  
Whether it's sunshine or whether it's rain,  
This band of men will still entertain.

They do not put on any airs and graces:  
These talented Cornishmen with wizened faces.  
Some men sing high, while others sing low;  
Between them, they cook up a brilliant show.

They sing great songs for over an hour:  
They sing with spirit; they sing with power.  
To many people, they have brought cheer,  
And will continue to do so for many a year.



Angela Wybrow

# Portobello Beach

I wander along the rippled sand,  
Past the sunbathers – toned and tanned.

As, along the sand, I slowly roam,  
All of my problems are left back at home.

I am focused upon the things I may find,  
And, so, at present, I have a worry-free mind.

I see dozens of gulls waiting to be fed,  
And some jellyfish, but, sadly, they're dead.

I see bright green gut-weed and bladder wrack,  
And a tiny wee crab lying dead on it's back;

I see starlings bathing in a water outlet:  
Fluttering their wings, getting soaking wet.

Curly-whirly worm casts are scattered all around,  
And dark, deep holes where the worms burrowed down.

Amber, brown, black, white and grey –  
Rocks and pebbles dictate where I stray.

Across the sands, seashells are scattered;  
Some still perfect, some broken and battered.

More and more shells, each new day brings,  
Including ones shaped like angel wings.

Come dinner time, I start making tracks,  
But, one day soon, I know I'll come back.

Angela Wybrow

# Preacher Man

He stands on the bridge by the church:  
For new recruits, he is now on the search.  
He stands with his back to the railings;  
To gain any attention, he is sadly failing.

It's cold and wet, and the sky is grey;  
For preaching, it isn't the best of days.  
His words are falling upon deaf ears,  
As, down from the Heavens, rain rapid tears.

By many people, his voice goes unheard,  
But he soldiers on - he's quite undeterred.  
People are rushing to get undercover:  
Of this weather, they're not massive lovers.

But about the weather, he doesn't mind,  
As fellow followers, he wishes to find.  
Folk hurry past - not one of them stays,  
And no one listens to a word that he says.

To the preacher, the people do not listen;  
With rain, the pavements prettily glisten.  
People pass him by without much care;  
They treat him like he is not really there.

Time, in his sermon, he may have invested,  
But the passing people just are not interested.  
Some think he's crazy - somewhat brainwashed,  
But his positive spirit remains resolutely unquashed.

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

## Pretty In Pink

The setting sun spreads a pearly pink glow  
Over the headland and the sea down below.  
Stood amongst flowers of yellow and mauve,  
I look down to where there's a secluded cove.

Rivulets of sea water run away down the beach:  
The silvery sea, these streamlets very soon reach.  
The sun sits in the sky, like a white ball of fire.  
Birds sing out their songs like a heavenly choir.

The cliff top yonder, is a patchwork of green.  
The atmosphere here is so peaceful and serene.  
Along the soft sands, a few stragglers still roam.  
Around the jagged rocks, water jumps and foams.

Like metal to a magnet, I am drawn to this place;  
I love seeing the scenery; I love the laid-back pace.  
The hues on the horizon are pink, purple, and grey,  
Signalling that tomorrow will be another fine day.

Angela Wybrow

# Queen Of The Social Scene

The invitations, they never cease;  
Of you, everybody wants a piece.  
You sometimes wish you were left on the shelf,  
So that you can have some time to yourself.

Friends text or phone to ask when you're free  
For lunch, for dinner, or a quick coffee.  
Through the post, some invites are sent,  
Requesting your presence at some social event.

You're a major player of the social scene,  
But you've very little time inbetween  
To gather your thoughts or simply rest -  
To fit everyone in, you do try your best.

In your diary, you quite often look,  
To make quite sure that you don't double-book.  
Being so popular must be so nice,  
But, up to a point, you do pay a price.

You're rushing here - you're rushing there;  
You're rushing around everywhere.  
Some invitations, you have to decline,  
As, within your day, you don't have the time.

Rushing there and rushing here  
Is extremely tiring - it is clear.  
It's great to live your life to the max,  
But take some time out and just RELAX!

Angela Wybrow

# Rag Pickers

For hours on end, they sift through the trash,  
Trying to earn some petty cash.  
These children make such a sorrowful sight;  
Many of us are not aware of their plight.

Many have no shoes upon their feet.  
They toil beneath the sun's fierce heat.  
Many are dressed in nothing but rags.  
Some things they find make them gag.

Their faces are often streaked with dirt.  
They feel they have very little self-worth.  
In the midday sun, they toil and sweat.  
A pittance, for their work, is all they get.

They search for glass and old tin cans,  
Pieces of wood and old pots and pans.  
They throw their 'treasure' in to sacks.  
Each day, they nearly break their backs.

They find themselves hounded by police,  
When all they wish for is some peace.  
They are often injured or get ill,  
But, for them, there is no magic pill.

They should be in school; they wish to learn,  
But, beneath the sun, each day they burn.  
They dream of the day when they'll be rich,  
And not have to wash in some dirty ditch.

Every day, these poor children pray  
That a brighter future will come their way.  
They pray that they can leave the streets,  
And fill their bellies with nice things to eat.

They dream at night of a future that's bright.  
At the end of the tunnel, they hope there's light.  
Their days as rag pickers, they'll leave behind,  
And a brand new life, they hope they'll find.



Angela Wybrow

# Rainbow Sky

Tonight, I saw a radiant rainbow sky:  
Stunning colours, which caught my eye.  
Shades of blue, yellow, peach, and red:  
Absolutely amazing, it has to be said!

It wasn't very long after the sun had set:  
It was an evening sky, which I won't forget.  
It was Nature's show, at the close of day,  
And I had trouble tearing my eyes away.

I wonder how all those colours appear,  
And how they look so bright and clear?  
The horizon never looked quite so pretty:  
That darkness fell, really was a great pity.

Once darkness fell, there no colours left.  
Losing the rainbow sky, I felt quite bereft.  
I saw the sky ablaze with colours of fire;  
Of seeing such sights, I doubt I'll ever tire.

Away from the horizon, but not too far,  
Were a crescent moon, and twinkling star.  
This patch of sky had a much darker hue:  
I guess some may call it 'midnight blue.'

In the night sky, the moon and stars shone:  
Brighter still, once the daylight had gone.  
Tired out, I snuggled down in my cosy bed,  
With moon and stars shining over my head.

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

# Random Rooms

Way beneath the sizzling sun,  
Dozens of children are having fun.  
Dressed in swimwear, they're having a ball,  
In the fountains outside Festival Hall.

From hundreds of holes, the water zooms,  
Temporarily creating some random rooms.  
The jets of water, they leap up so tall,  
And surround the children with watery walls.

The dancing jets, the children adore:  
There are happy faces and giggles galore.  
They run, shrieking, through the jets,  
Getting themselves soaking wet.

This art installation holds many a surprise:  
It's anyone's guess where the water will rise.  
The jumping water jets will suddenly subside,  
And, beneath the deck, they will wait and hide.

It really is a great game of chance,  
As, across the deck, the children dance.  
The water stops and starts, and starts and stops,  
As, across the deck, the children happily hop.

The children pray for a bright, sunny day,  
So that, in the fountains, they're able to play.  
Come summer's end, the fountains disappear,  
But, chances are, they'll be back here next year.

Angela Wybrow

# Rebekah

You're the brightest star up in the sky;  
Up with the angels, your soul now flies.  
From this world, you may be gone,  
But your feisty spirit still lives on.

To so many, you were a true inspiration;  
Your courageous fight touched the nation.  
You left this world far too young;  
By many folk, your praises were sung.

You were truly beautiful inside and out;  
That you'll be missed, there's no shadow of doubt.  
You could light up a room with your smile.  
For others, you would go that extra mile.

By so many you were loved and adored -  
We all so hoped you would win your war.  
Your positive attitude was so contagious;  
Your fight was spirited and courageous.

Up to Heaven your soul took flight -  
You're a twinkling star, shining so bright.  
Even though we're now worlds apart,  
You will live forever deep in our hearts.

You were one in a million - a gem so rare.  
Your early departure seems so hard to bear.  
Death can't extinguish your dazzling light.  
Goodnight Rebekah - we hope you sleep tight.

Angela Wybrow

# Recovery

I'm a Ford Fiesta, painted light blue,  
With, may I add, a metallic hue.  
I'm a cute little car and I'm pretty smart;  
I'm a car which ranks pretty high in the charts.

As I ride on the back of the recovery truck,  
I feel as if I am pretty down on my luck.  
For me, the future looks pretty uncertain:  
For me, I hope it's not the final curtain.

I served my owner for quite a few years;  
Little did I know it would all end in tears.  
I used to love driving along the roads,  
Carrying passengers and their various loads.

I used to wait for them outside the shops,  
And, outside schools, I would often stop.  
I would drive along for many a mile,  
Sharing their lives and the odd smile.

I loved life with them: I felt I belonged,  
So, I'm wondering where it all went so wrong.  
I hadn't any dents and was as good as new;  
I just can't believe that our relationship's through.

I am feeling unloved, alone, and so lost;  
Surely my body isn't gonna be squashed?  
My once warm engine is now stone cold,  
And now I'm wondering what my future holds.

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 their much 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

# Rhyme Riot

When I jump into bed,  
There's no rhyme in my head.  
But, when I wake up at two,  
The reverse is then true.

In my head, an idea  
Calls loud and calls clear.  
I sit up for a time –  
Considering rhythm and rhyme.

I consider the sounds;  
Re-jig some words around.  
The house is all quiet,  
But, in my mind, there's a riot.

As I lie there awake,  
More rhymes, my mind makes.  
I consider my subject  
And how words connect.

When I finish verse six,  
I think, 'Right, that is it.'  
Soon tiredness creeps,  
So I lay down to sleep.

But there suddenly bursts  
An idea for a new verse;  
So I sit up again,  
Grabbing paper and pen.

If I don't write them down,  
My thoughts will all drown;  
They'll survive through the night,  
Once they're in black and white.

On the pad, my thoughts stay,  
As my mind drifts away.  
I awaken the next morn,  
And a new poem is born!

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 drop 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

# Ruby

Other cats, they just pass me by,  
But you seemed keen to say 'Hi! '  
We had never met each other before,  
But you were keen to offer a friendly paw.

On top of the bed, I saw you lazing;  
Into my eyes, you were intently gazing.  
When I beckoned and called your name,  
Your eyes lit up like a flickering flame.

You jumped off the bed and stood at my feet;  
Petting you, I said 'Oh, you're just so sweet! '  
You seemed really keen to make a new friend;  
I had to go, but I hoped that I'd see you again.

With you, I feel that I've made a connection;  
Your soul seems to revel in peoples' affection.  
You seem gentle and mild and so laid back;  
To make people love you, you have a knack.

I hear that you are obsessed with your food:  
That for eating, you're eternally in the mood!  
Sitting by the window, you love gazing out:  
Watching birds in the tree, I have no doubt!

With your previous family, you felt so alone,  
But now, you are living in a happy home.  
By your new family, you are totally adored:  
And by them, you'll never ever be ignored.

Angela Wybrow

# Ruby Red Dragon

I am a ruby red dragon, with eyes of liquid gold;  
My claws are sharp like needles, and my ruby blood runs cold.  
I live my life in a deep, dark cave, which acts as my secret lair;  
To come within a mile of my home, most folk would not dare.

I have sharp, pointed teeth, and a looooooong, swishy tail;  
My breath doesn't smell that sweet: in fact, it smells quite stale.  
My tongue is long and slender, and looks like a slithering snake.  
Every night, I stretch my wings, and go for a fly across the lake.

To save myself from harm, I'm covered in numerous scales;  
My armour plating protects me, and is as hard as metal nails.  
My job is to guard a huge mountain of gold and silver treasure;  
In scaring off little children, I have gained a lot of pleasure.

I am a fearsome, wild beast, and my heart cannot be tamed;  
For breathing smoke and fire, I've won respect and worldwide fame.  
To warn off any unwelcome visitors, I let out an almighty roar;  
The visitor will then leg it, and they won't come back no more.

Angela Wybrow

# Sahara Sun

I looked to the skies,  
And I got a surprise,  
When, in a sky of slate grey,  
On a warm, Autumn day,

A perfect circle of orangey-red,  
Sat there serenely above my head.  
But, to me, it looked wrong:  
As though, it didn't belong.

I thought to myself 'That can't be right! ',  
As I struggled to believe this quite bizarre sight.  
I looked at it, and I then looked again,  
And wondered if I was going insane.

It was a sight which I'd not seen before;  
Its breath-taking beauty, I could not ignore.  
But, from the sun, there were no rays;  
No cheerful glow on this dark, dingy day.

The sun, to me, had never looked stranger;  
Inside of me, I felt a slight sense of danger.  
The air that day was muggy and warm;  
I knew that out West, there was a storm.

At the strange sight, I curiously peered:  
To me, the sun looked seriously weird.  
Although it was there before my eyes,  
I have to confess,  
It took a while for my brain  
To fully process.

I wondered if my eyes were busy deceiving,  
As the sight before me took quite some believing.  
Inside our house, there was a gloom;  
As though the sun had set on darkening rooms.

By the sight, some folk felt charmed,  
Whilst others were left feeling pretty alarmed.

That very strange day, I'll never forget:  
It was the weirdest weather I've witnessed as yet.

Angela Wybrow

# Sand Artists

When the tide of the Thames is at a low,  
Down to its beaches, the sand artists go.  
They are working against Old Father Time:  
For only a short while, their talents will shine.

They have with them their tools and a pail;  
To impress passing crowds, they'll never fail.  
When they are working on their designs,  
They pray that the weather will stay fine.

Their labours often attract quite a crowd;  
Of their efforts, the artists feel proud.  
Upon the beaches, their towels are laid:  
For their efforts, they hope to get paid.

Designs can be simple or be quite complex,  
But, by the rising tide, they'll all be wrecked.  
Upon their work, passing people peer down:  
They may see a mermaid, a dragon, or clown.

The delicate sculptures, which they have created,  
Will be overcome by the water and be saturated.  
The fruits of their labours will be washed away,  
But you know they'll return the very next day.

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

# Seaside Insanity

The coloured pedalos,  
And the puppet show,  
Are no longer in sight,  
For the visitors' delight;  
The lido has closed;  
Beach-huts got bulldozed.  
All the fun of the fair  
Is now no longer there;  
There was a cosy café -  
Now a takeaway;  
And once there stood,  
A pier built of wood,  
Where people would stroll,  
After paying a toll;  
Fond memories fade  
Of the penny arcade,  
Where now there are flats -  
There's no turning back;  
No attractions are left,  
And the Prom is bereft;  
There are benches for bums,  
And seagulls crave crumbs.  
But the sand and the sea  
Will always be free -  
They'll both soldier on,  
And will never be gone:  
For some, they're enough,  
But these times are tough;  
People will go other places,  
With their designer suitcases.  
Is this what they call progress,  
Or is it all just an awful mess?

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

## Second Hand Books

Books! Books! Books! There are so many different designs.  
There are some which, by the author, are personally signed.  
Some books have pages with gilt edges, which look all posh.  
Some have nice pictures on their covers, which are embossed.

Some books have hard covers, while some have soft.  
Some are all dusty, where they've been kept in the loft.  
Some books have fancy covers; some just have plain.  
Some have suffered mishaps, and are now all stained.

Some books are all dog-eared at the corners of their pages.  
Some have gone yellow, where they've been around ages.  
Inside some books, there can be seen a pencilled name;  
Someone, who once, on this particular book, had a claim.

Some are obviously well read; their spines are all creased.  
From out of a book, amazing adventures can be unleashed.  
Some books have pages which are spoiled or a bit torn.  
Some have covers which are grubby and look well worn.

Some just have text, while others also include illustrations.  
Some are former prize winners; once the toast of the nation.  
There are books by famous authors, as well as the lesser known.  
Some are former library books which, to the public, were loaned.

There are romances, poetry, classics, sci-fi, humour, and histories;  
Gardening, cookery, travel, thrillers, manga, and murder mysteries.  
In wooden bookcases, the books are categorised, and are neatly lined.  
In a second hand bookshop, you just never know what you may find.

Angela Wybrow

# Secret Songbird

I didn't know she loved to sing,  
Or what feelings it would bring.  
Her performance came out of the blue:  
It wasn't planned – it was impromptu.

A pretty lass, with her hair tied back,  
She sat with a guitar upon her lap.  
Her melodious voice filled the air,  
As, with us, a song she shared.

Inside of me, emotions were stirred,  
As I stood and listened to the words.  
I hadn't considered what talents lurked  
Inside this young woman outside of work.

I, myself, was in quite a rush,  
But the sound I heard was really lush;  
So I stood and listened for a while.  
Upon my lips, there played a smile.

I stood there rooted to the spot -  
The passing time, my mind forgot.  
By her talent, I was astounded.  
By sweet music, I was surrounded.

Our secret songbird sang loud and clear;  
The experience almost moved me to tears.  
Someone nearby threw open the window,  
And suddenly her sweet voice ceased to flow.

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 For Change

Before we begin, the audience chatters.  
In the nearby café bar, cutlery clatters.  
Stood on the stage, I look all around,  
Taking in all the sights and the sounds.

With so many watching, I feel slightly shy,  
But my spirit within, is soaring so high.  
I open my mouth, and I sing out real loud.  
Our concert has drawn a really big crowd.

The hall we are in, is a massive space.  
We watch our Conductor keeping pace.  
Our choir sings out many a great song.  
A couple of times, I sing a note wrong.

There is a real bright sparkle in my eyes.  
The joy within my heart begins to rise.  
The smile on my lips, I just can't hide.  
Singing with Voicelab, I feel such pride.

As a choir, we all sing out together as one.  
It is hard work, but it is also really good fun.  
We sing some classical; we sing some pop.  
I want to keep singing: I don't want to stop.

The power of song ignites my inner light;  
The aura around me burns so very bright.  
I love it when my mind feels this way.  
If only I could do this every single day.

At the end of each song, we get applause.  
We leave the audience wanting some more.  
I desperately don't want the end to come.  
Afterwards, the songs, I continue to hum.

When our performance is over and done,  
I want to do it all again: I want a re-run.  
The Royal Festival Hall, we later leave,  
Pleased with all that we have achieved.

Angela Wybrow

# Singing For His Supper

With a voice sweet like honey,  
He sings for some money;  
Dressed in blue jeans and a T-shirt of grey,  
He adds extra warmth to this sunny day.

With his olive toned skin and designer stubble,  
He is caught up within a heavenly bubble;  
As he sings his songs by the Bankside Pier,  
The tone of his voice delights my two ears.

Along the South Bank, folk leisurely roam,  
As the river beneath them fizzes and foams;  
But, to him, a number of folk stop and listen,  
As, behind him, the Thames cheerfully glistens.

He sings a selection of songs old and new,  
With the cathedral of St Paul's as his background view.  
A barge passes by, carrying coal by the tons,  
As the River Thames sparkles in the afternoon sun.

As he sings his songs and plays his guitar,  
I wonder if he'll ever become a big star.  
A while longer, I would so love to stay,  
But I'm meeting a friend, so I soon slip away.

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

# Sir Terry

Sir Terry was a legend of our lifetime;  
He was warm and witty, generous and kind.  
When he passed away, his fans they shed tears,  
As he had felt like their friend for many a year.

The distinctive tones of this Irish-born son,  
Were first heard on the airwaves of Radio One.  
As the popularity of this great man grew,  
He was given his own show on Radio Two.

Sir Terry was loved by everybody he knew,  
And also by the stars who he interviewed.  
His shows were unscripted: he just improvised -  
Sharing his wit and the world through his eyes.

On many a morning his cheery dulcet tones,  
Filled the interiors of our nation's homes.  
We woke up with Wogan on many a morning,  
Still in our pyjamas, stretching and yawning.

Life for Terry was never ever a race,  
And he often wore a smile upon his face.  
He got stuck in and was game for a laugh;  
For a good cause, he'd happily act daft.

For this man, there was an outpouring of praise.  
Millions for Children In Need Sir Terry helped raise.  
Ant and Dec dubbed him a 'Knight of the Realm.'  
On Blankety Blank, Sir Terry first took the helm.

On the Eurovision Song Contest, he whipped up much wit.  
With the folk song The Floral Dance, he had a surprise hit.  
He was helpful, encouraging and gave good advice.  
Both professionally and personally, he was so nice.

Terry was one of our national treasures -  
Bringing to millions many hours of pleasure.  
He was a man who touched many hearts;  
Of many folk's lives, he was a part.

He was a cheeky and chatty and charming man;  
Of our nation's fabric, he was a sparkling strand.  
About Sir Terry there was never ever heard  
A bad, critical, mean or hurtful word.

And so the day came, when aged seventy-seven,  
Sir Terry passed away and his soul went to Heaven.  
This genial gentleman may be now gone,  
But fond memories of him will go on and on.

Angela Wybrow

# Sky Dancer

The mating season has begun,  
And he has found his perfect One;  
In to the air, he now takes flight:  
Circling up to a dizzying height.

Above the moor, he twists and twirls,  
Hoping to win this precious pearl;  
He pictures the two of them flying together  
Far above the purple heather.

His skilful dance, he is keen to show  
To his chosen One down far below;  
He is making the most of this chance  
By showcasing his masterful, magical dance.

He hopes that he can catch her eye  
With his smooth manoeuvres in the sky;  
He hopes that he can steal her heart,  
And that, of his life, she'll be a part.

With his aerial antics, he hopes to impress,  
So he zips about with a keen sense of zest;  
He glides on currents of sun-kissed air;  
Of what is at stake, he is all too aware.

He completes his world-class dance routine,  
And hopes she's impressed by what she has seen;  
It's a familiar story of boy meets girl,  
But is one of the most impressive in the natural world.

Angela Wybrow

# Sleigh Ride

Snowflakes swirl all around my face,  
As Santa's sleigh picks up the pace.  
I can barely believe my own two eyes,  
As we suddenly take off into the skies.

Instead of being laden with children's toys,  
Our sleigh is laden with faces of joy.  
We fly so fast through the wintry night -  
Our excited faces are full of delight.

Open-mouthed, I gaze down below,  
And spy festive windows all aglow.  
That this is happening, it's hard to believe -  
So thrilled am I, I can barely breathe!

As we follow along the winding river,  
The cold frosty air makes me shiver.  
The reindeer run with soundless hooves  
Over the city's snow-covered roofs.

Sleigh bells rhythmically jingle-jangle,  
As we view the City from every angle.  
We see Shakespeare's Globe and the O2 -  
From so far up, we've a fantastic view.

We see Tower Bridge and the Festival Hall,  
The Shard and the cathedral of St Paul's.  
I wonder if I'm dreaming or if it is real,  
As we zoom on past the Millennium Wheel.

The bell of Big Ben chimes at midnight.  
As we swoop on by holding real tight.  
Onwards we go, travelling due west,  
And my heart beats faster within my chest.

The city below is a breathtaking sight -  
Streetlights glow in a world full of white.  
Slowly, but surely, our sleigh starts to descend,  
As our magical sleigh ride comes to an end.

Angela Wybrow

# Snail Mail

Receiving a letter through the post  
Is one of the things which I love the most;  
I consider that there is nothing better  
Than receiving a lovely handwritten letter.

I really love to read other peoples' news  
On paper with patterns and different hues;  
Some papers are pastel - others are bright,  
But either way, they make a cheery sight.

I may be old fashioned, but I do think  
It is fun buying pens with fragranced ink;  
Electronic mail may be all very well,  
But it can't be written with pens which smell.

Admittedly, you can choose an email font  
Of almost any size, colour, or style you want,  
But an individual's unique style of writing  
Makes a letter seem much more inviting.

On some occasions, emails can seem too formal,  
And a handwritten letter seems much more normal,  
Especially if your main purpose is to flatter,  
Or if you are writing about a personal matter.

A letter sent by post may take a while,  
But it's much more likely to raise a smile.  
A handwritten letter can touch the heart  
Even when we live many miles apart.

Angela Wybrow

# Snow

The poor ducks paddle in the partially frozen pond.  
Farmers' fields are covered with thick snow beyond.  
Bewildered sheep, keep warm in their thick woolly coats.  
On toboggans, cheerful children slide down slippery slopes.

Insects and fallen fruit are suddenly nowhere to be found,  
By birds and animals, who forage for food upon the ground.  
Kindly householders throw out cake crumbs for the birds,  
But among the mammals, murmurs of discontent are heard.

Everywhere in sight is decorated with a thick layer of snow;  
The world all about, is now either at a stop, or on a go-slow.  
Cars slowly wind their way down the narrow country lanes.  
The day sees dozens of delays on the slowly running trains.

Delayed or cancelled, are the large fleets of local buses.  
In this weather, the whole world crawls: it never rushes.  
Drivers furiously scrape clean their frozen windscreens,  
Impatient for this world of white to turn back into green.

To the joy of children, many primary schools have been shut;  
Many deliveries to households and businesses have been cut.  
People in tiny, remote villages are snowed in, and can't get out.  
Clearing the roads, an army of snow-ploughs are out and about.

The skeletal trees, at last, have got some winter decoration,  
And are now looked upon with some degree of admiration.  
The snow is thick, and will take many a day to disappear;  
It will take a while till the road ahead is once again clear.

Angela Wybrow



# Snow In Summer

Whilst we in the South are enjoying the sun,  
Way up in Scotland, they have none.  
Whilst we are relishing the sun's golden glow,  
North of the border, they're expecting some snow.

From us, they're experiencing a different day:  
Our skies are blue – their skies are grey.  
We're sporting t-shirts and shorts in twenty degrees,  
Whilst they're sporting parkas, so they do not freeze.

The weather there is very different from ours:  
On a midsummer day, they're using snow-ploughs.  
For me it would be a pretty major surprise  
To see snowflakes falling from summer skies.

I'm really glad that I don't live there,  
As for snow in summer, I do not much care.  
Snow in July? I've never heard such a thing;  
Who knows what weird weather the future will bring?

Angela Wybrow

# Snowflakes

Soft snowflakes drift daintily down,  
Without so much as a single sound.  
Swirling around, they're a dazzling sight,  
And they make the world seem so bright.

Each flake possesses a pattern so very rare,  
That no two flakes can make a matching pair.  
They each take on a very delicate form,  
Which melts away, when it gets warm.

Each unique, frozen crystal is so very tiny;  
Glistening in the sunlight, they look so shiny.  
Each is a masterpiece: a major work of art,  
Which, from our lives, will very soon depart.

Falling snowflakes appear so fluffy and soft,  
When, caught by the wind, they dance aloft.  
Single snowflakes are as light as a feather,  
But weigh a ton, when collected together.

On every surface, the snowflakes collect:  
Soon, with white, everything is bedecked.  
The snowflakes form a thick carpet of white,  
As they settle down, following their flight.

Things, which were familiar to our eyes,  
Are suddenly more difficult to recognise.  
Snow seems to change the world's face,  
And it suddenly seems a different place.

Angela Wybrow

# Snowy: The Cat

While I was out walking,  
I saw a little cat.  
So I called him on over  
For a little chat.

He ran straight over:  
He did not hesitate.  
He seemed extremely keen  
To be my new best mate.

One of his eyes was blue;  
The other one was green.  
He had the strangest eyes  
That I had ever seen.

His fur was like snow:  
It was pure, brilliant white.  
All in all, he really was  
A most unusual sight.

He could obviously sense  
That I meant him no harm,  
And, upon me, he soon worked  
Some of his old feline charm.

Up in to my eyes,  
He intently gazed,  
And the world about me  
Just melted away.

Around my legs,  
His body lightly brushed,  
While I spoke to him  
In tones, which were hushed.

I petted the little cat  
For a short while.  
Upon my two lips,  
There played a slight smile.

Soon, it was time  
For me to make tracks,  
But I assured the little cat,  
That I would be back.

Angela Wybrow

# Someone Else

Maybe if I pretend to be  
Someone else instead of me,  
I won't feel like I want to hide,  
Or feel the nerves deep inside.

Maybe if I'm able to put on an act,  
I'll feel the confidence which I lack.  
As long as I'm really well prepared,  
I'll look as though I'm not too scared.

I'll look like I'm a star in the making,  
When deep inside, I'm really shaking.  
I'll stand up on stage like my heroine,  
And show them that I can really sing.

I'll be someone else just for a while,  
And make my entrance with a smile.  
I'll sing out my song nice and loud,  
And make myself feel really proud.

Angela Wybrow

# Song Of The Seals

I longed to hear the song of the seals,  
So, very tightly, I closed my eyes;  
But, although I concentrated really hard,  
I could only hear the seagull's cries.

So I wrote the seals a little letter,  
Then I dropped it into the sea;  
But the seals remained as silent as could be,  
And they would not sing for me.

So then I wrote upon the sand,  
In letters some three feet wide:  
'SING FOR ME, PLEEEASE! '  
But my message was erased by the tide.

I hoped the seals would decide to sing,  
As I longed to be entertained,  
But although I listened so carefully,  
Quiet those seals still remained.

Then, very suddenly, they began to sing –  
High-pitched 'ooohs' rather than words.  
Although I couldn't understand their song,  
It was the most beautiful sound I'd heard.

The song I heard was strange but sweet:  
I had never heard such a sound before.  
As I stood upon the soft silken sand,  
I willed them to sing me some more.

As I stood and listened to their sad song,  
I couldn't quite believe my two ears.  
It was a really special moment for me,  
And I cried some happy salt tears.

The seals sweet song came to an end,  
And silence fell across the bay.  
Filled with joy, I stood and watched  
As the seals swam swiftly away.

Angela Wybrow

# Sos: Save Our Skate-Park

We've stated our case loud and clear;  
We've been skating here for many a year.  
It's one of the best skate parks around:  
For us it's considered hallowed ground.

We're trying our best to spread the word;  
We're trying to get our voices heard.  
To our concrete cave, we've added charm:  
Just leave us alone – we're doing no harm!

Of our colourful cavern, with 3-D writing,  
We are fond, and now we are fighting  
To keep it from the greedy vultures,  
Who don't give a damn about our culture.

Skaters, they travel from miles around  
To show off their skills in London Town.  
Passers-by love to stand and stare,  
As we launch ourselves into the air.

To the Undercroft, we are now attached:  
The atmosphere there cannot be matched.  
The atmosphere's vibrant – in no way tame:  
Anywhere else just wouldn't be the same.

We don't see why we have to move -  
Of these new plans, we disapprove.  
People have been signing our petition,  
And showing their support in our mission.

To us, it really seems quite a mystery,  
Why they want to discard our history.  
Our favourite place, they want to destroy:  
Inside we are feeling angry and annoyed.

It's where a lot of us learnt our craft:  
Moving the park seems completely daft.  
At the Undercroft, we'd much rather stay:  
Here's hoping the decision goes our way!



Angela Wybrow

## Special Delivery

The postman got himself in to a bit of a mess:  
And he delivered a letter to the wrong address.  
The intended recipient would feel a lot better,  
When, in her hand, she was holding the letter.

When she opened that letter, intended for her,  
Emotions inside her would soon start to stir.  
The letter had travelled across many a mile;  
To her face, it would bring a great big smile.

The letter was from a soldier in Afghanistan:  
Maybe it bore news from her beloved man?  
I am sure that she cried when he was deployed.  
Receiving the letter, she would be so overjoyed.

The light blue letter had travelled all that way;  
I was sure it would make the young lady's day.  
From her boyfriend she would be dying to hear;  
Receiving his letter would bring her much cheer.

I imagined the message written from his heart,  
Helping to bridge the gap, during their time apart.  
I pictured him writing, while rockets flew overhead.  
She would re-read many times, all that he had said.

Holding that letter, made me stop and think:  
With that soldier, I felt a strange kind of link.  
Looking at the envelope, I held in my hands,  
Her emotions, I suddenly began to understand.

I thought about the couple's mix of emotions,  
During their time, parted by the mighty oceans.  
I thought about how he would wish he was here,  
And how they had both shed some secret tears.

Hearing from him, she would cry tears of relief.  
I bet he signed his name with kisses underneath.  
To her, the letter would be a wonderful sight,  
And she would sleep well in her bed that night.

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

# Spinning A Yarn

Early in the morning, the Mill's siren sent out a loud wail:  
To hear its calling, the local people could not possibly fail;  
Clogs clattered noisily along the shiny cobblestones,  
As workers, in their hundreds, left their humble homes.

For hour upon end, like bees, the large workforce toiled;  
By dust, oil and grime, their work clothes were often soiled.  
Children aged as young as six would often work a shift:  
Through raw wool, they were expected to sit there and sift.

Under the moving machinery, the little children ducked:  
Pieces of woollen fibre from the floor, they plucked.  
It was commonplace for children to suffer terrible harm:  
Some got trapped in machinery by their hair or arms.

Workers spent their hours carding, spinning, and weaving,  
From the early morning right through to the early evening.  
In the still air, dust and fibres both constantly hung,  
Slowly working their way in to the workers' lungs.

Due to deafening machines, workers cleverly designed  
Their own method of communication using silent signs;  
There were many reported cases of workers being left  
With hearing problems; whilst others were completely deaf.

A few of the mills were managed by big, mean bully boys,  
But, to work at these mills, workers had very little choice;  
The conditions at the mills were often extremely harsh:  
Workers may be beaten if they did not work that fast.

If workers fell ill and, on their sickbed, they were laid,  
That week they would struggle, as they would not get paid.  
Work conditions were arduous, and the pay was pretty poor:  
But if the workers complained, they were shown the door.

Angela Wybrow

# Spring Has Come

The first signs of spring are now in the air.  
To show their faces, the flowers now dare.  
Crocuses have appeared - purple and gold:  
They're no longer afraid of the biting cold.

On the trees, blossom buds look set to burst:  
For the sun's warming rays, they have a thirst.  
The days are now gradually growing longer,  
And the sun's rays are growing a little stronger.

The Council workmen are out cutting the grass:  
To me, it is a sure sign that winter has passed.  
Sleeping animals are waking from their slumber,  
As days filled with sunshine increase in number.

Joyful birdsong can be heard up in the trees.  
My hair is lightly ruffled by a gentle breeze.  
Round and about, spiders have now appeared:  
By many, these creatures are quite often feared.

Upon once bare branches, there can now be seen  
Tender new shoots, looking so fresh and green.  
Above my head, the sky is a cornflower blue.  
Up in the tree tops, wood pigeons gently coo.

Soon, we'll be seeing butterflies and ladybirds,  
And the first cuckoo of spring will soon be heard.  
Honey bees will soon be leaving their hives,  
As God's garden gradually springs back in to life.

Lambs will be leaping and chicks will be cheeping;  
In to the world, new life is now gradually creeping.  
We will be treated to wonderful sights and sounds,  
As spring washes away winter's greys and browns.

Spring is a season which is looked forward to:  
A time when living things appear fresh and new.  
With winter gone, the spring brings us such cheer;  
It will always be my very favourite time of the year.

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



# Sprites

Over the moors, they swiftly fly -  
Seldom spotted by human eye.  
These tiny, timid, delicate creatures  
Fly like insects but have human features.

Their frame is dressed in olive skin;  
Their slender bodies are stick-like thin.  
They've a tiny nose and a tiny mouth,  
And a sharp little chin a tad further south.

Their eyes are huge – as black as the night:  
Multi-faceted, they glisten so bright.  
Upon their heads there is fine, wispy hair,  
And two antennae are also found there.

They fly upon shimm'ring wings,  
And have a real love of glitt'ring things:  
Silver coins and pieces of glass,  
Beads and bangles, they seldom do pass.

By streams and lakes, they often dwell -  
By village ponds and wishing wells.  
Whenever they spy birds of prey,  
They do their best to dash away.

With wings like those of a dragonfly,  
These tiny creatures are timid and shy.  
To venture near towns, they seldom dare,  
So sightings of them are extremely rare.

So the next time you spy a 'dragonfly',  
Study it closely as it buzzes on by -  
As the creature you have within your sight,  
Could be one of these magical sprites.

Angela Wybrow

# Standing At The Crossroads

I'm standing at the crossroads, deciding what to do;  
I'm making no rash decisions - I need to think this through.  
Should I turn left or should I turn right?  
At the end of which road will I see the light?

If, to my left, I decided to turn,  
Would my heart get broken and my fingers get burnt?  
If, to my right, I decided to go,  
What lies to my left, I may never know.

A new life for me waits up ahead;  
Life as I know it is pretty much dead.  
Down either road, I know not what awaits -  
Both are unknown to me and so is my fate.

I'm not someone's puppet, nor am I a clown;  
I really do hate it when folk put me down.  
Others may think that they are superior:  
They boss me around, so I feel inferior.

With my old life, I've called it a day -  
Back in the past, I just couldn't stay.  
To my past life, I'm waving goodbye -  
For those old days, I will not sit and cry.

So I'm taking some time in making my choice -  
I'm not listening to others - just my own inner voice.  
The luggage I carried I've left far behind -  
A much happier future, I hope I will find.

Angela Wybrow

# Standing Still

Factories, once engulfed by workplace smells,  
Are now little more than empty shells.  
Machinery, which once clanked and clattered,  
Stands abandoned, broken and battered.

Cranes, once driven to earn a crust,  
Now lay abandoned and full of rust.  
People once worked here to pay their bills,  
But now the place is standing still.

For trade, this place was an important hub;  
It even had its own working men's club.  
In its heyday, it saw many deliveries;  
Now the silence leaves you shivery.

Along the quayside, big ships docked;  
In and out, the dock workers clocked.  
It was a hive of activity every day,  
Until the workforce were sent away.

Trading ceased and the place closed down;  
Now deserted, it is just waste ground.  
The buildings are in a state of disrepair:  
About them, people now no longer care.

To save their jobs, workers campaigned:  
Their fight drove some almost insane.  
They struggled to save their livelihoods,  
But, in the end, it did them no good.

Many workers felt a real sense of shock,  
When, for the last time, gates were locked.  
They missed the work and their friends;  
Their way of life came to an abrupt end.

Angela Wybrow

# Star (Tribute To Lis Sladen)

You were a star down on Earth;  
Now you're a star in the sky:  
Straight up to Heaven  
You were destined to fly.

I will never forget  
That heartbreaking day,  
When it was announced  
That you'd passed away.

I could hardly believe it:  
Had they made a mistake?  
You were so full of life:  
Too young for God to take.

Your departure back then  
Took us all by surprise:  
It broke all our hearts  
And made us all cry.

When I see your photo,  
I still can't believe;  
For your presence on Earth,  
I still sit and grieve.

Two years have now passed  
Since you left us behind,  
But you'll stay forever more  
In our hearts and our minds.

Angela Wybrow

# Star Gazing

As I arrived home one evening from work,  
At my front door, I briefly did lurk.  
The sky up above was as black as ink,  
And all of the stars appeared to wink.

I saw hundreds of stars shining bright -  
Each one casting a celestial light;  
I stood gazing up at the star-studded sky -  
At the miniature diamonds way up high.

Up in the sky, the stars flickered and flashed,  
Oozing magic and mystery and pots of panache;  
Like sequins sprinkled on a blanket of black -  
Of razzle and dazzle, there was certainly no lack.

Like a heavenly host of sparkling speckles -  
A delicate dusting of silvery freckles;  
Like silvery glitter casually cast,  
Across the sky, velvety and vast.

They gleamed and glistened above my head -  
Like dark cloth woven with metallic thread.  
The scattering of stars glinted and glimmered -  
Like precious jewels, they shone and shimmered.

I do so love it when the sky is clear,  
As, up at the heavens, I love to peer.  
Up at the stars, I quite often gaze,  
But, by the sight, I still feel amazed.

Angela Wybrow

# Staring At The Storm

Dressed in my nightclothes, cosy and warm,  
I stand at my window and stare at the storm.  
My excited eyes, I can't tear away  
From Mother Nature's most thrilling display.

The thunder in its fury bangs and crashes –  
The lightning in return angrily flashes.  
Lightning breaks the night sky in two:  
Like a jagged knife, it slices right through.

Lightning illuminates the dark, inky clouds –  
Then there's a clap of thunder, booming loud.  
I love the sound of the wind-blown rain  
Drumming upon my window pane.

I love the energy, the whole atmosphere;  
The music of the skies, I so love to hear.  
Heart beating fast, my eyes full of wonder,  
There's nothing to beat a good night of thunder.

The storm rumbles on for over an hour –  
It is full of beauty and passion and power.  
It's a wonderful spectacle for all to see,  
And, best of all, the show is totally free.

Most folk find a storm quite alarming,  
But a storm to me is strangely quite calming.  
Over my body, tiredness gradually creeps,  
And to Nature's symphony, I fall fast asleep.

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

# Storm In A Teacup

The sky is bright blue, but there's a big patch of grey;  
I can hear thunder: there's a storm heading this way.  
At present, my world is glowing with glorious sun,  
But I'm not looking forward to what is to come.

The rolls of thunder are resonating quite far apart,  
But hearing them, quickens the beat of my heart.  
The day, so far, has been a mix of sun and of rain,  
But, thankfully, the sun has prevailed, in the main.

The dark clouds overhead, are as grey as iron;  
The thunder roars loudly, like a mighty lion.  
I'm really hoping that there will be no lightning;  
As an adult, I still find storms quite frightening.

I had been planning to take a steady stroll into town,  
But, chances are, that rain will soon be falling down.  
The sun continues to shine, and there's little thunder;  
Should I take a gamble with the weather, I wonder?

But, I bet as soon as I put a foot out of the door,  
The Heavens will open, and the rain will pour.  
A short time passes; the sun slowly disappears.  
Suddenly, from Heaven, there rains infinite tears.

Luckily, we are spared from a full-blown storm,  
And soon the sun reappears, so nice and warm.  
The thunder doesn't last long: it soon passes by,  
And, I'm feeling glad I stayed at home in the dry.

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

# Street Dwellers

With their faces all lined and weather beaten,  
It could be days since these folk have last eaten.  
These city dwellers; these rough sleeping rovers,  
Have resorted to searching rubbish bins for leftovers.

Through the city streets, they aimlessly roam;  
Sometimes asking people for the bus fare home.  
Refused money, some will swear in your face;  
The streets can seem such a threatening place.

Some of them don't exactly turn on the charm,  
When they ask for money, and grab your arm.  
Some smile, courteously, bidding you a good day,  
Despite things not having quite gone their way.

Some attempt to stop people passing them by,  
But most people still do, however hard they try.  
Asking for spare change, they repeat their plea;  
Some, passers-by, purposely, choose not to see.

They may sleep in a shop doorway, or under a bridge,  
Where the temperature is often as cold as a fridge.  
The days and nights seem to go on for almost ever,  
Especially during the cold and wet, wintry weather.

These people are all different; they are not all the same.  
Some are uneducated; some have letters after their name.  
Some of them are outgoing, while others are very shy;  
Some of them are trustworthy, while others are very sly.

We know very little about these people's past lives;  
They may have left behind children, husbands or wives.  
This group of individuals are so unique and so diverse,  
But, for them, their living conditions could not be worse.

All they need is someone to give them a second chance;  
Someone who gives them more than just a second glance.  
Nobody lives their life on the streets, purely by choice.  
It is time that they were listened to, and given a voice.

Angela Wybrow

# Street Musician

I play mi music up in London town,  
Where I conjure up a carnival soun'.  
Pon de bridge, most of de day,  
Mi steel drum, I love to play.

I help to brighten de peoples' day,  
As, cross de bridge, dey mek dere way.  
Some of dem stroll; some of dem race,  
But mi music put a smile on dere face.

I play dem music wid a jolly beat;  
Mi music ring out so loud an' sweet.  
As mi steel drum sing its song,  
One or two folk, dey dance along.

I play de drum fah many a year:  
I love to spread de love an' cheer.  
Such joy to people, mi music give;  
Wid out mi music, I could nah live.

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 Days

Summer days are warm, and wonderfully long.  
Deep down, within my heart, I feel a joyful song.  
Gone are winter days, with their dowdy browns;  
The trees and flowers now wear coloured crowns.

The natural world displays its bounteous beauty.  
The soft, summer breeze is fragrant and fruity.  
Bees, butterflies, and other bugs, now take flight.  
Days of summer, feel so very cheerful and bright.

The days of winter can be so deeply depressing,  
But now, their true selves, plants are expressing.  
Suddenly, the world feels like a much better place,  
And the happy smiles are evident on many a face.

The world, all about us, is given a golden glow,  
Which illuminates Mother Nature's vibrant show.  
Following the winter months: all dull and dreary;  
We're treated to a display that's much more cheery.

Winter woodlands appear so very bland and bare,  
But, come the summer, they look fabulous and fair.  
Shafts of sunlight shine down through the tall trees;  
The leaf laden branches rustle in the summer breeze.

Some secretly wish that summer could last forever;  
That, all year round, we could enjoy warm weather.  
Once summer is here, you hate for it to have to end;  
You warm to it, as you would, to your dearest friend.

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 Is...

Ice pops;  
Flip flops;  
Barbeques;  
Strappy shoes;  
Deck chairs;  
Chests bared;  
Swimming pools;  
Keeping cool;  
Sunny days;  
Sandy bays;  
Traffic queues;  
Stunning views;  
Seagull cries;  
Butterflies;  
Summer dresses;  
Pretty tresses;  
Ice cream;  
Sunscreen;  
Bees buzzing;  
Beer guzzling;  
Buckets and spades;  
Cool sunshades;  
Beachside huts;  
Pitch and putt;  
Sailing yachts;  
Scorching hot.

Angela Wybrow

# Summer Nights

Oh, how I hate these hot summer nights,  
When a good night's sleep is far from sight.  
Lying on my bed, I constantly toss and turn,  
While the air around me continuously burns.

My window is slightly ajar to let in some air;  
I wonder if I'd be slightly cooler downstairs.  
I have rolled down my blanket and my sheet,  
But despite doing all this, I still feel the heat.

I watch the clock and the time ticks on by,  
But, I just can't sleep, however hard I try.  
Feeling restless in the middle of the night,  
I climb out of bed and switch on the light.

Feeling so far away from the Land Of Nod,  
I sit reading a book and then I play my iPod.  
I'm having a bad night, and am not impressed:  
I didn't sleep much last night, and need my rest.

As the night draws on, slightly cooler air arrives,  
But, by this time, the clock has just struck five.  
I hear the little birds singing out at dawn,  
And it is only then that I give a big yawn.

My eyelids feel heavy and begin to close,  
And, after sleepless hours, I begin to doze.  
Finally, I fall asleep: inside my soul feels calm,  
But a short time later, I'm woken by the alarm.

By now, my room is flooded by brilliant sunlight;  
But I want to stay in bed, with my eyes shut tight.  
I feel like I'm almost dead, rather than refreshed;  
I certainly don't feel anywhere near my very best.

I don't have much energy: I've no get up and go,  
And when I do get up, my movements are slow.  
I wish that the temperature at night would dip,  
Then I could finally get some much needed kip.

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 Snapshot

High up in the sky, the sun is shining.  
Outside restaurants, people are dining.  
Over the sea, sailboats are dashing.  
Against the shore, waves are crashing.

Up in the sky, seagulls are screeching.  
Up to the sun, flowers are reaching.  
In the park, children are playing.  
In the breeze, branches are swaying.

From car windows, music is blaring.  
More of their bodies, people are bearing.  
Down at the beach, people are bathing:  
A nice, healthy tan, they are all craving.

Through the sky, birds are flying.  
On the clothesline, washing is drying.  
Along the roads, cars are queuing.  
In bed, at night, people are stewing.

To peoples' bodies, clothes are sticking.  
Frozen ice lollies, children are licking.  
Their garden borders, people are weeding.  
Ducks, on the river, children are feeding.

Strawberries and cream, people are eating.  
Friends, for a drink, people are meeting.  
In their back gardens, people are sitting.  
Through the air, butterflies are flitting.

Over at Wimbledon, there is tennis.  
Of themselves, wasps make a menace.  
Ice cold drinks, people are sipping,  
In the playground, girls are skipping.

People eat chips with fish in crisp batter.  
Over at Henley, there is a Royal Regatta.  
Of our summer, when the weather is hot,  
The above, make up merely a snapshot.

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

# Sunset By The Sea

I'm unable to visit a seaside town, and not see the mighty ocean;  
I find myself being pulled there, with a sense of magnetic motion.  
I sit surveying the sea, for a while, with a completely rested mind;  
Moments like these, in everyday life, can be so very hard to find.

The lamps which line both sides of the long, wooden panelled pier,  
Shine brightly, through the gathering gloom, bringing some cheer.  
Despite the bitterly cold weather, and the now fast fading daylight,  
Dozens of joggers disappear down the prom, running into the night.

Between the sea and sky, there is usually a distinct horizon to see,  
But the sight which I see before my eyes, seems very strange to me:  
The sea and sky seem to appear as one: both a shade of light grey;  
To onlookers, only the foam crested waves, give the game away.

Waves rapidly rush towards the beach, and they furiously foam.  
Along the water's edge, only the odd few stragglers still do roam.  
On the shining, sodden sand, I see a young couple's reflection;  
Looking relaxed, they stroll, hand in hand, in the sea's direction.

A couple rest on the railings, watching the roaring, rolling surf;  
Nothing can measure what moments, like these, are really worth.  
The pearly sky is streaked with shades of greys, blues, and pinks.  
In the far distance, a string of white lights seems to urgently wink.

The light is fading, but, still, people are drawn towards the sea;  
For some, it seems the only place where they really want to be.  
The effect which water has on people, seems to be very calming;  
Towns situated by the sea, are always considered very charming.

Once I'm stood before the ocean, I so desperately want to stay,  
And I find it almost impossible to have to drag myself away.  
But, in the end, I have to leave, as tonight I have a concert date;  
It is the sole reason for my being here, so I really can't be late.

Angela Wybrow

# Sunshine After The Rain

As he passed me by, he uttered this line:  
'Don't worry. It will be fine.  
Tomorrow it will all be over,  
And you'll wonder what you ever worried about.'  
And that was that: the end of my doubts!  
The turmoil in my mind suddenly ended,  
And a sense of calmness suddenly descended.  
The clouds in my mind swiftly dispersed,  
And, into their place, a bright rainbow burst.  
From that moment, I couldn't dig deep,  
And, into my mind, fear couldn't creep.  
It was all very sudden and really quite weird,  
But gone were my feelings of worry and fear.  
It felt like a magical spell had been cast,  
And the thoughts that plagued me were now in the past.  
For me, that moment was pretty defining,  
As it repainted my mind with a silvery lining.  
All negative thoughts were suddenly suspended,  
And the cracks in my mind were suddenly mended.  
What happened that moment, I can't quite explain,  
But it was just like the sunshine after the rain.  
From that moment, I was all good to go,  
And, the very next evening, put on a show.

Angela Wybrow



# Surfers' Paradise

By the ocean, you feel yourself being called:  
You just can't resist, so you go grab your board.  
The world all around you seems to disappear;  
From everyday problems, your mind is now clear.

Stood on your board, with your arms open wide,  
Over the waves, like a bird, you now ride.  
Your skills as a surfer are put to the test,  
As you surf the waves - upon their very crest.

You feel as though you are walking on air.  
You feel the wild wind whip through your hair.  
Upon your lips, you sense a sharp, salty taste.  
You feel the summer sun kissing you face.

Your soul feels so free and it comes alive.  
Above your head, the seagulls dance and dive.  
The sky up above you is a cloudless clear blue.  
Your board rides the waves, with only you as its crew.

You are flying on top of a tumbling wave:  
That rush of adrenaline, your body so craves.  
The foam froths and fizzes all around your feet.  
The approaching waves, you are happy to greet.

The salty sea sparkles underneath the sun.  
The surrounding world, you are happy to shun.  
As the sun slowly sets on the sleepy shore,  
Your soul inside is left crying out for more.

Angela Wybrow

# Susan - Teddy Bear

When I spotted her in the charity shop,  
I instantly fell in love, and had to stop.  
I saw this cute and cuddly teddy bear  
Sat there, all on her own, upon a chair.

I did do my very best, to try and resist,  
But she was just too good to be missed.  
She has such soft, honey coloured fur.  
I couldn't help myself from loving her.

She has a cute copper coloured nose.  
Around her neck, is a ribbon of rose.  
She is blessed with bright, beady eyes.  
Each night, in bed, with me, she now lies.

I hold her in my arms, and squeeze her tight,  
And hold her soft paw, all through the night.  
She was a real bargain, at just over two pounds.  
My new furry friend, I feel glad to have found.

Angela Wybrow

# Sweep Love

I once went to visit Edinburgh Zoo –  
The penguin enclosure, I went to view;  
One of the penguins made me laugh,  
Because his behaviour was so daft!

To the Keeper's broom, he'd taken a shine,  
And followed it round all of the time;  
He followed it here – he followed it there:  
About other things, he just did not care.

The Keeper's broom, the penguin adored,  
But, by the rest, the broom was ignored.  
By the broom, the penguin was entranced,  
But the rest never gave it a second glance.

Of the Keeper's broom, he appeared very fond,  
And, with the broom, he had formed a bond.  
By the broom's movement, he was hypnotised;  
He was magnetised and he was mesmerised.

The penguin, he felt just a tiny bit vexed,  
And gave the 'creature' the occasional peck.  
The poor penguin seemed somewhat confused,  
But, by what I saw, I felt somewhat amused.

I honestly couldn't see the attraction,  
Or understand such a strange reaction.  
I stood there watching him for a short while,  
And my face couldn't help but form a smile.

Angela Wybrow

## 'Tans For The Memory (Orangutans)

I have often seen orang-utans kept captive in a zoo;  
To meet one, in the wild, would be a dream come true.  
Without human help, orang-utans may cease to exist;  
Their presence on earth would be very sorely missed.

They will never refuse a kind human's helping hand,  
But, it is the poachers who they are unable to stand.  
On the forest floor, they forage for fresh, juicy fruit.  
The baby orang-utans especially, are really rather cute.

When meeting an orang-utan, you realise how smart they are;  
With the human mind, orang-utans are almost on a level par.  
Just like us humans, they experience real thoughts and feelings;  
News that they are being slaughtered, has really left me reeling.

These defenceless creatures are unable to escape the slaughter;  
Their numbers have now been cut down by more than a quarter.  
Wealthy businessmen are paying people to shoot orang-utans dead;  
Humans are killing them, when we should be helping them instead.

Their habitat has been dramatically reduced by deforestation;  
Trees are chopped down, to make way for palm oil plantations.  
The adults are shot, but, often, the terrified babies are saved;  
As posh people's pets, they often find themselves enslaved.

On each of their heads, there hangs a seventy pound bill;  
At the very thought of this, my bones are totally chilled.  
Orang-utans are in desperate decline, and that is a sad fact;  
Their numbers will keep on dwindling, unless we humans act.

Angela Wybrow

## Text Talk

We are sitting waiting for our meal,  
But all alone is how I now feel;  
I open my mouth, ready to speak,  
But, from my lips, the words do not leak.

My intended words stay locked up inside;  
My frustration, I find so hard to hide.  
I have so much that I want to say,  
But his attention is far, far away.

To his mobile, his eyes stay glued;  
Personally, I wouldn't be so rude.  
He sits there oblivious to my intention;  
His rudeness, I'm too polite to mention.

From the screen, his eyes do not lift,  
And I am left feeling really miffed.  
From our mouths, no words are flowing,  
And my impatience is steadily growing.

Of another person, I am aware,  
Even though they are not there.  
They continue on with their conversation:  
Much to my annoyance and frustration.

I feel it rather rude to interrupt,  
So I take another sip from my cup.  
We sit together, but silence reigns;  
A cheerful mood, I try hard to feign.

The waitress arrives with our food –  
The sight, of which, lifts my mood.  
Finally, the phone is put to one side,  
And, my words, I no longer have to hide.

Angela Wybrow

# That Old Familiar Feeling

It's that old familiar feeling  
Of feeling second best –  
Especially when there's Facebook  
And Twitter updates to address.

To make some conversation,  
I'm feeling really rather keen,  
But my friend's two eyes are fixed  
Upon her phone's illuminated screen.

My attempts at conversation,  
My friend is trying to avoid;  
But still I keep on pestering,  
And now she's getting annoyed.

Her other friends are virtual,  
But here I am in the flesh.  
It seems I'm playing second fiddle:  
I'm definitely second best.

On checking her new messages,  
My friend is trying to concentrate,  
But I'm trying to make her listen,  
And I'm now feeling quite irate.

Finally, I have had enough,  
And I have a little moan –  
I can't stop myself from saying  
'You and that flippin' phone! '

I was hoping to be social –  
Chat with her face to face,  
But her virtual friends come first,  
While I take second place.

For my friend's full attention,  
I'm finding it hard to compete,  
So it's with a heavy heart  
That I finally admit defeat.

Maybe I should send her a message? !  
Maybe communicate the same way?  
Then she could read upon her screen  
All the things I've been trying to say!

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 Ballet Class

My head is debating with my two feet,  
As I stride at pace along Oxford Street.  
I'm off to a beginner's ballet class:  
My very first session, which could be my last.  
Having never done any ballet before,  
I can't help wondering what is in store.  
The dancing studio, I soon locate,  
And the friendly reception, I really do rate.  
In the changing room, I anxiously sit -  
Should I face my challenge or simply just quit?  
I repeatedly consider just slipping away,  
But something inside is making me stay.  
Outside the studio, I find myself queuing,  
Wondering what on earth I am doing!  
Soon we are trooping in through the door,  
And inside of me, I'm still feeling a little unsure.  
I wait in line to pay the teacher my fee,  
And tell her it's the very first time for me.  
Soon we are going through some manoeuvres,  
And I'm taking it all in, just like a Hoover!  
The level of concentration is really high:  
I'm not very good, but at least I try.  
In a classic pose, I find myself stood,  
As the teacher passes and tells me 'Good! '  
The class I find is pretty fast-paced,  
And I'm soon feeling lost and a bit out of place.  
Most of the others are au fait with the moves,  
So I just do my best to try and improve.  
I try to copy and do exactly the same,  
Feeling like a contestant on The Generation Game.  
The barre's left behind for some centre work,  
And by now I'm feeling even more of a berk.  
The ninety minutes, they really whizz by,  
And, by the end of it all, I'm on a real high.  
The teacher passes and tells me 'Well done! '  
And I have to admit that it has been great fun.

Angela Wybrow

# The Bear

A big, brown bear tried to steal some honey,  
But the bees in the nest found it far from funny;  
The bees, they saw red,  
And they buzzed round his head,  
And gave him a run for his money.

Angela Wybrow

# The Blackbird

The song of the blackbird  
Can now be heard  
Up in the tree tops -  
High above the shops.

It may well be raining,  
But he's not complaining.  
The day may well be grey,  
But he keeps singing away.

The rain makes us frown,  
But doesn't get him down.  
His song fills the air,  
Whether it's rainy or fair.

As we rush around,  
Destination bound,  
On a branch, he rests,  
Singing out his best.

Only an astute few  
Hear his song so true;  
They possess a keen ear,  
And are filled with cheer.

Angela Wybrow

# The Blitz

During the time of 'The Blitz',  
There were many direct hits.  
The air was full of smoke and dirt.  
Many were killed; many were hurt.

When German bombers flew overhead,  
Everyone's heart filled with dread.  
Into the shelters, the people ran.  
To raise their spirits, the people sang.

First, they heard the drone of planes;  
Then, they knew the bombs would rain.  
Nobody knew where they would land;  
They huddled together, holding hands.

In many cities and many towns,  
Buildings were razed to the ground.  
There was total devastation  
At many dockyards and railway stations.

The fires raged for hours on end;  
Many lost a relative or a friend.  
Many people lost their homes  
And everything they ever owned.

The Germans hoped to destroy morale;  
Unto Hitler, they thought we would bow.  
When all the German planes had gone,  
Our nation picked itself up and carried on.

Angela Wybrow

# The Cathedrals Express

I spy folk on the bridge, securing their view  
Of The Cathedrals Express, which is due to race through;  
I carry on walking down towards the station,  
Suddenly sharing their sense of anticipation.

I wonder to myself what time it's due;  
My eyes are stuck to the track, like paper to glue.  
I'm really hoping that I'll see it pass by,  
And hear its piercing whistle joyfully cry.

I have an appointment in the centre of town,  
So, unfortunately for me, I can't hang around;  
Of the train's approach, I am quite unaware,  
And, before my eyes, it is suddenly there.

Majestic carriages of burgundy and cream  
Are pulled behind great clouds of white steam.  
The Cathedrals Express thunders on by,  
And the moment is gone in the blink of an eye.

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 Colours Of My Life

You've brightened up my life  
With colours bold and bright.  
Black and white and grey,  
They graced my every day.

The colours were so cold,  
But now they're bright and bold.  
Of my life, I felt so weary,  
Surrounded by colours dim and dreary.

My life, it was bleak before,  
But now there are colours galore.  
You've brightened up my world –  
New colours you've unfurled.

New colours came to play  
And brightened up my day.  
By bright colours, I am wooed:  
They brighten up my mood.

Blacks and greys and whites,  
Can make a striking sight,  
But they're colours of the night –  
For me, they are too polite.

You've turned my world around:  
New colours I have found.  
Bright colours, I can see,  
And all those in-between.

You've shown me different shades –  
Added colour to my days.  
My old life, I so hated,  
But, a new world, you've created.

I know that without you,  
I'd have a different view.  
To my life, you've added spice,  
And it's really rather nice.

You've shown me brand new paths;  
You've made me smile and laugh.  
I'm no longer feeling blue,  
And it is all because of you.

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  
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 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 Dandelion Seed

A gust of wind dislodges it from its bed;  
It travels upwards and drifts far overhead.

It climbs on higher and then higher still;  
It seems to possess its own free will.

It travels far across the hills and dales,  
The fields and forests, the towns and vales.

Over lakes and rivers, it gently does pass –  
Lightly reflected in their liquid glass.

Dancing daintily, it catches the eye  
Of folk outside, as it tumbles on by.

A kitten spies it and playfully gives chase;  
It paints a smile on a young child's face.

Air currents clash, sending it into a roll;  
It ducks and dives, and spins out of control.

Looking like a creature from beneath the sea,  
It blows through the air, so wild and so free.

It tumbles onwards across silken sands,  
But it is not here that it decides to land.

As it flies on, it keeps watch down below  
For the perfect place to be able to grow.

Looking for a place which it can call home,  
Across the miles, it purposefully roams.

It finds a place – a place which suits,  
And it floats on down to lay its roots.

Its long journey over, it comes to a rest  
Upon the spot which it thinks is best.

Once its roots are anchoring it down,  
It will become a king with a golden crown.

Angela Wybrow



# The Dartmoor Pixies

Across the district of Dartmoor, there can be seen,  
Little creatures with pointy ears and skin of green.  
They dance in the shadows of the standing stones;  
Across the misty moor-land, they happily do roam.

They have small, beady eyes with a mischievous gleam,  
And they gambol happily around at the edge of streams.  
They often steal horses and ponies, on which they ride;  
They gallop across the lonely landscape, so far and wide.

These hard-working creatures thresh corn at night,  
In return for bread and cheese, on which they bite.  
They wear pointy hats, and their hair is worn long;  
If you think they don't exist, then you'd be wrong!

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 birds' 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 Demise Of Dolphins

Dolphins are delightful creatures, who I absolutely adore;  
I feel sad, when they are washed up dead, along the seashore.  
Seeing a dolphin swimming in the wild, must be very exciting,  
But the day may come, when a dolphin becomes a rare sighting.

The death of a dolphin, should never ever be in vain;  
From each one's demise, a lesson should be gained.  
If we can try to discover why each dolphin has died,  
Our future actions, that reason, should then guide.

The ocean is fast becoming a thick soup of toxic waste;  
A daily problem, which many dolphins, now have to face.  
If we continue disposing of our waste in to the ocean,  
It will end up as a most poisonous and deadly potion.

Dolphins have such happy faces, and are just so adorable;  
That we are needlessly killing them, is just so deplorable.  
Through sparkling, clear waters, the dolphins love to zoom;  
But where waste has been dumped, there is a murky gloom.

There are times when it does seem really very odd,  
When deposited on a beach, is a whole dolphin pod.  
That is when we need to stop; when we need to pause,  
And do our utmost best to discover the underlying cause.

Such sad scenes, we do not wish to see repeated;  
As, soon, the dolphin population will be depleted.  
Each link within the food chain is strongly connected;  
If a dolphin eats a poisoned fish, it too, will be infected.

Some people may think I'm making way too much fuss,  
But life upon this Earth, is far from being just about us.  
There are creatures on Earth, which are totally amazing,  
And it is their lives which we, as humans, are now erasing.

As humans, we seem to think we have every single right,  
And many of us are willing to ignore a creature's plight.  
We really need to start thinking more, long before we act;  
Dolphins are needlessly dying, and that is an actual fact.

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, tapping 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 Essence Of Edinburgh

Evening time, in my town, is often deadly quiet,  
But, up here in Edinburgh, there's a sensual riot!  
From a night club doorway, purple-pink light spills out;  
Along the streets, crowds of tourists still amble about.

There is an endless stream of cars and buses;  
In my town, the pace is slow, but here, it rushes.  
In the city, there are exciting sights and sounds;  
It is so much livelier than my own little town.

In my town, after five, most people have gone home,  
But, around the streets of Edinburgh, folk still roam.  
Emergency vehicles rush past with klaxons blazing;  
The atmosphere here, in the city, is just so amazing.

In my town, it is often almost dead after five,  
But the city of Edinburgh is still very much alive.  
Of action, in my own town, there's a really big lack;  
I don't want to leave here: I don't want to go back.

Edinburgh, at Festival time, is always such a blast;  
Against my own town, it paints a very sharp contrast.  
Street entertainers attract crowds along the Royal Mile;  
Attracting many tourists, they're sure to raise a smile.

At the Military Tattoo, I saw many massed bands;  
I saw performers who hailed from foreign lands.  
For me, that really was such a memorable night;  
It filled all my senses with such excited delight.

I really wish that I could stay here forever and ever;  
Inside, my soul feels light, and it floats like a feather.  
I don't want to go back home: I don't want to leave.  
For this amazing city, my heart will soon grieve.

Here, in Edinburgh, I have had such a great time;  
For this wonderful city, I know my heart will pine.  
Come tomorrow morning, when I board my train,  
The essence of Edinburgh, in my heart, will remain.

Angela Wybrow

# The Evacuee

I'm stood here on the platform;  
I'm holding my mother's hand.  
There are things that are going on -  
Things that I don't understand.

Me and all the other kids,  
We're being sent away;  
We're going down to Devon -  
Which I know is a long, long way.

I hope that they'll be really nice -  
The folks I'm staying with.  
I'm dying to see the countryside,  
Where the cows and sheep all live.

We're all going far away,  
To keep us safe from harm;  
I've never seen a hill or stream,  
And I've never seen a farm.

Some of the kids are excited,  
While others are full of fear.  
Some have smiling faces.  
While others are crying tears.

'Mum, are you coming to? '  
I overhear a little girl ask,  
As I stand there tightly clutching  
My case and my gas mask.

It's a little like an adventure -  
Like an extended holiday.  
My mother, she has told me  
To be good and really brave.

Just before I board the train,  
My mother, she hugs me tight;  
As I stare out of the window,  
She calls, 'Don't forget to write! '

I see the tear-stained faces,  
As the shrill whistle blows;  
Exactly where any of us'll end up,  
None of us really knows.

I'll miss my home and my dog,  
And I'll miss my dad and mum.  
Me and all the others can't wait  
until this war is over and done.

Angela Wybrow



# The Eyemouth Disaster

About the weather, they had been warned,  
But still they sailed at the crack of dawn.

They were not fuelled by human greed,  
But by their families desperate need.

The boats, they set out from various ports:  
'Twas 'silver darlings' these fishermen sought.

But by midday, they were caught in the jaws  
Of the storm, which fought them tooth and claw.

It had started out as a gentle sea breeze,  
But suddenly it whipped up a fearful sea.

Almighty great waves began to rise,  
And fishing boats began to capsize.

Upon the rocks, some boats were dashed,  
As, all around them, the waves rose and crashed.

Upon the quayside, their bairns and their wives  
Watched their men-folk fight for their lives.

Tossed about at the mercy of the waves,  
Crewmen headed for a watery grave.

Attempts to help the men would have failed -  
Such was the force of the sea and the gale.

Helplessly they watched their men-folk drown,  
As the wild wind blew and the rain poured down.

Their healthy complexion now visibly paling,  
The fishermen's wives were soon weeping and wailing.

They could not believe what they were seeing -  
And grief soon devoured their very being.

Some of the women left were with child;  
With grief, they became hysterically wild.

That day, one hundred and eighty nine  
Lives were lost in the silvery brine.

Many families were so very hard hit  
In this coastal community, so very tight-knit.

Many a woman lost both husband and son  
On that fateful day of eighteen hundred and eighty one.

Angela Wybrow

# The Fly

I was sitting up in my bed,  
When a little fly flew round my head.  
Whenever the fly was in flight,  
His buzz sounded just like a Microlight.

He buzzed really close to my left ear,  
And I didn't like him being that near.  
The fly, I found, really annoying:  
With my patience, he was toying.

I was trying to read a poetry book,  
But, my attention from it, he soon took,  
On the words, I couldn't concentrate;  
His constant whining made me really irate.

Very soon, I snuggled back down:  
The fly's whining, I was keen to drown.  
I put my head back under the cover:  
Of flying insects, I am not a big lover.

But I could still hear the fly's whining;  
Through my window, the sun was shining.  
The whining sound was really high pitched;  
The idea of more sleep, I very soon ditched.

Maybe he liked the warmth of my skin;  
He seemed to like me, but I didn't like him.  
I got out of bed, and I opened the door,  
And, thankfully, I didn't see him anymore.

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 Gardener's Friend

To our front garden, I needed to tend,  
And, while I was out there, I made a new friend.  
A red-breasted robin was sat staring at me;  
With his downy feathers, he was as cute as can be.

From out of the hedge, he cautiously peered,  
But he was so brave and showed no real fear.  
Throughout the hedge, he happily hopped,  
As weeds were pulled and branches were chopped.

Every so often, he would perch on the fence,  
But stayed mainly in the thicket, prickly and dense.  
All of a sudden, he'd flit to the ground,  
Where he'd skip and hop and scuttle around.

He hopped within inches of where I was knelt;  
Unexplainably emotional was the feeling I felt.  
The tears which formed were ones full of joy,  
Caused by the presence of this red-breasted boy.

Such a meeting, I'd never encountered before.  
I could've watched him for hours and never got bored.  
These precious moments, I so wanted to capture,  
As, by my new friend, I just felt so enraptured.

The weather was mild; it was the end of September.  
This amazing day, I will always remember.  
These magical moments which we spent together,  
Will stay in my mind forever and ever.

Angela Wybrow

# The Guy (Bonfire Night Poem)

We parade our 'guy' around the town,  
In trousers of grey and a jacket of brown.  
Atop his head there sits a straw hat -  
In an old wheelbarrow our 'guy' is sat.

To admire our work, some people stop,  
And into our pot, the pennies soon pop.  
The end of his life is drawing near,  
But his smile stays - he shows no fear.

We take him to the bonfire site,  
To wait for the day to turn into night.  
We place him on the funeral pyre,  
And below his body, we light a fire.

Fingers of fire caress the wood,  
And warm the spot where we are stood.  
The flames spread - they increase in power,  
And by the flames our 'guy' is devoured.

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 Herring-Girls

Groups of herring-girls, in crews of three,  
Watched and waited upon the South Quay;  
Upon empty swills, some girls would sit -  
Fishermen's ganseys, they would busily knit.

Once they heard the ship horns a-blowing,  
Enthusiasm and excitement were soon overflowing;  
With a catch safely landed, the quay came alive,  
And the girls, they got busy with their sharp gutting knives.

The herring-girls' fingers were pretty damn nifty:  
Of herring per minute, they gutted fifty to sixty.  
The girls, they were prone to salt sores and cuts.  
Their clothes were bespattered with smelly fish guts.

They wore oilskin aprons and rubberised boots,  
And tied their fingers with cloth strips called 'cloots.'  
Depending on the size of that day's catch,  
The girls' working day had hours to match.

Both mothers and daughters worked there together:  
They worked awfully long hours in all kinds of weather.  
As the hazy haar drifted in off the river,  
The rain, wind and sleet made the herring-girls shiver.

Two girls gutted, while the other one packed,  
Then to smokehouses the fish were taken back.  
The fish were hung ready to be smoked,  
Then fires were set using shavings of oak.

Song and laughter, they filled the salt air,  
As did the tales the herring girls shared.  
They ended their day feeling dirty and tired;  
Their endurance was something others admired.

The fisher girls followed the fleet down the coast;  
To the girls, local communities played host.  
They travelled by train, carrying their kists;  
They stayed in rooms which slept five or six.

When they arrived at each fishing port,  
Everyone hoped many fish would be caught.  
Regardless of age, they were referred to as 'girls.'  
They lived and they worked in their own little world.

By the mid 1950s, with fish stocks depleted,  
The herring industry found itself all but deleted.  
These gutsy girls may be long gone,  
But their memories and songs still linger on.

Angela Wybrow

# The Hovercraft

In the distance, I spy its misty spray,  
As it hovers over a sea of battleship grey.  
Across The Solent, the hovercraft soars,  
And I stand there watching it in total awe.

On the shingle shore, there gathers a crowd,  
To welcome the hovercraft, with engines loud.  
A sense of excitement fills the salty air;  
At the approaching craft, I stand and stare.

As it reaches Southsea - its final destination,  
The gathered crowd are full of fascination.  
I've seen the hovercraft many times before,  
But it seems to possess a magnetic draw.

Having left the sea full of salt,  
Upon dry land, it draws to a halt.  
The skirt of the craft soon deflates:  
The air is expelled at a rapid rate.

Their short journey over, its passengers leave,  
But the pilot has hardly any time to breathe.  
Of passengers, there is a very quick turnaround,  
And soon, once again, the craft is island bound.

Angela Wybrow

# The Hub Of Humanity

It is a place where plans are hatched,  
Jokes are told and couples are matched.

It is a place to share your news,  
Exchange a smile and discuss your views.

It is a place to share your ideas,  
Give advice – have a coffee or beer.

It is a place to wine and dine,  
Or sit outside if the weather is fine.

It is a place which draws folk together,  
And gives them shelter whatever the weather.

It is a place to savour new tastes,  
Meet with friends or greet a new face.

It is a place for conversations,  
Bon voyages and celebrations.

It is the perfect place for a date,  
And a great place to meet your mate.

It is a place to sit and think -  
To ponder life and enjoy a drink.

It is a place with real humanity –  
Life and laughter, with a dash of insanity.

A crucial linchpin - a real social hub.  
A community hotspot, known as a pub.

So take your eyes off your iPhone screen,  
And come down and join the social scene.

Angela Wybrow

# The Hungry Hedgehog

By the time I returned back to our estate,  
The sky was dark, and it was getting late.  
I came into a large, moonlit square,  
And a hungry hedgehog, I saw there.

At seeing the hedgehog, I felt such a thrill;  
I stopped in my tracks, and stood stock still.  
Seeing him there was quite a surprise;  
For a few moments, we interlocked eyes.

He looked, as if to say 'Why are you looking at me?  
What's the big deal? There's nothing to see!  
I've been a hedgehog since I was born:  
For me, being a hedgehog is quite the norm! '

'You are the one, who looks rather weird,  
And you are the one, who should be feared.  
I don't see your kind often: you are quite rare.  
So please could you not just stand and stare? '

'Right, well, if we're done here, then I'll be off:  
I'm hungry, and am hunting for insects to scoff.'  
By my intrusion, the hedgehog seemed annoyed;  
Encounters with humans, they try hard to avoid.

He was otherwise engaged: he could not stay,  
He soon turned tail, and then scampered away.  
Seeing a hedgehog in these parts, is a rare sight:  
So now, forever in my mind, I will recall that night.

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 Kingfisher

On a gnarled piece on driftwood,  
This plump little bird is silently sat.  
It looks at me, then back at the river;  
It looks all around, this way and that.

Its dark, piercing, beady round eyes  
Are full of fierce intelligence and cunning.  
The colour combination of its amber breast  
And turquoise back, looks simply stunning.

It sits there statue-like, patiently waiting  
For the right moment to finally arrive.  
Then having spotted its unlucky prey,  
It suddenly swoops and, into the river, it dives.

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 Man In The Arena

In this world, there is nothing meaner,  
Than slamming the man stood in the arena.  
It is all too easy for others to criticise,  
But they need to look through his eyes.

Inside his chest, his heart may be hammering;  
Due to nerves, he may be stood there stammering;  
During the message, which he is delivering,  
He may stand on stage with his hands quivering.

The man in the arena should feel proud  
That he gave his best and faced the crowd.  
To be in his position, takes nerves of steel;  
Others should consider how he may feel.

It is all too easy to stand in the wings  
And say a whole lot of hurtful things.  
He may have shed blood, sweat and tears,  
And yet others criticism is all he may hear.

The man in the arena is in the line of fire;  
To win critical acclaim may be his one desire.  
Others don't know what he is going through:  
I wonder how they would fair in his shoes?

The critics themselves may have never competed:  
Never experienced victory; never felt defeated.  
But, at least he has given it his very best shot;  
It is he who is the hero - the critics are not.

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 Meeting Place (At St Pancras)

As his train draws near to its destination,  
His mind is awash with anticipation.  
In his mind, he pictures her beautiful face,  
As she waits for him at their meeting place.

His rucksack sits overhead in the luggage rack.  
A long time away, he's so pleased to be back.  
As the train pulls up to the crowded platform,  
He can almost feel her touch, all toasty warm.

His quickly alights and goes through the gate;  
He knows that his sweetheart will not be late.  
As he makes his way to their meeting place,  
His heart feels so light and it begins to race.

At the end of the concourse, he climbs the stairs,  
And smiles broadly when he spies her stood there.  
Her face lights up and she calls out his name.  
The raw passion inside them cannot be tamed.

She enthuses to him how much he's been missed,  
Then pulls him towards her for a passionate kiss.  
He slides his right arm gently around her waist;  
A hint of peppermint on her soft lips he can taste.

The world around them almost seems to dissolve,  
As, in the long awaited moment, they're both involved.  
They are blissfully unaware of folk rushing by,  
As they gaze passionately into each other's eyes.

For them, this moment is the highlight of their day,  
But to the rushing crowds, they are just in the way.  
The clock above them shows half past four,  
But, the time and the people, they just ignore.

Caught in a moment, a moment of pure passion,  
This delightful young couple are the height of fashion;  
He looks dapper and handsome in his dark grey suit.  
In her floaty skirt and smart jacket, she looks real cute.



Eventually the two young lovers pull apart;  
Their faces reflect the sheer joy in their hearts.  
They leave St Pancras with their arms entwined;  
A much happier couple, you'd go a long way to find.

Angela Wybrow

# The Mill

The Mill bell tolls just before dawn,  
To wake sleeping workers snuggled up warm.  
Workers pour in through the Mill gate,  
Knowing there'll be trouble if they are late.

Across the cobbles, they purposefully pace;  
Another long day, each one must face.  
Twelve long hours, these workers must toil;  
The damp, humid air makes them all boil.

Many of them make straight for the looms -  
Housed in shadowy spaces filled up with gloom.  
They toil all day with sweat on their brows,  
Processing cotton for sheets and for towels.

The Mill's machinery continually clatters -  
Drowning out attempts at companionable chatter.  
The machinery, it emits squeaks and squeals;  
Forever turning are the belts and the wheels.

The Master of the Mill, he revels in his wealth -  
His workers are poor and they suffer ill health.  
The clothes they wear are torn and tattered;  
On the food they eat, they won't get any fatter.

The workers, they inhale cotton-dust motes -  
Tickly coughs soon catch in their throats.  
Their hearing can be damaged due to the din,  
And, if they're not careful, they may lose a limb.

'Scavengers' scramble beneath the machines,  
Whilst over them 'piecers' precariously lean.  
The 'scavengers', small children as young as four,  
Sweep waste cotton fibres from off of the floor.

The 'piecers' mend threads which have got snapped -  
They take extra care not to get fingers trapped.  
The mules they keep moving at a magnificent speed,  
Allowing no time for trapped hands to be freed.

Dirt and danger are just part of their day,  
But, in return, they receive pitiful pay.  
A fast-flowing river runs outside the wall.  
The Mill's smoking chimney towers so tall.

By the huge water-wheel, the engines are powered -  
Keeping the machines working hour after hour.  
Through the Mill yard, cotton-filled sacks,  
Are transported by men up on their backs.

The cotton comes from countries far overseas -  
Hand-picked by slaves who wish to be free.  
There are many who say that cotton is the king -  
Money to the Masters, this white gold does bring.

After such a long day, the workers are tired,  
But each of them is grateful just to get hired.  
In clothes in hues of black, brown, and grey,  
They trudge back home at the end of the day.

Angela Wybrow

# The Missing Sock

This afternoon, I had quite a big shock:  
I discovered that I have a missing sock!  
I put my socks inside the washing machine,  
But now one sock is nowhere to be seen.

I started my hunt earlier - had a scout around,  
But, as yet, the missing sock is still to be found.  
It's not hung on the line or the clothes airer.  
It needs to be reunited with me: its wearer.

The socks were one of my favourite pairs:  
Light blue with a snowy white polar bear.  
They also had stars sewn with silvery thread.  
I've looked on the floor and inside my bed.

With a missing sock, I've no peace of mind;  
That missing sock, I simply need to find.  
It has to be somewhere within the house -  
Or maybe it has been stolen by a mouse!

That poor little sock is all lonely and lost;  
I'll do anything to retrieve it: whatever the cost.  
I'm feeling quite upset, as I really do hate  
The thought of it coping without its mate.

With the missing sock, I am quite obsessed,  
And, until I have found it, I will not rest.  
That missing sock, I will keep looking for  
Until it's safe and sound back in its drawer.

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 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 New Forest

Tall trees offer the birds and beasts much protection;  
Of flora and fauna, there is a truly fabulous collection.  
Through the forest, ponies roam around wild and free;  
Up above their heads, the small birds nest in the trees.

Under the canopy of the trees, the world seems so dim,  
But, in grassy clearings, the sunlight is suddenly let in.  
Trees, caught from falling, stand at an angle, inclined;  
With other trees, their twisted limbs are now entwined.

Rabbits risk emerging from warren holes to run around;  
Their long ears stand erect, listening for the tiniest sound.  
The forest is punctuated with patches of soft, marshy land,  
Where large pools of stagnant water, always seem to stand.

Herds of deer roam around, with their heads held up high;  
But on seeing any human, they suddenly feel slightly shy.  
Earthen tracks have been formed, by countless falling feet;  
Eager to avoid the hidden dangers, of the soft bogs of peat.

Couples companionably dawdle, as they exercise their dogs,  
Who, in their eagerness, vault over fallen, moss covered logs.  
The boughs of Silver birch trees gently shimmer in the sun;  
Twigs snap under foot, sounding like a shot fired from a gun.

The silence is sometimes broken, in places, by passing trains,  
But once they've passed by, peace and quiet, once again, reign.  
Leaves, twigs, pine cones, and berries, carpet the forest's floor.  
For birds and animals, the forest is Mother Nature's food store.

The forest is a sanctuary from the pressures of modern living;  
The pace there, compared to everyday life, is more forgiving.  
The forest can be a magical place; it seems almost enchanted.  
Tiny tots believe fairies live there and want their wishes granted.

Here and there, the ground rises into grassy mounds and banks.  
The trees stand tall, like the attentive soldiers in military ranks.  
In the shady spots, unfurl a multitude of magnificent spiky ferns.  
In autumn, dressed in bright colours, the trees almost seem to burn.

Broken boughs lie abandoned; under lichen laden logs, insects hide.  
Streams meander through the forest, and the surrounding countryside.  
All of this outstanding natural beauty, is given to us humans for free;  
There isn't a more tranquil place upon this earth, where I'd rather be.

Angela Wybrow

# The Old Oak

I've stood in this park,  
In sunshine and dark,  
For two hundred years,  
But now I'm in tears,  
For they're cutting me down  
And toppling my crown.  
I've seen young lovers kiss:  
Shared their moment of bliss.  
I've seen young children grow;  
Families come and they go.  
I've seen families munch  
On a nice picnic lunch.  
I've served as a hiding place,  
And seen young children race.  
My shady shadow has been sought:  
Relief from the sun, I have brought.  
I've changed my coat many a time.  
Heard the church bells gaily chime.  
Carved on my bark are initials and hearts:  
These will go with me, when I depart.  
Through the years, I've seen it all:  
So many memories, I can recall.  
My dying day, I am so dreading:  
Me, the workmen will soon be shredding.  
The teeth of the saw will bite my bark  
Like the jagged teeth of a killer shark.  
I don't want to die:  
I just want to cry.  
But the world will go on  
Long after I've gone.  
For two centuries, I've stood:  
I would stay, if I could.  
But it seems my fate has been sealed,  
And, very soon, I'm to be killed.  
Deep in my throat, I get a large lump,  
Knowing that soon, I'll be a mere stump.

Angela Wybrow

# The Old School House

Through an open window, ivy creeps and winds its way;  
Just one of the obvious signs of impending urban decay.  
Girls once went about their daily lives in this old place,  
But now they have gone, all that's left is an empty space.

In these halls, girls once laughed, and excitedly chattered,  
But, now, these halls look decidedly unloved and battered.  
There were tennis courts, and a pool, and a large sports field,  
But any sign of physical activity, has long since been stilled.

The tall, turreted tower, which housed the school's 'sick bay',  
Is now falling into a state of disrepair, and has seen its heyday.  
The well stocked Library shelves have been cleared of books.  
In the Refectory, no delicious smells linger, as no-one cooks.

The spacious dormitories all bore the names of popular birds,  
But, now, from within them, not a single sound can be heard.  
No lessons are taught in the now long abandoned classrooms,  
And around the once chaotic corridors, girls no longer zoom.

The school boasted, beautiful, extensive, landscaped grounds,  
Where, in their spare time, many girls could often be found.  
But, the lilac rhododendron bushes are now badly overgrown,  
And, the once well manicured croquet lawn is now never mown.

The impressive oak panelled entrance hall was once very grand;  
Dozens of old school photos, on its walls, were once crammed.  
The carpet, on the carved wooden staircase, is looking well worn;  
But many hundreds of feet, over the years, it has silently borne.

The school hall, standing empty, with its bare wooden floors,  
Looks rather shabby, as though it has been through the wars.  
The old school is now a happy home to a large family of mice,  
As well as scurrying, scary spiders, and a colony of wood lice.

There was much sadness when, down came, the final curtain,  
And now the old school's future is looking decidedly uncertain.  
The building has been left, facing a very long and lengthy wait;  
Just kicking its heels, biding time, until it learns of its final fate.

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 Granny

She'd be a cat or dog owner.  
She wouldn't be a loner.  
Fun parties, she'd host.  
She'd live near the coast.  
She'd be nice to me  
And make nice things for tea.  
She'd be tough but tender.  
She'd be a clothes maker and mender.  
Fun things we would make,  
And scrummy cakes we would bake.  
She'd enjoy a good laugh,  
And sometimes act daft.  
We'd go out for walks  
And we'd talk and we'd talk.  
She'd sit and read stories –  
But nothing too gory!  
She'd lend a keen ear,  
And she'd wipe away tears.  
She'd be warm and wise,  
And have a twinkle in her eyes.  
She'd value my views,  
And put herself in my shoes.  
She'd sing me old songs.  
She'd right all the wrongs.  
We'd go out and about,  
And have fun-filled days out.  
She'd be full of praise,  
And have funny little ways.  
She'd skip and she'd hop;  
She'd still love to bop.  
Fun facts she would teach.  
We would go to the beach.  
Old memories she'd recall.  
On the phone she would call.  
She'd sometimes like to tease.  
She wouldn't make me eat my peas.  
She'd often make me smile,  
And often go that extra mile.  
She'd be my gran and my friend

Right until the very end.

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 'Potato' Poem

I love potatoes chopped up into chunky chips.  
I love spicy potato wedges, served up with dips.  
I love potato slices which have been fried in a pan:  
Of sautéed potatoes, I am the world's biggest fan.

I love potatoes which have been pummelled and bashed  
With butter and milk to make a real light, fluffy mash.  
Jacket potatoes, I find a bit dry, but with a nice filling  
Such as chilli, to give them a try, I am more willing.

With breakfast, I love hash browns or potato cakes,  
And I love potatoes mixed up with leeks in a bake.  
Crispy, golden potatoes, served up with Sunday roast  
Are among the kinds of potato which I love the most.

Mixed in soups and casseroles, I love potatoes diced.  
On top on minced beef hotpot, I love potatoes sliced.  
Fluffy potato stuffed inside a crispy potato croquette  
Is also rather nice, and, for me, it is another safe bet.

I love potatoes cut into crisps: the slices, wafer thin,  
And, as a starter, I simply love loaded potato skins:  
I do adore a delicious dish of Bombay potato curry:  
For me, it is a taste which I won't forget in a hurry.

I like potatoes diced up with creamy mayonnaise,  
Served up with salad on really hot summer days.  
But I don't like potatoes which have been boiled:  
From potatoes, cooked this way, in horror, I recoil.

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 Runner

The starting pistol cracks:  
Now there's no going back.  
My thoughts are collected.  
The air is pure electric.  
My soul is alive  
With determination and drive.  
My muscles are burning.  
To win, I am yearning.  
I'm taking the strain.  
I'm feeling the pain.  
I've a burning desire.  
My lungs are on fire.  
I've got something to prove.  
My performance is smooth.  
In my ears, my breath's loud,  
As is the noise of the crowd.  
The crowd, they are cheering.  
The end, I'm now nearing.  
My heart is full of pride,  
As I take my final strides.  
I reach the finishing line,  
And the victory is all mine.  
My medal I now hold -  
And, yes, it's the GOLD!

Angela Wybrow

# The Seagull

I see your familiar figure; I hear your raucous cry,  
As you catch warm currents of air, way up on high;  
You decided to turn tail, and head many miles inland,  
Leaving behind shimmering seas, and soft, silken sands.

On a hot summer's day, I yearn to be down by the coast:  
Down by the water's edge, is where I love to be the most;  
Given the choice of being land-locked or down by the sea,  
I wouldn't have a single doubt where I would rather be.

As you fly onwards, you are cooled by the summer breeze;  
You travel over hills and dales, and woodlands, full of trees.  
I cannot comprehend why you have left your heavenly home:  
Why, over unfamiliar territory, you've now decided to roam.

Why journey so far inland, to search for some man-made dish,  
When, way out at sea, you can forever feast on tasty, fresh fish?  
Your chaotic chorus of calls is such welcome music to my ears:  
I recall my visits to the sea, and those memories bring me cheer.

You, and your kind, circle slowly, cruising around and around;  
Your lean, dark shadows fleetingly caress the hot, baking ground.  
On such a lovely, summer's day, like today, do you all really rate  
The joyful and jolly seaside below some sprawling council estate?

Upon your two white fairy-like wings, the glorious sun glints:  
The bright sun shines upon you, giving your wings a silvery tint.  
Sometimes, late into the evening, as the darkness slowly falls,  
I see your flock flying eastwards, and I hear your farewell calls.

I suspect you're flying seawards, leaving locked land way behind.  
I wonder if, by being born by the sea, to its beauty, you are blind.  
I feel so sad to see you all departing; I feel so sad to see you go,  
But chances are that you will all be back for tea again tomorrow.

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 Seller Of Dreams

A customer once asked me  
'Do you sell dreams? '

By his request, I felt quite amused,  
But, also rather somewhat confused.

We sell buckets and bleach  
And tins of baked beans,  
But, as far as I know,  
We've never sold dreams.

We sell candles and cola  
And custardy creams,  
But, I'm pretty sure that  
We've never sold dreams.

We sell pot noodle and plates  
And paper in reams,  
But, I can almost swear that  
We've never sold dreams.

We sell clothes and paper clips  
And cloth wipes which clean,  
Is it even possible  
To be a seller of dreams?

The man then informed me that  
He meant 'Dreams': treats for his cat!  
Oh, how I laughed once I realised:  
I even sprung a leak from my eyes!

The customer moved off after a while,  
But, upon my face, there remained a smile!

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 Seven Ages Of Woman

First, the babe in arms,  
Dressed in clothes of pink;  
Who feasts upon Farley's Rusks;  
Who loves warm milk to drink.

Then, the bright-eyed schoolgirl:  
The latest toys, she likes;  
Who so loves having sleepovers,  
And riding upon her bike.

Then, the stropky teen,  
Who's abandoned all her toys:  
Now she's into make-up,  
And eyeing up the boys.

Then, the younger woman:  
No longer considered a girl;  
Who has to make decisions,  
And face the big, bad world.

Then, the woman in her prime:  
Perhaps a mother and wife?  
Who's gained much experience  
And who's seen a lot of life.

Then, the older woman,  
Who's recently retired;  
Whose services at work  
Are now no longer required.

Finally, the OAP.  
With glasses pebble-thick;  
Who struggles down the road,  
With the aid of a walking stick.

These are the seven ages;  
These are the different stages.  
Some of the ages, folk may be denied,  
While others are in for a long, long ride.

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 Singing Exam

A thrill of excitement runs down my spine;  
Will I mess up, or will I be fine?  
I have never sung a solo before,  
And I may not want to any more!

There is now just over two weeks to go:  
As each day passes, my anxiety grows.  
To overcome my nerves, I just have to try;  
I'm really hoping that I won't feel too shy.

Inside my head, there's excitement and fear,  
As the big day itself draws increasingly near.  
When I practise at home, it all goes okay,  
But will it be like that on the big day?

It's not like it's a matter of life or death;  
I need to remember to take a deep breath.  
As I stand there alone and sweetly croon,  
I just have to hope that I'm not out of tune.

I am really hoping that it all goes well.  
I really hope that I can break out my shell.  
It's not like I am answerable to anyone:  
At the end of the day, it is just for fun.

My two chosen songs, I so want to nail.  
I'd be so disappointed, if I go and fail.  
If, by some miracle, I do get a pass,  
Then maybe this exam won't be my last.

Angela Wybrow

# The Spider

He was a giant,  
And he was defiant.  
Like Little Jack Horner,  
He sat in the corner,  
Waiting to see  
If he could scare me!  
I suddenly saw him,  
And couldn't ignore him.  
I trembled inside,  
As my mouth opened wide.  
I let out a scream,  
And fulfilled his dream!

Angela Wybrow

# The Stag Party

To the 'stags' standing up in my carriage,  
I realise that one of you is soon to be married,  
But please couldn't all of you just take a seat?  
And do I really have to listen to that beat?

No doubt you'll all be out on the town tonight,  
But to disturb other passengers, you have no right.  
Your spirits are obviously soaring way up high,  
And I notice that the Guard has turned a blind eye.

Your weekend of fun, I do not wish to mar,  
But you are on a train, lads: not in a bar!  
You've all obviously had quite a bit to drink:  
I wonder what our fellow passengers all think?

Why don't you save the high jinks for later on?  
Then, if you want, you can even burst into song!  
I had been planning to sit here and read my book,  
But, out of the train window, I now sit and look.

The seats on the other carriages were mostly reserved.  
Tone it down a bit! You're getting right on my nerves!  
This particular carriage, I had no choice, but to pick,  
And you guys are really starting to get on my wick.

You're chatting non-stop and laughing out loud:  
Why do you have to be such an annoying crowd?  
For other passengers, you have no consideration,  
And I'm glad that you're leaving at the next station.

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 Tale Of Tyneham

Nestling in the valley below Whiteway Hill,  
There stands a village where time's been standing still.  
The villagers of Tyneham, they very well remember  
The year of '43 and that bitterly cold November.

The villagers went about their usual daily chores,  
Oblivious to letters which headed to their doors.  
To sell their homes, the folk found they had zero choice;  
Against the government War Office, folk had zero voice.

The land, it was purchased for British Army training.  
Within a single month, not a soul was left remaining.  
Upon the church door, there was pinned a note -  
Here is the gist of what somebody wrote:

'Please treat the houses and church with due care.  
A flattened village, us folk really couldn't bear.  
We're all really hoping to return home one day.  
Please look after our village while we are away.'

The last folk left their homes prior to Christmas '43 -  
They'd hoped to return, but sadly that wasn't to be.  
With the enemy so near, some folk were relieved,  
But, for their little village, many people grieved.

Over two hundred folk found themselves displaced.  
Of life in the village, there's now such little trace.  
The ravages of time have surely taken their toll;  
Memories of residents, the village still beholds.

The church and the school, they still stand intact,  
But, against the little houses, the odds were sadly stacked.  
Upon school peg hooks, there are still pupils' names,  
And their work upon the desktops to this day remains.

In this small rural village on Dorset's Jurassic coast,  
There now only remains aged spirits and ghosts.  
For the war effort, Tyneham played its part.  
For our great nation, Tyneham gave its heart.



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 Train To Waterloo

I can see the 10.06 train heading towards Waterloo,  
And, I wish I could jump aboard, and go there too!  
I have a real longing to head on up to London City,  
But I have to go to work today, which is a real pity.

In spirit, Iâ€™m also riding with the people on the train,  
But, here, in this sleepy old town, my body remains.  
I can imagine myself sitting there in a train carriage;  
With London, I have formed a really loving marriage!

To be one of those lucky passengers, I am yearning;  
So much so, that it feels as though my heart is burning.  
I can imagine sitting on a train, which is really packed,  
As it heads up towards London, along the railway tracks.

Iâ€™ve lived here, all my life, in this sleepy little town,  
Where there is hardly ever anything really going down.  
But, in London, there is always something going on,  
Amidst the Capitalâ€™s seemingly never-ending throng.

I so love being there, slap bang in the middle of it all;  
Surrounded by crowds, the river, and buildings so tall.  
Compared to my town, thereâ€™s a different atmosphere;  
Itâ€™s more exciting, more happening, than it ever is here.

The sights and sounds, in London, I so love to savour,  
And breathe in the aroma of a whole world of flavours.  
To go to London very often, sadly, I just canâ€™t afford,  
But it still doesnâ€™t stop me wishing that I was aboard.

Angela Wybrow

# The Unicorn

As I wandered through the woods one night,  
I stumbled upon a most magnificent sight.  
It was an hour or so, before the break of dawn,  
That, in a moonlit clearing, I spied a Unicorn.

Hidden behind a tree, I stood and stared;  
To reveal myself to him, I did not dare.  
In the grassy clearing, he stood and grazed,  
As I stood there watching him, in a daze.

Of the Unicorn's beauty, I was in total awe;  
He was the most majestic creature I ever saw.  
His coat was as white as freshly fallen snow,  
And, it had to it, a pearlescent, luminous glow.

His flickering ears were alerted by every sound;  
At the tiniest whisper, his head turned around.  
His golden, spiral horn stood at least a foot long;  
Heaven help the creature who does him wrong!

The moon shone in his large, dark, reflective eyes.  
Although he seemed so gentle, he seemed so wise.  
His long, soft, shiny mane was just like 'angel hair';  
Curled around his neck and shoulders, it flowed there.

His hooves, like his horn, were of burnished gold.  
He really was the most beautiful sight to behold.  
Suddenly, he galloped off into the surrounding mist.  
Now, having seen a Unicorn, I know that they do exist.

Angela Wybrow

# The Vanity Ballroom

Like an Aztec temple, there it stood,  
With its polished floor of maple wood.  
Upon its stage, the dance bands played,  
While couples danced the night away.

Jazz and swing were all the rage,  
And many greats graced its stage;  
It only played host to the very best:  
Duke Ellington himself was among the guests.

It was once the toast of Detroit town:  
A glittering jewel set in its crown.  
For three whole decades, it entertained,  
But its popularity then sadly waned.

It found itself soon counting the cost,  
And this precious jewel was all but lost.  
This beautiful building has gone to waste  
Because of a change in musical tastes.

The Vanity's once splendid palatial ballroom  
Is now cloaked in darkness - a deathly tomb.  
Broken bottles now lie littering its floor;  
Through its roof, much water has poured.

With its broken windows and battered concrete,  
The state of the place is miles from great.  
Some of its lustre may have been lost:  
Grime has replaced its mirror-like gloss.

Within its walls, many vagrants have slept;  
Through its hall, many looters have crept.  
It's now stood in a state of disrepair;  
About its future, few folk truly do care.

It once was a place so completely adored:  
Now it's a place so completely ignored.  
If it could be restored back to its former glory,  
It could have a happy ending to its sad story.

Angela Wybrow

# The Visit

As I waited at Andover Station,  
My mind was full of anticipation.  
There I stood upon Platform Two,  
And, inside of me, the excitement grew.  
That excitement, I could barely contain,  
As my eyes fell upon the approaching train.  
Two bright headlights raced down the track;  
Of delight in my heart, there was no lack.  
For my Dad's family, I was waiting;  
A lovely day, I was anticipating.  
Down from the Capital, they were coming -  
My soul was singing and my heart was humming.  
For a number of years, we'd been apart,  
And so, much joy was filling my heart.  
The train pulled in and came to a stop,  
And, off of it, many passengers hopped.  
I looked along the train - left, and then right,  
And of my Dad's family, I soon caught sight.  
Suddenly, they were there before my eyes:  
The two who I'd expected, plus a lovely surprise -  
Two other relatives, who they'd brought in tow,  
Which gave my face some additional glow.  
The next few hours were really nice,  
Filled with laughter, chat and helpful advice.  
In a hotel bar, we all wined and dined -  
A happier bunch, it would've been hard to find.  
Just after four, they left for their train,  
But memories of that day will always remain.

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 White Stag

Wandering through the woods one night,  
I stumbled upon a most magnificent sight:  
Across my path, there suddenly cantered  
A pure white stag with tall, silver antlers.

Under the pale moon's milky white glow,  
The stag's fur coat shone as white as snow.  
His two eyes shone as dark as the night;  
Reflected in them, the moon's silver light.

I found the stag drinking beside a pool;  
Savouring the water, so fresh and cool.  
Standing beneath the trees of pine,  
This creature was of such regal design.

Every so often, the stag gazed around,  
Listening out for the slightest sound;  
I think that he sensed my presence there,  
As he looked around and sniffed the air.

I stood watching the stag in total awe:  
Such a creature, I had not seen before.  
The stag was so special and so rare;  
I couldn't help but stand and stare.

Having drunk his fill, the stag moved on,  
And, all too soon, the creature was gone.  
I will never forget that moonlit night:  
That majestic stag - Wow! What a sight!

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

# The Wrong Way

I don't know which planet I'm living on today,  
But I got on the Tube, and went the wrong way!  
I was travelling North, instead of travelling West:  
That I was going the wrong way, no one else guessed.

The heat has, very obviously, gone to my head,  
Plus I am feeling tired, as it's too hot in bed.  
Catching the wrong train is just not like me,  
As I travel around London a lot, you see.

It's a boiling hot day, so that's what I'll blame:  
I'm sure many others are feeling just the same.  
The heat made my brain feel slightly pickled;  
Down my back, the sweat slowly trickled.

Usually, when I'm in London, I'm totally fine,  
As I am pretty familiar with all of the Lines.  
I don't usually make mistakes of this kind,  
But, I guess, I just had other stuff on my mind.

I had travelled as far up as Leicester Square,  
When I suddenly realised, I shouldn't be there!  
Luckily, I had not made too much of a detour,  
And a tricky situation was, very quickly, cured.

I jumped off and caught the very next train back,  
And, soon enough, I found myself back on track.  
I changed from the Northern to the District Line,  
And I reached my singing workshop just in time.

Angela Wybrow

# There For Me

You've been there for me, through thick and thin;  
When my whole world felt like it was caving in.  
We have shared many times: the good and the bad;  
You have seen me happy; you have seen me sad.

You know me back to front and inside out;  
You understand everything that I am about.  
You know things I like, and the things I hate.  
To me, you are a friend: my very best mate.

We've been good friends now, for many years.  
You've seen my smiles; you've seen my tears.  
To you, I've often revealed my true inner soul.  
Together, we have often achieved many a goal.

When I am down, I can always call on you,  
And, you know that you can call on me too.  
Together, we have travelled to many places,  
And, over the years, we have met many faces.

Talking things over, our problems seem to halve.  
Our two lives, to date, have followed similar paths.  
We have shared experiences, both old and new.  
Luckily, our disagreements have been very few.

You are always prepared to lend me an ear.  
You know my obsessions; you know my fears.  
Friends, together, I hope we will always stay,  
In years to come, when we're both old and grey.

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 I Like

Birdsong floating down from the trees;  
The sun on my arms; a cool summer breeze.  
Carnations, cats and cockleshells;  
Windmills, wisteria, old wishing wells.  
London, lobsouse, lemon and lime;  
Compelling stories and poems which rhyme.  
Pink coloured wafers, penguins and puffins;  
Manchester, milkshake and chocolate muffins.  
Hedgehogs, honeycomb, hot buttered toast;  
Conkers, confetti, being down by the coast.  
Old locomotives with their steam a-puffing;  
Crisp onion rings and chicken with stuffing.  
Daisies, daffodils, dolphins, dragonflies;  
The moon at night and clear, starry skies.  
Waterfalls, wind-chimes, a rushing weir;  
Otters, swans, robins, a herd of red deer.  
Kingfishers, castles, bright canal boats;  
Jammie dodgers, doughnuts and warm duffle coats.  
Poppies, pizza, pandas, and Oriental fans;  
Seagulls, seahorses, and soft, silken sand;  
Snowdrops, snowflakes, rainbows and seals;  
Wood-smoke, weeping willows, waterwheels.  
Butterflies and ladybirds with their painted wings;  
Cherry blossom and lambs which leap in the spring.  
Triple choc cookies and swirly cupcakes,  
Buttercups, bluebells, crocuses, and shimmering lakes.  
Squirrels, red foxes, a nice Sunday roast –  
These are the things which I like the most.

Angela Wybrow



# This Is London

A city ever changing;  
Forever rearranging;  
A city so inspiring;  
Never ever tiring;

A city ever growing;  
Never ever slowing;  
A city full of contrasts;  
Of futures and of pasts;

A city in first gear,  
With plans and big ideas;  
A city with connections,  
In every single direction;

A city with a soul a-glowing;  
Its rivers forever flowing;  
A city of old and new;  
Of totally awesome views;

A city full of stories;  
Of fortune, fame and glory;  
A city full of history;  
Of tales, myths, and mysteries

A city forever moving,  
Reinventing and improving;  
A city full of fun –  
This city is London.

Angela Wybrow

# Thoughts From A Space Rocket

Well, here I am! I'm off in to Space;  
It will be another six months until I see your face.  
As I sit here in the rocket at the Cosmodrome,  
I'll be thinking of the mission, but also of home.  
My biggest dream is about to come true;  
I'm looking forward to the incredible view  
From the International Space Station far up above;  
Back down to Earth, I'll be sending my love.

From Earth, I'll be over two hundred miles.  
I'll miss your hugs; I'll miss your smiles.  
I'll miss the smell of your favourite perfume,  
The smell of your baking and our garden in bloom.  
I'll miss having a pint down at the pub,  
Going for walks and Great British grub.  
I'll really miss our time spent together,  
Family days out and the changes in weather.  
Orbiting the Earth for well over a hundred days,  
I'll miss your touch and your cute little ways.  
I'll miss my Mum; I'll miss my Dad,  
But I'll enjoy my time spent working with the other lads.  
I'll desperately miss our two little boys -  
Their cheeky grins and their everyday noise.  
I'll miss reading them stories in bed at night;  
Kissing them tenderly, then turning off their light.

To have been chosen for this mission, I am delighted;  
I feel so proud and so incredibly excited.  
Nothing on Earth can ever quite prepare  
Me for the life I'll be leading up there.  
I'm sure that it's going to feel really weird  
Living in Space, wearing protective gear.  
But the experience I'm sure will be just great -  
To be blasted in to Space, I just can't wait.  
There's a really important job to be done;  
There'll be challenges, yes, but we'll have some fun.  
For six whole months, I'll be far, far away,  
But until I'm back home, I'll be counting the days.

Angela Wybrow

## Three's A Crowd

We are sat in a pub, eating our lunch,  
When, from inside of me, I have a hunch,  
That three of us are sat at the table there,  
Despite there being only two occupied chairs.

My companion is busy texting on their phone,  
So I carry on, as if I was sitting on my own.  
Occasionally, I'm given a degree of attention,  
But it is glancing, and way too brief to mention.

I am feeling annoyed and pretty put out:  
That they have noticed, I very much doubt.  
In their messaging, they are so wrapped up;  
So much so, that I really hate to interrupt!

With my companion, I was hoping to nice chat,  
But that idea now seems to have fallen a bit flat.  
Being ignored is something which I really hate;  
For them to finish their message, I sit and wait.

I sit there silently, and continue eating my food;  
By now, I am not feeling in too good a mood.  
Finally, they switch off their mobile phone,  
And, suddenly, I'm feeling no longer alone.

Angela Wybrow

# Time Of Our Lives

At our lives, we are only given one small crack;  
Sometimes, we all wish we could turn time back.  
Life is not something for which we can rehearse;  
We can't fast forward it; can't put it into reverse.

Each day is a blank canvas, ready for us to paint;  
Memories of some days are vivid; some seem feint.  
It is up to each of us to choose how we fill our days;  
There are so many options: so many different ways.

There are times when we all wish our lives away,  
Especially when looking forward to a special day.  
The days in-between, we wish just would not exist,  
But, from our lives, those days would be sorely missed.

Some moments, we wish wouldn't fade into the past;  
We wish we could pin them down, and hold them fast.  
Those moments, we wish we could capture in a jam jar,  
So that we can recall just how special to us they really are.

There are moments when we wish time would disappear:  
It may be a single minute, an hour, a day, or an entire year.  
When we are children, the days seem to just last and last,  
But, as we grow older, they all seem to fly by really fast.

Whether it's a really special day, or just mundane;  
Whether it's a really sunny day, or pouring of rain,  
Every day holds the same amount of value or worth:  
Each and every day is a blessing for us on our Earth.

Angela Wybrow

# Titanic

She was built in the city of Belfast;  
She was a ship that was built to last.  
She was rumoured to be unsinkable,  
But, soon happened, the unthinkable.

She left the dockside, to the sound of cheers.  
Her ballroom was bedecked with chandeliers.  
On champagne and caviar, her passengers dined,  
As they left Britain's shore far, far behind.

She steamed across the Atlantic Ocean,  
Keeping good time, with a steady motion.  
Little did her passengers know what lay ahead,  
As they all lay there a-sleeping in their beds.

To avoid an iceberg, her Captain tried,  
But ice put a hole in her starboard side.  
Into her huge hull, the sea water gushed;  
Along the decks, the water soon rushed.

Passengers were awoken from their sleep;  
They knew that they were in trouble deep.  
Endless tears flowed and lovers kissed,  
As the mighty Titanic began to list.

Even when all hope had finally gone,  
The band kept going, playing on and on.  
Women and children were first to be saved,  
But many of the men were lost to the waves.

What happened that night is a mystery,  
But the Titanic went down in history.  
She now rests down upon the sea bed;  
A watery grave for her many dead.

Angela Wybrow

# To A Potato

Of forms, you have quite an array,  
Including roasted, boiled and sautéed.  
As trendy wedges or chunky chips,  
You like nothing better than being dipped.

Like a furrowed field, you can top a pie,  
Or mixed with meat you can nestle inside.  
As flavoured crisps, you are often found,  
Being enjoyed by children in the playground.

Sometimes you are cooked in your skin;  
As a healthy option, you are sure to win;  
You're cut half way and then teased apart,  
Then a hot or cold filling is placed in your heart.

Whether for breakfast, lunch or evening tea,  
You provide a whole world of possibility.  
You can be eaten at any time of the day,  
And presented in pretty much any way.

You are a vegetable so full of surprises,  
As you able to take on so many guises.  
You were grown with a view to being eaten.  
For versatility you just can't be beaten.

By some, you're considered to be quite lowly,  
But, to the masses, you're thought to be holy.  
Your availability is all the year round.  
The King of vegetables you should be crowned.

Angela Wybrow

# To A Radish

To A Radish

You're red and you're round.  
I so love the sound  
I hear, when I bite  
Into your snowy white  
Inside – sparkling like frost.  
I'm not fussed if you're washed;  
I'll quite happily snack  
Just straight from the pack:  
It's done me no harm.  
I'm wowed by your charm.  
I so love your flavour;  
You're one of my favourites.  
You've colour, crunch and spice.  
You really are exceedingly nice!

Angela Wybrow



# To A Special Person

I sometimes wonder if you realise  
How special you are, in my eyes?  
Or if you have even the slightest clue  
That my affections for you, are really true?

To my life, you add some much needed light.  
You believe that my future could be so bright.  
When I am with you, I can't help but smile;  
It makes me feel happy, if only for a while.

To other people, you often sing my praise.  
You can brighten up even the darkest days.  
You always champion all that I achieve;  
In my efforts, you always seem to believe.

I love your motherly attention and affection.  
You always point me in the right direction.  
Being by your side is always so much fun.  
In my eyes, you're just like a second mum.

Time spent with you, is always a pleasure;  
There are many moments that I will treasure.  
Me, you always do your very best to include.  
When we meet, you're in such a happy mood.

To me, you are always so extremely sweet.  
Being in your company just cannot be beat.  
To spend time with you, I travel so very far;  
I wonder if you know just how special you are?

Angela Wybrow

# To See Or Not To See

If you lift your eyes from your mobile screen,  
There are many cool things which may well be seen.  
I've given it some thought and have compiled a list  
Of random things which I think you may miss:  
Like a beautiful rainbow way up high,  
Or a hot air balloon floating on by;  
Poppies dancing in the soft summer breeze,  
Or clusters of blossom decorating the trees.  
A fiery sunset, a shooting star,  
A stretch limousine, an old vintage car.  
A hedgehog snuffling, a dolphin leaping,  
Butterflies dancing, a sly red fox creeping.  
Swallows swooping far over your head;  
A robin in a tree with his breast of stunning red.  
A kingfisher diving for its unsuspecting prey;  
The breath-taking view across a sandy bay;  
A church or castle, three hundred years old;  
The beauty of snowflakes when the weather turns cold.  
Spring lambs frolicking in open green fields;  
The rotating sails of a working windmill.  
A steam locomotive with its whistle a-blowing;  
A sparkling stream, full of life, ever flowing.  
If you keep your eyes glued to your screen,  
These things, by you, will never be seen.

Angela Wybrow

# Together

Time spent with you flies so fast:  
I wish that it could last and last.  
Being with you brightens my day;  
The world about me just drifts away.

In your presence, I often smile:  
Even if it is just for a short while.  
When I'm with you, there's joy in my heart;  
I dread the moment when we have to part.

You always are such a busy bee,  
But you always spare some time for me.  
There's always so much that I want to say,  
But I often find time gets in the way.

Being much older, you seem so wise:  
You're a well of wisdom in my eyes.  
I recall our conversations in my head:  
All the wise words that you have said.

En route to you, I quicken my pace:  
So eager to see your friendly face.  
In you, I have such trust and faith;  
When I am with you, I feel so safe.

To me, you're like a guiding light:  
Like a beacon burning so bright.  
To spend time with you, I travel afar;  
To me, you're just like a shining star.

When I'm with you, I'm under your spell;  
Under your enchantment, I quickly fell.  
If only you could wave a magic wand,  
And put to right all of life's wrongs.

My mood, you are always able to lift:  
For cheering me up, you have a gift.  
To me, you are such a special friend:  
For me, you'll be there right till the end.

Angela Wybrow

# Tomato Ketchup

With tomato ketchup, my food is laced,  
As, otherwise, it cannot be faced.  
I love it on salads and on roasts;  
I love it in tacos and on toast.

On pies and pizzas, it really is nice,  
And on a curry served up with rice.  
On spicy fajitas, it really is fab.  
Food without it, I find pretty drab.

On potato gratin, it really is great.  
Ketchup and I are the best of mates.  
I love it on broccoli and Brussels sprouts.  
It's the best taste around without any doubt.

On a fried breakfast, it really is brill;  
Its tangy taste gives me, oh! Such a thrill!  
On potato wedges, it really is wicked.  
A dash of ketchup for me is the ticket!

Without some ketchup, I wouldn't be able  
To eat a meal placed upon the table.  
If, on a café table, no ketchup is placed,  
I make for the door in quite a great haste.

Other people, they think me a freak,  
As I polish off three full bottles of ketchup a week.  
To me, a meal seems so much duller,  
Without some ketchup – preferably red in colour!

Angela Wybrow

# 'Torch' Relay Hits Town

From many miles around, the people came  
To catch a glimpse of the Olympic Flame.  
The Torch was the focus of a huge celebration:  
It visited places the whole length of the nation.

The excited crowds began to steadily flock  
In to the town centre at around three o'clock.  
As crowds waited to see the lucky Torchbearers,  
They agreed that the weather could not be fairer.

Local children were given the day off from school:  
They all considered that this was really quite cool!  
Many of the local roads were temporarily closed:  
A nightmare for motorists, this arrangement posed.

I felt disappointed that I had to work on that day,  
But to the doorway of our shop, I made my way.  
I could hear the assembled crowd's excited cheers,  
And I knew that the Torch must be drawing near.

I could hear horns blowing and whistles shrieking,  
But it was the Torch itself which my eyes were seeking.  
The Torchbearer, who I saw, looked extremely proud  
As he ran, with flame in hand, past the waiting crowd.

The people, who had cameras, merrily clicked away,  
Capturing images of the Torch, on that historic day.  
Within the town, there was a wonderful atmosphere:  
There was a mood of celebration mixed with cheer.

Down the High Street, the Torchbearer dashed:  
The historic moment was over, as quick as a flash.  
But within my heart, I felt a sense of satisfaction  
That I had been lucky enough to glimpse the action.

I thought that the Torch itself looked really quite smart:  
Its golden honeycomb design was a real work of art.  
After the Torch had passed, the crowd then dispersed,  
And I set about capturing the historic moment in verse!

Angela Wybrow

# Train Enthusiast

My cousin, Wayne,  
He loves trains:  
Big or small,  
He loves them all!

Some weekends,  
He meets with friends,  
And off they go  
To a model show.

His passion, he shares,  
With other fans there.  
The trains, they look at,  
And they stand and chat.

The trains race around  
Tiny toy towns.  
They design and build  
Hedge, tree and field,

And they can make  
House, road and lake,  
Stream, pond and park,  
And a tunnel so dark.

The sets are admired:  
Each one is desired  
By fellow fans  
From across the land.

They look almost real,  
And have great appeal  
To steam train admirers -  
The hopeful acquirers.

My cousin, Wayne,  
He loves trains:  
Big or small,  
He loves them all!



Angela Wybrow

# Trolls

In the Forest of Shadows, there can be found  
Creatures whose arms stretch down to the ground.  
These creatures of the Forest are known as Trolls,  
And if they catch you, they'll swallow you whole.

These creatures stalk about in the dead of night,  
And, believe me, they don't make a pretty sight.  
Some have only one eye, while others have two,  
But DO NOT approach them, whatever you do!

These creatures have legs that are short and stumpy,  
And their bodies, like boulders, are big and bumpy.  
The colour of their skin is a kind of mottled grey;  
Trust me, you wouldn't want to get in their way!

In the centre of their face sits a big, bulbous nose,  
And, on their two feet, there are three massive toes.  
They have rotting teeth and really bad breath -  
Catch one whiff and you'll be choking to death!

These creatures emit a really terrifying roar:  
It's unlike any sound that you've heard before.  
You can hear them coming from miles away,  
But, whatever you do, you must not stay.

You'll feel the earth shudder under your feet:  
That is your moment to beat a hasty retreat.  
You may wish to see one with your own eyes,  
But, mark my words, that really wouldn't be wise!

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

## Tv Memories

There was 'Rainbow' featuring Zippy, George and Bungle,  
And quiz show, 'On Safari', which was set in the jungle.  
There was 'Mr Benn' in his black suit and bowler hat,  
And 'Postman Pat', along with Jess, his beloved cat.

There was 'Pitkins', 'Fingerbobs' and 'Hector's House',  
And fearless, crime-fighting rodent, 'Dangermouse'.  
There was Crystal Tipps and her dog, Alistair,  
And the marmalade-loving, 'Paddington Bear'.

There was 'Jim'll Fix It', where dreams came true,  
'A Handful of Songs' and 'Why Don't You? '  
There was 'Mary, Mungo and Midge' living in a flat,  
Gordon the Gopher, and superstar, Roland the Rat.

There was 'Rupert The Bear' and 'Sally And Jake',  
And 'Blue Peter', which featured things to make.  
There was 'Andy Pandy' and friend, Looby-Loo,  
'Bagpuss', 'Barnaby' and the cosmic 'Button Moon'.

There was 'Playdays', 'Playschool' and 'Playaway',  
And spiders, Itsy and Bitsy helped host 'Paperplay'.  
There were flowerpots inhabited by 'Bill and Ben',  
And we experienced various moods of the 'Mr Men'.

There was 'Superted', 'Noddy' and 'Rentaghost',  
And 'Emu's World', with Rod Hull as the host.  
There was 'Trumpton', 'Chigley', and 'Camberwick Green',  
And 'Wombles' in Wimbledon keeping the Common clean.

There was 'Basil Brush', 'The Smurfs' and 'Captain Pugwash',  
And Lady Penelope of 'Thunderbirds', who was really posh.  
'The Magic Roundabout', had a theme tune which was merry.  
There was 'Rugrats', 'Penelope Pitstop' and 'Tom And Jerry'.

As children, we watch TV, and many characters, we befriend,  
But as we grow up, those special relationships come to an end.  
Even as adults, those carefree days we will never ever forget;  
We will always remember the fun we had, and the people we met.

Angela Wybrow

# Unwanted

Handbags and purses which have a dodgy zip.  
An old china mug with a massive great chip.  
Clothes which are now all bobbed 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 one of their discs.  
Jigsaw puzzles, which have one of their pieces amiss.  
Fluffy, soft toys, which are still sporting their tags.  
Old Queen Elizabeth II coronation souvenir mags.  
Ornate and plain vases made of pottery or glass.  
All types of jewellery - the array is so vast.  
All stock is sorted by volunteers at the charity shop.  
Donations keep coming, so the staff never stop.  
Unsaleable items are recycled or thrown away,  
With only the very best stuff, being allowed to stay.  
So, you may very well pick up a bargain in-store,  
Or spot something which you've never seen before.  
Charity shops are just like an Aladdin's cave,  
But would be nothing, if kind people never gave.

Angela Wybrow

# Unwelcome Guests

Come September, these creatures arrive;  
To keep them out, we desperately strive,  
But, despite our efforts to keep them at bay,  
In to our lives they still seem to stray.

They seem to possess an uncanny knack  
Of squeezing through the tiniest crack.  
When we spy one, it's hard to keep calm;  
They fill our minds with sudden alarm.

Just when we're thinking of going to bed,  
In to our homes these small creatures head.  
They wait until the day is done,  
Then out they come to have some fun.

The sight of one can paint fear on a face;  
Breathing quickens and heartbeats race.  
Warmth and light are the big attractions –  
They don't give a damn about our reactions.

They daintily dance around our lights,  
Whilst giving us humans an awful fright.  
Through the air, they so love to zoom,  
Causing us to hastily exit that room.

Their wings make a distinctive clicking sound,  
So there's never any doubt when one is around.  
These flimsy flyers still haven't learnt  
That if they're not careful they will get burnt.

They are so much smaller than us,  
So they probably wonder 'Why all the fuss? '  
We'd all feel happier if they stayed well away,  
And just stayed outdoors to have their play.

Angela Wybrow

# Upon Painted Wings

Upon painted wings, you silently fly;  
For your freedom, you silently cry.  
Upon your travels, you took a wrong turn,  
And now for you I feel such concern.

To be on this train wasn't your choice,  
And you can't tell a soul as you haven't a voice.  
Of this world, you've a whole different vision,  
And now, on this train, you're accidentally imprisoned.

Before my eyes, you flutter around,  
And I pray your freedom will soon be found.  
As the train rushes towards the next station.  
Inside of me, I can feel your frustration.

When the doors open, I feel the cool breeze,  
And you make your escape with incredible ease.  
Our time together may have been brief,  
But deep down inside I feel such relief.

To regain your freedom you hoped for a chance,  
So that through the fresh air you could once again dance.  
My heart feels happy: glad that you've gone -  
So that with your life you're free to go on.

Angela Wybrow



# Verse Speaking Exam

I'm stood in the rehearsal room,  
Going through my lines.  
I glance at my watch:  
It is very nearly time.

The door of the room opens:  
The Examiner is here.  
And suddenly my mind  
Is very far from clear.

I discover that my Examiner  
Is none other than the Chief.  
Suddenly, I fear that all my lines  
Have been stolen by a thief.

I predict that I'll need prompting,  
And that the exam will be a mess,  
But with the process of learning lines,  
Luckily, I'm pretty obsessed.

Stood in the exam room,  
I consider my first line.  
This is my big moment:  
My moment to truly shine.

I begin my very first poem;  
My legs shake with fear,  
But I find that all my words  
Are delivered loud and clear.

As well as my voice,  
I use my hands and face,  
And every single word  
Is in its rightful place.

The exam is very soon over:  
These exams are fairly brief.  
And as I leave the building,  
I'm almost crying with relief.

Angela Wybrow

# View From A Bridge

Outside the Festival Hall, folk are sitting around,  
Beneath parasols of red, yellow, orange, and brown.  
Waterloo Bridge is all choked up with red buses.  
Beneath my feet, a yellow speedboat now rushes.

Across the bridge, youngsters scoot and skate.  
I see some buskers: catchy music, they create.  
Atop Somerset House, I can see the huge clock.  
By the pier, I can see tourist boats ready to dock.

A row of flags flutters in the soft, summer breeze.  
The river down below is lined with rustling trees.  
With bright banners, the Festival Hall is adorned.  
In the distance, I see the iconic dome of St Paul's.

Down on the Embankment, cars are nose to tail:  
Their crawling pace is like that of a garden snail.  
An ambulance rushes by, using its blues and twos.  
On the pier below, for boat trips, there are queues.

In to Charing Cross Station, there now pulls a train.  
Dotted around, on the horizon, are towering cranes.  
'The Shard' building is now almost to its full height.  
The view from this bridge is such a wonderful sight.

Often, when I cross this bridge, I pause for a while:  
This amazing view is guaranteed to make me smile.  
One of my favourite views ever, is this very skyline,  
And while I am here, this wonderful view is all mine.

Angela Wybrow

# Voices Of Andover

The end of our project sadly is nigh,  
But we fully intend to go out on a high.  
Week after week, we've come to rehearse,  
Keenly perfecting every chorus and verse.

We came together and got the job done,  
But we have to say that it's been great fun.  
Each week we rehearsed, we put in the graft,  
But, along the way, we shared some good laughs.

We worked through all those wintry nights,  
Keeping our performance firmly in sight.  
Now come March, we've welcomed the spring,  
And up on stage, we are all set to sing.

The songs that we'll sing are all brand new:  
Of Andover town, they give a good overview.  
Through the songs, we'll tell our story:  
Tales of hardship and tales of glory.

We'll sing about the great Weyhill Fair,  
About the workhouse and the scandal there.  
As well as songs recalling our history,  
We'll sing of nature and the A303.

By the time that the final note has been sung,  
The hearts of our audience, we will have won.  
Fond memories in our minds will always remain,  
From the very first note to the final refrain.

Angela Wybrow

# Walking On Air

I remember the night  
When I walked upon air;  
It was one of those nights  
So incredibly rare.

I wore a smile  
Upon my face,  
Whilst my soul was soaring  
Way up into Space.

My heart swelled up  
With a real sense of pride,  
And I have to admit  
To enjoying the ride.

The euphoria I felt  
Was entirely mine:  
It wasn't aided or abetted  
By spirits or wine.

In that moment,  
I was fully immersed,  
And for that time,  
My problems dispersed.

My words were quick;  
My pitch was high,  
And for that moment,  
I felt I could fly.

It was pretty late  
When I climbed into bed,  
As happy thoughts  
Still swirled round my head.

It is a night  
Which I'll always remember:  
The night I flew;  
That night in November.

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



# Watching The World Go By

In a coffee shop window, I sit and stare  
At all the people passing by, out there.  
In London town, literally anything goes:  
Zany hairstyles, as well as crazy clothes.

As a regular visitor, I'm now never surprised  
At the sights, which I see set before my eyes.  
People of all ages pass by: some young, some old;  
Some wear quiet colours, while others wear bold.

Some have mobile phones pressed to their ear:  
Their faces full of frowns - no trace of cheer.  
But tourists keep a much more leisurely pace;  
These are the people with a smile on their face.

Football supporters are just back from a game;  
Fuelled with alcohol, they are less than tame.  
A tramp searches for food in the nearby trash.  
A busker plays his guitar, hoping for some cash.

Small children tightly hold their parents' hands;  
The dangers of the city, they don't yet understand.  
I see friends greet, and, each other, they happily hug;  
The warmth between them, I feel in my coffee mug.

I see teenage girls with hair dyed red or bright blue;  
And they dare to flash an amazing amount of flesh to.  
Here, people aren't afraid to show just who they are.  
Some of them drive around in really cool, funky cars.

London is so different from the town where I reside:  
No one in the city feels as though they've got to hide.  
Sitting, watching people, just makes the time really fly.  
I love sitting in the window, watching the world go by.

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

# Wedding Snapshot

A blushing bride;  
Butterflies inside;  
A stunning gown;  
A tiara crown;  
Long flowing curls;  
Diamonds and pearls;  
White satin shoes;  
Guest filled pews;  
Exchanging vows;  
Family and pals;  
The joining of hands;  
Exchanging gold bands;  
Mr and Mrs;  
Hugs and kisses;  
Top hat and tails;  
Painted nails;  
Pretty flowers;  
Confetti showers;  
Photographs;  
Lots of laughs;  
Walking the aisle;  
A beaming smile;  
Wedding cake -  
Freshly baked;  
Saying prayers;  
An occasion shared.  
Hymn singing;  
Bells ringing;  
Register signing;  
Eloquent dining;  
Champagne drinking;  
Two lives linking;  
Loving hearts;  
A brand new start.

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 Spring

The days are now longer;  
The sun is now stronger.  
Winter's now tearful;  
Spring is now cheerful.

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

# What Will Life Be Like?

What will our lives be like in years to come?  
Will they have biodegradable chewing gum?  
Will there be everlasting food on our shelves?  
Will buses, cars, and trains all drive themselves?

Will we still be buying our goods from the shops?  
Will they ever invent easy to open bottle tops?  
Will we travel around at the speed of sound?  
Will our monetary system still use the pound?

Of our lives now, will there still be a small trace?  
Will they offer package holidays to Outer Space?  
Will there still be books made of paper for us to read?  
Will the World ever rid itself of all violence and greed?

Will letters no longer drop through our letterbox?  
Will we no longer need our calendars and clocks?  
Will they no longer print newspapers every day?  
Will we no longer have signposts showing the way?

Will we no longer eat food using a knife and fork?  
Will more surveillance cameras watch us like hawks?  
Will we no longer listen to our music on a CD?  
Will pathways, as well as roads, start charging a fee?

Will they ever replace tablets to cure all our ills?  
Will shops ever run entirely on self-scan tills?  
Will the World ever unite together as one?  
What will our lives be like in years to come?

Angela Wybrow

# What You Mean To Me

You're the jam upon my bread;  
The sweet dream in my head.  
You're the icing on the cake;  
The shimmer on the lake.

You're the sugar in my tea;  
The sparkle of the sea.  
You're the brightness of the sun;  
The spiciness of a bun.

You're the melody of a tune;  
The glow upon the moon.  
You're the treacle in my tart;  
The beat within my heart.

You're the wish within a well;  
The tinkling of a bell.  
You're the honey on my toast;  
The Yorkshire with my roast.

You're the song of every bird;  
The sweetness of lemon curd.  
You're the fragrance of a rose;  
The sand beneath my toes.

You're the filling in my pie;  
The apple of my eye.  
You're the freshness of the rain;  
The heat in every flame.

I want the world to see  
Just what you mean to me.

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



# When The Snow Came

The snow started here, at about half past four;  
Lightly, at first, but then it fell more and more.  
Upon spying the first few flakes, I rushed to the shop;  
The snow began to settle, but I hoped that it may stop.

But it continued to fall, creating a blanket of white;  
Till snowflakes coated everything within my sight.  
By nightfall, the world was bathed in an eerie glow,  
Created by the bright reflection of the fallen snow.

Against the orange glow of a nearby street light,  
I could see flakes falling, and swirling in flight.  
Overnight, heavy snow had been forecast to fall,  
But, luckily, for us, we had no extra snow at all.

I awoke in the morning, and saw patches of green,  
And clear rectangles, where parked cars had been.  
The snow was not half as bad, as I had anticipated;  
I knew the snow would soon melt, and I felt elated.

The day brightened up and, very soon, the sun shone;  
In almost no time at all, much of the snow was gone.  
By midday, we were well into the very welcome thaw;  
I'm hoping that, for a while, we won't have any more.

Snow can create many amazing, picturesque scenes,  
But walking through it, when it's icy, I'm not so keen.  
Whenever snow is predicted, I feel panic in my heart,  
And I feel glad whenever the snow decides to depart.

Angela Wybrow

# When We Were Young

I remember when I was a little child,  
Both, you and I, used to run free and wild.  
We plaited each others long, blonde hair.  
Back then, our lives were free from care.

We spied both the butterfly and the ladybird,  
And ate dainty tarts filled with lemon curd.  
We jumped in puddles in our Wellie boots.  
We searched in ponds for frogs and newts.

We both believed in fairies and in witches.  
Monopoly money became our worldly riches.  
Knees were scraped, and secrets were shared.  
In awe, at coloured rainbows, we both stared.

We used to love playing out in the snow,  
Which made our cheeks and fingers glow.  
We played at 'houses', 'hospitals' and 'shops'.  
We performed plays with costumes and props.

We went on day trips down to the seaside,  
Where we explored treasures left by the tide.  
When our mums called us in for tea,  
'Just five minutes more?' was our plea.

We played happily together, side by side,  
And we gave each other piggy-back rides.  
We used to pretend that our dolls could talk.  
We drew on pavements with coloured chalk.

We pretended that we were beautiful princesses:  
We wore gorgeous frocks, and had pretty tresses.  
Often, we used to go paddling in the local stream,  
Where we spotted fish, which had a silvery gleam.

For the future, we made so many plans,  
And pretended to travel to far off lands.  
We used to enjoy baking fairy cupcakes,  
And the autumn leaves, we used to rake.

We built and we furnished secret dens,  
And coloured pictures with felt-tip pens.  
We never ever worried about wet weather;  
The days, back then, seemed to last forever.

We spent so much of our time playing together:  
It was as if our souls were, somehow, tethered.  
We thought that these days would last and last:  
We never thought they would become the past.

Angela Wybrow

# Winter Daffodils

January, and the daffodils are showing their heads;  
Pushing their way up from their deep, wintry bed.  
At the sight of them, I can't help, but be amazed.  
With them, the grassy bank will soon be ablaze.

Daffodils in January, I have never before known;  
Their heads, in winter, are never normally shown.  
They will soon brighten up these dark, winter days;  
Adding a splash of colour to the browns and greys.

To my day, they add some much needed cheer;  
I'm reminded that spring, once again, draws near.  
Daffodils are amongst my very favourite flowers;  
To cheer people up, they possess a special power.

Safe in their buds, the precious petals are protected;  
In the winter air, a slight chill can still be detected.  
In only a few weeks, their buds will be ready to burst,  
And, by the sun and rain, the flowers will be nursed.

The flowers will grow up so very tall and strong,  
And, together, they will create such a merry throng.  
Their presence is bound to attract much attention;  
Their stunning natural beauty, many will mention.

To see their finished form, I simply can not wait;  
A breathtaking sight, the daffodils will soon create.  
That they do not last very long, it is a great shame;  
They will wilt and die, like an extinguished flame.

Angela Wybrow

# Winter Is Here

For hot summer days, my heart now grieves,  
As I walk ankle-deep amongst fallen leaves.  
More leaves dash down to join the happy throng:  
Until they are all joining in, it will not be long.

Leaves dance around my head and my feet:  
They appear to party to a silent beat.  
All around me, a bitterly cold wind is blowing;  
In some parts of Britain, it has been snowing.

Tonight is the night when the clocks go back;  
Many more hours will then be cloaked in black.  
Of summertime, this is officially the final day;  
We're informed that an 'Arctic blast' is on its way.

In the spring and summer, I feel much more cheerful;  
Of cold, wintry conditions, I feel somewhat fearful.  
This cold weather makes me want to stay indoors;  
The alarm clock, in the morning, I want to ignore.

Warm winter woollies have made an appearance;  
Of bright summer clothes, shops hold a clearance.  
The middle of next week, we celebrate Halloween:  
To go trick and treating, many kids will be keen.

It is still well over a week away 'til Bonfire Night,  
But fireworks explode nearby and give me a fright.  
Christmas seems to be approaching at a rapid rate:  
Of shopping days left, there are now only fifty eight.

Angela Wybrow

# Winter Is...

Fires roaring;  
Rain pouring;  
Snuggling up;  
Coffee cups;  
Porridge oats;  
Padded coats;  
Snowball fights;  
Early nights;  
Sniffs and sneezes;  
Freezing breezes;  
Short, dark days;  
Browns and greys;  
Frozen fingers;  
Carol Singers;  
Icy puddles;  
Warming cuddles;  
Frozen lakes;  
Christmas cakes;  
Tea and toast;  
Sunday roast;  
Bonfire Night;  
Christmas lights;  
Pantomimes;  
Party time;  
Fur-lined boots;  
Santa suits;  
Hats and scarves;  
Nice, hot baths;  
Snow falling;  
Santa calling;  
Casseroles;  
Soup in bowls;  
Cheeks all rosy;  
Feeling cosy.

Angela Wybrow

# Winter Wonderland

I slip, I slide, I skid, I skate,  
Around the frozen rink.  
The fairy lights on nearby trees  
Look pretty as they wink.

I wind about, and in and out;  
It feels as though I'm sailing,  
While other people pass me by  
With arms and legs all flailing.

With outstretched arms, just like a bird,  
It feels as though I'm flying.  
Delicious smells fill the air  
Of chips and burgers frying.

At nearby stalls, I see some folk  
Chatting, laughing, eating;  
As I whiz around the frozen rink,  
My glimpse of them is fleeting.

I zip, I zoom, I glide, I gloom,  
Upon the ice which glistens.  
Christmas music fills the air,  
As smiling faces listen.

My rhythm flows, just like a pro,  
Circling on solid ground.  
Happy chatter fills the air -  
There's magic all around.

There's young and old; there's black and white:  
They're having a great time.  
Upon the ice, their hired skates  
Sketch intricate designs.

I whiz, I whirl, I twist, I twirl,  
Around the frozen rink;  
All too soon, my time is up;  
It's time for a hot drink!

Angela Wybrow



# Wolfblood

She looks like a schoolgirl, but a dark secret she hides;  
It is only in her own kind, that she feels able to confide.  
Whenever there's a full moon, her human form morphs  
Into the sleek and unmistakable form of a female wolf.

In human form, when feelings of anger take ahold,  
Her eyes immediately flash the colour of liquid gold.  
Whenever she feels threatened, she lets out a roar;  
Her once brave assailants will then run away for sure.

With a face full of fury and her sharp teeth bared,  
The humans about her feel both shocked and scared.  
Her primal cravings for meat, she must learn to control;  
She must learn how to pacify her true Wolfblood soul.

As she grows older, she has so many things to learn.  
So many unanswered questions inside her still burn.  
The blood of wolves pulses through her every vein;  
Trying to keep such a secret, drives her almost insane.

As a wolf, all of her senses are suddenly heightened;  
Her once heavy tread is now considerably lightened.  
This teenage Wolfblood, and all those of her breed,  
Can travel both field and forest at breakneck speed.

All night long, she has the freedom to run and play,  
But, as a wolf, from humans, she must stay well away.  
Unbeknown to her friends, she lives a double existence,  
But from wild Wolfbloods, she must keep her distance.

Only her own kind, have ever witnessed her change:  
If humans saw her shape-shift, they'd think it strange.  
The rules of being a Wolfblood are extremely clear:  
You must never totally transform when humans are near.

In the dead of night, her friends have heard her howls:  
Little do any of them realise that it is one of their pals.  
A relationship with teenage humans, she happily builds,  
But it's vital that her closely guarded secret isn't revealed.

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

# Words Of Praise

'Brilliant, 'fabulous', 'fantastic', 'great' –  
These words make my soul celebrate.  
These words of praise, I so love to hear,  
But, to my ears, they sound pretty weird.

From your lips, these words are unfurled,  
But they're totally unheard in my own world.  
You often say 'That was really good' –  
Again, never heard here, but maybe it should!

These words to me are just like a drug:  
For me, hearing them is like a virtual hug.  
You use these words all of the time  
To encourage your students to really shine.

For my soul, these words are like fuel:  
For a deflated soul, they provide renewal.  
Your wonderful words of welcome praise  
Help me get through the following days.

If, in my world, I heard words of praise,  
To be perfectly honest, I'd be amazed.  
Silence greets all that I achieve –  
Strands of sadness, this silence weaves.

Of your words, I make a mental note,  
As they help to keep my soul afloat.  
They help to give me a sense of worth;  
Over your words, my soul can surf.

Whenever I hear your words of praise,  
My self-esteem is suddenly raised.  
If only my world contained words of praise,  
I'm sure I'd live much happier days.

Angela Wybrow

# Yellow Butterfly

You flit and you flutter;  
You're yellow, like butter.  
You zigzag around,  
Without any sound.

You dance through the day,  
Beneath the sun's rays.  
You're a beautiful sight,  
With your wings shining bright.

Through the air, you do race,  
With such skill and grace.  
Your ballet-like dance  
Leaves admirers entranced.

You fly at great heights;  
Soaring high like a kite.  
You dip and you dive;  
You're so full of life.

You've such energy;  
You're wild and free.  
You're precious and rare;  
Such beauty, you bear.

Upon the bright petals,  
You briefly do settle.  
On nectar, you dine:  
Like we do on wine.

Despite being small,  
You're dressed for a ball.  
With your colour so bold,  
You look like pure gold.

I admire your style;  
You make me smile.  
You dance on your way,  
Having brightened my day.

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 do not 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

# You'Re

You're the perfume of a floral bouquet;  
The welcome freshness of a rainy day.  
You're the sweet, sticky jam upon my bread;  
The catchy song going round in my head.  
You're the coolness of a summer breeze;  
The pretty blossom upon spring trees.  
You're the brightness of the Northern Star;  
The velvety texture of a chocolate bar.  
You're the warmth which I feel from the Sun;  
The happy feeling when I'm having fun.  
You're the chocolate flake in my ice cream;  
The bringer of the very sweetest dream.  
You're the sparkle upon a sunlit lake;  
The swirly cream on top of a cake.  
You're the melody of an ice cream van;  
The fizziness of a cola-filled can.  
You're the hopefulness of a new day dawning;  
The calmness felt in the early morning.  
You're the creaminess in a glass of milk;  
The shiny smoothness of a piece of silk.

You make me feel happy when I am sad;  
You are the best friend that I've ever had.

Angela Wybrow