

Poetry Series

Tony Judson
- poems -

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Tony Judson(1939)

Tony left school at 16 years old with two years secondary school to become an apprentice nurseryman. Braking the apprenticeship a age 19 in order to get married he took on the responsibilty of married life and became father to his first of four children at a tender twenty years of age. After his first marriage of 27 years he moved from Chrischurch to live in Auckland. His second marriage, a partnership which lasted 15 years, broke up in 2005. Life has never been easy and many experiences have left him with a knowledge of his own feelings and a desire to record some of them in the medium of poetry

Ode To Our Playmates

Where are our playmates of yesterday
The kids that we knew at school?
Whatever became of that bully kid
And the one we all called 'The Fool? '
That quiet girl who would burst into tears
Every-time that we shouted out 'BOO! '
And the loudmouthed one called Billy McCain
And the poor little lad with no shoes?
I'll never forget that the prettiest of all
Was a sweet little thing in our class
Now, What was her name? Joy, Fiona or Beth?
I'll just have to let that name pass!
The ugliest of all was a girl named Marie!
Much taller than us (and wore glasses!)
Like a matchstick – so thin – we would tease her and run
So she'd hide from us in between classes
We were all shapes and sizes – our growth spurts you see
Meant our uniforms didn't fit well
Boys zips would unlock and girls buttons would pop
As their little breasts started to swell!
Some fat ones got thinner and short ones got tall
While some stayed the same with no growth at all
Now remember the kid with the pants mostly patches?
And the girl who would come with her head in a shawl?
Then the rich kid – the nasty one who'd flout all his new toys
And chat up the girls in front of the boys?
Remember the time that the bully boy hit him!
And remember we all yelled with our overcome joy!

So where are the playmates of yesterday?
The kids that we knew and their fate?
Well I met with an old friend the other day
And he brought me right up to date!

That rich kid (one that the bully beat up)
He's in state penitentiary now!
Embezzled multi-millions from a public company
It was a huge and scandalous row!
The poor kid who came with the patched up shorts

Now owns a tropic resort
Worth a million or three I do believe
And they say he's a wonderful sort!
The matchstick girl, so ugly at school
Is a world top model now!
You'll have seen her pic on the cover of Vogue
And the magazine 'Where What How'
The prettiest one I'm sorry to say –
(Who's name I couldn't recall)
Was badly burned in an accident
Was disfigured – now can't see at all!
Billy McCain, the loudmouthed one
Is a diplomat in China afar
Quiet, unassuming – Epitome of tact
His manners would pleasure a Czar!
And that poor little lad came to school with no shoes?
Luck – Beyond our wildest of dreams!
He now wants for nothing for the lottery he won –
Gave him riches for life so it seems!
The quiet wee girl who would burst into tears
Is now head of a large corporation
She wields great power with never a fear
And is expected to govern the nation!
And the fool you might ask 'What happened to him? '
Cause at school he was ever so thick!
Well believe it or not in physics he's tops!
And could even teach Einstein a trick!
Now the bully so bad, who made us all mad
'Saw the light' some long distance past
'Please let's all kneel and pray' – you might well hear him say
He's appointed Arch-bishop at last!

Tony Judson 21/8/05

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