

Poetry Series

**Amy Gerrard**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Amy Gerrard(1963 -)

Amy Gerrard was born in the North West of England in the early 1960's. She has a passion for the region and its varied, geographical beauty. You could say that part of the place has influenced much of her life and literary work, as have other, more highly personal factors that later crafted her thoughts.

Amy finds a release in Poetry, an escape that has a passion for the funny and the absurd side of life's varied structure. You could say its almost a Da-Da-esque approach at times. Her humour entrenched in Monthly Python, Spike Milligan, John Cooper Clarke and the Alternative Stand-up comics of the 1980's, she lets her observations run feral across the page. But beyond the laughter there is a serious side and she also focuses on what she feels so passionate about, both politically and socially.

Please read and enjoy Amy Gerrard's work.

# A Distant Beach

The pathway is very long,  
A marathon stretch of private road.  
And past wooden gate I stroll,  
Knowing that the walk may take its toll.  
The lighthouse, unused, for many years,  
Stands like a lone sentinel above low rock.  
In faded white, it stands,  
Overlooking the oil-stained sands,  
As oil drifts across the Mersey from the Easton tanks,  
Polluting the marsh-like-weed strewn banks.

It is the ultimate isolation; a distant beach  
Not many come here; it is so out of reach.  
Forgotten over time, the ships stay clear,  
The lighthouse redundant, no beam shines here.  
Instead you walk along its stretch,  
Braced by the chilly winds of old, Hale Head.

A place of thought, a place to hide,  
A place I can come to when at low tide.  
A place that has served my tranquility well,  
It is my own private place, so please don't tell.

The car is cold upon my return,  
The weather seems greyer, more greyer than normal.  
In austerity, it stands, it exists that way,  
Maybe that's why the people never moved here to stay.  
It is a beach; a distant beach,  
Nature's beauty virtually spoiled,  
Yet so quiet, so peaceful.....

And so out of reach.....

Amy Gerrard

# A Room Is.....

A room can be anything  
An haven of peace  
A room can be solitude  
Some sanity, at least  
A room is a place where  
I can sleep, a room is a place  
Where possessions I keep.

A room is an oasis,  
That houses my thoughts,  
My upsets, my downers,  
My laughter and joys,  
A room is enclosed,  
And no one can see,  
As I lie on the bed,  
Book balanced on my knee.

A room is an island, away  
From the crowds, away from  
The madness, away from what's loud.  
A space to play, a space to relax,  
A place you can join me, if I allow.

A room can be cluttered  
A room can be bare,  
It can house a bed, perhaps,  
And also a chair,  
A wardrobe may stand against  
A wall, a room can be anything,  
Simply anything at all.

Amy Gerrard

# And We Watch

I turned on my TV and saw the news today  
It was the usual headlines, conspiracy, death,  
And urban decay.  
A tragedy struck in some far away Bay,  
And people drowned and died a terrible way.  
The war in Iraq went on and on,  
Where some faceless soldier got blown apart  
By a landmine or a bomb.  
And the stories, so depressing, drifted on, drifted on....  
And we do nothing. We just watch.

A student shot his University friends dead,  
Twelve people dead mainly shot through the head.  
The final act was death by his own, young hand,  
Cheating justice, the law, no verdict now stands.  
And I saw the bodies carried out in black, plain plastic.  
But we've seen it so often; it has happened all before  
Where twenty people died – perhaps – maybe more.  
And now we sit and drink some tea, it matters little  
Everyone would agree.  
Desensitised by media overkill, it's all so very much,  
And all we do is nothing. We just watch.

I turned on my TV and saw the news today  
It was the usual headlines, conspiracy, death,  
And urban decay.  
Someone had a cancer filled lung  
The doctors said he hadn't got long  
And I watched the old man panting,  
As he fought gratefully for some breath,  
And there we sat all watching,  
Awaiting the inevitability of his death.  
And still we all do nothing. We just watch.

Amy Gerrard

# Apprehensive Sentiments

The building was vast and square,  
It had little respect for design or care.  
Just a place that was supposed to shape,  
An academic, enquiring mind,  
It's masters overbearing – intrinsic  
Of a dominant archaic kind.  
No mortarboard hats or canes,  
Just swagger and gowns were all that remained.  
A place that existed on,  
It's former days of heady glory,  
A school that belched out the occasional,  
Very, silly Tory.  
But I got by and walked my line,  
With head bowed down, I served my time.

Within loveless stone and aged brick,  
Classes parted the intellect, from the thick.  
Teachers stood before the mock, baroque stairs  
As exercise books rained down from the musty air.  
"Terrible, Atkins – repeat this again! "  
As the poor, little chap sighed and picked up a pen.  
Daydreams ruled supreme, as young minds drifted away  
To the golden prospect of, some foreign holiday.  
And so we gazed out across the lawns  
Of Rugby, Cricket, athletics - the music room of tubas and horns,  
And the clock moved on its silent arc  
As Greenhall flicked ink in ebullient lark.

It still stands today, a penal place,  
As if time stood still, no mark or trace,  
Of us all that once filed inside its space.  
Our existence as vaporous as the chemistry lessons' gases,  
All scattered to the wind like anonymous ashes.

Amy Gerrard

# Art

'And what is truly Art! ', they cried  
To some, Art is worthy,  
To others they snide.  
We can talk endlessly for hours,  
About people whom live in ivory towers,  
Whom produce a work that evokes  
Sheer apprehension,  
Way beyond the public's comprehension.

'And what is truly Art! ', they cried  
Melvin Bragg debates,  
He's mad, but he paints.  
She's suicidal and writes poetry,  
He hits mallet and chisel in rock  
He intends to exhibit beside some  
Well known dock,  
And it matters little what they do  
For it becomes 'The Emporer's New Clothes'  
To intense for the likes of me and you.

People are drawn with faces like cubes,  
Two eyes on their cheeks, or impressed  
Within chapels,  
Or bowler-hat-ed men standing firmly,  
behind apples. Surreal is unreal,  
Is Da-Da-ist simply taking the piss?  
'So what is truly Art! ', we cry.  
Shall I await the answer; or shall I sigh?

Some art is talent, some art is bad,  
It swings so easily – intellectually –  
Between what is good and what is sad,  
And people won't speak out about it,  
As decried philistines, you are!  
But I don't care as long as it's lovely.  
And can fit it in the car.....

Amy Gerrard

# Awaking In A Welsh Cottage

I am on a mission to escape the town – I did it!  
The drive so long, Ian awaits at the cottage,  
with tea and warm soup proffered  
And so welcome I feel, having left the bustle behind,  
this is all so unreal, If not rurally, surreal.

Morning.....

The rain outside torments the windows,  
I awake to the taps, the fields outside misted  
Beyond wet glass, a walk was insisted,  
But now I lie, all snug and warm,  
A freshly made tea at my side.  
And as for the walk, I can't decide.  
Can I trade the comfort for wet paths?  
The mud, the breeze,  
The deep rustling of damp leaves?

In isolated bliss, I enjoy the peace,  
Enjoy the rest, I feel this is best,  
As I sit with laptop open, screen all bright,  
As I watch the corrupted day outside.  
I may just go out...  
I Might, I might....  
Or shall I forego the morning's grey light.  
In haste, I alight the comforts soft  
Then dress accordingly in readiness for a walk,  
And face the harshness of the distant, mountainous rock.

It awaits.....

Amy Gerrard

# Burning The Past

It was hard to release all those things I'd earned,  
Those things that were once his, items once yearned,  
Yet to move on I did, I had to, I was glad,  
My home, my guitar, and even my shiny, Silver Jag.  
To do what I did, would have turned a mere mortal aghast,  
Yet it was imperative – you see – to simply burn the past.

I had sought sanctuary in a truer soul, a truer self, as I  
Was once told,  
To some, they said it was a noble act, and something so bold.  
To many I was foolish, I had destroyed so much,  
But inside, amidst the maelstrom of emotions, I knew I couldn't last  
And in doing so, I had done it – success amassed! But it had cost me so much  
And now I have truly burned the past.

To relinquish all that has gone is a must to progress, it has to be done without  
digress.  
It is harsh, it is true, so say farewell to so much; be it people, a house, and  
possessions once loved,  
But from the vacuum that is left, time will close the agonizing gap, as all wounds  
heal and repairs all rift. As in time all other things come like wondrous gifts.  
And within this joy, you shall find solace at last,  
So happy in the knowledge that you had finally burned the past.

Life as she is peaceful and contentment, ordinariness and tranquil, not run-of-  
the-mill.  
And what of me? Well I can answer that, as true as I'm here, for I have moved  
on towards something so dear, and it's become so painfully clear.  
To some whom once knew me, I have vanished into the mist of obscurity  
And now I don't need to live that once corporate life so intense, so fast  
Because that's what transition has done, another dimension at last!  
And happily I smile, relaxed, and ease back.....it is beautiful to have done it!  
To have finally burned the past.....

Amy Gerrard

# Cheshire Hunt

Come the late autumn months, you'll find them there,  
A stream of Range Rovers, Barbour Jackets, immaculate  
Swept back hair. With shooting sticks and green wellies,  
They cheer the undesirable sight, as defiant these fools  
Continually break the law, and not one copper in sight,  
It's so not right.

Pink jacketed figures on horse back cheer, leaping fences  
Against background horns, it's all so sick it makes me leer,  
As I drive past and sound my horn in protest, but this □  
Sport goes on and on, butchery as a pastime, it should  
Have long gone.

A swirling mass of vicious teeth, tear into a lone fox,  
Now trampled underneath both paws and horse hooves  
I turn away as the mad carnage fuels the mass, as in  
Blood lust they roar, a victory for them and failure  
for the law.

And what of those people that love to take part?  
Bryan Ferry's son Otis – a prat from the start.  
Invading the House of Commons how clever  
You are. In the eyes of the ordinary public,  
Unlike your dad, you're not a star.

I hate this sport; this sadistic lust  
I hate what it stands for; to kill  
What disgust!  
And all for what? What is the point?  
So that they can 'blood' their children  
Like some ritualized anoint.  
Why oh why! What is the point!  
Why oh Why! What is the point!

Amy Gerrard

# Crash

Today I saw an accident,  
There was nothing I could do.  
Two completely total strangers,  
Collided out of the blue.  
In ordinary life, they would never have met,  
Fate had brought them together to regret,  
The lack of concentration of one, or both  
As together their cars in twisted steel morph.

Glass and plastic, and scrapped chrome  
Dash across the road's surface,  
Each driver miles away from home.  
I imagined as I watched in awe  
Someone's wife getting a knock upon  
Their door, as details of the accident unfolds,  
The evening dinner, uneaten, shall now grow cold.

An Ambulance wails its siren loud,  
People have gathered in useless crowd.  
Someone's pain is now a spectacle of sorts,  
As the Police move in and push them back.  
The wrecking trucks arrive in mechanical attack,  
Metal is cut away to pull the drivers free  
As I slowly walk away, thankful it never happened to me.

Amy Gerrard

# Dad

Dads are – well – typically dads,  
That moan at you as you pass  
On through your youthful fads.  
They are always there for you  
Even when you're broke,  
Even though their fashion sense,  
Is a terrible joke.

Dads are always bald and grey  
As if they had been born  
That way.  
They love to rant on about their pet hates,  
As they go to great lengths,  
To embarrass you in front of your mates.

Dads are always lamentful,  
About the great times long gone by,  
And talk about the 1960's,  
When The Stones were always high.  
When England won the 1966 world cup  
Oh Christ, will he ever shut bloody-well up,  
But being a dad is a sort of might,  
And the old bugger knows, he's always right.

Amy Gerrard

# Death On A Sunny Summer Afternoon.

Wouldn't it be nice, if we could choose a place to die,  
Away from the sad hospice, away from where I lie,  
Away from grasping relatives, some of whom I don't even know,  
Away from this horrid, miserable place; a place where I didn't want to go.  
Instead I want to be drift away, preferably after noon,  
On a day of which is sunny, a death on a sunny, summer afternoon.

I wouldn't be much trouble, I doubt I'd make much noise.  
Just prop me up beside the sea, and let me drift away from  
Life's melee, my body will decide whether or not to stay and will simply  
Say, "Well, Amy, let's call it a day'. Oh I hope that is the way  
It shall be, my end, my finality, my gentle demise, a gentle loss  
All cast adrift, oh what a boon! On a sunny, summer afternoon.

But alas Death never lets you chose, he's such a sod, and he can't lose,  
And he'll catch you when you least expect it, maybe sat on someone's loo. Or  
maybe he will be sneaky, and catch you during a wedding toast,  
When forward and forth your body pitches, headfirst into cake, in the same place  
where they'll have your wake.  
Oh no, not here, Death, for heaven's sake!

And so I have decided how I want to go, and this is how I stand,  
With book and deckchair and tea in hand, surrounded by  
The Suffolk sands. The sea all calm, the breeze so light,  
And if I can have that, I'll go without fight, or sound or flap,  
Or mumble some death-rattle rap, just as long as it's sunny,  
Just shortly after noon,  
A quiet death, a gentle demise,  
On a sunny, summer's afternoon.

Amy Gerrard

# Doomed Love On The A49

Maybe it was never meant to be,  
That's how she saw it now.  
From a sex kitten to a cat, he thought,  
From an Adonis to a twat, she thought.  
From their clumsy, sexual student day shirks,  
to their now Olympian heights of open top Mercs.  
And as their love gave access to incipient hate,  
left two opposing pieces in a deadly stalemate.

You wanted her! Came the strident stare.  
Go rant and rave, I don't care!  
In her company you displayed such levity!  
And he fucked and blinded her as he hit a dangerous seventy.  
The tyres screamed a torture, and veered to the right,  
As their warmth faded suddenly from day into night.  
They knew then, that it was never meant to be,  
A union soured towards the purest enmity.

Watch that tractor! She wailed, a resonance better than any actor.  
But he didn't care, he was lost somewhere beyond – perhaps, elsewhere.  
Then he began to berate her, oh Christ how he hated her,  
As the car sped forth, the wind now loud, defiant, austere,  
Had now reached a level beyond what reason could bare.  
But in those final, fleeting moments he smiled at her  
And she smiled at him,  
As the killer bend sprang forth,  
To claim both her.....and him.

Amy Gerrard

# Elegy For A Lost Friend

(Note to the reader: I never intended to write something as angry as this, but to get something from out of my system so strong, I felt I had to.... My apologies if anything within this poem sounds offensive....)

We were children at school. It was 1975 we met.  
I recall it so clearly, how could I forget.  
You were lovely, you had it all, you were wild,  
We had a ball.  
And later you had wit, and intelligence so much  
And how glad I had found you, had found you,  
What luck.

The years went swiftly and we parted for Uni,  
Some years we lost, but regained the time  
As professional careers beckoned,  
Our friendship returned so fine,  
And to the Olympian heights of Oxford you went,  
Living a fantasy, Evelyn Waugh-esque life,  
Never knowing that it would become your eventual downfall,  
Because it was there you met your wife.

I never liked her, nor her family, nor liked her desire to hunt.  
I'd always seen her as pathetically hollow,  
Had she been a pool you would never have drowned,  
She was simply that shallow.  
But you besotted, and love renders the wise blind,  
I saw her destroy you, love, destroy you over time.

You parted in 1992. She'd taken enough, she didn't need you.  
Returning to Oxford with another fool in tow, I was so angry.  
The years of drink then took its toll. I saw your career fold,  
It was all so painful, no story could have told,  
The truth that lay behind her lies. I cannot think of anything about her,  
Except for the word 'despise'.

I tried to stop what you had done, reverse you back,

Back from where you had originally come from.  
But I lost the war, I lost the fight,  
For you had gone, my friend, you had lost life's brilliant  
Light.

I last saw you in the nursing home. It was over a year ago, a while  
I know.  
The looks now faded, your brilliant mind lost,  
A day is confusion; the past has dearly cost.  
Your eyes that sparkled have lost their lustre of wit,  
And all for what? Some silly bitch? A pompous, pseudo upper-class git.

In sportswear you sit, smoking in silence, as I tried to speak.  
But to you, I'm not there. The room is silent, to you, you're alone,  
So after two hours I get my coat and drive home.  
Tears dash the road ahead. Tears mist the rushing scene,  
There is nothing I can do, life is so obscene.  
As in my mind I still picture you there – lost in vacant stare.  
Life can be so unfair.

Life can be so unfair.....

Amy Gerrard

# For Charlotte....Lost Friendships

It is funny how some people change,  
The people you never thought  
Would become distant and strange,  
Yet humanity is capricious,  
And all moods have a range,  
And now there is nothing left to talk about  
Nothing shared nor interest taken,  
As a friendship can die as soon as it's made,  
So sad that things can become so staid...

No weekend visits, no phone calls made,  
Everyone must now lie in the bed they've made,  
Apathy rules, a great hiding tool,  
To wallow in and let off steam,  
As I now vanish into the mists of what's been,  
It does grate one's own self-esteem.

And now eleven years on, you are a faintness once seen,  
Who knows had we been friends, what could have been?  
Yet instead it has gone, it is no more,  
Yet the sound is still ringing in my head,  
The bitter sound of your slammed door.

The bitter sound of your slammed door.

Amy Gerrard

# Gangster

The image is clean-cut, the suit is tailored to fit  
The signet rings glisten arrogantly;  
A façade that hides a vicious shit.  
He looks just like a company boss, his suit his pinstripe,  
He sits. His tie is silk,  
As forth he goes and beats,  
His victims he loves to milk.  
And on he goes, his career so grisly  
Making someone's life,  
A complete and utter misery.

The car is a Jaguar, it has to be to lug.  
As it houses and tugs along this vile thug.  
As people stay well out of his way,  
Hoping the day never dawns when he  
Comes their way.  
Happy that his day is done, back to his apartment he goes,  
Whilst in his car boot smoking, all said and done,  
Lays his warm, sawn-off shotgun.

'You can't pay? Tut-tut, what a shame, '  
And then he goes off and proceeds to maim.  
A respectable image, he projects - is he kidding?  
So easily it comes as well as a killing.  
He's streetwise, he knows, and legally he knows  
The goss. As he over rides humanity, he doesn't give a toss.  
Who is hurt and what they owe means nothing to him  
And on he'll go. Like a violent toy pushing through crimes ranks,  
Until the day dawns, when he won't be thanked, for going too far,  
A wrong move made, and like many of his kind,  
End up dead or with acid they blind.

Smug he lives a life of ease (for now) ,  
Never feeling love nor will ever please  
Nor will ever experience joy  
And when it's over  
No one will employ.

And when it's all over, no one will employ....

Amy Gerrard

# I Never Knew You

I never knew you, we hadn't met.  
All I recall was flowers by the road,  
With annual cards of deepest regret.  
I knew you'd died, in accident claimed,  
A loss of a young life,  
I don't know whom was blamed.  
I do know it happened, some time back now.  
And at the genesis of the killer bend,  
Replenished flowers some people send.

It was sometime in the late 1980's,  
I recall. You were taken at that time.  
It all seems so very long.  
And I never knew you, we hadn't met.  
But at least we can do, is never forget.

I drive past your departure from life,  
At least now once a week.  
The flowers wither and die in time.  
I'm saddened you never fulfilled your dreams  
And I'm certain many eyes must have  
Filled up in streams. Too young to die.

But then, I never knew you,  
We hadn't even met.  
All I recall was flowers by the road,  
With annual cards of deepest regret.

Amy Gerrard

# Image

See that man in the mirror,  
That is the face of success.  
The tie, pure silk, the suit an immaculate press,  
All ripe and ready, for corporate excess.

I know where I'm going - I'm tipped for the top,  
Headhunted by those who know I'm a potential boss.  
I've little time for those, that are caring, dull and dowdy,  
As I drive past them so sneeringly, in my large silver Audi.  
I don't need an IQ as high as a kite,  
Just screw over the honest - yeah, they can take a hike.  
So losers beware, as I don't care,  
It won't be long before I'm sat in your boss's chair.

A pinstripe demigod, no weakness - see!  
No company could ever afford to be without me.  
And I'll lie and lie until I die,  
And pretend that I care as I work and bleed you dry.  
You can write documents, oh great, let me see!  
Then delegate and take the credit, that how it's meant to be.  
I don't struggle; I never ever need to fight,  
As you spend many sleepless, stress-filled nights.  
But your complaints, are seldom, seldom ever heard,  
As I evoke the smoothly spoken mantra,  
Of the business buzzword.

Oh yes, I know. I am the face of success.  
An image so right, for corporate excess.

Amy Gerrard

# In A Distant Field Where The Poppy Grows

We saw our sons leave, for foreign fields,  
We saw them cheer as they boarded trains.  
Flags and smiles fused, drowned within waving arms  
As they left us to fight an oppressive foe; we watched them go,  
We spurred the brave forth, to a distant land that we do not know  
To a distant field where the poppy grows....

Oh what pain you did endure, death became a release, no daylight no more  
As you fell onto the earth, our hearts did with you, your spot unmarked.  
The final dawn, you wrote your wills. The guns silent, as if asleep  
For many miles away, your loved ones will weep, and they weep  
As news came through, of your brave death, killed by men you do not know  
In a distant field where the poppy grows.

And now you lie. You can rest and sleep. The harshness of humanity, your  
wasted lives and lost youth. For you make us humble, for what you gave, as the  
morning sunlight kisses softly your pale, stone graves. We raise our torch to  
you, honoured before heaven, and shall always be on this remembrance day,  
where you fell, life cruelly cut short. But you shall not be cast to the dark, that  
you are promised, that your can know  
In a distant field where the poppy grows.

Amy Gerrard

## In Praise Of Emo Kids

You are the sweet collective, set away from the lifeless pawns.  
It is sad that you are misunderstood, alienated and shy,  
Even sadder still that society can never ask you why,  
And yet I feel touched by your poetry, your art, your style,  
And your warm sensitivity, and to see your closeness to each other,  
You make me smile. You make my day worth while.

My youth long gone, time was cruelly fleeting, yet when still young,  
I was never like you. And somewhere I got lost; lost in Punk, lost  
In Modism, so lost within the aggression of that era – that time,  
And borne out of that mayhem, out you came, a beautiful rebirth,  
And such you were. Proud to be you, proud amidst societies coldest stare.

Treasure what you are, and carry it on. Treasure the love you hold.  
Strive to be different, and posses much love; live for creativity,  
Live and enjoy.....

Amy Gerrard

# Inspiration

I feel inspired today. I don't know why, I just do.  
A spring in my step, I reach for a pen, or perhaps  
A paintbrush, write a book, or even watch Dudley Moore  
And pretend I'm in '10'.  
I feel so creative,  
So full and so right,  
I'm moving so fast, I could even be light.  
I can fly, I have wings,  
I feel far from dull,  
I don't understand it – I haven't drank Red Bull.  
I am soaring so high, beyond the towns and cities  
That lie, like tired old men not able to die.  
I am air; I am an element, I am beyond despair.  
Have I become an eccentric, a person so rare?  
But I don't know why. I just do.  
Inspiration has made me feel so new.

Amy Gerrard

# Late

I am always late.  
I don't know why,  
Just place it down to fate.  
Time is just an enemy,  
It can never be a mate,  
Just another stressful thing,  
That can never ever abate.  
I have tried to make an effort,  
Began a brand new slate  
Oh. My God! Is that the time!  
Christ, I'm always late.

Amy Gerrard

# Looking Back At Wrong Things Done

I know I did much wrong in the past,  
I know of the hurt I'd caused many  
That had crossed my angry path,  
And in shame I fall silent, as I linger back,  
Linger back to a time when I was younger,  
And prone to evoke such verbal attack,  
And in guilt I hang: a pitiful weight,  
So wishing I could return with a mind  
In such a better, amicable state.

But we cannot change what has past.  
It is written, set in stone to irrevocably last,  
And there is nothing more that I can do,  
Nothing more that I can say,  
There is no forgiveness, nor words that can sway,  
As the cloud that hangs above me turns an even  
Darker, shade of grey.

I know I did much wrong in the past,  
It's ran its course, I mustn't look back.  
I can never return to the hearts of those hurt,  
So in exile I'll go forth and try,  
Never to be that person; never lie,  
And in humility I'll live and say goodbye,  
To everything I once was, to everything sly,  
And welcome the person that I'd once so denied.

Amy Gerrard

# Looking.....

I was looking for love,  
But I never found it.  
People told me that I would,  
Find what I sought,  
Yet I should never look for it,  
Instead let it find you, they said.  
And that's what I did, I sat in  
Wait....

I sat in boredom, lonely again,  
At the bar, at the club, eyes fixed on the door.  
Yet love never came, it was just the same,  
My life never changed,  
What a letdown; such a shame.  
I read romance, I saw it on film,  
Was love truly real, or was it all lame?  
Or was it nothing more, then a sad, sorry game?  
And in patience I waited,  
And if love was my date,  
Then you never arrived; you never came.

I was looking for love,  
But I never found it.  
A solitary person, within a group  
Of friends, everyone was a couple,  
Yet I hadn't made amends,  
As love had failed to strike my heart  
As I saw no Cupid from the start.  
No arrow aimed, no target hit,  
No candle lit, so here I sit.....  
Yet all of a sudden I saw so clear  
That love isn't always a thing so dear,  
It can hurt; it can betray,  
It can fail to be strong and stay.  
And as I frequented the singles bars,  
And other such places, I began to  
Notice the profoundly sad faces.

I was looking for love,

But I never found it.  
So I stopped looking, and forgot about it.  
Life went on, as day past into day,  
I stopped looking in January and now it was May.  
It was only when the Summer came, whilst on holiday,  
That love had finally happened, it really did that way.  
He came towards me smiling, an Adonis in broad view.  
He took me in his arms that night,  
And I took him – WELL GIRL – wouldn't you?

Amy Gerrard

# Lost Daughters

Alienated, skeletal and drained of life,  
Maybe I will never make it,  
To be some proud man's wife.  
Maybe I will never see another day,  
As this illness never gives,  
But ultimately, takes all away.

Food is the enemy, take it away.  
I don't need sympathy; you don't need to stay.  
As hours become days, I lie and wait,  
The bed offers little comfort,  
When existing, barely, in this emaciated state.

What was healthy is now bone,  
I'm too weak to use the bloody phone.  
Friends drift in occasionally from a life  
Now past,  
As everyday I feel lost, like cast away by raft.

Sleep is my only solace, as I lie awaiting to die,  
Trapped in a body so readily to defy,  
Any help that is forced upon me, I resist and  
Buck,  
One Nurse says 'Did she eat the cereal? '  
The other one says 'No such luck'.

And why am I here? Why did I see fat,  
When in fact I was thin.  
Why did I give in to the model's image within.  
Why did I throw away so much to begin.  
And now I'm lost, and darkness falls.  
And now all is silent beyond the walls.

All is silent beyond the walls.....

Amy Gerrard

# Love, Actually

Love is a thing that brings such joy;  
A wonderful gift that two can enjoy  
Love is an embrace and presents, too,  
Of perfume and chocolates and flowers  
From you.

Love is passion, Love is sweet,  
Love is a power that can sweep us off our feet.  
Love is desire, it takes us higher;  
It can often be a lasting fire.

But Love can hurt, Love can be pain,  
Especially when unrequited, when it  
Goes down the drain.

Love can be special, Love can be true,  
Love can be a sunrise, cuddled up beside you.  
Love is two hearts, which beats from within,  
Love is such beauty, beyond lust or sin,  
And Love is spending time, with you drinking wine,  
As together we smile, Love exudes such signs.  
Love is so special, it's positively true,  
Especially now that I have found someone special  
- just like you.

Amy Gerrard

# Night

When the tired day has had enough,  
The night draws close then stays.  
Like a worker taking over as  
The relief from one shift,  
The night allows the day to drift.

In darkness we walk, under overhung lights,  
We feel the need to sleep and release our thoughts.  
Outside is cold, the night's winter kept at bay,  
As I turn up the heating, more tea, a friend stays.  
In night there is silence, a peace, a calm,  
As fatigued we drift to bed, to await the morning alarm.

And like a woman on tiptoe, the Night soon leaves,  
Darkness into grey, then the brightness of day.  
Eyes all red arise from beneath the cover of bed,  
As the day intrudes through curtain gaps,  
As I leave my bed and turn on the shower taps.  
Ready to face the day, come-what-may,  
I dress and leave as the night now sleeps,  
Until like me, it has an appointment to keep.

Amy Gerrard

# No Sleep

I slept badly last night,  
Comfort had deserted me.  
The bed felt alien, not right,  
And in wanting sleep I gave up the fight.  
Instead I lay there, reading some `zine,  
About make-up, fashion, and womanly  
Delights,  
Everything is solitude, illuminated  
By bedside light,  
As I watch the dawn's entrance with mild  
Daylight.

Amy Gerrard

# Politician

You arrive from nowhere, you arrive to serve,  
"But do you help us? ", I say as I observe,  
Your rapid climb to your own success,  
Yet do you really intend to offer us your best?

I have seen it all before, the endless talk,  
Hot air, little more, as I sit and listen,  
Tired in my chair,  
And on you go, you rant and rave,  
Acquiescing on the homeless issues,  
Acquiescing on our current state,  
On and on like your everyone's mate,  
Yet everything you achieve always  
Arrives too late. But then you can shrug  
And walk away, to you it's merely another  
Day. Back towards your waiting Merc,  
Back towards the waiting, token wife,  
Back towards your warm, safe life.

Poverty rises, jobs are dying,  
As in immaculate suit, you can  
Carry on lying. Yet we can all  
See the tangible truth, from  
Beyond our slums, beneath  
Leaking roof. You are smiling  
Mendacity, you exist to lie,  
As yet another feminine dawns  
And millions more die.

I often wonder what's the point?  
I often wonder why we continue  
To appoint,  
These charlatan peers, that are so  
Unlike us, so unlike the realities  
We face. But they still get in, they  
Still succeed, well paid in their terms,  
As financially they bleed, this country  
To death; they'd take its final breath,  
Then get kicked out when nothing is left.

Labour, Lib-Dem, or boring Tory,  
Doesn't matter whom, all out  
For their own glory.  
As things get bleaker,  
And prices rise, petrol up another  
4p, oh what a surprise!  
Yet all we see is them living it up,  
As we all get angry – clearly had enough.  
But they don't care; for they are secure,  
Their futures assured, can we take more?  
And for the camera lens they smile,  
The headlines scream! Tory and a Hooker,  
How totally obscene. And some are abrupt,  
When exposed as corrupt, as cash transfers  
Into hands, for awards and knighthoods,  
Oh now I truly understand,  
What has now become of our once great land.

Amy Gerrard

## Rain At 6: 05am

Like an unwelcome guest you came,  
Tapping annoyingly on my window pane.  
A water torture of rhythm you were,  
You made me stay awake,  
And now I am down the stairs.  
Over early morning tea I yawn,  
As I am greeted by the miserably wet dawn.  
Early morning workers pass,  
The greyness stark before the windows' glass.

The street and road has a wet incandescence,  
As the falling rain leaps like glow-worms  
In dance.  
And I await my toast as if in a trance.  
The toaster snaps and the slices jump,  
And I awake.  
A Car drives by, the shops still shut, the  
Brickwork radiant as the gutters overflow,  
And then the pounding rhythm slows.  
Will it all start up again?  
God only knows.....

Litter clatters, the dustbins rock, as the  
Merciless wind howls along the block.  
The distant trees of the opposite park,  
Hiss as if in gossip, no bird sounds,  
No larks.  
And now nothing moves, it's all just sound,  
Just gentle taps as rain drops hit ground.

Just gentle taps as rain drops hit ground.....

Amy Gerrard

# Shopping In A Northern Town

With money to part and a desire to buy, I drive into town  
I have no fixed quest to focus on procuring anything special,  
I'll come to that when I see what gifts are hanging around.  
As each shop is seen as individual temples of solace,  
I hunt, I seek, I locate.....I covet so deep; am I so sad?  
But then the passion for materialism is always seen as bad.

With Debit Card primed, and hand extended, money is exchanged  
And goods are vended.  
Tills tally up their financial score, but I'm not bothered as I've paid  
And right out the door.  
The Huntress seeks rest through coffee and gossip; ensconced on  
Chairs too cheap to harbour comfort  
And then I go, towards crowded malls with replenished fervor,  
Hoping that I don't push my bank statement further.

That winter coat is cheap. A delight, a sale, I wail – I want it now!  
UK Size 14, not size zero like a teen  
A real Woman's cut that feels so supreme  
In perfect origami the sales girl wraps it, neatly folded,  
It slides into waiting plastic  
In glee, a spring now guides my happy steps,  
Avoiding the reality that I haven't much left.

Time is the enemy and such approaches, the five-thirty closing  
As shutters are tugged, and steel clatters down, my shopping delight  
Is now wound down.  
People drift back to cold, waiting cars, parked neatly on varied levels  
I climb the darkened, time-polluted stairs.  
No one talks as no one cares. People fumble to pay their fares  
As evening draws in; a day now closes,  
shop lights grow dim hiding the mannequins' poses.

Like Metallic ants, cars form an orderly line  
The Car Park barrier raises a salute in perfect time.  
With my finds all wrapped, I feel perfectly fine,  
Amongst flared red rear lights I head for home,  
Sat behind the wheel, the heater is warm,  
As my mind drifts into the comfort zone,  
Knowing that it won't be long before I arrive  
And take a hot bath immersed in foam.

Amy Gerrard

# Sisterhood

Beloved Sister be there for me,  
Be there for me, stay true,  
As within this life's capricious madness  
I could never find another you.  
For years you have stood tall beside me,  
And guided me all the way through,  
The good times and the bad times,  
No wonder I so love you.

You are my rock, my muse, my love,  
You are beyond the term 'Guru.....'  
As together we've walked the twisted path of life  
And faced each day anew,  
With positive thoughts replenished,  
So happy I found you – it's true!  
For you have given me real contentment  
No wonder I so love you.

Amy Gerrard

# So Painfully English

The cricket match in progress, figures rush across the Village Green,  
Cork balls meet bats, amidst distant cries of 'HOWZAT! '  
Panama hats rise up, in gentle notice, as spectators clap and cheer,  
Tired hands now rest beside long-gone-flat, bitter beer.  
Striped club ties assail the senses in the bright afternoon, Sunday light.  
It's all so painfully English; it's something oh-so right.

The tea is served. Milk or Lemon? Would you like a slice of curd?  
Bone china chinks a genteel rhythm it all looks so absurd,  
Like a silly parody in motion, it is something for which I'm not prepared  
Yet there is something rather eccentric here; an opinion that can not be refute  
But a friendly old woman's face beckons before me, "Hello, I'm Edna, " she says,  
the cup  
Now extended. 'I'm from the Women's Institute'.

Scones and jam are well consumed, as a fielder fails to catch the ball and his  
team fumes.  
'Bad luck' the batsman calls out in easy lark, as the failed sportsman walks back  
wishing to high heaven it was dark.  
An Aston Martin growls into view, a blazer-clad man alights. His wife wears a  
low-cut, Laura Ashley Dress, she's so beautiful and wealthy, do they really need  
to impress?  
The Duck Pond sits in mirroring silence, like one that wants nothing to do with it  
all,  
As some tiresome man, a Cricket fan, sides up beside me and drives me up the  
wall.  
I know I must sound awful; I know I must look a cold fish,  
But then it's all so painfully English, so painfully English it is.

Like Bangers and Mash, the handle-bar moustache, the British Spitfire roars  
supreme,  
As in pictures they adorn, the Elizabethan pub wall, as military scenes, historic to  
some yet so obscene, their gilded frames polished and gleam.  
Fox hunting and buntings, trumpets and horns, bear down upon me painfully like  
emotionless thorns,  
As people with names that are parted with hyphens,

Greet each other like characters out of Monty Python,  
'I say, How are you, Mr. Ellis-Smythe' they say as I writhe. 'A jolly good catch,  
you did there, sir! Pity your fielder didn't look alive'  
And a chorus of upper-crusted voices howl in humour, as I find myself sinking  
into a depressive stupor. Or something like it – ish.  
But then it's all so painfully English, so painfully English it is.....

Amy Gerrard

# Sunny Bangkok Afternoon

It is warm and I am alone today.  
The others have gone shopping,  
To the mall called MBK.  
But I am tired and achy and need  
A great deal of rest, so I head for  
The hotel swimming pool  
Ah - I think that's best.

The pool is deserted so on the bench I  
Lay down, reclined. The water isn't deep  
I think five foot four at its most depth.  
And the breeze shimmers the overhanging trees,  
As I rest....as I rest....  
And under the warm Bangkok sun,  
I ponder life back home.

Somewhere behind me, a hotel cleaner sang,  
As I reach down for my ice cold beer called  
'Chang'. Or had I bought a Singh beer? I'm  
Not too sure, as I gaze across at the new  
Arrivals, as they pass forth through the door.  
But I have no work, nor task to do, I am  
Beside the pool, the flat blue netted wire  
Lights that glisten, as I listen...as I listen.  
But there is nothing but peace, now long  
After lunch, so long after noon;  
Within the warmth of a Bangkok, sunny afternoon.

A young Thai man cleans his pride and joy,  
It is a 1970 mini van, all grey and restored,  
All spick-and-span. I smile and say 'Hey, I'm  
From the same country as your car! " But he simply  
Smiles politely, not comprehending my complimentary tongue,  
Not having to rush, just cleaning his van, with the  
Same passion has one would do, for a Lotus Elan.

I rise and walk, and meander past chalets and plants  
And past rat, thin cats of an alien breed - Siamese I think,  
But not too sure, I'm not a zoologist, I do assure.

Timid they run, beneath park cars like scuttling ants.  
I enter the hotel, the air is conditioned as guests mingle  
And chat. Patients pass with heads and jaws bandaged,  
As they use the hotel for recuperation purposes.  
It is all so odd, so surreal not bland. How we all relax  
And mix in this exotic, far-away land.

.....a beautiful, sunny, far-away land.

Amy Gerrard

# The Man In The Corner Shop

When I was a child there was a corner shop.  
It had once been busy selling newspapers and pop.  
The rise of markets had been the harbinger of demise,  
As people went there instead and not to the corner shop.

The man in the shop existed alone, a widower of many  
Years it was said. He lived alone and had never had children,  
And was so on his own. As the shop become less used as did he  
Himself wind down, from smartness to disheveled, from a smile  
To a frown.

From opening at eight; to closing at five; that was the only time  
I saw him alive. From that time when, the shutters came down,  
He was gone; had no purpose. And had no real life.  
Many said he had began, to miss his passed-on wife.

The once clean windows now dull with dirt,  
The man never even seemed to change his shirt.  
The goods still stocked on dusty shelves,  
The sell-by dates way past their prime,  
As the shutters came down after the five o'clock time.

Then one day the shop stayed closed. The shutters never opened  
For weeks and weeks. It took some time for the alarm to be raised  
As nothing was seen of him. And like his goods, that were past their prime,  
The police broke in, shocked at the time.  
The man had been found in bed so very dead,  
They said he'd been dead for quite some time.

The shop stood empty for its final stand.  
It was the final month of the 1970's and  
Like the man it too had died.  
And by January 1980, it was bulldozed flat.  
Into glass, brick and dust and rubble,  
It had gave way with little trouble. As if defeated  
Itself and felt little worth,  
As like the man, it too, was taken into the cold, soft earth.

Amy Gerrard

# The Psychiatric Patient

Today they have sat you outside on a bench,  
Away from the Ward and the building, now  
Your home. Away from contact, as it matters  
Little anyway, as people hardly visit  
And family seldom stay.

Your face is solemn, your eyes are dead,  
Oh what dear girl, goes on inside your head.  
You have been here five years;  
No sounds come, nor tears,  
As you shuffle like a ghost past the other's  
Silent leers.

Trapped inside the place that is your mind,  
You were once a university student, they said  
So garrulous, so kind,  
And then one day it struck, it all became too much,  
And now you sit five years on,  
Never knowing what has past,  
As time and all has moved on.

Jeans - a size too big, fail to hold your body's shape,  
A baggy sweater is the norm,  
The aged training shoe heels are worn,  
You wear no makeup as there is no point,  
For you have been forgotten by all  
Forgotten by the past,  
By those whom you once knew as friends,  
Forgotten so fast.

Recall that girl, her name was Jill?  
Didn't she study law? They'd said,  
But Jill lasts but a fleeting moment  
In thought, as her former peers have  
Got their degrees, their futures founded,  
As you saw your plans completely floundered.

Jill sits, her long blonde hair moves in the breeze,  
Local children walk past, occasionally cruel,

Often tease, as the girl sits in vacant silence  
No sound comes, no acknowledgement she gives,  
As the nurse comes to collect her and walks her back  
To the ward – her home.  
And then she sits before being lead to dine  
In the canteen,  
To dine on regulation NHS food,  
to dine on years of ongoing routine,  
To dine on the years of ongoing routine.

Amy Gerrard

# Transient Passions

You were mine for a while,  
And for a while you were mine.  
We came together consensually,  
And we developed over time.  
We saw each other through,  
The good times and the worst,  
Never knowing what our lives  
Would bring, never knowing  
What lay ahead, never knowing  
What lay round life's savage bend,  
Never realizing truthfully, that what we  
Had would end.

I saw you blossom before my eyes,  
You were blonde and beautiful,  
It was no surprise.  
And as we walked on love's path  
Hand-in-hand,  
Across the Weymouth sands,  
Nothing mattered, we didn't care,  
Whom watched, or noticed,  
We had found our passionate lair.

I watched you lie recovering in hospital  
I saw you strive, I saw you change,  
I saw it clearly how we were rearranged.  
And heartbroken I knew we'd walk the same  
Sad line,  
As our love became lost, and died over time.

Today we are still friends. Today we do still talk,  
Yet I still feel. I do still feel.  
As I know do you.....  
As I know do you.....

Amy Gerrard

# Unrequited

'I got my fingers burned and I deserved it, '  
Said she.  
I got too close and failed,  
A misguided proximity.  
From the genesis of lustful stirring,  
Of deep kisses and unrequited yearning,  
On that warm, June, Mancunian night,  
It was doomed to die.  
It could never have been right.

It was those loving signs,  
That she fatally misread,  
An act so foolish that even now,  
She so secretly dreads  
But we move on, we do move on...  
Beyond all pain,  
Knowing that going further,  
Nothing more can be gained.  
And now nothing more remains.....

Amy Gerrard

# Why?

Why do we go to such wanton lengths,  
To destroy such beauty, then Claim defence.  
The idling bulldozer that stands before,  
a lush forest filled with history and lore,  
a building;  
a bridge;  
a river broad;  
it matters little, as we take and maraud.  
The pink jacketed bastards, and their hunting horns,  
Sound and gallop through some ford,  
A blood lust insanity born,  
Of some mass-sadistic horde  
And all for what, the reason being?  
To simply combat being bored.

Why?

Amy Gerrard