

Poetry Series

Bill Scovell
- poems -

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Bill Scovell()

A Nurse's Prayer

Snug beneath three dermis layers,
Lies the vein I have in sight,
Hiding shyly 'neath its cover,
Unknowing of the needle's bite.

Please be straight not convoluted,
Accept the needle's phallic thrust,
Don't give me grief or aggravation,
Help me maintain the victim's trust.

Just another 'intravenous',
Like those before? Perhaps, not quite,
Cooperate dear vein and help me,
Mitigate this patient's plight.

Raise my spirits to 'ecstatic',
Singing praises 'Hippocratic',
Let today's procedure's juncture,
Culminate with just one puncture.

Bill Scovell

Advice To A Grand Daughter

Poetic advice to a grand daughter torn between taking an unpaid job on a newspaper in Vladivostok and the alternative, a position with the Australian merchant bank 'Macquarie'

Faberge eggs and samovars,
Troika carts and Romanov Tsars,
Beetroot Borscht and a Lemon Tea,
Now, is this country right for thee?
Led by P.M. 'Vladie' Putin,
Just a clone of old Rasputin,
View such interest from afar,
Hitch your dreams to the 'Mac' bank star.

Bill Scovell

Antipodean Christmas

Though calendars still read the same,
The season has a different name,
Instead of grey skied snowy scenes,
Our views are lit with golds and greens.
And if we're lucky, just in time,
Reminding of a colder clime,
The 'Christmas Bush' will shake its head,
And quickly turn to holly red.

With stoic intent most will strive,
To keep the northern 'trads' alive,
The cards some still with hunting scenes,
And gifts that often stretch our means.

And then upon the twenty fifth,
We really test the Christmas myth,
A meal of 'out of season' size,
Confronts our disbelieving eyes,
Leaves us generously sated,
Often, mildly sedated.

Yes, many things are different here,
But one unchanged dispels our fear,
When, children with a special voice,
Carol to us all Rejoice!

Bill Scovell

Mile High Musings

A luckless captive in the sky,
Suspended here five miles high,
Now Singapore is ten hours back,
And LHR, three down the track.

Seat back screens so we won't be bored,
More space is what we need, dear Lord,
The clown in front is full reclined,
My screen's so close I'm going blind,
My face, I'm sure, can only be,
Six inches from the LCD.

'Some breakfast sir, the cold or hot? '
'Surprise me' - oh dear, what a clot!
And so I get the scrambled eggs,
'If only I could stretch my legs',

Now as the years begin to flee,
I'm too old for 'Economy',
'Business' or 'First' from here on in,
If only I can raise the tin.

Time was I thought it fine to fly,
A mile high - but here's the rub,
I'm now too old to join the club.

Bill Scovell

The Agony Of Supermarket Shopping

'Go round again dear' comes the plea,
'And not so fast',
'Look over there! they're coming out',
'They're not', 'Oh blast! ',
The weekly shopping ritual,
Begins again,
Third time around, 'Look here's a chance,
To entertain'.
'They've seen it too, but we were first',
Oh, what a lark,
Quick thinking, and a swift reverse,
At last we park.

Collect a trolley from the pool,
Push straight ahead,
Just retribution for 'the lark',
Steers like a bed.
A compensating sideways push,
Cajoles our wheels,
Reluctantly along the rows,
To load our meals.

Avoiding things we do not need,
The tempting snacks,
We load the staples from the shelves,
And watch our tracks.
Bemoan the big, and bigger packs,
Designed to take,
Every week, a bigger slice of,
Our spending cake.
The Crisps from Smith's, that used to come,
In tupp'ny packs,
No more a treat, but fodder like,
Now come in sacks.
And giant Cokes that guarantee,
Obesity,
And grow the profits of the big,
Triopoly.
Big Fresh, the 'W's' and 'C's',

Our options few,
As they grow bigger by the day,
No room for 'New'.

Our load complete, it's time to play,
The 'Checkout' game,
'Eight Items Max' the notice says,
Oh! what a shame.
'Try number three, it's not too bad,
We're fourth in line',
'It might be quicker over there? ',
But I decline.
With patience we approach the till,
Now unopposed,
Then, can't believe the words we hear,
'Lunch time, I'm closed! '.

Whilst loudly mouthing epithets,
Some most profane,
I leave the 'better half' to choose,
Another lane.
At last, most hurdles overcome,
Just one more bar,
We fight the trolley through the park,
To find the car.
And think our thoughts, remembering,
A better way,
When Arkwright ran the corner store,
Of Yesterday.

Bill Scovell

Thoughts In Autumn

The leaves of Autumn, fallen now,
Yet crisp but fleetingly are lain,
For soon the winter rain will come
And claim them back to earth again.
But come the spring they'll live once more,
As life-blood to some fresh new form,
To scent the breeze, to taste the rain
And tremble in the summer storm.
Is there a plan like this for me?
And if there is, shall you be there?
Or must a new stage then be trod?
New roles to play? Another God?
The only secret ne'er betrayed
Is not, I know, for me to share
Until that final curtain fall,
When life's great secret then lies bare.
And so perhaps, best not to dwell
Too long on thoughts that breed despair,
But rather take and live each day
With time well filled and friends who care.

Bill Scovell