

Poetry Series

**Hilda Bristow**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2005

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

## Hilda Bristow(11 April 1927 - 8 February 2004)

My mother wrote most of her poems in her 20's. When she died, my father gave me her book of poems and I thought I would post them on here.

It's fascinating to see what other people think of them.

Sally Clarke 2005

## Blue As The Sky Above You.....

Blue as the sky above you, your tiny wavelets run  
You gently tease the shifting sand, warm ridged beneath the sun  
And then I see you playful grow, your white tipped tresses flying  
In happy gay abandon, in time with sea-birds crying

And now you turn a sullen grey, a dark-browed scowling face  
You lash the man-made concrete arms, that try to stay your pace  
I hear your voice loud calling in the dark and stormy night  
Calling to the wind to join you in your savage reckless fight

I hear the thunder of your waves as they crash against the shore  
You seek to make the earth afraid with your vicious angry roar  
And yet I stand and ever hope, your freedom to inherit  
I revel in your changing moods  
And echo them in spirit

Hilda Bristow

## Consider Now, Your Naked Foot.....

Consider now, your naked foot  
Would you really call it pretty  
I couldn't find a single word  
To praise it, more's the pity  
Consider now how dainty  
Are the pony's tiny feet  
How gracefully they trip along  
How small, how chic, how neat  
Consider too, the handsome deer  
The fawn, the shy gazelle  
They never feel the agony  
of shoes that hurt like h...  
No cobblers bill they have to pay  
No pain they ever feel  
From twisted ankle, for they need  
No fashion-conscious heel  
I suppose I must be satisfied  
With my two ugly feet  
Just imagine what a pair of hooves  
Would do to my best sheet!

Hilda Bristow

# It Came So Softly, No-One Heard.....

It came so softly no-one heard  
There was no wind - no flower stirred  
I turned, and you were gone from me  
I heard your voice - but couldn't see  
What had been light, was dark and drear  
I trembled and grew sick with fear  
I called your name - came no reply  
I looked up but there was no sky  
And all around were moans and sighs  
Were cursing men, and children's cries  
And all were lost and I afraid  
And no-one there to give me aid  
I screamed -  
But it was just a dog

That bumped me

In this stinking FOG

Hilda Bristow

## Let's Catch A Bus To No-Where....

Let's catch a bus to no-where  
Let's find a paradise  
Where no-one's been before us  
Away from prying eyes  
Let's lose ourselves beloved  
If only for a day  
Let's close the door behind us  
And softly steal away  
Let's keep our place a secret  
Let no-one ever find  
Where you and I together  
Can leave the world behind

Hilda Bristow

# Ode To A Blemish

Oh beauteous face that looks at me from out that burnished plate  
There's something very evil there, which I view now with hate  
Well, have I ever tended thee with potions, milks and creams  
And yet as I now look at you, all is not what it seems  
That brow is smooth as marble, the cheek still faintly pink  
But what is that great ugly thing which makes this poor heart sink  
That glowing red protuberance on your nose so sweetly pretty  
What once was clear and beautiful, and now?  
Oh pity - pity  
Oh mark of wicked sinfulness, you little know your lot  
With one hard squeeze I'll strangle you  
With glee, 'Out! Out! damned spot'

Hilda Bristow

# Of Late I Boiled An Egg For Him....

Of late I boiled an egg for him  
A wifely sort of duty  
And as the sands of time ran out  
I pondered on its beauty  
What are you egg? I asked myself  
How came you to this earth?  
Are you essential to our lives  
Do we really know your worth?  
An egg - the worlds beginning  
New life within a shell  
A seed, to grow in shape and form  
And nature to guard it well  
For every living creature  
Each plant, each flower, each tree  
Began like this, a tiny egg  
A miracle to see  
'How poor this cruel sinful world  
Would be with out you, egg' I cried  
Then with a deep regretful sigh  
I murmur 'Yes - I'll have mine fried! '

Hilda Bristow

# Oh Moon, Oh Gentle Vision...

Oh moon, oh gentle vision  
White robed in purity  
Is there one among your children  
Who shines up there for me

Is there one who hears my wishes  
Who watches when I stray  
One tiny ray of silver light  
To guard me night and day

Tell me, sweet lady of the sky  
Which one may I call mine  
Which one shall know my secret heart  
Which one for me will shine

Ah, Lady Moon, look down I pray  
And hear my humble plea  
Is there one among your children  
Who shines up there for me

(My father found this poem when he went through my mother's papers recently -  
Sally Clarke)

Hilda Bristow

# One Life For You And I To Live.....

One life for you and I to live  
Just one - a sob'ring thought  
No second chance will ever come  
So live it as you ought  
One heart within our breast to beat  
Just one - we have no choice  
And it alone tells right from wrong  
So heed its gentle voice  
One mind to purify our thoughts  
One mind to give us hope  
To lift us up to greater heights  
When we through darkness grope  
One soul bequeathed to each of us  
One soul - a sacred trust  
On loan from God, until the day  
These bodies turn to dust.  
These priceless gifts are ours until  
Our course is truly run  
We give them back with one last prayer  
One death - and all is done.

Hilda Bristow

## So Many Years Ago.....

So many years ago  
Ah how these years have flown  
As quickly as a tiny bud  
Grows to a rose full-blown  
Such happy years - such memories  
A wealth of warm affection  
There was between us long ago  
A friendship true perfection  
And sometimes I remember you  
And how it used to be  
I wonder if just now and then  
You ever think of me  
And if perchance you ever hear  
Upon the breeze - a whisper  
It's just the faint soft echo  
Of a heart that murmurs 'Mispah'

Hilda Bristow

## Soft Rides The Moon.....

Soft rides the moon, while gentle breeze  
Pursues the clouds across the sky  
And all is peaceful, dark, yet light  
Had I but wings then would I fly  
Then would I rise and see below me  
Field and forest veiled in dreams  
Hill and valley, silver river  
Capturing the moon's bright beams

Softly on - and ever softly  
A million stars to guide my way  
To where a paradise awaits me  
Time for thought, and time to pray  
Where nought can break the spell enfolding  
All the world in dark embrace  
This night is mine, This blessed peace  
And I refreshed, new day can face.

Hilda Bristow

# Softly Now The Dawn Is Breaking.....

Softly now the dawn is breaking  
Stealing gently o'er the hill  
Lifting shadows - chasing dreamdust  
From the eyes in slumber still

Now the sun-god starts his journey  
Watch while beams of gold and white  
Touch the tree-tops, then the flowers  
Speeding the departing night

Warmth he brings, this golden god  
A glow to life, he gives by day  
To the earth that died a little  
While the night-shades held their sway

Now alas, his task is over  
But before he sinks from sight  
From his fiery heart, this promise  
Day will always follow night

Hilda Bristow

## Somewhere Far Beyond The Skyline.....

Somewhere far beyond the skyline  
Where the heavens meet the sea  
There's a place of wondrous beauty  
Waiting there for you and me

When we close our eyes in slumber  
When the world begins to fade  
That is when we find our way there  
To the place where dreams are made

There, there is no grief or sorrow  
There, no heartache, fear or pain  
Only love and joy and beauty  
Helping us our faith regain

Of all the gifts our Maker gives us  
Each one a miracle, it seems  
In His wisdom, did He give us all  
The gentle gift of dreams

Hilda Bristow

## They Ponder And They Ponder.....

They ponder and they ponder  
Deep steeped they are, in chess  
So far as I can really see  
They're both in quite a mess  
For neither one can make a move  
Oh what a silly pair  
Betimes they've finished pondering  
They'll both be short of hair  
Now I know of a perfect move  
Which would confound the issue  
I'd sweep the pieces off the board  
With one almighty 'Tishoo! '

Hilda Bristow

# What More Comforting Than A Glowing Fire...

What more comforting than a glowing fire  
What more exhausting than a love's desire  
What more pleasing than a task well done  
What more rewarding than a race well run  
What more tender than a mother's care  
What more gay than a seaside fair  
When counting one's blessings one starts at the top  
But once started...

One never..

Quite knows..

When to stop! !

Hilda Bristow

# When One Grows Old.....

When one grows old, and life is speeding past  
Year follows year, each quicker than the last  
When there's nothing new to look for  
And the past is all that's left

Don't leave me lonely

If I must weep, then let my tears ease pain  
And if my heart breaks, then comfort me again  
Give me your strength  
That I may walk erect

Don't leave me lonely

But if you go, and I am left awhile  
Then go in peace, just leave me with your smile  
And till we meet  
I'll have my memories

I won't be lonely

Hilda Bristow

# Why Cry For Things Beyond Your Reach.....

Why cry for things beyond your reach  
For silver spoon, for golden crown  
Would things like these - within your grasp  
Dispel your tears - remove your frown?

Why weep for talents not your own  
For artists brush, or poets pen  
Why waste the hours that nature gives  
In envy of your fellow-men

Has no-one ever told you  
How to make your life worthwhile  
All you need is love and laughter and,  
The ability to smile

Hilda Bristow

## Why Is It That, On Nights Like This.....

Why is it, that on nights like this  
My eyes won't close, my brain won't rest  
My body which should really be  
Relaxed, is full of lively zest  
What realms of fantasy shall I seek  
What mountain peaks will draw my feet  
What ocean depths their secrets tell  
Upon what star shall we two meet  
And shall I walk on golden sands  
And shall I fight some deadly foe  
And shall I find a great new world  
Or shall I seek the long ago  
I'll live among the gods awhile  
I'll find a jungle to explore  
I'll face a raging forest fire  
I'll tread a cursed forbidden shore  
What next? What next? What shall I be  
A Queen? a mermaid from the deep?  
A Witch? a goddess? who can tell  
Oh foolish brain, to bid me now sleep

Hilda Bristow

# Woman - Supreme Throughout The World....

Woman - Supreme throughout the world  
Unsurpassed by man or beast  
Unrivalled in intelligence  
Attractive too, to say the least  
You grace the earth in glorious pride  
Without you, it would barren be  
For who or what could take your place  
Oh woman. You're infinity

Amen

Hilda Bristow