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, 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
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
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 that loves 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, 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