

Poetry Series

Pat Dring
- poems -

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Pat Dring(19 11 1946)

I started writing poetry in early 1990 having just recovered from a 20 year tranquillizer addiction and Agoraphobia. I have read quite a lot of my own poems on local radio, I have read one on television.

Pat Dring

Dear Alan

Dear Alan Titmarsh, how are you.
I do hope you and everyone else, enjoyed themselves at the do.
If you are ever in Ruddington, could you please give me a hand.
I'm trying so hard to create a garden, with a matchbox sized piece of land.
I don't seem to have green fingers at all.
All the heads of the flowers, just jump off, when I'm playing football.
Everything I touch, and try to grow, seems to shrivel up and die.
It doesn't seem to matter, just how hard I try.
Today I have just planted the Christmas tree in a tub,
I hope it doesn't get some awful bug.
I want it to grow, but everyone keeps telling me it will die.
If it does I will cry.
Next Christmas I want this tree outside with fairy lights on it.
But if it dies my husband will bin it.
Yesterday I planted 100 bulbs all in tubs,
But they will probably go to Australia or get eaten by grubs.
Last week I watch the secret garden on TV,
That is how I really want mine to be.
So please can you come and give me a hand,
And create me a beautiful garden, with this matchbox size piece of land.

Pat Dring

From The Ones Who Are Left Behind

To all you smokers out there.

I'm not going to say, give up, I wouldn't dare,

If you want to smoke, it's up to you,

But I don't want to smoke your smoke too,

So many lives it takes away.

It really is a high price to pay,

Especially for the ones left behind,

The ones you love, so very kind.

They are the ones left with their hearts broken,

So many things left unspoken.

They are the ones, that have to nurse you night and day,

They are the ones, who sit and pray,

They are the ones left with the legacy of what you've done,

When you can't breathe, because of your lung,

They would like a voice,

They would like a choice.

Pat Dring

Moving On Singing A Song

She read one of her poems on TV.

For all the world to hear and see.

She also spoke softly of all her pain,

To show all the world what she had gained.

To the magazines she told her story,

To show the world, the before, the after, then the glory.

On the radio she told what it was like,

She told the world while she held the mike.

For ten whole years she answered letters from far and near,

From others who also had the fear.

Then one day she just gave it all up, and said no more.

AGORAPHOBIA, you won't come back to my door,

It's time to put you in the past where you belong.

While she goes off to sing a song,

At little Ps, the Methodists or J.A.M.

Singing nursery rhymes, just being NAN,

And maybe in her spare time,

She will still write the occasional rhyme.

Pat Dring

My Agoraphobia

In 1983 you came back into my life.
Bringing me nothing, but trouble and strife.
You kept me a prisoner in my own home.
When all I longed for, was to go out alone.
You caused me pain, you made me cry,
I felt so ill, I thought I would die.
From Doctor, to Doctor from pillar to post.
Where o where is the cure I wanted the most?
Where exactly does the answer lie?
Eventually I found it, in a doctor called DI.
She gave me the will, to carry on and fight.
I fought so hard, with all of my might.
The shops in the village seemed so very far away.
If only I could go out, just for one single day.
I tried and tried, the tears, the pain.
It was a battle lose or gain,
I gave it everything, yes everything I had.
It wasn't easy, in fact it was very bad.
In 1990 after 7 long years,
A lot of heartache, many tears.
I was starting to win the battle of getting out of the door,
With each day, I was doing more and more,
But there were still so many things I couldn't do alone,
Still so many jobs, that had to be done on the phone,
I could now walk to the shops, there and back,
Get the groceries, take them home, and unpack.
But I still couldn't get a bus into town on my own,
Only if I had someone to go with, borrowed, on loan,
It took several more years, of heartbreak and pain,
Before I could finally travel alone again.
May 2nd 2000, I jumped on a bus and popped into town,
It was just like my world had turned upside down.
HERE WAS I FREE AT LAST,
Finally free to forget the past.
So I decided to do something I had never done before,
I started at college part time, Each day I couldn't wait to get out of the door,
To catch my bus, to feel like I had finally rejoined the human race.
Living life at a hectic pace.
Going to college at the age of 53,

Really did do wonders for me,
The computer course was harder than I thought it would be,
But others in the class helped me,
Our tutor June was, really nice,
Always ready with her advice,
Now I really feel I have turned my life completely around,
With this new freedom I have found,
With a lot of help, from my husband and son.
The battle is now over, finally won.
So its goodbye agoraphobia you belong to the past,
Never again will you get me in your grasp.

Pat Dring

Sir Cliff Richards

I do wish I could meet you, properly I mean,
To actually speak to you, would be a dream.
I've been to see you three times during the last few years,
Although sitting watching you almost reduced me to tears,
Tears of happiness that is, I hasten to add.
I've adored you from afar, since you were not much more than a lad.
Twice I have seen you at Nottingham's Royal Concert Hall,
Doing your Gospel Concert, but there were no seats left in the stall.
So up at the very top we sat.
I was scared to move in case I fell flat.
Then you came on and started to sing.
It was a fantastic experience I would not have missed it for anything.
Although we went to see you in October, they had Christmas trees on the stage,
Because the show was being recorded for the Christmas edition of Songs of Praise.
When it came on television, I videoed it so I could watch it all over again,
And again, and again, and again, and again.
My favourite songs are "From A Distance" and "The Twelfth Of Never."
I could listen to you, forever and ever.
I also like the song you did for Princess Di.
Although when I listen to it, I really could cry,
Especially the words, "All That Matter's in the End Will Be,
The Love In You And The Love In Me.
With a 20 Year Tranquillizer Addiction, and Agoraphobia,
I've Been To Hell and Back.
But Thank God, My Life Is Now Back ON Track.
I sat with 12,000, People at Sheffield Arena, Just to see You,
Years ago this would have been impossible for me to do,
Now my greatest wish in life is too,
Get The Chance Just To Meet You.

Pat Dring

The Day I Met Cherie Blair

When you have spent most of your life,
Suffering from panic attacks, Agoraphobia, and strife,
The last thing you need to happen to you,
Is for your glasses to suddenly break in two.
Only an hour before you meet Cherie Blair,
Help, what a total nightmare.
Then on the next table you spot DAVID BLUNKETT,
As you sit there filling your face with junket.
there is always someone Worse off than you,
Especially at this type of do.
Then she comes over, CHERIE BLAIR, and starts to talk to us.
It feels like a dream, we are chatting to the Prime Minister's wife,
Telling her all about my broken glasses and strife,
Telling her how we can hardly see.
She is so nice, as nice can be.
She's done her homework, She knows what we were all about,
She impressed us, without a doubt,
I just hope I didn't stare,
The day we met CHERIE BLAIR.

Pat Dring

The Hospital Fairyland

They walked together, hand in hand,
Into life's magical fairyland.
Where there was no trouble, where there was no pain.
Where life could really, begin all over again.
Where were no men in little white coats.
Forcing you all, to stuff drugs down your throats.
Forcing you to do, what you didn't want to.
Telling you it was all for the best, for you,
People shouting, people crying.
Most of the people talking about dying.
What is this hell, we've all come to?
It's called coming off drugs, we all have It to go through.
Where will it end, what will we do?
None of us really, has a clue.
We are given more pills, we are told, we have to take.
To the men in white coats, life's a piece of cake.
We are the prisoners, they guard the doors.
Some try to creep out, on all fours.
Into hell and back, we go for a ride.
Eventually if we're lucky, we come out the other side.
Where we can walk, hand in hand.
Into life's magical Fairyland.
Where there is trouble, where there is pain.
But at least we can start, living again.

Pat Dring

You Were The Best Mother

YOU WERE THE BEST MOTHER.

Twenty years ago this week you died,
It was such a shock, I cried and cried.
But deep in my heart, it didn't feel as if you had just died.
To me your illness took away my Mother, .
And left some one else there, another
Someone who didn't even know the time of day
or even what day it was, Monday or Saturday.
You couldn't even make a cup of tea,
let alone keep your flat, like it used to be.
You phoned me constantly day and night.
I tried to get to see you, with all of my might.
But I couldn't do it, not then at all,
then you had that dreadful fall.
You didn't know what agoraphobia was.
I couldn't tell you well, because.
You hated the home we had to put you in,
but by then you couldn't do a thing.
Alzheimer's, senile dementia, i'm not
even sure what you had.
All I know is, it was very bad
It of my mother so many years
before she actually died..
We couldn't get through to you,
no matter how hard we tried.
You lived in a little, world of your own,
making us all feel so alone.
You used to be so clever, so strong, so true,
Then just look what this illness did to you.
you used to knit, sew all our clothes you did make,
everything we ate, you did bake.
When you were younger such good jobs you had.
like ten whole years at the .
before the war.
Then seven years nursing the soldiers during the war.
After you married and had us two.
You still worked so hard, so much to do,
For years you ran the taxi business we had.

throughout the good and even the bad.
I had to answer the phone at four years of age
(Haywood's taxi's) I would say,
Then our business folded through,
you still worked so hard' so much to do.
With my father you managed the (Bridgford Wine stores)
on Melton Road, West Bridgford, for many years,
Then on parliament street to
(Smith Englefield) you went
, You worked there for many years
until to (Gem) you were sent
You worked so hard, all of your life,
A wonderfull Mother, a wonderfull Wife
You were the best Mother, anyone could have had,
until your illness, made everything so bad,
So please god in heaven above,
Please send my Mother all our love.

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Pat Dring