

Poetry Series

**rita alyson petts**  
**- poems -**

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rita alyson petts(04/05/1938)

# Fairy Wings

There's a fairy sitting by the pool making fairy wings. from gossamer  
and spider webs and silk worm's silk and things.  
In summer-time they have a ball; the elves and gnomes come one and all.  
The music's played in trumpet flowers; the ball goes on for hours and hours. As  
dawn begins to break and people start to rise,  
the fairies clear their tables for they are very wise.  
They know NOT to leave things around to show folk where they dwell.  
For maybe curious folk will want to live with them as well.  
But fairy-land is fairy-land and humans can't intrude.  
For THEY are known to be polite and some of US are rude.  
Don't go in search of fairies. Don't cause these ones to grieve.  
Let's not disturb their habitat. Be humble and believe.  
We've all seen sparkling cobwebs and flowers of every hue  
The sweet, sweet honey nettle and buttercups filled with dew.  
Remember there are fairies running all around, but sure enough not  
one of them ever has been found.  
Let your imagination, the wonder of make-believe, take you to a wonderland  
grown-ups have had to leave.  
So if you should see cobwebs, sparkling dew and fairy rings  
Remember that somewhere close by they're making fairy wings.

Rita Alyson Petts

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# I See The Light

I thought I was to blame,  
He said I was to blame,  
And all the time the blame was in himself.  
I thought he didn't love me because of what I'd done  
But his love was really felt for someone else..  
I had always loved him from the very start and thought  
Deep in his heart he did love me.  
I made excuses for him 'he's so reserved and shy '  
One who cared could surely set him free  
Alas the years rolled by for me ashamed, unloved and sad  
The tears I shed would fill the sea I thought I was so bad.  
I thought I was a failure; but now I see the light  
He never ever loved me so everything's alright.  
He said I was to blame I could bare no more strife  
I had no choice but walk away; to save my very life.  
For in my life I needed love and that was never there  
I can excuse, forgive myself; now all the facts are bare  
The key is now turned in the lock; he's shut tight in the past  
Our Lives have come full circle; and I have peace at last

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# Memories In A Song

I look at your photograph on the wall  
And I'm in your arms again  
It's as if you never left at all  
For one lovely moment, then  
I come down to earth and realize  
You are not here with me at all  
But locked up in my memory  
and the photo on the wall

Memories never are destroyed  
And a simple song revives  
The love, the tears, the smiles, the joys  
Are with us all our lives

So as years go by, don't sit and sigh  
Even though the days seem long  
Just turn on the music and soon they'll return  
Your memories in a song.

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# Now I See The Light

I thought I was to blame,  
He said I was to blame,  
And all the time the blame was in himself.  
I thought he didn't love me because of what I'd done  
But his love was really felt for someone else..  
I had always loved him  
From the very start  
And thought deep in his heart he did love me.  
I made excuses for him 'he's so reserved and shy',  
One who cared could surely (set him free)  
Alas the years rolled by for me  
Ashamed, unloved and sad  
The tears I shed would fill the sea  
I thought I was so bad.  
I thought I was a failure  
But now I see the light  
He never ever loved me  
So everything's alright.  
Although I really worshipped him  
Held him in High esteem  
He never felt the same  
But never did come clean  
And face the facts, admit his fault  
He said I was to blame  
But now at last the truth is clear  
I need have no more strife  
I had no choice but walk away  
To save my very life.  
For in my life I needed love  
And that was never there  
I can excuse, forgive myself  
Now all the facts are bare  
The key is now turned in the lock  
He's shut tight in the past  
Our Lives have come full circle  
And I have peace at last

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# The Dance

There's the Highland Fling from Scotland,  
The Can-Can comes from France,  
The Irish have the Irish Jig,  
The English the Morris Dance.  
From Hawaii the Hula Hula  
The Arabs the Belly Dance  
The Maori's ball on end of string can put you in a trance.  
Vienna gave the world the Waltz,  
The Poles the Polonaise,  
The fast American Square Dance  
will leave you in a daze.  
We had the jive in '45'  
Then up sprang Rock and Roll,  
The Twist played havoc with the spine,  
Now it's Disco in the soul.  
As long as feet keep tapping,  
And hearts are young and free,  
The dance will keep on showing  
What a lovely world it can be.

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