

Poetry Series

Shirley.R. Simpkin
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Shirley.R. Simpkin()

Birthday Rememberance

Your Dearest love remembered Mum on this your Special Day;
So precious are your memories, I close my eyes and pray.
I watch your star shine twinkling, brightly in the night,
Stardust sprinkled everywhere, to give a beautiful shining light.
I wipe away the tears that trickle softly down my face,
Gentle drifting of to sleep, comforted, you're in God's grace.

Love you always

Shirley.R. Simpkin

Families In Mourning-Comrades Wear Shrouds

Enslaved, torn from their families and the normal walks of life;
Nobody had forseen the deprivation, hunger, terror and the strife.
Brothers, Sons, Husbands exchanging uniforms for shrouds.
Families now are mourning - shattered dreams, once silver lined clouds.

Your Japanese captors proudly inflicted every horror known to man;
No cold light of day reflections, or reluctance in their plans.
The hunger from within your souls, bitterness, unbearable pain
Yeild once more to the struggle to live, see your loved ones yet again.

Jaded eyes paint pictures, view the tapestry of your war;
Beautiful colours not needed, just black memories to the fore.
Your Brothers spirits now risen above, where only the Eagles fly.
Treasured in the arms of our Dear God; Loved ones hear your cry.

Shirley.R. Simpkin

Mothers Day Prayer

I miss you little Sweetheart, more than words can say,
You're in my thoughts and in my heart, every single day.
Pretty cards with roses red, all merging into one;
I cannot open them to read the words; all I see is 'Mum'.

I'm thinking back through all the years, the family gathered round,
Baskets filled with flowers, and laughter the only sound.
Now you are in Heaven, with a beautiful garden there;
I know you will be listening, and that you'll hear my Prayer.

God Bless

Shirley.R. Simpkin

Precious Memories

Tired eyes brimming over with scalding hot tears;
I flick through the pages of pictures in my mind.
Memories come flooding back, through all of the years;
Sort them out in bundles, then in red ribbons bind.

You will be here forever; always by my side,
Embraced in my heart, but never a sound.
I'll struggle to swim, and go with the tide,
You gave me so much. I know you're around.

I smell a scent, an aroma reminscent of you;
A clock gentle ticks. Remember your smile, your warm Hello.
Tears are falling upon my face. Alas, what can I do?
Blackbirds are singing their songs, sweet, soft and mellow.

Shirley.R. Simpkin

Stepford

You packed your bags and trundelled, over the hills and far away;
Seeking adventures new, like children playing in fresh mown hay.
Climb up another mountain, follow another stream,
Create your fun and laughter until you find your dream.

Destiny has called you to a house so big, so grand;
With fields trees and gardens, all growing out of hand.
Open up the shutters, fill the fires with coal;
Watch them burn in merriment, this house has so much soul.

You bided at the auction 'till all the rooms were filled;
Carpets beds and curtains, you could not have been more thrilled.
Everything fitted perfectly, not as strange as it would seem
For most of all the chattels, were returning from someone else's dream

Liza, Splinter and Mary Lou, the chickens that lay your eggs;
Take some corn to feed them or else they'll peck your legs.
A beautiful peacock called Rajah, runs loose around the yard.
Lassie gentle rounds him up; his work is not so very hard.

Days spent discovering landscapes, long hidden in the garden so big
Rosebeds, sunken lawns and terraces, be careful where you dig.
The field is full of buttercups, with borders edged with lace;
Trim back all the hawthorn, to give it a brand new face.

The kettle steaming gentle, upon the kitchen stove,
Fresh made tea and home made scones, support you as you strove;
To unveil each and every room, revealing all it's former glory,
Where we all spent such happy times for me to write this story

Shirley.R. Simpkin

The High Woods

Sharing in your memories of the childhood you knew,
You described all your family, and the farm where you grew.
Your days work was hard, but with laughter and fun
As Granny cracked up on the 'whip, your Dad out with his gun.
Dressed in starched white pinafore, riding pony and trap
Riding to the seaside, ne'er reading any map.

Your life cut short in happiness. Mum and Dad were gone.
No-one could believe your strength, as you bravely soldiered on.
Caring your Brothers and Sister, just as your Parents had shown
Growing up so-so sadly, a young girl should not have known.
You'd wonder in the High Woods collecting up the nuts
Treasuring precious memories, while scrambling over the ruts.

My thoughts are always with you Mum, every single day,
Remembering all your hopes and dreams, so brightly in array.
The years could never dull the imagination of your mind,
You coloured up your stories as if our eyes were blind.
Embracing all Gods nature, with the birds, and with the bees
Growing flowers in your garden, and sweet smelling fruit trees.

Cherished are these memories, no-one can take away,
You're always in my heart, and that's where you will stay.
Beautiful sounds, the dawn chorus or the twinkling of a star,
Constantly remind me of just how close you are.
I feel you walk beside me, to guide me through the mire,
And just like all of the stories, I'll hold on, and never tire.

Shirley.R. Simpkin

Your Perfect Gift

You gave us life, your perfect gift
Memories of our childhood, happily we sift.
Lovingly, looking at your photograph,
Trace the contours of your face, your laugh.
Following your footprints to reach our goals,
Your mark still lingers, to touch our souls.
Cherishing your love, we bring you these flowers;
Indebted forever for your tireless, working hours.

God Bless Our Dearest Mother

Shirley.R. Simpkin