

Weather dilemma

Now what shall I put on today, what will the weather be?
This is turning out to be a great dilemma each & every day for me.
It's quite sunny now at seven o'clock, the sky has lots of blue
But I think I'll check the forecast before I decide just what to do.

I check it on the Met Office site, then a quick look at the BBC,
One says dry, the other showers, very mixed so it just confuses me.
The temperature isn't rising much, looks like a breezy day,
So I reckon now is not the time to put my winter clothes away.

Now, do I need an umbrella with me in case it chucks it down
Or wear a sou'wester type hat that makes me look like a clown?
I might still need some gloves to stop my fingers getting cold
As my extremities can suffer, a drawback of getting old.

I'll be standing at the bus stop, so need to wrap up warm
Guess I'll need my big coat then, that's normally used in a storm.
But then I'll be too hot on the bus and when I stop for a cup of tea,
This choosing which clothes to wear is proving a big headache for me.

Well I've finally made my decision, I'm dressed from top to toe
Think I'm prepared for wind, rain, gales, sleet or even snow.
I can't help thinking how much easier it should be soon
After all, it must get better one day now we're in the middle of June!

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June 6th – 80 years on.

Tears of thanks and admiration are now dried.
The parades and speeches done,
For honour, bravery, duty and pride
That did so much to rid evil and get the war won.

Those brave men and women saved our Nation
On that terrible and incredible day.
They halted Hitler's determination
To force England and Europe to his way!

They stopped his invasion and occupation.
They fought for our future and democracy.
But we are now allowing our biggest invasion!
What would they think of our hypocrisy?!

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Hiroshima

I have never shared the following piece. I was moved by one of the pictures of the aftermath of the atomic bomb that brought the Second World War to an end in the Pacific. Today's memorial had me considering, what if D Day had not worked out, would the war have ended here in Europe in a similar way, the use of an ultimate weapon? The dark outline of a running man is still there today. The wall preserved as a memorial. Where was he running to, for there had been no warning of the impending doom.

How much they owed to the lovely weather in their final day.

He was late.
He was always late. Late for work, late home from work.
He was late now.
Clutching the parcel of tofu his wife would transform for lunch, he ran.
He treasured these few minutes of family life.
Things were difficult nowadays. His running feet took him past the post office.
Across the square his shadow raced ahead in the summer sunshine.
Wicked, betraying sunshine of a fine day.
He noticed briefly a high glint like a day time star.
It vanished as quickly as he did moments later.
All that remained, his shadow racing home for lunch.
Imprinted against one of the last remaining walls by the intense heat.
He would never need lunch again.
Nor his family.
All that would remain, a running shadow that was once a life.

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LOVE

You

Every shining morning of my life
Thoughts go flying to you
And in the dreams that went
Before awakening -
There you were.

I have only to glance in my mind
To have you arrive in haste
Or is it that you never left
But waited there -
Till I called?

To touch, to feel, to know
The nearness of my love and share
Fleeting moments of communion
Compassion, and all
The truth there is.

I hear your voice in laughter
But know your heart's pain too,
For sharing love is sharing these
And knowledge that
We share all.

The Place

We found the place in drizzle,
Off the road and down under
The wind-speaking dripping trees,
Slipping on mud by the hurrying beck
Crossing the bridge over white water
To where sad boats awaited summer,
Keels pointing at the misery of a
Winter sky - walking and talking
Down to the water's edge on crumbling sand
Thinking rather sadly of a tormented
Man we almost knew who introduced us,
Then slowly up the hill knowing we had found the place
And a little more love besides.

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The Good Doctor

Thoughts on the sad death of Michael Mosley on a Greek Island

Shame on you, careless Helios, to smother a careing man
With your blind smouldering rays
How wrong that such a thoughtless rebuke can
Overwhelm such a one who shared the gnosis of good living with us all
I hope for just one thing, one small thing
That he was spared the cruel irony of his fall

How could orderly Kosmos not protect one of its own?
Why did it not conspire to steer this hero from such a lifeless path?
Why did happy Icarus take to wander under a cloudless sky, alone?
But now this tender canopy of love is thrown all too late
To save this finest curator of choices, who sought to save us from ourselves
We have lost our Good Doctor, untimely brought down by pitiless fate.

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I believe

I believe circles have an energy that's fun to be a part of
And ideas a life that makes them good to share
I wonder if these things come together as love
I know that perfection is sometimes hard to bare

I believe the universe is nothing to be feared
And that consciousness is really my soul
I hear that atoms are some sort of weird
But knowing this will never make me whole

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Weeders of the World Unite

Weeders of the world unite
And give those weeds an awful fright
Come armed with crow bar, spade and fork
(In winter go for stroll or walk)
Attack each aphid, mole and grub
And then nip off down to the pub
Your aim - to make the town a sight
A fragrant colourful delight
No matter who is at the helm
Strive for this plot, this earth, this realm
This Woodhall

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Best Laid Plans

A sunny day, the housework's done
I think I'll sit out in the sun
I'll get the lounger from the shed
Or use the garden bench instead

Tee shirt and shorts. Now let me see
A long drink or a cup of tea?
I'll settle down to do some reading
Try to forget about the weeding

I take a seat, open my book
But foolishly around I look
Nearby I see a pesky weed
I'll dig it out before I read

I put my book down on the floor
Then I unlock the greenhouse door
Select a fork and gloves and trug
Off to the border these I lug

An hour later I'm so pleased
To see the ground now free of weeds
I notice plants that need dead heading
Then water all the summer bedding

Trim the shrubs and prune some trees
Pick a few nice strawberries
At last my gardening work is done
So much for sitting in the sun

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Office Alterations

With apologies to Flanders and Swann

'T was on the Monday morning the carpenters came round
They got stuck in on all three floors and made an awful sound
They took out all the counters and they made an awful mess
So 't was on the Monday morning that we joined with all the rest

'T was Tuesday morning early when the electricians came
They put in some new cabling – oh it was a jolly game
We moved out of our office and they shuffled all the staff
Then they put down the computers and that really made us laugh

On Wednesday when the boss returned he saw the builders task
"Why did you start on all three floors?" of course he had to ask
Communications breakdown was the cause and it was clear
The accommodation Officer would get a boot right up his rear.

'T was on a Thursday morning when the phone chappies arrived
They scabbled round the skirting boards but somehow they survived
They put in a new system, then they had to stay at home
So 't was on a Monday morning that we all got a new phone

Now it is Tuesday morning the computer chaps are here
We had to ask them who they were but now it is quite clear
That all is happening at once and it won't be amazing
If the next blokes that we see will all be fitting double glazing

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