

Winter

December 2024

Main Street

Shrouded in sadness
A dark home stands empty
Twinkling lights mocking.

© Joanna Weatherhead 2024

My Magnolia

I can see a Magnolia tree from my window
At present a few leaves cling to life,
Waiting finally to drop waiting for time to decay them.
At the beginning of the year the haphazard branches
Were silhouetted against the waking sky.
Lifeless, apparently.

Slowly at first one tiny blade of chlorophyllic green
Then suddenly a flush of life, tiny buds and then
A cascade of vibrant colour, nature's living fountain;
Swaying in the winds, its ornamentation
Dancing to the vagaries of the weather.

Dragon flies and all manner of tiny birds
Busy in the branches.
The sunshine seems to go on for ever.
Then a slight change in the once playful wind,
And a chilly edge to the weather,

Until an icy shower, hastened by the scornful wind
Now harsh and not playful,
Strips the golden cloak and scatters it on the ground
Just a few withering, stubborn blades remain
Hanging forlornly waiting for the final blast
That will send the Magnolia for its long winter sleep.

© Dennis Walby 2024

Christmas and snow

As a child, I recall the deep snow of the late 1940s. It was cold and deep. Bright lights were the norm, with shop windows ablaze with Christmas cheer, presents on display, and a Father Christmas grotto in every major store. The high streets were illuminated with angles and stars, while underfoot snow turned to slush as visitors crowded the streets, arriving by bus, or private coach to see the spectacles.

The Salvation Army would provide a joyful background of songs to make our day, whilst the pavement barriers and the police megaphones told us to stay on the pavement at every road crossing.

Some enthusiastic shoppers would pitch up a tent with a sleeping bag to get a prime position for the sales to come.

Christmas Day was wondrous, with no people, no cars, and no noise, we had the streets all to ourselves.

As a special treat, we would go to Primrose Hill where we and hundreds of locals would hurtle down the hill on sledges, skies, surf-boards, dust-bins lids anything that would take us from the top to the bottom of the hill without hitting a tree, a lamp-post, a park bench or any other object in the way.

For any Christmas is synonymous with snow and so be.

© Paul Membrey 2024

Christmas

Christmas

Is the time to be happy

To enjoy our friends and family

A bonus of love and laughter

To get

us through a long Winter

of short days and longer nights

Happy Christmas love and fellowship

to all people

Wherever they are in their life

joy and expectations

Time to celebrate shake off care

Be who you want to be. a smiley face

a caring demeanor and a pleasure

to be with.

love love love

© Irene Derwent 2024

Dehlia

She sleeps a lot, more than she ever has before
But I must accept this, it is natural, she is old.
Loving her as I do, will not stop nature and/or
The inevitable progression of her ageing.

But I will not let the inevitable ruin the time we
Have together. She likes a walk – very slowly
And she still enjoys sniffing at every bush to see
Whose been around what she thinks is her territory.

It's not even our own garden, but as she walks there
Twice a day – every day – she thinks it belongs to us.
It is only a short walk but suits us both as I too have to care
For ageing and ailing limbs which cause great pain.

We have been together for seven years. She had previously
Belonged to my daughter, who had been a dog breeder,
So I have known her all her life. When she had finished
Her working life she was rehomed with me a seriously §
Good decision as three months before my own dog had died.

Dehlia is a very happy soul, loves people and (mostly) other dogs,
Although if they show any sign of aggression she will growl back
And then leave in a dignified manner leaving the other dog
Looking foolish without a protagonist just an empty slack space
And nothing to fight or frighten, not even a chase.

It feels as though we have been together for ever
We are rarely apart, at night her bed is at the foot of mine
In the morning she politely waits until I awake before
Coming round to the side of the bed for a cuddle before
The day begins. She knows if I am going out without
Her and uses her big brown eyes to shame me and I
Always fall for it and find myself explaining where I'm
Going and how long I shall be. At this point she usually
Lies down with a pitiful sigh, still using the big brown eyes
To perfection. She is not a pretty, pretty dog, but with
Long shaggy eyebrows and a splendid beard she seems
To appeal to all who meet her. She is a wonderful
Companion and certainly enriches my life greatly.
Here's thanks to Dehlia, happy Christmas and my
Love travels with you into the New Year.

© Gill Hills 2024

Christmas (2019)

If you've eaten too much pud
And you're feeling not so good
Hark the Herald Angels sing
Gaviscon is just the thing

If the sprouts have done their worst
And your tum feels fit to burst
Angels from the Realms of Glory
Take a nap or watch "Toy Story"

If you've drunk far too much booze
Several pounds you need to loose
We Three Kings of Orient are
No more leaning 'gainst the bar

Pigs in blankets, what a treat
But before you over eat
Unto us a boy is born
Think how you'll feel in the morn.

Beer and wine can lift you up
Yet beware the wassail cup
Good King Wenceslas looked out
Too much port can cause you gout

If of yule log you've partaken
Here's a tip to save your bacon
See amid the Winter's snow
Walking sure will help, you know

Plates of wonderful mince pies
May be sights for your sore eyes
Once in Royal David's city
Overeating, what a pity

Take it steady Christmas Day
I've one more thing left to say
It came upon the Midnight Clear
All the best for the New Year

© Jean Ellis 2019

Who will feed the blackbird?

Who will feed the blackbird in winter
Under what hand will the frozen pond give?
Untreated fences may turn to splinter
When we've all gone south to live.

Which lip will the freezing wind bite instead
When the frost has lost its teeth?
Are we all to sleep sound in our southern beds
And the fish to lie dead underneath?

© thom Sefton 2024

Christmas and Snow (AI)

I remember as a child, the snow so deep,
The late '40s winters, a memory to keep.
Cold and crisp, a sparkling white,
Shops aglow with Christmas light.

Windows blazed with festive cheer,
Gifts displayed, and magic near.
A grotto stood in every store,
Father Christmas at its core.

The high streets gleamed with stars and wings,
While snow turned slush 'neath bustling things.
Crowds would gather, buses would flow,
Private coaches brought folks to the show.

The Salvation Army sang their tune,
Joyful notes on a winter's afternoon.
Barriers lined the streets with care,
And police megaphones guided us there.

Shoppers camped, prepared to stay,
For sales that dawned on Boxing Day.
Yet Christmas Day, the world stood still,
No cars, no noise, just peace to fill.

We claimed the streets as ours alone,
A silent joy, a sacred tone.
Then off to Primrose Hill we'd glide,
With sleds and boards on a thrilling ride.

From top to base, we'd race with glee,
Avoiding trees and lamp-posts free.
Dustbin lids and skis took flight,
A snowy rush, a child's delight.

For Christmas means, as years do go,
A timeless bond with ice and snow.

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