

A New Green World

Don't you think it's kind of ugly
Seeing how the concrete flows?
Towers of glass and miles of roadways
Crushing ev'rything that grows
They try to intercede
Ten billion mouths to feed though
The money tree's obscene
And so the dollar's green

The change will come, and when it does it's over
No more Savannah days to see Eden grow
We stand and watch and make a new cross from dead sunflowers
Remembering days that came before the last show

Geese are flying under grey clouds
Try to shake the morning chill
Ice floes carry starving bodies
The sea is getting higher still
New answers never seem to gain ground
The earth is crying louder too
Penguins starve, their numbers falling
Denied by trawlers, stealing krill

Waking up we're looking to a new dream
All across the world an ocean of green
Spreading around, always to be found where the sun shines
Change the ultraviolet to aquamarine

Ten men busy digging bunkers
Fields of dead electric cars
A new world will be less forgiving
Sends them off in a ship to Mars
The man in the Moon may shed a tear
Desperate to see the end
The tide is turning through a mindset
Conjure up the new age avatars

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Blood-Red Cherries

My first time in your house, unlike ours -
a wide-arched hallway, Persian rugs, antique urns,
we, flushed intruders, skiving the last hours

of school - Physics, magnetic force patterns -
how the filings leapt into linking tracks,
plotting apposing fields of attraction

across paper sheets. You turned the lock
and drew the curtains so we'd not be seen,
but in that dusk room, lined with leather books,

the cherries in their white china bowl shone
like rubies. I'd only tasted Maraschinos -
stick-speared, lipstick-bright in Babycham.

These were French Burlats, blood-red globes,
plump on dark stalks, ripe for taking. One by one
we ate them, testing smooth skin in our mouths,

breaking into the flesh, teasing out the stones,
kissing them, picked clean, into each other's palms.

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Colour

A wonderful Spectrum of tone and shade, which
Makes the World a glorious place
Where would we be whirling in space
Without Spring Green, the hot reds of summer,
Autumn's shades of russet, orange, and flame of gold,
Winter's solace of cool white, blues and pale greys.

But then the sky is always there for us an eternal wonder,
Glorious shades of cobalt, cerulean, grey, pink and orange diffusion
A changing feast for all man's inspiration and emotion.

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Colour has so many meanings

Colour has so many meanings,
A truth that can't be ignored,
From the colour of your skin,
To the tone of your voice, good lord!

It's in the inference of your words,
A shade that can go astray,
Leading to the realisation
That you got it wrong. Oops, okay!

Now, Black is often a trend, you see,
Black clothes, black walls, black makeup galore,
But it's hard to see someone's true colours
When they're a silhouette by the door.

You can feel blue or be yellow with fright,
Or see red when you're in a foul mood,
Be as white as a ghost in the pale moonlight,
Or misunderstood, which is rude.

They might say, "You're my golden boy,"
A compliment, bright and so grand,
But it colours your opinion with joy,
A twist you don't quite understand.

If you're feeling a bit off colour,
And your wit has begun to decline,
Just remember a horse of a different colour
Is much harder to paint in a line.

You can colour outside the lines for fun,
Or colour a statement with a lie,
But you'll pass all your tests with flying colours
If you just tell the truth, oh my!

So give colour to stories, add local colour too,
This vibrant and whimsical art.
For the world is a box of crayons, it's true—
It's all about where you start

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Simply Black and White?

I was born into a world of black and white,
Truth ,things were either wrong or right .
Nothing in-between.

Television the same, no autumn colours of many hues.
Just black and white, there's nothing to choose,
Whatever the scene.

My uncle showed me there was another way,
For he watched billiards in different shades of grey.
Clearly seen

Except for brown, a problem to contemplate,
Shirts brown or black no difference to differentiate.
Equally obscene

Out with that thought, perhaps you just frown.
Tis the the season of thousands of autumnal brown.
Fall, Huh! Autumn sounds poetical and renown.
And color needs a U I mean.

This is Colourful ramblings, don't frown.
But dad remembered black shirts and brown.
Once seen,
Never forgotten.

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Red Hill at Sunset

Vapour lines print ragged hieroglyphs
across an indigo sky. Final notes
of birdsong drop from darkening trees.

What's left of the sun is a lip of fuchsia
pressed to the earth, setting it on fire.
A lone hare pounds into the open, takes stock,

cocked ears edged with gold, then drums
over the flank of the hill. Night swings
on silent hinges. Tomorrow you come home.

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The Animal Colour Critique

We animals have had a meeting,
And find your human vision fleeting.
Your view of colour, frankly, stinks,
Compared to what we see, we think!

The Bird declares, with UV sight:
"Your rainbows are a sorry blight!
You miss the patterns on my wing,
The secret songs that we birds sing.
That berry, which you think is plain?
It glows for me like a neon stain!
Your world is dull, a faded scrawl,
You're colour-blind, you miss it all!"

The Dog just gives a sleepy shrug,
And gives his favourite rug a tug.
"Who needs your reds and garish greens?
I live in shades of blues and beans.
A yellower yellow? Can't be beat!
But motion's my visual treat!
That squirrel twitched a mile away...
You looked right at it? What a day!
You're slow, my friend, it's plain to see.
Now throw that blue-ish ball for me."

The Pit-Viper, with languid hiss,
Says, "Honestly, your world is amiss.
You argue over shades of paint,
A exercise that's rather quaint.
I see the warmth your body makes,
I watch the journey of your steaks.
In pitch-black dark, I find my food,
A talent you have not yet brewed.
Your 'vibrant hues' are cold and dead.
I see the life-force glow instead!"

So, humans, with your three weak cones,
Please don't impose your visual moans.
Your spectrum is a narrow band,
You don't quite grasp the wonderland.
The world's a tapestry so grand...
You're watching it with one hand tied,
While we see all the tricks you hide

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The Rainbow Parade

ChatGBT effort, a little bit curated

Not debated

Or inflated

Just whimsically related.

Red is a trumpet, bold and bright,
It marches first with morning light.
It laughs like roses, warm and loud,
A joyful shout among the crowd!

Orange skips in with citrus cheer,
A juggler tossing sunbeams near.
It tastes of marmalade from Spain,
And whispers, "Fun is my middle name!"

Yellow twirls in a golden gown,
Spinning sunshine into nature's crown.
It hums like bees, but I like most,
Reminds of golden sand and distant coast

Green tiptoes softly through the dew,
With clover shoes and a leafy hue.
It hums to frogs and naps in shade,
A calm, cool friend in the rainbow parade.

Blue drifts in on a cloud so high,
Dreaming deep beneath the sky.
It sings of seas and sleepy air,
Of whispered waves and gentle care.

Indigo hums a twilight tune,
Halfway between the dusk and moon.
It twirls its cloak of velvet deep,
And rocks the stars to drowsy sleep.

Violet curtsies, soft and shy,
With a secret smile and half a sigh.
She sprinkles sparkles where she goes—
The rainbow's sigh before it glows.

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