

POETIC

JUSTICE

Poetry inspired by newspaper headlines.

The Independent 9.3.09



A party ahead of the ideas curve

Wearing something fancy
in red, white and blue,
Swimsuit if wet,
Clean clothes will do,
Evening dress and slippers
are quite versatile,
Wet suit and high heels,
Nothing but a smile.
Arriving via spaceship
driven by a man,
Skateboard with a sail,
An ice-cream van,
Flying in on carpet,
Or by camel with dray,
The 49 bus
with nothing to pay.

Eating bread and mustard-
a hot square meal,
Cheese on toast,
Roast pig and squeal,
Shim sham for meddlers,
Caviar and chips,
Creamy rice pudding-
ambrosial on the lips.
Knitting new eyebrows,
Sawing someone in half,
Making up a gospel song,
Having a good laugh,
Creating our own poetry
from a newspaper's scoop,
It's all in a day
for an Art's Together group.

Written collectively by Poetic Justice contributors, pictured above.

Carpets of colour

Garden News 3.3.09

Carpets of colour,
Red, white and blue,
Primroses, daffodils,
Bluebells too.

Birds fly about,
Courting and singing,
Gathering twigs,
Moss in beaks bringing.

The gardeners are busy,
Planting their seeds,
Grand-daughter behind him,
Pulling out weeds,

Summer buds are blooming,
The scent is so uplifting,
Roses and lavender,
Into reverie I'm drifting.....

Pat Bird.

FAMILY MESSAGES

Melksham Independent News 5.3.09

May peace and calm,
Be your balm,
Enjoy a lovely life,
Try your best to sell the wife.

Terence Gaiger

Man with a Van

Wiltshire Star 29.1.09

I know a man with a van,
Helps people when he can,
Some call him when in trouble,
Need to move a load of rubble.

Then again they could be moving house,
Need a man with a van and maybe his spouse,
Two pairs of hands are better than one,
Shouldn't take long to get the job done.

Carol.

Good times around the corner

The Guardian 14.2.09

The only way is up,
It can't get any worse,
Good times are around the corner
just hang in there.

Things can only get better,
We'll give it another go,
Make time for congenialities,
The little things in life
make it worthwhile.

A kiss and a hug,
Someone to listen to you,
A little love and affection.
Things are looking up.
Good times are around the corner.

Sarah Weeks.

Where to find free help

Mail on Sunday 8.3.09

Not knowing what to do?
Looking upwards,
This is where I gain my strength,
Keep looking upwards,
Waiting for the answer,
I know it will come.
Prepare my thanks,
Polish my shoes,
Hat and coat,
Buspass.
Now, knowing what to do.

Ruby Dawney.

Daily Express 2.3.09

I say, chaps, cricket's not English!

Whilst playing the W'Indies at cricket,
The bowler kicked down the wicket,
The crowd all went wild,
Please don't act like a child,
If you do we will just form a picket.

Terence Gaiger.

Whilst standing and watching the match,
He thought there will be a catch,
The game is so dreary,
It makes me quite weary,
I would rather be watching eggs hatch.

Terence Gaiger.

Making amends in hard times

homes to rent

Wiltshire Star 26.2.09

Life in my tent
was heaven sent,
Until I met a man,
With a caravan.

Sara-Jane Webster.

Melksham Independent News 5.3.09

Making amends in hard times,
It gives peace in the end,
To do a good days work,
Brings a piece in the end.

Ruby Dawney.

PAY ATTENTION

Guardian 21.2.09

Pay attention?
I do not know what to say,
The garden looks very good,
Red and blue,
The birds are all singing
in the trees today.

I'm driving my car along
in the countryside,
I stop by the river
and take my picnic
and know,
I must go home today.

Norah Farthing.

what will the neighbours say?

Mail on Sunday 8.3.09

If I weed kill all my grass
to grow cabbage front and back,
And always hang my washing out
wearing nothing but a Mac,
If I learn to play the bagpipes
and consider it amusing,
to be practicing my high notes
when I know that they are snoozing,
If I re-do all my paintwork
in an infected looking green,
Then install some garden statues
which are clinically obscene,
If I get myself some chickens
and a cock-a-doodle-do,
Eschew modern amenities
for an outside compost loo,
If I make my rooms available
to ladies of the night,
And carouse with drunken clients
I could end up in a fight,
So instead I'll keep my countenance
like Hyacinth Bouquet,
And behave with more decorum
then what will the neighbours say?

Sara-Jane Webster

National Poetry Competition 2009.

First prize	£5,000
Second prize	£1,000
Third prize	£500

Open for entries on 14th April 2009.
To apply for an entry form,
send a S.A.E. to:

Competition Organiser (web),
22 Betterton Street,
London.
WC2H 9BX

GOOD LUCK EVERYONE!

Who ate all the pies?

Guardian 21.2.09

Who ate all the pies?
That's the way it is.
I ate all the pies.
They were all so good.
Really gorgeous.

Norah Farthing.

love is...

Guardian 14.2.09

What is love?

'Love is a many splendoured thing' and encompasses so much.

I love the panoramic views around us.

The colours, shapes and movement from gentle breezes;
branches waving frantically when attacked by gales and sheeting rain.
I'm always moved by the power of nature.

I love music,

It has helped me through difficulties,
Eased worries and concerns.

I love the feeling of pleasure after a good meal
and a sip of wine.

I love the companionship of friends,
exchanging jokes, stories, views
and the experiences of past and present.
Memories.

I love my family;
working through our difficulties,
sorting them out.

I love life.
There is so much to do, to enjoy-
so much to put back into life.

Trevor Bale.

do more
good stuff

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