

Poetry Series

Catherine Habbie
- poems -

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Catherine Habbie()

Author Catherine Habbie writes #booksforbabies. Her poems appear in the anthology 'The Golden Years'. You can learn more about her on her media pages:

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Don't forget to read & post reviews!

40

40 be a special number

It doth have a special place in history
Hear ye and mark not assunder

40 days of the great flood
40 days after enlightened Musa
Offered us the commandments ten

Years of manna in the wilderness 40
Goliath challenged David for days 40
Christ too was tempted in Gethsemane
For days no less but 40 again

The chants in the Hanuman Chalisa 40
The days of fasting to enter Sabrimala 40
The age to study the Kaballa 40

40 is umpteen
40 in Greek is M

40 is when I live again

Catherine Habbie

??A Christmas Rhyme??

??

The elves sat up all night
And baked the house outright
With walls of gingerbread
And bricks of almond flakes
These were turning
Into the most delicious bakes

Santa watched from afar
And then gave up
He had a sweet tooth
He had to be at par
Off he jumped from his favourite perch
Watching the snow globes & thrills such

Together they baked all night long
Occasionally breaking into a song
There goes the midnight gong
had no clue
She was feeling ever so blue
Where have all the elves disappeared?

Where is Santa? She even feared
She sang herself some elvish rhymes
And then remembered the happy times
Perhaps he is wrapping presents she thought
Maybe solitude is what he sought
She drifted on to slumber divine

But when she awoke
The sight was spectacular
A giant gingerbread house was at her door
Iced to the tips in white & pink
She quickly hid a tear
In a smile & a wink

Santa had done magic overnight
He and the elves
Had lit Northpole bright

She kissed the elves
On every cheek
Hugged them tight & sent them to sleep

Santa she said in delight
Look what happens
When you leave the snow globes one night
Santa has promised to do more good
Baking all the goodies & Christmas food
just smiled her eerie smile bright
????????????????????????????????????

Catherine Habbie

A Letter

A lost art form
Still dutifully followed
by rebels refusing to conform
to society's norm

Deep thoughts on parchments
Filled with enchantments
No more in their top form
But nevertheless an art form

Long dispatches on palimpsests
Filled with little jests
Ink and blotting paper
Only to make it safer

It began on a papyrus
Far away from Cyprus
And I don't mean bone China
When I say it's finer

A letter for Christmas
A letter for the missus
A letter to tell you I'm fine
A letter to tell you you're mine

It beats those small missives
That are just hits or misses
A long juicy letter
Surely makes one better

A lovely thrill
To take away the chill
Its better than any pill
From here it can only be uphill

So surely send an epistle
Someone is awaiting this mistle
Someone waiting to be loved
Someone waiting to feel mellowed

Catherine Habbie

A Morning Wish

As I bid thee adieu this morn
I wish to say more in this song
I wish you have a happy day
I wish you luck in every way

I wish your day is filled
With success that's chilled
And a warm toast
For all your desires to roast

May they be fulfilled
May you your competitors outlive
May your face launch a thousand ships
May you be able to guide wee fingertips

May you set forth without delay
Join in life's endless relay
Hark now thou
When there is sorrow

Come back to me
I will wish for a better tomorrow
I wish for you a better day
May it be greater in every way

Catherine Habbie

A Road To The Woods

I spied a rugged road today
Between the greens and trees that sway
A promise of a peaceful land
Perhaps a beach and some glorious sand

I looked again and found it wound
Around a little path not very sound
I heard the murmur of the sea
And it brought back many memories to me

Pepper vines that were overgrown
In my mind a seed it had sown
Someday I will walk that path in the woods
Will surely do me a world of good

Need not wait a thousand years
For souls to meet and wipe the tears
I shall walk that path without delay
My heart I should surely obey

The leaves shimmered in the summer breeze
The rustling sound never seemed to cease
It beckoned me close but resolute I stood
It was not yet time, I understood

Catherine Habbie

A Strange Tale

A sea of black roses and golden daffodils
All bend down their droopy heads
They looked fervently at the alluring flower beds
But tis too soon to take their rest
They need their duties still to fulfil

A poem, an ode for the poet still
He watches them with eerie delight
His alone is an unworldly plight
He seeks fulfilment just by their sight
He rues the person who dares still

And uproots these buds from their roots uphill
He watches over them and paints a word portrait
He tries to remember their every trait
A box of chocolates with wrappers intact
Some very golden and some very black

Tis a strange tale I really do have the knack...

Catherine Habbie

An Ode To Books

The feel of paper
The whiff of a book
Together in a cosy nook

It is truly heavenly
That you can never be lonely
When ones with you

Perhaps first is codex Madrid
Or the Egyptian book of the dead?
Now that fills me with dread

Maybe the Etruscan book of gold
Or the Sutra Diamond
Is the most old?

Whoever was first
You are now a must
And forever we trust

A steadfast friend
That Guttenberg did blend
Now words can have no end

Catherine Habbie

An Ode To Chocolate

O what is this that doth taste so sweet
Wrapped in nuts, making life complete?
Tis cocoa, butter and sugar neat

Little drops of divine delight
Quickly keep them away from sight
Gobbled up soon tis the plight

Some are milk and some are dark
Each competing to surpass the mark
Perfect to eat in the park

There is fruit, Belgian and Swiss
One to satisfy every miss
But the best are chocolate kisses

Some are beautifully tinged
But tongues get cruelly singed
When we embark on this binge

Tastes like food from the Ryls
As my mouth with chocolate fills
And from my soul ensues a trill

Those with toffee
Some with coffee
Don't dare laugh ye

Even if to my teeth it clings
My heart benignly begins to sing
Just one more, one chocolate ring

Those with yummy peppermint
They seem to have a curious tint
Accompanying us on a long stint

Then there are truffles
Hush and muffle
Control your sniffles

Let the chocolate quotient be, I say
sufficient unto the day
I will have no other pleasure today

Catherine Habbie

An Ode To Faceless Friends

We share our lives
We share our minds
We let out sighs
We are one of a kind

Sometimes we are merely observers
And at times we are idea growers
We can lift you from the depths of despair
But sometimes we just don't care
Though rest assured we are always there

We may never meet
We will never cheat
Or dare a rhyme repeat

So here's an ode to faceless friends
who forever make amends
Is this just a new trend
to make our minds blend?

Catherine Habbie

An Ode To Friendship

On international friendship day
I cement my friendship with you
In bricks of stone and mortar alone
Are not strong castles made

They need a little ounce of trust
And loads of honesty too
They rely on hours of silent suffering
For someone loved and lost

When words begin to fail them
But friendship never rusts
It thrives on forgiveness
Kindness is its middle name

It seeks to create a new world
Where care and sin go bust
This land is for souls
Like minded and true

When with a friend
You need no one but you
So this ode to friends today
Is for all to share and say

I am my best friend
When I am with you
True friend you are when
Long shadows break through

Catherine Habbie

An Ode To My Pearls

There is a box of pearls
In the recess of my head
I touch them up with swirls
Before I go to bed

They are my pearly whites
I love their very sight
If I don't brush them up
Imagine their plight

My incisors and crowns
They begin to fret and frown
Cause a silver tooth
Cannot match my gown

But my molars and canines
How they love to turn brown
Immersed in folds of chocolate
They forever let me down

This is really incredulous
They are no longer deciduous
But just love to be contrary
And a gift to the tooth fairy

So I can only trust my gums
To be my best chums
And keep my pearls together
Forever and ever

Catherine Habbie

An Ode To The Gods Of Snow

Ullr & Skadi have smiled on us
It must be true
Wishes do come true
We will never be blue

Its Snaer everywhere!

Holder & Iokul
This is so cool
It's a day off from school
Comebreak all the rules

It's Snaer everywhere!

Chione & Boreas
have prepared for us
a treat really sweet
Enough to cheer even old sour puss

It's Snaer everywhere!

Morozko take a bow
You have outdone yourself
No need for a row
Let it snow, let it snow

It's Snaer everywhere!

Polivah!
All I can say is 'Arre wah'
The Snaer everywhere
Its now more than I can bear

Catherine Habbie

Baby & Corona

Baby looked out of the window
Not a soul could be seen
Is that an isolated Tower Bridge
And the Shard as cold as the fridge?
Where on Earth could everybody have been?
Then again she looked and saw to her surprise
People were standing 2M apart in straight lines.
Was that a man in a mask?
Didn't Halloween just come back too fast?

She looked at her parents they weren't wide awake
Would they not go to work today?
They seemed to snuggle deeper in their beds all day.
Baby looked at her satchel of playthings for school
But to cry and remind them would be so uncool
Could baby not meet even her friends next door?

Are those sheep in my play pen?
And deer crossing instead of the chicken!
There's monkeys loose on the streets!
This situation looks very bleak

Dad awoke finally and switched on the telly
Mum still slept on her belly
My stomach is growling thought baby in despair
Will I just have to eat this pear?

She looked in the cupboards and saw to her delight
Mum and Dad had been shopping all night!
The cupboards were filled to the brim
Why they even got loads of powdered milk skim
Why were there so many toilet rolls?
Wondered baby with all her might
Too many to miss, they are never out of sight!
Wouldn't Swiss rolls have filled them with delight?

Mum woke up and grabbed baby in her arms
Why she even began singing psalms
We are in isolation baby she seemed to say

As she began to dance with baby and sway.
I like this isolation thought baby today
I get more time with mummy this way.

Dad was watching telly in the morn
There they were showing people how to grow corn
The newsreader was wearing a mask
As she tackled the crowds on the way to the park
What strange things were happening today
The world seemed all topsy-turvy today.

Was that Selena singing a song in the loo?
Were there more people singing their hearts away too?
It all seems strange but for a good cause
It's we don't want to fall sick, that's because
She didn't spare Prince Charles or PM Johnson

Our nurses and doctors were here to save the day
Clap for the NHS every single day!
None dare have a cold today
Poster abound, washing of hands does seem sound
Scrub them clean
Knuckles and finger-nails all around
Together we'll dash Corona's hopes to the ground

But what about grandma Won't she come to stay?
Mum said, she would be in isolation away
We could watch her on an iPad said dad cheerfully
Baby cried tears of sadness bitterly

Ping went the button as Grandma replied
She couldn't get it to work however hard she tried
Grandpa waved hello and baby smiled
Perhaps isolation wasn't too hard if one tried
Baby waved and gurgled away
As nanny and pappy blew kisses her way

Catherine Habbie

Beat The Street

You are walking down the street with various shades of people,
Bells pealing from the church steeple.
You first wonder how, you wonder why
You decided to even try.
To walk, to saunter, to stride,
To let go of your little pride.
But the frenzy catches on,
And before you know it you are gone.
Every morn n every night,
To walk the streets, cross traffic lights.

People of all ages, from babes to sages.
Beating the fob, for points to rob.

Come home to see,
Where in the leader board we be.
It is a thrill, to go on that chart uphill.
To make your team win, play a meagre part.
With every gain, we forget the pain,
And are renewed as right as rain.
But a low score one day,
Makes you pray,
May it rain on the opponents the next day.

People of all ages, from babes to sages.
Beating the fob, for points to rob.

Beat their score,
Show them the door.
But eventually it is you who will win,
If you have managed to enrol kith and kin.
If not from Decathlon a prize,
Surely at least an increase in your friend circle size!

People of all ages, from babes to sages.
Beating the fob, for points to rob.

But most importantly burn,

The cholesterol that makes your heart churn.
So in the end it is win win win,
Walking is no more a sin sin sin!

People of all ages, from babes to sages.
Beating the fob, for points to rob.

Catherine Habbie

Blind As A Bat

Blind as a bat
In the early morn
Watch my eyes
Look all forlorn

They look in the distance
But cannot see
What's really near
And dear to me

My lorgnette is all foggy
I need to wipe it clean
It's frosted all over
Nothing can be seen

Your pince-nez is crystallised
Both vital for our eyes
Together a handsome pair we seem
Waving in the air

Searching in despair
Let us come out clean
We cannot see for nought
Without that glass you bought

Blind as a bat
In a crooked tall hat
Our eyes have certainly
Better days seen

Back to carrots and greens
Only way to preen
Else visions twill have to be
Watch with eyes closed you n me

Catherine Habbie

Butterflies

O when will you wake up from your deep slumber
Oh dear little caterpillar
You fold all 100 little legs
And sleep away the morn
You are under Morpheus' spell
And for me tis but a death knell

Wake up for tis already too late to choose
For you nature has left so many clues
Wake up and see it's splendour
Heed my advice in all candour
You sleep too much in your arbour

Wake up and be released from the cocoon
Wake up from that eternal swoon
Wake up and reveal your colours bright
Wake up we yearn for that wonderous sight
Wake up for the morn is soon gone

You can no more
Then glisten your wings
In the shining sun
Wake up then for others are up
They seek the nectar the I've been saving up

Wake up O glorious flutterby
Your spots and stripes
Dance before my eyes
Are you made of emerald green?
Or a precious dollop of cream?
Or are you perhaps Snow-white?

Wake up cause it's soon sunset
I cannot anymore hold my breath
Perhaps, you are made of gold and blue
And this love is really true
Wake up little butterfly
Can you not hear me sigh?

Christmas In My Kitchen

It's freezing weather outside
I have my mittens held on tight
Cold walls beckon me home
My scarf wound up like a pome

I fumble for my keys
I battle with the beastly bees
I clamber up the stony steps
Eager for that cosy nest

I shed my winter wear
For more comfy wooly bears
I cuddle up on the sofa
But it feels so cold and rough

I spy the warmth from afar
Not tempted all at once
I'm wrapped in my soft housecoat
Not ready to rock the boat

I venture to that nasty den
That makes me cook all morn n even
A brilliant surprise awaits me
In the kettle is tea bubbling for me

It's warm as toast in here
With roast on a spear
There are aromas floating
N gastric juices flowing

I hate to admit this
But it is true, I'm not ravin
It's Christmas in my kitchen
As I sink in heavenly bliss

Catherine Habbie

Christmas Time

Christmas Time

It is Christmas time

Memories of Auld Lang Syne

& getting together over mulled wine

Snowflakes & fresh bakes

Grandma's plum cakes

Of Wise men and Vixen

Donner & Blixen

They put the Nutcracker to shame

As together they mingle

& dance for Kris Kringle

The carols are heralds

Of Advocaat & Eggnog

Maybe even cookies & Yule log?

Toasted marshmallow

& Old friends popping in to say hello

To meet Santa, there is always a queue

& under the mistletoe, you can never feel blue

So with Dasher & Dancer

With Comet & Cupid

Come get together lets get stupid

Catherine Habbie

Cycling

They took us to the road today.
I was shaking like a leaf
When the road got steep
trying the pace to keep

Vehicles all around going beep beep
Birds on the trees cheep cheep
But I was just trying
The pace to keep

The ice on the street
kept saying retreat retreat
but persisting is such a treat
when your fears you beat

No dream is too big.
No slope too steep
'For I have promises to keep
and miles to go before I sleep'

Catherine Habbie

Dreams

I weave a dream of wispy clouds
I weave them together in threads of gold
I add the magic and the mist
But I know it needs a real twist

I weave a dream of castles gold
A land where one never grows old
I weave them with my thoughts bright
I weave them long until the threads hold me tight

I add a dash of colour
Silver and Blue
And everything true
I weave a dream
Of a life with you

All along though
I know this dream has to go
A dream is a dream
All of us know

I weave a dream with open eyes
I blink and whoosh they lose their spice
I weave my dreams of life in utopia
Alas though, I suffer from myopia

So I pause my dreams
I dream no more
I wait patiently
Cause I know I have to go

Catherine Habbie

Drunk On Rhyme

Drunk on poetry that's what we'll be
Not tea nor vile coffee for me
I shall sip a verse
Wipe my tears
And onwards move with ye
For tis the only way to be

A blank verse
A rhyming terse
Perhaps a rhythm or two
Maybe a melodious stanza
Will wake up the pandas
Better than a scary boo

A ballad to soothe the senses
All recorded in the correct tenses
For a pedant he can be
The discerning poet I see
A didactic one he is
Set to detect things amiss

The depth of rhymes
The essence of poetry
With the muse he mimes
Sometimes on birds n even the bees
A masterpiece in the making
Those words just need some baking

Catherine Habbie

Emoji

We all love to throwaway an Emoji
Let us start from the beginning to see
When did we first see our Emoji?

A smiley face was there for all to see
Since what 1973?
Maybe even a heart in the 16th century?

But with the Japanese creation in the 1990's
We no longer pay attention at our high teas
Everyone is hooked and will do as they please

The smart phone brought it out with ease
In days of yore it was in a crease
But now we even have the movie Emoji

With even a day for it on July 17
No wonder its in the mind of every teen
Look at it sparkle and preen

In 2015, the word of the year
Was a joyful face with a tear
It is not as simple as it would appear

It is often misunderstood
And can ill will brood
If you have been cruelly crude

Dr. Who warned us with a Smile
Of emojibots that ran rife
Causing the blue box strife

But 'Phbbbt' nobody cares
A 'poop' and a 'finger' Emoji to dare
People no longer curiously stare

Cause on your face it is no longer there
The Emoji have caught it fair and square
All emotions are now threadbare

A smiling face with an open mouth
One even from a girl from down south
This is the height of uncouth

A winking face, smiling eyes
After a while the eye just cries
And gives up after a few tries

Slightly smiling, flushed, grimacing
Smirking, anguished, thinking
Sleeping, hushed, frowning

Neutral, pensive, relieved
There is even an expressionless
To be seen to be believed

But nothing can beat this face of my own
It can show a million emotions
At the drop of a pome

Let's have a competition Emoji
Between just you and me
Get set ready one two three

We have joyfully begun this spree
But you have beat me in set three
I give up now and bow to thee

You are the one and only EMOJI.

Catherine Habbie

Friend

A friend went straight
To heaven today
Up close to God he was
When called right away

God saw he had the very best
& made him skip the usual test
He just held him close
And laid him to rest

He completed his chores
& shut all the solid doors
But couldn't let our minds sway
It just did not seem the right time today

He read the Bible cover to cover
And was soon ready
To bow before the higher power
No place there for emotions heady

The lament of the wife
Filled the deep blue sky
The wee children rubbed their red eyes
But God knew and had expected strife

He took him with stealth
They would never have agreed otherwise
Twas indeed the family's wealth
And the tale of my friend's demise

Catherine Habbie

Gluttony

This morn I had some breakfast
Of Crumpets and Stew
Then I greedily grabbed a bunch
of yummy Croissants too
Lunch was Curry and Biryani
While dessert was just Gateau
I soon spied some super Strudel too
Then even brought some English Tea
Didn't share Pavlova with you
But dinner makes me groan
I think I'll just go back to stew!

Catherine Habbie

Morning

The shooting stars
The pink grey skies
Early in the morning
Or late twilight
One sees celestial delights

The beautiful hues of the morning sky
Ever a delight to the roving eye
A deep blush begins
On the cheek of the sky
As soon as the Sun rolls into the sky

It starts with light cream
And proceeds to flaming pink
Its face is lit up
It is going to sing
The sky is a lamp I can see
Light up by the flame
Of the bright rays heat

The birds in the sky accompany
In the chorus and celestial dream
They add to the music
Just wake up and see
We are now on planet number 3

Wake up to see
The beauty of Earth
The sky the seas and its mirth
Wake for the canvas is bright
A lantern freshly lit up.
It is our sky

Catherine Habbie

O Grenfell O Tower Of Babel

O Grenfell O Tower of Babel
You had to go
you brought so many people together
its obvious you had to go

Different sounds and syllables
Flowing through your doors
Now there is silence
Laughter no more

Wall of fire consumed you
Innocent lives lost
But humanity it found
When the phoenix stood tall

Fingers interlinked
Hearts got entwined
O Grenfell O Tower of Babel
We finally learnt from your fable

Catherine Habbie

Painter Of The Skies

There is an invisible painter
Who resides in the skies
He gets out his magic brush
And loosens the ties
He paints a stroke
And steps back to see
The lovely colours
Spread in the breeze
The wind is his friend
As is the Sun
Together they paint like one
The sky is his canvas
And they are his paints
He shades them up in colours faint

The Sun comes up
And catches each hue
Revealing a palette
For me and you
Brightyellows
And shocking pinks
In vain I try to find the link
But he is hidden
In the mighty labyrinth
Hidden he tries
And make each colour sink
The canvas is wide
And he has his brush
He has all day there is no rush

In the afternoon
He goes for a snooze
The sun is too bright
Every shade out of sight
But by evening
The magic begins
Out comes the painter
With his palette
Colours filled to the brim

He splashes the sky again
Purples and blues
Of myraid hues
He has his fun
In the setting Sun

He doesn't stop there no
There is more left to the show
He has some sparkles
For the night
Quickly he places them
Hidden from sight
As it gets darker
They are revealed
Twinkling stars to be seen to be believed
Soon he lets out a yawn
His work is complete
The day is done
Out he will come again
With the morning Sun

Catherine Habbie

Sleep

Wake up now, you're out of bed!
Morpheus is appeased
The dreams have ceased
The day you still have to seize.

You are out on your break now
Is this your coffee number 1,2 or 3?
If not now, try after a week
You will get the resistance you seek

Morpheus my friend, I met him at tea
His message to me was pretty bleak
You cannot see the face you seek
No, not even one tiny peek.

So not for me this toxin
Not tannin, not even caffeine
Tis for a feeling when supine
Eons of blissful sleep divine

Catherine Habbie

Soul Music

The edifice stands all bricks and stone
Hoping it would all sins atone
The petaled clock on the tower ticks six
It is going to be a delightful mix

Hither blooms the heads of lavender
A delightful scent putting gloom asunder
A gargoyle guards the stained lattice
It hears the choir blithely practice

And then dispelling the impending doom
An ethereal voice begins to boom
Spellbound I walk up the steps of the church
Soon find myself an oaken perch

The choir begins its Salvic tune
Within arises a melancholic rune
The sound of the rushing wind
Sacred chants in nature's realm

It brought gushing back sweet memories
Delightful days and bedtime stories
A chorus of angel's is earth's delight
The yearning ears receive some respite

The souls lifted up touching
The waiting seraphs on the wooden beams
Although carved It surely seems
These are indeed heavenly beings

Meanwhile the baton is again raised
Up comes the choir to grace the stage
They croon of dandelions and rye fields
It soon doth our mellowing soul appease

The audience watches without batting an eye
They are sure to disappear if we blink an eye
They take a bow and are done singing
But our souls are still left ringing

Catherine Habbie

Surf's Up

On the highway
The internet highway
The surf is always up
Never stop surfing
And fail to give up
Here tis always sunny side up

We fritter away
Our valuable time
Honestly trying our best to rhyme
A balance we need
To truly succeed
This path is full of reeds

Too much of a good thing
Can be rough
When we have tasted it once
We can never have enough
Why it is the green serpent
Merely in the buff

Catherine Habbie

The Book Affair

My childhood was not filled with toys
But I had lunch with Tolstoy
And snacked with Enid too
Poirot to bed I took

I whiled away my teens
With PG, crumpets n beans
Archer & Sheldon tried quite hard
But O Henry was my favourite bard

Sherlock and Watson filled my dreams
My bookshelves bursting at the seams
Eyred and Wuthered I rose to literary heights
I was raised on strange delights

Now I am an adult all alone
Bent forever into my tome
But I sleep with Bradbury
And my only sin is Quinn, Kinsella n Cadbury

Catherine Habbie

The Bridge

Too many strong bridges needed
To connect with hearts it pleaded
A bridge to make whole
One's dying soul

A bridge of stone
To walk alone
A bridge of bricks
And silly fiddlesticks

A bridge of sound and sight
Would fill with delight
But a bridge of love
Ah! Now that's a gift from above

Differences and cultures
Vanity and Pride
Together they can
Either make or divide

The bridge has to fill the gap
Centuries of misgivings take the rap
Off you go old prejudices
Down into the river below

This bridge will entwine
Join together and make divine
Lonely souls and warring ones
Together they will shine like the blazing Sun

Catherine Habbie

The Crustacean

The sharp claws pierced me
And I looked down to see
Why, it's a baby crab nipping me!

It was so adorable and cute
I stood there mesmerised but resolute
It played me like a flute

I watched it move its claws
It certainly didn't need paws
And had enough strength in its jaws

Then suddenly, it pierced my skin
To this feeling, there was nothing akin
Why it was just a bundle of sin!

It bore deep through me
Reaching hidden spots no one could see
I hastily threw it back into the sea

The dear little thing came back to me
It too was in need you see
And it pried all my secrets cruelly

No muscle did spare the gentle pincer
My heart! It had a sharp incisor
It chewed with pain, the little mincer!

Heartless, I thought the little brute
Hiding in an exterior so cute
Speaking volumes although so mute

Then the little crab suddenly moulted away
Its discarded shell made me sway
Inside was a vivid array

Criss-crossed patterns and complex designs
Why this was a lesson in science
I quickly tried on its back to draw lines

It shuddered hurriedly away
For it was now as soft as clay
Inside was a baby twas clear as day

□

Catherine Habbie

The First Rain

The parched earth finally had respite
From the heavens came a delightful sight
Dark rain clouds had filled the blue horizon
It covered the burning sky and the blazing sun
Soon tiny drops touched it's face
It felt like smooth cool blue lace
Filling the earth and every little space

A beautiful perfume released in the air
Like a magician unveiling tricks at the fair
The dark earth lost it's languor
And lit up in all it's green splendour
This is the magic of the great outdoors
Still more magnificent when it pours
As glorious as the lion's roars

Catherine Habbie

The Grandfather

He lived all alone in his secluded room
That no one was even allowed to broom
At evening vespers his silvery hair flared
But not a word said anyone, nobody dared

He had his quirks that were really perks
He developed new ones each day
But not a word anyone dared to say
In the end he always had his way

No one tried to look within
See the heart of gold that was well hidden
The cries of wars, the cries of pain
Cries of days lost in vain

The brilliance was easily forgotten
By people who couldn't get into his skin
He trudged along as an unsung hero each day
He kept his thoughts locked away

He read, he wrote but rarely spoke
Glared everyone with piercing looks
People even mistook him for a spook
Always lost in his old books

But when he bellowed
The earth shook
And took cover in the nearest nook
Why he never even left the poor old cook

Then one day his eyes turned yellow
Why he had begun to turn mellow
On his perch, he now had a little fellow
The chubby little cherub instead bellowed

The grandson sat on his wooden rocking chair
Each day, each morn, only he would dare
Watching the old man in his lair
Now the old man slowly began to care

He laughed, he cried
He did his best, he really tried
Why the onlookers nearly died
When the old man at last sighed

To the charms of the little one he gave in
He couldn't help it he had to cave in
He soon forgot all his sins
The young and the old were like long lost twins

Each morn, each night they were together
The house was filled with mirth forever
No one cared about the noisy din
The old man had finally found his kith and kin

Catherine Habbie

The Green Pen

The green pen writes
And having writ
It waits for the ink to dry
Mankind though had other plans
It planned a world green sans

With picket fences
And deep trenches
Solemn roads for the soul to cry
A path where the heart wrenches
No place here for quiet park benches

There may be hope still
When from the soul ensues a trill
This is not the way to die
The old ways are learnt again
Mankind now is once more sane

Catherine Habbie

The Keeper Of Doors

To the honourable keeper
The guard of the castle gates
Knight in armour of titanium bright
May you guard the castle walls
Evil only on your enemy befall

May you go from strength to strength
Quench your thirst but gaze at no wench
May you succeed in every quest
May you get the princess best
And flying colours in every test

May your path have less strife
Fewer thorns in this life
When at last the hurdles are crossed
May you achieve all that you lost
May your dreams all come true

May you succeed in nightmares too
Slay the beast that ails beneath your skin
Gnawing you from deep within
May you live in eons of peace
Happiness with each kith and kin

May when life is then complete
Find your soul never deplete
May it be full of joy
May you be as happy
As a new born boy

Catherine Habbie

The Library

An interesting collection doth have ye
Coloured and plain and black and white too
Perhaps the library is always missing a few?
But there are times I am sure
When you look askew
When you can't find the one you choose?

Reading it cover to cover gives pleasure immense
Even when you have read it 10 times 10
I look not for more pleasure
When I have tasted this wine
The reader concedes in wisdom divine
I need no more anything new

I have read the book of wisdom
When I have read you
From jacket to jacket and contents within
Pristine pages of print I see
When I turn each leaf gently
I know I shall not want for anymore reads

Catherine Habbie

The Little Bird

Far into the distance
A foggy land I see
With Christmas trees
And maple leaves
And ships sailing out to sea

The clouds glisten in the sun
They hope today to be one
The birds sing happily
They are already fun
A lonely bird alone catches my fancy

It flits in and out of view
But never gives in to purview
It soars among the eagles
But nests with the swallow
It is a strange but happy bedfellow

It gives much joy to the meek heart
Just to watch it fly by
The cares and worries
Just flit away
As it floats into view each day

A hope for tomorrow it brings
As it's cheerful song it sings
A kind bird it is indeed
For it magnifies my speed
It brings a complete feeling

That I never could have hoped for me
An empty promise that holds true
In my mind it is true blue
A promised land it shows to me
A land of hope and dignity

Catherine Habbie

The Man & His Beast

He stroked its head each day
As it lay in its bed of stone & hay
This was his companion from days of old
Why he is better than sacks of gold

Remember the troubles they had been in
Why, his hair is even starting to thin
Together they sat man & beast
To the eyes twas a pretty feast

The ravages of time their friendship withstood
Each proud of his charming brood
The man at last knew what's best
He knew who had stood up to the test

Catherine Habbie

The Marauder Of Teeth

Numb from ear to bone
Seems it's for old sins to atone
Many a chocolate have I chewed
Now it's time my teeth rued
Deeply prodded
Thoroughly cleaned
They only left alone my spleen

My tongue feels like rubber
Now cardboard, now chewed udder
Under the spell of the prion deep
I tried my best to enter deep sleep
But the noise and jet of water spray
The buzz kept me thoroughly awake

They are in your head for God's sake

As I lay atop that swivel chair
The drill buzzing in my head
In all directions stood my frizzy hair
And they plodded in no worries no care
They looked inside with delight
To me it seemed a sorry sight
But they rubbed their hands in glee

She is in for a hefty fee
Lets the implants dig deep
She will forever remember
To her teeth clean keep
The blinding lights left me in a daze
I wasn't sure if I had a face
Twas as if against the clock they had a race

Onward soldiers without a stop
There is a massacre there we are atop
Dead old teeth and cavity
This is a dream for dentistry
A root canal a silver filling
Ooh! I am going to love this billing

Perhaps a denture or two

Hand me needle number 22
Perhaps the longer one would do
Sutures and horse hair are no can do
Just plain plaster and cemented too
An X-ray from which they escape
Leaving me in the chair in an apron draped
Cannot leave until it's all scraped

Italian opera plays behind
A shriek that seems to escape from. my mind
A radio jockey laughs at my pains
What does he know
There is so much to gain
The doctor nods benevolently
My wide eyes gaze back though solemnly

Cause when my dear we are through
You won't be feeling ever so blue
The nitrous oxide with make you smile
When the empty pockets
Make you want to run a mile
The gloves the mask the apron tight
No way I can recognise the opponent in this fight

Catherine Habbie

The Poet

A poet has an arsenal of words
He shoots them one by one
He waits not for a licence
Nor is he blinded by the sun
He should be praised for common sense
Instead he gets a crown of shards

He tarries with the Muse
And competes with the bard
He dare not waste a moment
Lest he lose his guard
The days become a torment
And nights are filled with blues

He cannot even notice
The sky in different hues
He is close to hypnosis
Is captivated by the dew
And never would this he rue
For tis ever a life he would choose

Catherine Habbie

The Siren

Siren sat on a jutting rock
For all the world to see
From her lips ensued a deep pitched wail
That sank every ship that sailed

Ulysses knew the perils of the deep blue sea
He had himself secured in a tight lock
Ears unplugged but arms splayed
He had to hear her, come rain or hail

So the brave man came to hear Siren sing
And she kept singing sadder paeans with no inkling
If only she knew what hopes the day could bring
She would have lit up as a celestial being

Instead she sang her mournful tunes
Believing herself alone on the solitary dunes
While all along unseen Ulysses watched
And had his soul severely scorched

Said his men her song is death
It will suck life with every breath
Cover your innocent ear
For she is the very Chimera we fear

So Ulysses paid no heed
Onward he directed his water steed
He was a brave man
But when she sang, far, far away he ran.

Catherine Habbie

The Tale Of 2 Orbs

As the golden orb grew colossal
The silver one felt more abysmal
Does fate have any more ironies up its sleeve?
It is impossible to believe

That incredible hope of morrow
Was just an invitation to sorrow
How could the shining ones be entwined?
It needs the help of something divine

The sad little orb hung its shiny head
Full to crescent and then went to bed
In its head a prayer it said
Happiness bestow on my friend instead

Soon the orbs moved at their lively pace
There reached a point in time and space
Their life was suddenly full of zing
Together they made the diamond ring.

Catherine Habbie

The Typewriter

My grandfather once had a typewriter
It was a white paper biter
It chewed it well
And then gave out clear notes like a silver bell

Furious missives & loving letters
They all once passed blithely through it
It had the power to make words better
And when it was read your dull heart just lit

Often, it needed careful oiling
A change of ribbon and a little ink
For when it wore out, his soul did sink
It only perked up when it heard the familiar cling cling

ASDF JKL, ASDF JKL, ASDFG JKL
A hundred hours of practice was nothing short of hell
It was after all a Remington Number 1
And sounded like a clear bell on the run

Now it is packed and gathers dust
I just hope it has no rust
While I bang away on my QWERTY keyboard
I often remember how the old fellow roared

Catherine Habbie

The Wait

The clock ticks slowly today
Time just doesn't fly by
It measures every second
And is watched by every eye

It carries more on each number
I am sure it's in deep slumber
It cannot be all true
When I just want it to move

It mocks my eager gaze
And every goading praise
But will never move an inch before
It's time to shut the cuckoo's door

So I learn some quick patience
Bridge and Poker too
But all I want is to see is it's moving face
And end this slow pretence at noon

Catherine Habbie

The Wise One

A wise old man sat on the stone
Many a sin he knew he had to atone
His crinkled eyes
Though gave the game away

He just sat patiently
For another day
The break of dawn
The rising wave

Perhaps he thought
Of distant realms
Or heard stifled cries
From the ancient streams

But all too soon he is back in his cave
He pondered over the times of yore
With furrows deep inside the core
Why he was a lion just waiting to roar

He woke up at last from that deep reverie
Perhaps it was just not to be
Back he went to the thinking stone
Sins uncommitted that's what I've to atone

So now the man just swims in the sea
Living life as it was meant to be
Carefree as can be
He knows he has all of eternity

Catherine Habbie

Thinking Day

We the girl scouts always prepared
The only ones who dared
And did our cookies share

With our scarves and woggles
Your mind we will boggle
Beware, be warned, don't goggle

We can tie a reef knot
We are the top slot
Wiping off the universes' blot

We do a sheepshank
We predict petty pranks
And are so very frank

Thinking caps today we have worn
Our pretty heads they will adorn
All foolish ideas henceforth shorn

An ode to Baden Powell
Who taught us these marvels
Learn how the knot unravels

Catherine Habbie

War

Far away in Damascus
A falling star lit up the night sky
2000 years ago one more did appear
To tell people do not fear
But now the air is filled with mournful cries
Of children rubbing acid from their eyes

Mankind has evolved indeed!
As memories of innocent lives
In the distance recede
Man is overcome by greed
Land, arms, pelf & pride
Just another game to divide

Catherine Habbie

Winter In Autumn

It's been the coldest day of the year
I cannot hold any more tea I fear

My chilblains are itching
Me eyes now twitching

My bones shivering to the core
I don't want to sound a bore

But dear if you don't close that door
You'll find me frozen to the floor

I wrap my woolies close and tight
I intend to add more layers tonight

When then a zombie you can see
Frosted in wool from head to knee

Know that it's poor ol frozen me
My feet ah! Now that's a long tale

Can only be completed
With a bottle of ale

They are wrapped in tonnes of cloth
Inside they curl through my sock

I put a mummy to shame
Wrapped for winter now I'm game

Catherine Habbie

Winter Lights

Winter Lights

The ceremony of winter lights
A harbinger of many cold nights
Lit up with many hued beacons of hope
Held by the future of tomorrow
& yesterday's shadow
Making memories new
And brushing old ones anew

At the church, a sea of illuminated creatures
Heard the mayor praise the town's features
She sparked the fire
Of the towns desire
Up went the gargantuan bell held by a rope
As did the lady on the tight rope

There resounded in the air
An echo, as a hundred rockets did flare
And the speakers did blare
This town is the place to be
For all those who dare!

Catherine Habbie

Wonderland

Alice is in wonderland
She sees sights beyond comprehension
With tremendous tension
And even apprehension
Some ginormous, some famous
Until she begins to understand

She sees griffins, she sees rabbits
These are not creatures of habit
They appear and disappear
to cure and reappear
And her mind fills with fear

When she sees the Jabberwocky
It is oh so cocky
All fun and mocky
Life seems suddenly so rocky
Until she decides its all malarkey

Suddenly appears the Cheshire cat
Life is not so simple as that
With its top hat
It is but a cat in a hat
No one can top that

She enjoys a tea party
With Mad hatter a smarty
And shrinks and winks
Until her soul sinks
Then grows in a blink

But can she the queen hoodwink?
The red queen screams
Off with her head
The cards line up in a blink
But Alice is now tucked safely in bed

Catherine Habbie

Word Cake

How many resets does a clean morning make?
I'll have to bake a clean word cake
Put in some verbs
Instead of herbs
Add in the flour
Make sure not dour
For a few eggs it begs
Instead, in go speech figures
A few laugh triggers
Sprinkle in a pun or two
And put it in the oven to bake @192
Out comes my beautiful word cake
Distinct & expressive
For all the world to relate.

Catherine Habbie