

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2015

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## christine mcCherry(28/03/46)

I attended Blackamoor Open Air school as a child. I felt my education was incomplete and took a college course in later life where I gained a GCE grade A in English lit and language. I then took an NVQ course in creative writing.

I am a member of various writing groups including The Lancashire Authors based in Chorley and Blackpool writers. I am a widow and have three grown up children and two grandsons. I love writing, reading, antiques, animals, the countryside, travel and listening and talking to interesting people.

# A Soldiers Story

Do not see me as I am now,  
a bent old man with wizened brow.  
But close your eyes and picture me  
as the man I used to be,  
Tall and straight and in my prime,  
another place, another time

Your country needs you was the cry  
there were so many such as I.  
All were loyal, brave and true,  
in uniforms of every hue.  
They died in fields of filth and mud  
marbled streaked with bright red blood.

I felt so proud when they gave to me  
a medal for my gallantry  
It did not matter I could not see  
them pin that hard won badge on me  
My fight was o'er, the battle won,  
I could be with my wife and son.

Now the only thing I see  
is just a vivid memory  
Of broken bones and dying screams,  
Cannons roar and shattered dreams  
My medal I could no longer save,  
it's value less than what I gave

I pray that when these words you read  
you will, my son, at last take heed  
I fought to live that much is true  
but I also fought for you,  
Let not my sacrifice be in vain,  
don't turn away from me in shame.

Buy a poppy, wear it with pride  
remember now all those who died,  
Aye, and those who still live on as well,  
and suffer yet wars' fiery hell.

And promise, when you look at me  
you see the man I used to be.

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# Castles In An Emerald Field

In the magic hours before the dawn  
When early risers stretch and yawn  
And the city stops its thunderous roar  
And slumbers like a raddled whore  
Shy creatures scurry out of sight  
And shun the early morning light  
The austere lines of city towers  
Change, in those shifting, silent hours.

Dreaming fantasies now revealed  
Castles in an emerald field.  
For just a while, all can behold  
Diamond glints on streets of gold.  
And so, as secret lovers kissed  
Cloaked in the curling morning mist,  
A kind of ageless beauty fine  
Is cast in every city line.

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# City Lines

There is a magic hour before the dawn  
When the city stops its thunderous roar  
and slumbers like a raddled whore

And the ugliness of concrete towers  
In dreaming fantasies revealed  
Castles in an emerald field

Cloaked in the curling morning mist  
A kind of ageless beauty fine  
is seen in every city line

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# Do Not Cry For Me

Do not cry for me, my love  
For I am truly blessed  
I sleep in fields of green and gold  
My soul is now at rest  
And those who I have loved and lost  
along life's shining way  
Are waiting here with open arms  
To welcome me today  
Each dawn I see the face of God  
So you must surely see  
Cry if you must my darling,  
But do not cry for me

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# I Hardly Thought Of Him Today

I hardly thought of him today  
Well, when I woke I have to say  
I might have thought of him just then.  
I must admit it's so that when  
Through rain, or sun or winter snow,  
From North or South the winds that blow  
Bring fleeting memories, now long past,  
But given time they will not last.  
When Autumn leaves from dead trees fall  
I hardly think of him at all.  
Just when the nights grow dark and cold,  
I miss his warmth, if truth be told  
Forgive me for I have to say  
I hardly thought of him today!

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# It's Then

I get up each morning to face a new day  
People will ask 'Are you doing okay'?  
I smile and reply 'I am doing just fine'  
But you and I know I'm just spinning a line  
If I told them the truth that I'm breaking apart  
And the fact of your loss tore a hole in my heart  
They would panic and say 'I have somewhere to be'.  
And some would not stop the next time they saw me  
But yet in the night when the curtains are drawn  
And I find myself lost and completely alone  
It's then I can let my real feelings come through  
And shout to the heavens they haven't a clue  
It's then when the grief and the tears start to flow  
It's then I can say how I'm missing you so

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# Jess

You lay beside me through the dark cold nights,  
Brought joy and laughter to my empty days,  
Turned darkest thoughts towards the light,  
And helped me through in oh, so many ways.

Though many years have passed since first we met  
It was only yesterday, it seems to me  
Time is a fleeting, precious gift and yet  
Some things must end as all things come to be.

Now, my friend, I must say farewell to you  
Your memory stored deep within my heart  
I'll think of you each waking day, it's true  
In mind and soul we'll never be apart.

Dear Jess, you proved, right to the very end  
That a dog like you is man's best friend

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# Moving On

Misty, hazel eyes smile  
from a dark wood frame.  
An age of dust obscure his image.  
Is it three years?

I have not moved.  
A spiders web, silken threads,  
suspended from the ceiling  
reproaches.

The walls need paint.  
How strange.  
We had decorated  
only yesterday.  
Or so it seems.

I scabble among the rubbish  
under the sink,  
find a can of Mr Sheen  
and a duster,  
bright yellow, pristine

It seems, he shadows me  
As I clean.  
But I know,  
finally, he is gone.

Then he whispers,  
That's it, my love  
Move on'  
I blow a kiss across the room  
And whisper back  
'It's much too soon'

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# Pyewackety

With hair the colour of Lancashire coal  
And eyes as black as the Devils soul  
Pyewackety roamed the Pendle hills  
Dispensing herbs to cure all ills

She was strange and free and wild  
She used her skills to help a child  
The potions failed, the baby died  
Pyewackety held him close and cried

The villagers branded her a witch  
They found her hiding in a ditch.  
Men lashed her tightly to a pole  
Burned her alive to save her soul!

Just at the time Pyewackety died  
Every cat in the village cried  
The villagers fled into the night  
For they had seen a fearsome sight.

Amid the hot and hungry flame  
Out of Pyewacketys ashes came  
A feline form with hate filled eyes  
Leapt from the fire that lit the skies

Then with fiery, fetid breath  
She avenged her fearful death  
Every house burned to the ground  
No living soul was ever found

With fur the colour of Lancashire coal  
and a heart as black as the Devils soul  
Pyewackety roams the Pendle hills  
Try not to meet for now she kills! ! !

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# Someone Else

Who would I really like to be  
If I was someone else but me  
Well that's a question, there's no doubt  
That's very hard to figure out.  
Perhaps a younger, fitter me  
with ears that hear and eyes that see  
without an aid to help me so  
And a boost to help me go  
An artist then of great renown  
A queen perhaps with golden crown  
An author now, would be my choice  
A writer with a powerful voice  
Who'd tell of horrors caused by men  
And put them right with ink and pen.

But still, if all of this were true  
What would all my loved ones do?  
If I was someone else, you see,  
Those I love may not love me!

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# Time Will Tell

## TIME WILL TELL

T'was time that helped the apples on the tree  
Blush and ripen in the warm Autumn light  
And at that moment when he smiled at me  
I saw his love was shining pure and bright

But winters frost was not so far away  
And time did chill the flame of sweet desire  
Loves burning passion died one dark cold day  
There were no feelings left to feed the fire.

Yet still I talk and smile and say hello  
Remain polite throughout the sad farewell  
Too late to plead, I watch him turn and go  
Will I forget him now? Only time will tell

And time can reap a bitter harvest, yet  
As long as I have breath I never will forget.

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# Wee Babbie

Wee Babbie

Eh, little babbie, tha's a bonnie wee thing  
Tha' mammies a beauty, tha' Da' will be King.  
Tha'll want for nothin' all of tha' life  
Tha'll never know poverty, trouble or strife.  
All of these things are well known ta me  
So why, little love, am I sorry for thee.  
It's cos' that I know tha' life's not thee own  
Tha' will never be free or completely alone.  
Space is what's needed, to allow you to live  
That's the one sort of gift that we can all give.  
So sleep, bonnie babbie, and take it from me  
Tha'll always be loved, whatever may be.

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# Welcome, Little Prince.

Every birth of every child  
Should be a source of joy  
So congratulations on the birth  
Of your baby boy

Surrounded now with love and care  
He is our prince, you see  
Englands future in his hands,  
A part of History

Teach him to care for others  
Less fortunate than he  
Help him become our ruler  
The very best that he can be.

Show him the world so he may know  
The good that he may do  
Your subjects love your baby prince  
Teach him to love us too.

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