

Poetry Series

Lindsey Priest
- poems -

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Lindsey Priest(5: 6: 54)

Fifty-three year old Primary School teacher with Parkinson's Disease - but am still smiling!

Married to Mike and have two lovely daughters, Jenny (24) and Melanie (22) .

If you are reading this - please get in touch and tell me what you think of my poems - honestly.

A Tragic Tale

At the foot of the hall staircase,
Leading to the door,
A circle of dried blood
Stained the stone cold floor.
Many myths have been related
To those who stop and stare,
Wanting to know about the tragedy
And just what happened there.

She glanced over the bannister,
He was waiting there below.
She ran to reach his arms,
No chance that she would know,
That in his cloak was hidden
A sharp and deadly knife,
And his intention firm and strong
To take this young girl's life.

Why, oh why, you loved her, you always told her so,
Why, oh why, oh why, did you strike that cruel blow?

His return was unexpected
She'd been taken by surprise,
But nobody could doubt
Love shone brightly in her eyes.
She adored him without question,
It was plain for all to see,
But in a few short moments
She would crumple at his knee.
The blade was so well hidden,
She didn't see it in his hand,
But the knife then pierced her heart
Exactly as he'd planned.

He took a small step backwards,
As the girl fell to the ground,
She sadly reached to touch him
As she collapsed without a sound.
She raised her eyes just long enough

To catch hatred in his face,
He stood and watched her dying,
With remorse? No, not a trace.
Across the floor crept a pool of blood
Of deepest, darkest red,
The girl, who had been so beautiful,
At the foot of the stairs – lay dead.

He stared at the lifeless body
For several minutes or more,
Then, wiping blood from the dagger
Headed straight towards the door.
Not looking back nor faltering
He raised his head up high,
His intention was accomplished,
The girl he'd loved should die.
He'd been abroad just for a short time,
Until a servant called him back,
It was with despair and jealousy
He'd planned this cruel attack

WHY?

A scheming, evil servant,
With an envious heart of stone,
Had written him a letter
Suggesting he should come home,
He would find his faithless lover
In the arms of another man,
It urged him to return quickly
To hear the servant's plan.
Blind rage then coursed his body
Sense and reason drained away,
The girl he adored with someone else,
He would return without delay.

The knife was polished and ready,
His plans to kill in place,
As he looked up from the first step,
He saw her smiling face.
He imagined her with another,
A rival, he could not bear,

His resolve grew ever stronger,
As her feet touched every stair.
And when he was quite sure
That she had drawn her very last breath,
He would take his shiny pistol
And join her then in death.

You said you really loved her, you always told her so,
Why, oh why, oh why, did you strike those cruel blows?

Lindsey Priest

Baby Black The Bunny

This is the tale of a rabbit
Who lives near Ashcourt Drive.
Was born the runt of a litter.
So is lucky to be alive.
He's known by the name of Baby Black,
Who's idea I cannot tell.
Maybe it came from Lauren,
Or perhaps it was Annabel.
Poor bunny lost his parents
At a very early age,
It soon became clear without them,
He would not live in their cage.
No! A house rabbit he decided,
That's what he wanted to be,
To visit all the bedrooms
Or sit on someone's knee.
A very determined rabbit,
Who'll get just what he needs,
Helping himself to nibbles,
In between his proper feeds.
At night he might sleep with Lauren
In her comfy little bed,
Then he'd nip over and visit Annabel,
Try her bed out instead!
He'd have to avoid 'Big Philip'
Who might just put him in a pie
But he could rely on Lesley,
To give him an alibi.
Still, life he finds enjoyable,
A bunny of simple tastes,
Like apples, crisps and nuts,
In fact, nothing goes to waste.
The television with its trailing wires
That looks a tasty treat,
How about those furry slippers?
Yes! He could eat both feet!
Their house is very friendly,
Lots of creatures, loads of talk,
But when will they buy a lead and collar

To take him out for a walk?
When the cleaner comes to visit,
It's wise not to get under her feet
It's safe in the conservatory
Where he lies beneath a seat.
He's a creature of distinction
He's a creature of habit
So don't offend by saying...
'He's really just a rabbit! ! '

Lindsey Priest

Car Salesman

Nought per cent finance, what a con!
Nought per cent finance, you're having me on
That's the offer that brought me in here,
Buying this car is going to cost me dear.

Let's look at the figures just once more,
Prevent you heading straight for the door.
Perhaps we can do some kind of deal
To greatly change the way you feel.

Tell me what you want and we'll do our best
To find the car that passes your test.
You can choose the colour and the engine size
As long as you see I'm not telling you lies!

Air-con you can have, or alloy wheels,
Though that's the type a car thief steals!
A silver one is nice, or what about blue?
It'll match your eyes and really suit you.

They taught me what to say to you in selling school
Making you believe I'm playing by the rule
So come on, buy the car, that's now not then,
Cos I've heard you really want it for your daughter, Jen!

Lindsey Priest

Cargo Fleet Steel Works Silver Band

I was looking at the census
For a relative of mine
A task I thought would be easy
Just trip down the family line.

It was Charlie I was looking for
An uncle I am told,
Who worked in the Middlesboro shipyard
Before he got too old.

He had a very special job
Was famed throughout the land
As secretary to the Cargo Fleet
Steel Works Silver Band.

I am not sure what this entailed
It sounds so very grand
Being in charge of the Cargo Fleet
Steel Works Silver Band.

Perhaps he played the trumpet
Or a cornet he did blow
And together with the other chaps
Put on an marvellous show.

By day he was a stevedore,
Ships cargo he would load
He walked there every morning,
It was only down the road.

But when the piercing whistle went
To mark the end of day
He ran home at the double
So ready then to play.

Every evening he would practise
Cornet held in his hand
Cos he was in charge of Cargo Fleet
Steel Works Silver Band.

I believe he was a grumpy man
A smile never touched his lips
But to organise a concert
He was full of useful tips!

I never found poor Charlie
Tho' I looked on every street
He was off performing with
The Silver Band of Cargo Fleet

Lindsey Priest

Cottage By The Sea

I am looking at a painting
Of a cottage by the sea,
The waves are lapping gently,
And someone 's beckoning me
To take a closer look into
That picture on the wall,
For in it lies the answer,
The answer to it all.

'Why do I need an answer
To a question I did not ask?
Is there something in that cottage
And to search will be my task? '

'Look a little more closely
So you can see some more,
There's someone in the cottage
Standing near the door.
At first you did not notice
Now your eyes can see.'

'And is that someone calling,
Calling out to me? '

'That's right, it's you they're calling,
Calling out your name,
Calling you to join them,
To meet them once again.
Look into that cottage
The answer will be there
As you peer into the window,
Be sure to say a prayer.'

'What answer am I seeking?
What did I want to know?
Wait a minute, are you meaning,
Where did my loved ones go?
I'm not ready to find out yet,
I want to stay right here,

But if they are in that picture
Then they are very near! ’

I looked into that painting,
Of a cottage by the shore,
I looked so very closely
At the old and battered door.
The sea was lapping gently,
And I could plainly see
That no-one there was beckoning
Or calling out to me.

Lindsey Priest

Dressing Up

We have got to dress up at school,
I can tell you we all feel a fool,
Even the kids say that it's not cool,
Persuaded to dress up at school.

I know it's only one day,
And there's nothing that we can say,
Our head will have her own way,
So, we're all dressing up for the day!

Our school is seventy years old,
So we have all been told
To wear something bright or bold,
To remember those days of old.

The theme—famous people or books
Or a fashion—copy the look.
Now which will it be, I am stuck.
The person, the look or the book?

I have one or two options in mind
E-Bay may prove to be kind,
That is if from there I can find
An outfit to blow your mind!

Twiggy was the first to be thought,
A costume wouldn't have to be bought,
It's in a cupboard I'll just have to sort,
But a diet will be needed, I thought.

The outfits I've worn before
Just don't fit me anymore,
Anyway, it would be a real bore
To wear something they've seen before.

There isn't really much time
So I won't give up chocolates and wine.
Perhaps someone could drop me a line,
What shall I dress up as this time?

Lindsey Priest

Easter Patchwork

We are going to make a patchwork quilt
Before your very eyes,
To tell a special story,
Which will come as no surprise,
When we tell you it's about Jesus,
How he lived and how he died,
How he was resurrected
And how his friends fled from his side.

The first part of our quilt
Shows a donkey and a man
Entering the city
As if they have a plan.
There are people waving branches,
Torn from the trees,
And as the donkey passes by
Folks fall to their knees.
They are shouting out 'Hosanna'
As loudly as they can,
While others in the shadows
Whisper, 'Who is this man? '

Our next shows a market place,
People come and people go,
Buying what they need for Passover
But little do they know,
That soon a man will enter,
With a passion in his heart,
He'll scatter all the tables
But that will only be the start.
For he'll clear the holy temple,
As wind scatters all the leaves
Shouting, 'this is my Father's house,
Not a den for thieves! '

Our next piece of patchwork,
Will show a table neatly laid,
Thirteen men around it
As the shadows start to fade.

Jesus stands up slowly,
Breaks the bread, sips some wine,
Says, 'Do this and remember me
Until the end of time.'

Before he'd finished speaking
Judas stood up and was gone
Jesus knew where he was going
That he would not be gone for long
'Come my true disciples,
Come with me and let us pray.
I fear that time is running out
And before the break of day,
Peter will have said three times
That he does not know my name,
And I will be on trial
Though the charges are insane.'

Our patchwork quilt is growing...
In the garden, Jesus prays,
The disciples are on look-out
Though their eyes begin to glaze.
They fall asleep and fail to see
The soldiers coming near,
One wakes to protect Jesus,
Cuts off a soldier's ear.

Jesus said. 'Those who live by the sword
Shall die by it as well.'
Held his hand against the soldier's head
Cured him, for all to tell.

Our next patchwork picture
Show Jesus at his trial,
They were going to find him guilty
There could be no denial.
He was whipped and on his head
Placed a crown of jagged thorns,
He was mocked and badly beaten,
Now heaven sadly mourns.

When the Roman governor offered
To set poor Jesus free
The crowd started shouting,
No it's Barabbus, Barabbus,
We want to see.

Take Jesus and be done
And the Governor washed his hands,
He was puzzled and amazed
At the punishment they'd planned.
The King of the Jews was led away
To a cross he was nailed
His friends looked on helplessly
They knew how much they'd failed

They took the body of Jesus,
Laid it gently in a cave,
Weeping many bitter tears
For a life they could not save.

Our patchwork quilt looks finished now
But there is more to say
For this story is not over
Til the dawn of the third day.
Happiness and jubilation
Amazement and surprise
Who do we see in front of us..
Before our very eyes!

Lindsey Priest

Eternally Beautiful

Exploded,
Riotous colour,
Petals bright as sunshine,
Splashes of scarlet,
Run ragged
To the heart
Of the flower head.
Momentary beauty
For appreciation,
Soon to lose
It's fresh bloom.
A living, dying flower.

Youthful and pretty,
Gasps of admiration,
Desirable, desired,
Daunted.
More than a moment
Passes.
Weeks, months, years,
Eternally beautiful
Inside.
Bloom withers
But
Soul survives.

Lindsey Priest

Farrington Priest And His Money Making Machine

This is the story of one Farrington Priest,
A relation of ours who came from the south-east,
A dapper little man who wore a scarlet cravat,
A tweed hacking jacket and a feather in his hat.

He was keen on the horses and he loved to bet,
Which horse would come first and how rich he would get,
Didn't realise it was a mug's game, very foolish indeed,
He might find himself penniless in his hour of need.

He went to the races, as many as he could,
Was welcomed by the touts for his spending was good.
Where he got his money from, his family weren't sure,
Not when the rest of them were really quite poor.

His father was a printer and so was his brother
Because in those days they helped one another.
What the family didn't realise was their son, Farrington,
Had 'borrowed' the printer when their work was done.

He printed what he needed to bet on the races,
He printed what he needed and hid it in cases,
He printed what he needed showing all the right faces,
He printed what he needed to use in the best places.

Oh yes, he died penniless but found under his bed
Were cases of money that he'd used instead!
For money means nothing when you're addicted to betting,
He's one of our relations we'll not be forgetting.

Lindsey Priest

Grand Canyon Through English Eyes

First glimpse
Snatched breath
Awesome!
Deep ravines
Red rock
Glowing.
Follow the muddy
Ribbon of water,
Gasp at sheer
Cliffs
And rugged valleys.
Eagle soars
Through cloudless sky,
Smiling as eagles do,
At the inability
Of man
To see what he sees,
Hear what he hears,
go where he goes!
Glowing
Red rock,
Deep ravines,
Awesome!
Sigh at
Last glimpse
And
Reluctantly
Turn
Away

Lindsey Priest

Grandad Beaumont

Beaumont Kaye of Fulstone
Born in Eighteen Seventy One.
In the Yorkshire Pennines
Where woollen cloth was spun.

About this particular Grandad
I know little at all,
I never even met him,
He died when Dad was small.
My father didn't tell me much
Except he seemed to like Beau's name,
For when a baby was expected,
He wanted it called the same.

Beaumont worked with stone
His father worked on the railis
He was called a stone delver or mason
But I'm not sure what this entails.
One thing is quite certain,
It was a fair-weather job,
During the cold winter months
It was hard to earn a bob.

In a local dye-house,
Work was found,
The floor was always littered,
Rubbish covered the ground.
One ordinary day,
Beau stepped
on a rusty nail,
Which pierced
his boot and sock
And left a nasty trail
Of poison and soon
An infection spread,
Beaumont could do nothing
But take to his bed.
Septicaemia and gangrene
Took a swift hold,

And sad news followed
When he was told...
First one leg,
Then the other,
Had to be lost.
For a rusty nail
An enormous cost.

Beaumont never worked
With stone or dye again
In his lumpy old wheelchair
He'd go off down the lane.
His bed was brought downstairs
After the sad mishap
Friends would come and visit
He was a popular chap.

How this affected his family
Is quite easy to say,
With no job
There came no pay.
His wife, my Grandma,
Ran a shop,
She worked so hard
Till fit to drop.
The children had to help
Their weary mother
And look after my Dad
Their much loved baby brother.

My Granddad died aged sixty one,
Which doesn't seem so old.
He was a kindly sort of man,
At least that's what I'm told.
He always had a pocketful
Of humbugs or sweets,
To give to anyone
He met on the street.

Beaumont Kaye of Fulstone
Born in Eighteen Seventy One.
In the Yorkshire Pennines

Where woollen cloth was spun.

April 2006

Lindsey Priest

Grandad Norman

I'm going to write about my Grandad
Norman Newsome was his name,
And I did actually know him
And he knew me the same.
I know he was a quiet man
But he was proud of his family
Wife, daughter and two grandsons
And a grand-daughter, that's me!

He was born in eighteen- ninety-two
in an northern industrial town,
A grimy place called Batley
Of very small renown.

Except for the manufacture
Of recycled woollen rags
A material known as shoddy
Used to make bags and bags
Of soldiers coats and uniforms
As they marched away to war,
And for slaves, it made a blanket,
No thought to give them more.

Grandad did work in woollen mills
For most of his adult life,
But this was interrupted
As he had to go and fight,
In the war which was to end all wars,
He fought bravely on the Somme,
And in nineteen-eighteen, came home again
He was a lucky one.
My mother always told me
That Grandad would not talk,
Of his experiences as a soldier
In the King's Own Infantry of York.

In my house today, I have something
Which Grandad bought with pride
A clock which ticked upon the wall

And stopped the day he died.
So his son-in-law took custody,
Once a week when it was wound
As the pendulum started moving,
There were sighs of relief all round.

Another thing about my Grandad
Was that he smoked a pipe,
My Grandma couldn't stand it
How often she would gripe,
But he kept all of his tobacco
Inside a pouch of leather,
The smell of it was glorious
As we sat, two of us together.

He liked to work outside a lot,
As much time as he could spend,
I think he was escaping Grandma,
So his ears, she could not bend.
He had a special place to go
Some land he had down the street,
He kept chickens, hens and rabbits
And to stroke them was our treat.

It has been said that when away
From home on holiday,
He counted every day off
As he didn't want to stay.
He wanted to be home again
Near his own cosy fireside,
To hear his clock chiming the hour,
The clock that was his pride.

A phrase that he was said to use
Watching performers on a stage,
The silly beggars don't realise,
It's harder than working for a wage.
I often think of those wise words,
When watching plays at school,
The effort actors must expend,
Just to play the fool.

He died in nineteen -sixty
When I was six years old,
My Granny came to live with us
When their house had been sold.

Now in looking back I'm sorry
My knowledge is quite poor
There are things I'd really like to know
To be able to tell you more.

So I will ask my brothers
What they remember too,
And I'll add to this, my poem
As soon as I can do!

April 2006

Lindsey Priest

Las Vegas

Been to Las Vegas
Couldn't believe my eyes
Searing heat and slot machines
Took me by surprise.

Oh, I knew that they would be there
Nothing more safe to say,
But that I could touch and feel them
Took my breath away.

Right at this very moment
Ten thousand machines at play
Neon lights flashing brightly
In the middle of the day

I feel so very humble
That I had the chance
To walk along the Sunset Strip
Watch rainbow waters dance.

An unforgettable experience
I wish I could repeat.
To step out there just one more time
Along that amazing street.

Do people really live there?
That city of renown.
While I am safely back at home
In an English seaside town.

Been to Las Vegas
Couldn't believe my eyes
Searing heat and slot machines
Took me by surprise.

Lindsey Priest

Losing Things

Why am I always losing things?
Why do they disappear?
Here one minute, gone the next,
I'm sure I put them near.

I remember thinking to myself,
I'll put this where I know!
Then as soon as I have turned away
It must grow legs and go!

There's boxes piled upon the floor
And more upon the chair
Whatever they might be holding
Are well concealed in there.

So many times this happens to me
I'm becoming quite annoyed
Which means a better system
Will have to be deployed.

Why not throw the lot away
Start again from scratch!
Forget about the paperwork
Admit I've met my match!

Whatever I was looking for
Will one day re-appear
But by then I might not need it
Of that one fact, I'm clear!

I'm sure I'm not the only one
To lose an important note
Scribbled hastily on paper
And shoved inside my coat.

I wish I could be organised
Put things on the right hook
So when I need to find them
There isn't far to look.

Perhaps I cannot change my ways
I'll stay in this mad state.
If someone wants what I have lost,
Then they will have to wait

Lindsey Priest

Midnight

It's nearly midnight
And there is a poem
In my head.
Should be sleeping
Eyes are closing
Dozing,
It is nearly midnight
And there's a poem
In my head.
Thought about friends
But it's not
Them.
It's midnight
And there's a poem
In my head.
It will flow very soon,
Come burbling
From my brain,
Every night
It's just the same...
Want to say so very much
Talk to you, keep in touch,
Feel you near, close to me,
This is how it should be,
It's after midnight
There is a poem
In my head.
Like you...
It
Will fill my dreams

Lindsey Priest

Mount Cook

Clouds were low
Smothering the mountain peaks
In damp grey mist.
Blue sky was hidden
So the lake could not
Sparkle with its
Usual intensity.
Without sun
The earth still slept.

Until that moment...

When golden beams
Peeped through
The curtain of clouds
Energising the landscape.
Slowly,
Snow capped summits
Pierced the lingering fog
Their awesome splendour
Breathed life
and vigour
into the surroundings.
Receding clouds
Revealed a mighty glacier
Tinged with blue
sparkling as it absorbed
light from the sun.
Icebergs floated
In silent grey water.

As Great Aoraki
Looked down
On a world
Bathed in glorious colours,
The lake,
Revitalised,
Gleamed aquamarine
Once more

Lindsey Priest

Muddle And Mess

Looking at my desk
I can see
All manner of mess
In front of me.
There's glue and paper,
Scissors and string,
Hand cream and a camera,
And one ear-ring!
Papers piled high,
A lamp at each side,
A bottle full of juice,
I should take more pride.

I'd like it to be tidy,
But chaos always reigns,
Probably because
I have very muddled brains.
My desk resembles
The tangle in my head,
But it can't be altered
So there's order instead.
Many of my friends
Think in straight lines,
They make me feel crazy,
I can see the signs.
Madness and confusion
That's what I represent,
My desk's in a muddle
But I'm not discontent.
That jumble is me,
It's the way I have been made,
If untidy is in fashion,
I can reach top grade.
So...
Looking at my desk
There will always be,
All manner of mess
In front of me.

Lindsey Priest

No Problems!

Write a happy poem.
What a great idea!
Forget those niggling problems,
Your head, just try to clear.
Think of all the good things,
Ignore the bad, for now,
Sing a song or something,
It's better than a row.
Remember things before this,
That made you laugh out loud,
Or the time a great thing happened,
It made you feel so proud.
Don't worry about tomorrow,
It's not in your control,
Leave someone else to natter,
Try to let the good times roll.
Wear a smile, a broad one,
Not a furrowed frown,
Pop a cork of joyfulness,
And pessimism drown.
Oh yes, I feel much better,
I feel that now I glow,
With hopeful anticipation,
That the happiness will flow,
From here right to your doorway,
That you'll want to join with me,
And read a happy poem.
It works – hope you agree!

Lindsey Priest

Remote-Control Man

What is it with men and the remote control
Why can't he leave it alone?
He is switching from channel to channel,
Like a human metronome.
I've had to take it off him,
You should see the look on his face,
He's pouring himself a whisky
And stomping around the place.
Now he's flicking through a brochure
And heaving pointed sighs,
If the T.V. is back on in seconds
It will come as no surprise!
He must get it from his father,
Who is a nightmare, it has to be said!
He has to switch off all the adverts.
To 'zap' them until they are dead.
No-one else is allowed to touch it,
The property is entirely his,
And through all available channels,
He will quickly whizz.
So take it away for a fortnight
Or even just for a week,
Give women control of the 'zapper'
'Be quiet now, please do not speak!
I'm searching through every station
A good programme to watch I must find
I'll just flick through until I find one
I'm sure no-one will really mind! '

Lindsey Priest

Rollercoaster

Sometimes I feel
That we never stop,
On this rollercoaster
We climb to the top,
Then squeal all the way down!

Foolishly,
We start again,
This moving staircase
To ascend,
Without taking a breath or two.

How much of life
Do we really miss,
When climbing a ladder
Just like this?
Is it the really important bits?

I look at my daughter
Fast asleep,
Comfortable
And dreaming deep,
As she has for twenty years

Did I let those years
Just pass me by
As I kept on reaching
For the sky?
What good did that do me?

But she would
Have grown up anyway,
Left our home
To go away.
Find herself — but did I find me?

Perhaps the rollercoaster
Does some good,
Keeps our mind ticking over

The way that it should.
Without that constant journey
Up and down.....

Lindsey Priest

Seeping Into Your Soul

Sometimes
Life doesn't look so good.
There is something in the air.
Something menacing,
Something alarming,
Like a mist
Covering the tops of mountains.
It envelops your world,
Seeping into your soul
And you can't identify
What it is and why
It affects and controls you.
A feeling of impending doom
Worming its way into your
Peaceful and steady life.
It is the colour black,
It is damp and cold and clings
Like a sticky web.
You are caught within its icy grasp
And freezing fingers
Dig into your flesh until
You want to scream or collapse
Under its powerful pressure.

The sun will rise again in the morning!
Beams of invisible warmth
Will stretch out and touch you gently

Lindsey Priest

Threatening Rain

Black clouds gather
In the west,
Bluey, inky black,
Threatening
More than rain.
A cherry blossom tree,
Bowed under the weight
Of its blooms,
Silhouetted
Against a darkening backcloth.
Small shrubs bathed
In temporary sunlight
Glow in shades of green and gold,
Their leaves grasping, stretching,
Greedy for enrichment.
Advancing clouds continue
To creep stealthily
On an aimless breeze.

To the east,
Wispy, whiskery,
Snow white clouds
Sail across a glorious
Blue sky,
Unaware.

Garden resplendent
Spikes of green, carpets of blue,
Corners of yellow,
Pretty profusion.
Trees, flowers in harmony
Perfection.

Dark clouds ride jealously
Towards the east
To snuff out the glory
Consume in grey
Shroud.

And my laundry is outside
Languishing on the line!

Lindsey Priest

Umbrella Lil

This is the tale of Umbrella Lil
Who walked the streets of town,
She was one of those strange people...
Who wander up and down!

She walked the streets near where I lived
You'd see her every day.
No matter what the weather was like
She'd dress in the same way.

A long black coat with fox fur trim,
A bag clutched in one hand,
High heeled shoes that clicked as she walked
And a hat with a velvet band.

She carried a black umbrella
Leaned on it like a cane,
Or stopped and poked the air with it
We thought she was insane!

Her bag was filled to overflow
God knows what she had in there.
She kept it with her all the time,
And took it everywhere

She'd sit down on a park bench
Into the bag would look.
She'd rummage and she'd scramble,
As if something was stuck.

Then out would come the lipstick
A powder compact too,
And peering into the mirror
Her make-up she would do.

Her cheeks were red and wrinkled
Her eyebrows arched up high,
With paint and crayon pencils
Her war-paint she'd apply.

Then her face, it would resemble,
A crazy circus clown,
But off once more she'd start to walk
The length and breadth of town.

If ever I saw her coming,
I'd avoid her at all cost,
Crossing the road immediately,
So time would not be lost.

To chat was what Lil loved to do,
To talk and talk and talk,
And if she caught you unawares,
You'd have to forget your walk!

She'd tell you her life history
Even though you knew it well,
She'd once had a dear sweet-heart
But in the war he fell.

Bravely he'd fought at Paschendale
But sadly lost his life,
Which meant the love-struck girl at home
Would never be his wife

Folks wouldn't spend their time with her,
Too busy, didn't care,
Nobody was interested,
Sad news she couldn't share.

I left my home and went away
Umbrella Lil, I saw no more.
I heard that they had found her
Slumped, dead, behind the door

Near her lay a photograph
Of a handsome girl and boy.
He was in army uniform
She wore a look of joy.

Her black handbag was beside her

She held a locket and a chain
With a message written on it
"Until we meet again! "

Lindsey Priest

We Are

If you were here now
I would be so happy.
The glow
When we meet,
Even others
Feel warmed
By its intensity.
Not red for passion,
Beyond that...
Deeper as if
Nothing needs
Explanation.
We are!

Lindsey Priest

What Are You Going To Do Today?

Paint box beside me,
Colour imagined world.
A myriad of shades;
Bubbles of blue
Yards of yellow
Riots of red.
Conceive, create and reproduce.
Gradients of green,
Passions of purple,
Oodles of orange.
Lines leap across the canvas,
Patterns spill over the paper,
Demented swirls collide with docile spots
Until my dizzy mind
Is drawn into a dreamy
Doubtful landscape
Where paths cross,
Intermingle,
Indirect,
Indefinite,
Indecisive.

Which way?

Why?

Lindsey Priest

What Does It Take?

What does it take
To make
A poem
Really great?

Does it have to reach
The inner-most soul
And pull out from there
Something you had
Forgotten about?
A feeling
waiting
For some word-wise poet
To release it
From its prison.

Does it have to confuse
Those who would
Seek to understand?
A babble of words
Meaningless
To everyone but the writer
And those who
Pretend to
Know
What it is all
About!

Should it impress
With words that
Paint a picture or cover a canvas
Mind games
To feed the
Imagination.
A puzzle, a portrait
A landscape
Cleverly Coloured!

Is it purely

Playing with words?
Twisting a language
to your command?
Bouncing along
Swept away
On a tumble and jumble
Of crazy
Ideas

Or
Is it just
That
Someone got lucky?

What does it
Take
To make
A poem
REALLY
GREAT?

Lindsey Priest

Why?

Join the end of the line,
It may take some time,
Like a Disney queue,
Winding in and out and through.
Will I ever reach the end?
Is it just around that bend?
I left two hours ago,
My family do not know,
That I can see their tears,
I can sense all of their fears,
I can see into each mind,
But I never thought I'd find
So many people sad,
Leaving them I felt so bad.
I believe my time was done,
I tried to make life fun.
So until we meet again
I'll watch over you till then.
Forget me, I know you won't,
But I sincerely hope you don't
Let your life go cold
Find someone's hand to hold

At last, the end of the queue
Hello God, nice to meet you.
I have one thing to say
'Why did you take away
My health when I was young?
I was only forty-one!
Parkinson's Disease is a bad nightmare
And I just didn't think it was fair! '

Lindsey Priest

Wonder

Exploded
Riotous colour
Petals bright as sunshine
Splashes of scarlet
Run ragged
To the heart
Of the flower head.
Momentary beauty
For appreciation,
Soon to lose
It's fresh bloom.
A living, dying flower.

Youthful and pretty
Gasps of admiration
Desirable, desired
Daunted.
More than a moment
Passes.
Weeks, months, years,
Eternally beautiful
Inside.

Bloom withers

But

Soul survives.

Lindsey Priest

Worry, Worry, Worry

Worry Worry Worry
That's all I seem to do.
Worry about everything
Especially about you!
Why is all your money spent
So I have to help you out?
Why are you so overdrawn?
What is it all about?
Yes I know you have a boyfriend
And he lives so far away,
But do you have to phone him
Fifteen times a day!
Yes I know about being a student
And what young love is like
How you have to talk for ages
'Cos I did with your Dad, Mike
We also had the phone bills
That headed for the sky
Our Dad's had real bad moments
And asked the question—why
Can't you write a letter
Like other people do?

Worry, worry, worry
Especially about you!

Lindsey Priest

Yorkshire Lass

Have you ever been to Yorkshire on a bright and sunny day,
I know I am biased, but I really have to say,
There's no better place on earth, and I've been to a few,
Yorkshire is the very best, well, that's my view!

I've been to the Grand Canyon which took my breath away,
And to Las Vegas although I didn't want to play,
Savannah is beautiful, San Francisco is sublime,
But nowhere beats Yorkshire, if you listen to my rhyme.

New Zealand is lovely, I thought I'd let you know,
It's clean and it's peaceful, you just go with the flow.
The lakes are so blue and the air is so clear,
But it doesn't make Yorkshire any less dear.

Nova Scotia in Canada, another great spot,
The roads are lined with trees – there are an awful lot,
But that's the way it is, I adored being there,
Though I still prefer Yorkshire, if I'm being fair.

English counties are pretty and London is fun,
Visit Scotland and Wales but they're best in the sun,
The Lakes are spectacular and the Peak District fine,
But it's to Yorkshire I return, great birthplace of mine.

Lindsey Priest