

Poetry Series

Owen Cullimore

- poems -



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Old Aunt Sally

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On the corner of the street

Next to the Haberdashery shop

Near the newsagents where dad gets his papers

Where I walk with him and skip and hop

There lies old Sally's Antique shop

That sells all sorts of brick-a-brack

Aunt Sally can sell you anything

She really has the knack

All sorts of wares are on display

Mainly junk it looks to me

But I love when Dad takes us in there

It's like Aladdin's Cave you see

Its seems to go back through the shop

For miles and miles to a little one like me

As I walk amongst the things on show

There's such a lot to see

One day I spied an old Rag Doll

Alongside a Teddy Bear battered and worn

And I asked my dad if I could take them home

Holding teddy's arm which was badly torn

Brought memories flooding in

Of a child in the war walking the street

Holding him by the arm

I wonder what happened to that child

For now in my toy room he will go

And I will make him a coat

Fill the holes with stuffing

Because I really love him

That's a fact I thank my dad

But late that night I was half a sleep

I swore he was singing

And moved but the song I never knew

I tried to tell dad

But he said what a strange imagination you have

Over the days when I went out to play

I visited the haberdashery to say

Do you know were the bear came from

Aunt Sally I asked but she was wondering where my dad was

All she could tell me was
It belonged to the boy in a great big house
But he had been killed in the war
And the song I heard was his favorite as a child
So on this day I plucked up the courage
And knocked on the door
There stood a man ten feet tall
Hello can I help you he said
So I explained but when he saw my teddy tears ran down his cheek
Little girl you are so sweet
Christopher loved this bear
Like pooh did his honey he would not part from it
For love or money
But on the day he got killed
I couldn't stand to see it
So in Aunt Sally's shop it has been buried
And now a young girl has made him like new
I'm so pleased for you
You can bring him in for tea
But did you know he sings
But like magic he stops
Because grown ups can't hear
Just special children with a gift
Did you buy the rag doll as well?
Be careful she has magic powers
You see my son was a magician
With magic spells
He would play for hours
With his talking friends some alive some dead
So be careful when you wish
It will sometimes come true

Owen Cullimore

The Fractured Todger

Mr Smith a vain and obnoxious man
Overdid one hot steamy night in June
Making love passionately
Under the Stars and the Moon
Disturbed by a very large dog
His partner panicked and wanted to run
Who, leaping up, inadvertently kneed Mr Smith in the groin
Which caused damage he had rather had not of been done
So off to the doctors he did hurriedly go
With his todger well and truly bent
Moaning and groaning profusely
His love life suddenly well and truly spent
The Doctors receptionist Mrs O'Reilly called out next
So approaching the counter he did meekly smile
What's wrong with you she said, eyeing up Mr Smith
Who was groaning and holding his groin all the while
Had an accident he replied, and it got bent
He whispered cautiously not wanting to be overheard
Speak up she bellowed loudly, don't be shy
What got bent, Oh God, don't be absurd
But it has he shouted temporarily forgetting his plight
With others in the waiting room now listening intently
I've definitely bent my thing-a-ma-gig quite badly
It all happened quite accidentally
A likely story said Mr's O'Reilly
And into Dr Roberts he was sent
Who looked up and saw this man holding his groin
And then sat and listened intently to his predicament
Explaining how this misfortune happened
About making love and being disturbed
Flopping it out onto the table
The doctor now stared and looked quite perturbed
His todger was without doubt
Now well and truly bent
At an angle of forty five degrees half way down
And lent either way in the position it was sent
Mr's Casey, the doctor's new assistant
Who was the lady in question who caused this mishap
Screamed Oh my God, when she spotted the problem

Lurched forward quickly, slipped, and fell into Smith's lap
A loud scream came from Mr Smith's person
Who by now was distraught at the sight of his old chap
Now bent and bruised and aching
And leaking like an old kitchen tap
The scene was like an old pantomime farce
Because MR's Casey had by now slipped to the floor
And hearing the commotion, racket and row
Mrs O'Reilly was now stood at the door
Mr Smith jumped up
His todger waving free in the air
With Doctor Roberts now creased up with laughter
Who promptly fell off his chair
The sight of Mr Smith's anatomy
All battered and bent
As he ran out of the surgery cursing
No one knowing which way he went
When all gained their composes, a mystified look
Had overtaken the laughter that was rampant throughout
When everyone heard in the surgery
What all the fuss was about
Meanwhile Mr Smith, damaged todger and all
Had arrived back home by taxi no less
Into the bath for a jolly good soak
How he survived is anyone's guess

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Archie & Mabel

Old Archie was a rag and bone man
who cruised the streets all day
with Mabel his trusted friend and companion
who pulled the four wheel dray
Which he had perloined from a brewery
which had been closing down
a big old red brick building
that was on the edge of town
Now Mabel was twenty eight years old
a big old dapple grey
who cost old Archie a fortune
in biscuits and in hay
But they has been together forever
or so it really seemed
to Archie as he sat upon the seat
occasionally falling asleep and dreamed
Rag and Bone he used to shout
as loud as loud could be
and people would come out and give
old clothes and other good for free
Sometimes around the posh areas
he waould have to pay
and that would just set him off
a moaning the rest of the day
For Archie was a tightwad
money seemed to be welded in his pocket
he even had a few pound notes
around his neck in an old locket
But it also contained a picture
of his beloved flo
his wife for many a long year
the Lord deceided had to go
So now its was only Mabel and him
companions till the end
Working together all day long
Archies one true friend.
One day whilst out upon their round
Mabel caused a disgrace
Hre tummy was not all it should be

She left manure all over the place
P C Smith came running
Stop he shouted loud and clear
Bur Archie being a little bit deaf
He really did not hear
The constable was now running fast
Gaining on the dray
Bur slipped upon some of Mabel's mess
And went on his merry way
And landed in a heap in the road
About twenty feet further adrift
Regaining his composure as best he could
Out came his notebook rather swift
I am arresting you he shouted
For causing this sorry mess
So le'ts be having you matey
What's your name and address
By now a crowd had gathered round
Complaining of police brutality
For picking on an old man and his horse
Only a rag and bone man you see
As P C Smith put away his notebook
Realising it was a waste of time
Mrs Jones came from up the road
A lady in her prime
Bucket and spade in hand
She started to scoop up the mess
It's for my Roses she cried
Spilling some on her dress
Meantime old Archie and Mabel
Started off down the road
Having caused all chaos
His dray with a full load
It had been just another day for Mabel and him
Who had seen it all, over the past twenty-eight years
A lifetime of hard work and laughter
Along with a few tears
So it you see them out when your passing
Just give them a wave and a cheer
Or even better still
Buy them a beer

The Gravestone

The young Lady does stand and stare
Like someone without a care
But no one knows her secret heartache
And that the headstone is more than she can take
It bears her name from years ago
As the tears, begin to flow
Remembering her past life and the lover, she knew
Of how their love just grew and grew
Killed in a jealous rage they said
Whatever the reason she was found dead
In that Hay Barn that frosty winters night
Battered to death, a grizzly sight
Killed by a woman was the thought
Who sadly for Alice, was never caught
She was just a happy soul just like all girls
With shining eyes just like blue pearls
Lovely long hair curly and black
And a smile that would take any man aback
Her lover a Captain, a Kings Dragoon
Had arranged to meet her under the starry moon
When he arrived, he became so distraught it seems
At seeing his beloved Alice dead, the girl of his dreams
So overcome was our Captain bold
Sadly, he would never grow old
Took his pistol to his head
And shot himself and he was dead
Found together the following morning
By a farmer as the sun was dawning
Now buried together beneath the stone
Together forever never alone

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A Crystal Rainbow

As I look up in the Sky
Following the recent bout of Rain
A magic crystal Rainbow has appeared
Just like a narrow window pane
The multi-coloured majesty
Glow brightly in the sky
It makes me stop and wonder
From whence, and how and why
It has suddenly arisen
Out from its pot of gold
That lingers at the Rainbows end
Or so the stories told
It is like a Crystal Staircase
Heaven sent for me to climb
So that I may disappear
When it is my time
The different hues that shine so bright
Red, Green, Blue and Yellow
Even Orange on the odd occasion
The whole sight just looks so mellow
One moment my Rainbow is in the Sky
The next it has gone away
Just as mysteriously as it first appeared
To return hopefully, another rainy day

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Nurse Mary

Mary is a district nurse
She travels round each day
To see her patients, give them the care they need
As she wends her merry way
She has her trusty bicycle
Which is nearly as old as she?
But it lets her peddle for miles and miles
So she is as fit as fit can be
In her basket which fits upon the front
She carries all she may need
And she can be seen by every one
Travelling around at her own speed
There's Mrs Maguire at Appleton Court
A saintly woman of means
But her health is not what it should be
And when Mary calls her face just gleams
To see someone so caring
Who looks after all her needs?
And to while away the time and make some tea
And bring happiness, she always succeeds
Old Mr Partridge at Apple Road
Who lives alone now his wife has passed away
Who is a miserable old so and so
But who Mary still calls on every day
She cooks and cleans but he still moans
The world need's putting to right
He complains he needs more money from the state
To pay for his television and his heat and light
Saint Mary listens, but has problems of her own
Which intermingles with her own woes?
Being recently diagnosed with cancer
But she feels that's the way it goes
So she must grin and bear it
Still thinks of others before herself
Has no one at home to turn to
She is a spinster left on the shelf
Married to her profession
Always putting others first
And as usual in life for caring people

They always come off worst
But Old Molly Catapult
A name to conjure with its true
Said it must have been a shot in the dark
Because her family were a motley crew
But Molly loved her garden
Where flowers bloomed all year
And Mary used to help her weed it
They enjoyed doing it together never fear
But as time went by Mary's health became worse
She began to get tired more quickly than before
And when twilight time is near at hand
She is glad just to get through her own front door
But this particular morning she never arrived at all
No smile for Mrs Maguire, or any of the others too
Mrs Catapult felt so all alone
She did not know what to do
But she contacted the local policeman
Who called to see if Mary was all right?
And after breaking into her cottage
Found she had passed away that night
All her friends were saddened by the news
Her patients most of all
But they all knew how ill she was
And the reaper would someday call
And now in the memorial garden
Just away up the road from the infant school
They have erected a memorial garden
With a Plaque and ornamental pool
Because Mary was the person
On whom all the village could rely
And would be remembered by all that knew her
And even those who passed it by
The work that someone like Mary does
Is sometimes never really appreciated to the fullest extent
Until the day they are no longer there, then it becomes so evident

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