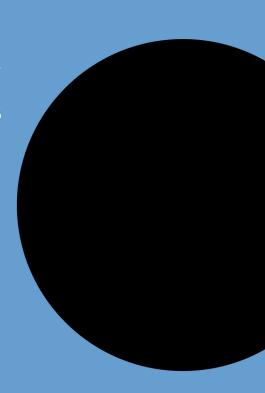
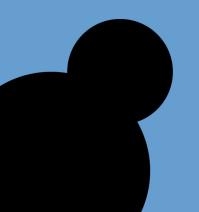
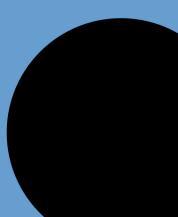


Poems to enjoy together at home

Written by our National Memory Day Poetry session poets and participants







Childhood Recollections

Chocolate fingers remind me of childhood. We didn't just eat them – we sucked the chocolate off.

Mum gave us sardines on toast: good for you, but boney! We had tins of iced gems in our Christmas stockings.

I remember bottles of warm milk left out in the playground. Straws were a novelty.

The silver tops were pecked by blue-tits and in winter, the cream on the milk froze solid.

Being an only child, I was a bit spoilt. I didn't like pork.

I came to this country with my parents at the start of the war.

I was going to be a vegetarian but I liked sausages and chicken.

In winter, there were log fires and coal fires, red legs and backs. We toasted bread in the fire

and cheese on a toasting fork. Chestnuts in the ashes. There was a man selling chestnuts outside the station.

We had baked potatoes on bonfire night. We remember dense fog, frozen windows, ice patterns.

09.10.2018

By Tewkesbury Library Memory Café Group (compiled and edited by Sarah Steele)

When we are wild

When we are wild, we are tigers

on safari, tigers swimming.

We are angry, slashing claws and tearing teeth.

Wild, wild upon the heath.

We are messy and free, unencumbered.

We breathe deeply, it takes our breath away.

We smell hay and pine.

Even Maureen gets wild sometimes.

We are vivid in the marshes, the ways

we join the river. We are Vs of geese.

We migrate, we babbling gallumphuses

each and every one of us.

When we are domestic, we conform,

hampered. We have rules.

We always wanted to be an actress.

We are completely different to anything else.

We are abandoned apples.

We are Fancy saying that about your own mother.

We are fed-up washers-up.

We are cooks, sat on settees, watching soaps.

26th November, 2019

By St Anne's Social Group (compiled and edited by Caleb Parkin)

Oceans and Opium

I love the cricket and banks of wildflowers, my family and Harvey the Staffie.
Creamy, dreamy, deluxe Strawberry yoghurt.
Fruit cake without marzipan.
Going to the salty sea for ships and chips. The feel of sunshine, what's that?
Bring me sunshine, being alive, walking in the countryside among the trees. Sitting in the quiet.

I long for peace and quiet,

tranquillity. By the River Severn, the River Alph. The quiet after the grandchildren have gone home. A sunset over the sea. Digging at Downend Allotments. My journey is chaotic, hectic, very busy - but nice. More exciting than the destination. The tranquillity of the sea between offices. Full of music, soothing, avoiding that autopilot. Driving mindfully, though sometimes in a bit of a trance. The comfort of routine.

I feel free when – most of the time, or on my own, your life's your own.

Taking the dog out, off to church, plenty of people to mix and speak with.

When I'm in the woods, the Lake District.

On the beach, not noticing others.

When my mind is clear, which is never. All the time, especially when the mome raths outgrabe.

28th February, 2020 By Fishponds Activity Group; compiled and edited by Caleb Parkin

Orange sky, sunrise or sunset?

Shining on Jean's summerhouse was this orange sky, it looked like there was a light on in the summerhouse it was so beautiful..... Funny you should say that Michelle said, it calls to mind the orange sky over the water by the Tamar the sunset reflecting over the water where the Tor Point ferries cross. Albert thinks of sea fever I must go down to the seas again to the lonely sea and the sky and all I ask is a small cup full of Earl Grey and Bergamot. And Netta's brought the Jaffa cakes while Paul's built a bonfire with flames of orange-yellow and George has the toasting sticks so we'll all have marshmallows. Now the sun has set the moon peeps out with a star to steer her by.

21/3/18

By Plymstock Memory Café (Netta, Paul, George, Jean, Albert and Michelle) compiled and edited by Claire Coleman

Love, Longing & Freedom

I love myself, the spring especially an early one. I love the pheasants, pigeons and magpies; Cadbury's Dairy Milk and Lindt. I love a new life, childhood; white wine – but it's got to be Chardonnay. I love the freesia, delphinium and daffodils. I long for a win on the lottery, for peace and quiet, for freedom and equality. I long for the memories I have lost, those who have passed on. I long for a nice cup of tea with jaffa cakes, garibaldi and chocolate digestives. I am free when I walk the dogs at Crox Bottom or when I'm in my garden. I am free when we race shopping trolleys, when we stroll through Bath. I am free when I'm on my own; on a sun-lounger, on holiday as Gregory Porter sings to me. I am free in Victoria Park, or listening to Bach, reading poems by Pam Ayres.

4th February, 2020. By Withywood Memory Café compiled and edited by Caleb Parkin

Today I Remembers -

I flew across the heavens
In a peaceful, graceful, glider
The feeling was of ecstasy
I couldn't get much higher
But nature had in store for me
An even greater lift
Escorting me across the sky —
A flock of tiny swifts.

When I was a baby
A little newborn mite
Held against my mother's heart
It skipped a beat one night.
She's heard upon the radio
A special dedication —
Under Ted, with his dulcimer,
Was sending congratulations.

When I was a youngster
And had to go to school
The Head Girl was a piece of work,
A stickler for the rules. She relished giving punishments
For minor silly crimes
She made us learn darn poetry
Instead of writing lines.

I was on an airplane
The clouds spread out beneath me
They seemed like worlds lit by the sun
I saw the clouds in 3D.
They weren't like in the cartoons —
Blobs of white on blue
I wished that all my grandkids
Could see this wonder too.

22nd August, 2019. By Pensilva Memory Café (compiled into a poem by Mel Johnston)

A Winter Verse

Smoking chimneys
The cosiness of home
Log fires and hibernation

Feeding the birds Cold hands The smell of pine trees

Happy nostalgia Snowdrops, icicles Holly, ivy, mistletoe

Roasting chestnuts Mulled wine Hot chocolate

Silent night The bitter cold Frozen stars

Carols Christmas presents Church bells

Family fights Sledging, skating Mittens and gloves

Snow, frost, ice Cheeseburgers Darkness ...Lights

4th December, 2019

By the Crownhill Memory Café poets (Compiled and edited by Heidi Stephenson)

