

Bedford Writers' Circle Literary Supplement

Showcasing the writing of our members



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Foreword by Andrew Stock, Chairman

Sometimes bodies of work need more time and concentration dedicated to them to fully appreciate what they are and to allow us to fully value the complexity or pure enjoyment of them. Poetry is just such a genre of writing.

During our last meeting we produced some pieces of poetry around the theme of 'Water'. Such was the depth of work produced that we felt that just one read through was not enough, did not give the piece the full hearing or understanding it deserved. This Bedford Writers' Circle supplement contains many of the pieces read on the evening for you to read again or perhaps see for the first time. I hope that having the chance to take a leisurely stroll along the many different paths that the water in the poems takes, you will appreciate again the craftsmanship of all who have produced these works.

The power of three by Turkan Ahmet

The power of three,
Rising, floating, flowing,
Found in abundance,
The cells of mankind,
The blood of the world,
Flowing, floating, rising,
The power of three,
Steam, ice, water.

By the brook by Barrie Hyde

By the brook that's where I am,
A piano piece from way back when,
Discordant chords out of beat,
Life's memories they seemed so sweet.

The river flowed, it passed me by,
The birds above I watched them fly,
The mossy rocks, the little creek,
Kids shout and scream playing hide and seek.

Shallow waters glisten in sun,
People laugh having fun,
Rocks create a bubbling spume,
And on the banks pretty flowers bloom.

Night time falls and the river is dark,
The fisherman's torch creates a spark,
The rippling water gurgles past,
Creating stories without a cast.

The music flows and the water knows,
It's seen it all both highs and lows,
The good times come, the good times go,
But the river flows on serene and slow.

I played the song it made me cry,
I gave it all but did I try?
The river flowed it passed me by,
I sat on the bank waiting to die.

The thing about water by Rosemary Ostley

The thing about water
Said the activist's daughter
Is it's not where it oughta be

While the sun is blazing
And we're navel gazing
We're down to the very last tree

Now, after research
To move Heaven or earth
Would bankrupt the money tree

But a million balloons
And the pull of the moon
Could see us all home and free

We need lots of hot air
But the question is where
We can find just what we need

So I'm off to the Smoke
Where I'm going for broke
To harness the power of MPs

I'll wrestle that rain
Till it's over the plain
And water that very last tree

Water by John Broadhurst

In many ways I am the giver of life, I encompass the globe in many forms.
Ice and snow in the mountains, culminating rivulets of pure cold nectar,
I am the spray that bathes the leaves of a growing green vibrant canopy,
The stream that germinates a dormant seed, the fields that feed humanity.
I am the rivers that transport earth's abundance to towns and sprawling cities,
I carry the effluent of progress to the shores of unfathomed oceans.

Dry arid lands cry out for my healing touch and curse me for the monsoon.
You swim amongst the tides of change and feel the ecstasy of life's fulfilment,
You are a speck against my might, but you use me to your advantage.
I flow to the rhythmic soul of the earth, in all its moods, and tribulations,
You cannot tame me, I am as wild as wind, fire, earthquakes & volcanoes,
But you have learnt to harness my power for your benefit and survival.

We are the force that drives constant change to an aging, living planet,
I am immortal, I flow through the sands of time unscathed, regenerated,
You build with each generation, knowledge to harness my uncharted strength,
Together we sail past horizons of lost hope, spreading aid to arid lands.
From the water that bathed and caressed your body with mortal life,
I am the constant force that regenerates ever species, since time began.

Water by Ray Mayhew

It's nom de plume H²O
Seems far too short and too dry
For such as nature's wonder
Omnipresent in our world
Even deserts beneath sands
And trapped in ice at the Poles

Life on Planet Earth depends
On this vital element
As does homosapiens
It's part of our own bodies
Yes, sixty percent for men
Women fifty five percent

Invisible as vapour
It's seen as it condenses
As fine mist and clouds above
As rain, through to drenching storm
Also chill sleet, snow, and hail
It arrives: part of our lives

We ignore it as drizzle
But shelter from a shower
And certainly a downpour
When floods come we leave our homes
Flee for safety to high ground
Water brings life, also death

We humans love to spend time
Being by, on, in or under
The lakes, streams, rivers and seas
Not just for our dependence
But for our enjoyment too

Despite our tightly bound tie
To water for very life
Some use rivers as a dump
Others pollute them also

Farms' fertiliser run-off
Frequently flushed sewage too

Enjoy each sparkling clear stream,
Both bright fast and slow rivers
Swims in pristine sea water
Glasses of pure Adam's ale
While still safe so to do.
So, you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone. Proof may come soon

Priory Park, Sunday by Caroline Coleman

Kids and dogs and paper napkins,
Gangster swans and cross-bred goslings,
Cyclists dodging buggies stopping,
Bluetoothed runners, Lycra muddied,

Picnic blankets, games of cricket,
Rain is forecast, but we'll risk it,
Slapping on the factor fifty;
Pack the coats though, just in case.

Blue-green algae blooming sickly,
Lapping on the slimy shingle.
Toddlers chucking bread and cake crumbs
Swarmed by ducks and hustling seagulls.

So another Sunday passes
Matchstick men go back to work
Parks department mows the grass
While nature takes a well-earned rest.

Water by Andrew Stock

Take a sip of peaty water
Taste the bracken and heather bush
Sense the call of the golden eagle feel the
coldness soothe your soul
Run your hands under falling water
Ice running through your veins
Take a drink of the natural goodness
Sit naked in the rains
Hear the bubbles of running water
Step through silver pushing round your legs
Splash and splash like a child without care
Wash yourself of society filth
Cool and refreshing
Adams ale free from the earth
A gift of life yours to use
Protect it for all its worth

Take a moment to study carefully
Take time to consider its invaluable worth
Consider the movement of the arteries
How they move they twist and flow
Feel freedom sail away
Leave everything behind
Remember water fondly the saviour of mankind

Ode to tea, by Joan Lightning

Oh sacred brown liquid,
Bringer of life and brainwaves,
Forever will I sing a song of love to thee.

Especially on a day of troubles when my sleeping brain
Doth still reside within the confines of my bed,
Whilst my restless bod must roam the world and try to write.

Without thy invigorating additions to humble water,
The lethargic remnants of my brain would from my nostrils ooze
And abandon fully the lead-like prison of my laggard flesh.

Then would my zombie-self sit motionless until my head the keyboard smacked,
And my dissolved skeleton sink into my boots until nothing remained upon my chair,
Except my sagging clothes.

I salute thee, the humble cuppa, for thy inspiration and stimulation.
Hail tea.

Undiluted by John Broadhouse

I have bathed the feet of Pharaohs, baptised believers,
Raised your crops, carried you across oceans,
Protected you from fire, quenched your thirst,
I have levelled cities, washed away lives,
Changed coastlines, torn existence from its roots.
And turned the tide on humanity.

You need me to survive, but are frightened by my powers,
I am with you constantly as I come in many guises.
Look around you, I am everywhere,
In the trees, birds, animals, soil, sky, air,
I am 50 to 75 percent of you during your life,
But you rarely see me in my true form.

Sun and Moon change my moods, stretching their influence.
I am pulled and warmed by their presence, becoming your adversary.
The Earth stirs my depths, erupting its energy through my tsunami.
I am vapour drawn by the Sun, partially visible in statue,
Forming clouds of hope for a parched and thirsty land.
I am the tides that wash away the flotsam purging the sands of civilisation.

I am the steam that powered the pistons of industry,
Traction engines that ploughed and carried prosperity,
Trains that united a country with affordable travel,
Sterilised the implements of surgery,
And turned the wheels of mills.
I am all these, and more than you can imagine, so try!

Bath Night by Andrew Stock

Don't make me have a bath Mummy
You really are quite mean
I don't need to have a bath Mummy
I'm already nice and clean
I've washed my face and brushed my teeth
I've even combed my hair
Oh don't make me have a bath tonight
It really is not fair

Don't make me have a bath Mummy
The waters far too hot
Don't make me have a bath Mummy
I think you've just forgot
Bath nights on a Friday night
Not Tuesday like today
Oh don't make me have a bath tonight
What would Daddy say

Don't make me have this bath Mummy
I really have been good
Not a bath for me my Mummy
You would be sad if you understood
The waters hot and bubbles smell
They get right up my nose
Don't make me have a bath Mummy
Just let me change my clothes

Don't make me have a bath Mummy
I don't want to get all wet
Please no bath for me Mummy
Not in that water yet
I know Anne Marie's enjoying it
Floating like a ship at sea
Don't make me have a bath Mummy
Cos Anne Marie's just done a wee

Waterlog by Caroline Coleman

Words slip
From between my fingers
Like water
From a cupped hand.