

Imagination
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But it wasn't high in the sky.
I carried on walking, passing all the shops.
When an object watches me go by.
It's unfamiliar, different colours.
I climb onto the bus, the number 42.
A sweet scented smell comes floating through.
But I can't see where the aroma comes from.
There are no names, meanings - to the things unknown.
Don't try to find answers.
Don't test your mind,
it can be what you want,
don't get confused,
imagination will choose.
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Chrissie Bennett

My father came on a boat
and stayed
then wrote for us to join him.
My older brother came first
then me and my mother.
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I was fourteen.
I came here on an aeroplane.
Admiral Street.
It was freezing cold.
It was snowing.
It never snowed in Hong Kong.
I brought a blanket
a few clothes.
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David Lok

A cry for help
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I look for meaning in my life
everything is passing by
I don't know what to do
where to go and I know
in my heart I can't go on
I don't want to go on
to live this life every day.
I wish I could go to sleep
and everything would go away.
=
Alfie Kaid

write

write away number 9

The Flood
=
Horrible rain.
Water, water everywhere.
It's cold, it's wet and it's eerie.
There's shock and fear on everyone's faces,
this weather's sure miserable and dreary.
The dikes aren't holding the water like they ought to.
It's rising, it's rising,
look at the water.
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It breaks through - the rush - so sudden.
Knocking everthing out of it's way,
trees, debris, cars, an old man on his bike,
all in a torrent of water and screams.
Somebody falls
and someone pulls them out.
It's so cold.
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A herd of cows is stranded
on high ground, now an island.
People cling to the rooftops
tying to save treasured possessions,
listening for the engines of boats
resuing the elderly and children.
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A duck swims past the bedroom window.
The fields are waterlogged, the bulbs are gone.
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There will be no colour this year.
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Jane, Bill, Joe, Marie and Lol

The pit of darkness is my brain
imprisoned in my own dark room,
a figure walking with nowhere to go
pathways all cross-weaved, leading no place.
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Ronald Orr

The big stars get a face lift
They're so vain
It's such a shame
The celebrity game
Sitting in the chair
The knife is there
Cutting away the years
Searching for their youth
Getting a big bill! But it's better than looking
Like you're going downhill
=
Like me
=
Frank Critchley

In the painting
=
Turning everything to Spring
Winter runs and doesn't look back
What do I fear?
Something so near
Something so bright.
I run to the night
Why be afraid?
Her light seems to fade
I'll follow my nature
And give her my love.
Is she really the Venus
They always speak of?
And darkness fades.
Spring invades.
=
Michael Whelan

Silence
=
Is it my fault that I live in silence
Only able to speak with my hands?
People are cruel, they think I'm a fool,
because they don't understand.
=
Is it my fault that I cannot hear;
That I'm deaf to the sounds of the world?
The sweet song of the birds, the wind in the tree,
Music and laughter are not meant for me.
=
I sign stories, but nobody watches;
I sign jokes, but nobody laughs,
I sign "Hello, what a beautiful day",
But people just stare then turn away.
=
Is it my fault that I feel so lonely;
Cut off from the rest of the crowd:
Condemned to a life filled with silence
To live in this world without sound?
=
Marion Mason

Buy a poppy and shed a tear
=
Sitting here staring at four walls
Nobody phones and nobody calls
Should I buy a fresh loaf of bread
Or should I pay my bills instead?
I think I'll pay my bills
If the hunger gets too bad
I can take one of me pills
They help me to sleep through the night
Forgetting about the country
For which I was willing to die.
=
Men who battled to make our country free
Now battling to save enough for a cuppa tea
People remember once a year
Buy a poppy and shed a tear
But it's not enough for the men who were once boys
Carrying guns that were no longer toys
They fought and risked their lives
And we thank them by giving them all this strife.
=
Colette Davies

The conjourer is doing magic tricks
making the paper bird disappear
=
The paper bird sings in the wooden cage
for its long lost mate
Five long months of waiting
=
In another cage its mate is singing
Who will come and find me?
=
D. Myer

It is Christmas time again
My darling. You are one year older.
You will soon grow up.
Dad hasn't got any presents for you
But I'll give you all my love.
=
Give me kiss and hug.
You make my world bright and hopeful.
No matter what's behind us
Don't worry. We will have bread and milk
We will have beef and potato too.
=
Wei Cai

Heat wave
=
We wake to the blazing sun,
it's eight in the morning and you're
hot and clammy, a shower
refreshes and makes you feel cool.
But you never know what to wear
on a heat wave day.
=
We open the doors and windows wide,
letting a breeze pass through, and with it
come the sounds of birds,
cars and radios,
the ice-cream van.
=
Outside the sprinklers are already on,
the grass is dry and withered
to brown - more like Autumn
than Summer. on the radio they talk
of droughts and heat wave.
=
You sit in the garden but can do
nothing to it - only look at
dandelions. The deckchair is hard,
the fabric cool, the parasol gives relief
from the heat of the sun.
=
Ice cubes clink and frosted glass
is chill to the touch. The cat is collapsed
in the shade of your chair.
But slowly you notice
the sky overcast, until at last
a spot
of rain
=
and then another - this is the answer
to your prayer.
You lift your face to the sky to revel
in the break from the searing sun.
=
Jane, Bill, Paula and Dot -

The Suitcase
=
The filmy dust of years had settled in the big room.
Cobwebs, suspended in the still air, hung from the sombre furniture,
lazy filigrees among the dim shrouds surrounding them.
=
The bare branches tapped lightly outside the tall window,
their stick like forms raised to the sky as if in supplication,
in the dusk. The soft snow continued to fall, weightless whispers
as it drifted downward in the ruffling breeze.
=
The dust sheets were removed, as the room was gradually cleared,
the heavy furniture manoeuvred out, and at each piece -
thr room appeared to diminish in size.
=
A tall wardrobe was the last item to be moved. At the top, against the wall,
lay a large suitcase, thickly layered with dust.
=
The catches were stiff with age, and clicked sluggishly when pressed.
The lid creaked slowly upwards.
=
From beyond the dust, beyond the suitcase, came a long whispering sigh
=
HERE ARE MY YESTERDAY'S SORROWS
HERE WERE MY TOMORROWS
=
Susan Brown

Write away 9 features poems from workshops run by the Windows Project in adult day centres in Merseyside. The Windows Project gratefully acknowledges the financial support provided for the workshops and this publication from Halton Borough Council, Liverpool City Council, Knowsley Borough Council, North West Arts Board, W H Smith and ,

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