

THE POINT

I am a woman who wants to write
 Freely,
But seems to find it problematic.

When I do write something,
 I want to be rewarded
 And listened to

Because I am a woman who needs
 Praise
 And acceptability.

And if no one hears
 What I have written,
What is the point in writing it down?

Does the tree make a noise
When there's no one there
 To hear it?

Susan Gibson

MICK – FOR YOU

I want to tell you how much I love you,
How much you have changed my world!

I want to tell you, you make me feel alive –
Happy – in love.

I want to tell you that you make me
Feel so special, I have such a friend in you.

I want to tell you we will be together
Forever.

I want to grow old with you,
Laugh with you.

I want you to know
How special you are.

Tracy

P.S. Gone fishing.

LISTENING

I am a woman who listens to Radio 2,
Radio 6,
Voices,
Car engines,
People talking, sneezing;
Noises everywhere,
So rarely quiet.

But now rustling paper
And my pen
Whirring on the page.

I am a woman who listens to my voice inside
And tries to do what is right.

I listen to other people –
Sometimes too much –
And maybe need to listen to me more.

I am a woman who listens to voices
In the background,
Breathing,
Coughing;
Restless hands.

I am a woman who listens to . . .
I haven't talked about being a woman,
Is it so very different to being a man?

I am a woman who listens
To voices,
Laughter.
And quiet.

Rachel Gardiner

NO FEAR

I am a woman who has had three marriages,
Six stepchildren and a wonderful son.

I am a woman who loves people
And always wants to work with them.

I am a woman who has written non-fiction books
But prefers to write poetry.

I am a woman who likes to solve problems
And stand up for those who can't stand up for themselves.

I am a woman of 58,
Who is no longer so scared

What people think of me.
I am a woman who lives life.

Sue Cleeve

THE COURAGE

I want the courage to be myself
And not feel shy or nervous.
I want the courage to say "No."
I want the courage to sing in the street.
I want the courage to dance on a stage.
I want the courage to shout out "I love you."
I want the courage to fail.

Fiona

COMING HOME

I want the courage to be myself,
Be the person who was born many years ago,
Untarnished by all my experiences since.

Then I was so happy to be alive,
To be here,
To be living and experiencing
Every minute of every day.

I didn't judge myself.
I didn't look at myself harshly
And criticise everything that I did,
Or said,
Or showed.

I was alive.
I was here.
I was present.

I loved everything and everybody
Until they hurt me
Or gave me reason not to.

I approached each day as though it was my last
And I had to savour everything in it
Because I may never have that chance again.

Oh, how wonderful that was –
And where has it gone?

Where have I gone?

Where is that innocence,
That joy,
That excitement to be alive
And present
In my body?

Trudi

TO DREAM

I am a man who loves.
I am a man who lives.
I am a man who seeks.
I am a man who loves to explore.
I am a man who loves to discover.
I am a man who loves to dream.

Among people,
I learn about their lives,
Their loves,
I find what they discovered,
Their dreams,
What they found.

Gordon

ON THE WING OF FREEDOM

I want the courage to fly,
To feel the cold air on my face,
To look down on the earth,
To feel brave,
To be proud of myself,
To give myself and those I love
A happy memory.

I want the courage to stand tall
And laugh,
And to feel refreshed and energised.

I want the courage
To be able to return to that place
And remember how it felt,
To take that step into the unknown
And to embrace the fear
And turn it into enjoyment.

I want to be high in the sky
And look down,
To see the world from another perspective
So I never feel the same about it again.

I want to float effortlessly
And feel free.

Helen

PATCH THE WOUNDS

I am a woman
Who wants to see
My children happy,
And content,
Whatever their chosen paths are –
This is most important to me.

I am a woman
Who would like the whole world
To be happy,
But I know this isn't possible,

So I will be there
To pick up the pieces
And patch the wounds.

Jo Jackson

THIS PEACE

What I want is peace –

Peace for myself
And others.

Stop the fights,
The arguments –

Agree to disagree,
Remember we are not all right.

Listen to others
Not just yourself.

Peace for others who suffer pain
And loss.

Peace to end wars
That orphan the children,
And parents who suffer loss.

Peace to those
Who have wronged others.

Peace should be a word
We tell others to have.

Peace – the word sounds of comfort.
Peace – could be a word we say
Before others in our mind,

Before we speak –
Remind us not to hurt others.

Peace.

Sue Wallis-Taylor

THE MARTLETS HOSPICE

GROUP POEM BY DAY PATIENTS AND STAFF

THE GIFT

I would give my grandmother's ring,
From 1916, to my niece, Lynsey
Who plays the piano
And makes beautiful music.

My name is Jean,
My most precious object is a ring,
Given many years ago,
But unfortunately I cannot wear it now –
I have lost so much weight –
It keeps falling off my finger.
I keep it safely at home.
I have a dear friend – Val –
And she has always admired it;
I have written down in my will,
When I go, she will have that ring.

You will never believe this –
My precious object is also a ring.
I have got a ring that I love –
Everybody admires it – I always say
I have worked hard all my life for this ring,
And my daughter-in-law is not having it,
But my friend will – my friend Mos –
Who worked for me in business, very hard,
And still does my cleaning,
She's always been a good friend to me.

Probably my most precious thing
Is my photo album – with nice memories
Of holidays, friends, families –
And a couple of years ago, a photograph
At Sarah's hen do, a group of us,
In the Lake district.

And I would give a dress to my niece.
It is my mum's wedding dress,
She cut it down to size for me,
Made a halter-neck –
My niece is interested in fashion
And dressing up; her name is Alex.

And I would give a gift
Of my mother's engagement ring,
I have it with me all the time.
I don't have any granddaughters,
I would give it to my son –
Give him the problem!
My mother was married
For just short of 60 years,
In those days, there was purchase tax,
It was better value
To purchase a ring second-hand.

And my gift would be my life experiences,
My advice that I hand to the children,
And hopefully they will listen
(Basically they don't yet – they're teenagers!).

My most precious thing is a stone
My other half picked up out of the beach,
It's shiny and sparkly,
And I know he thought of me
When he was there.

And I have so many things –
The objects themselves hold memories.

And I have my memories and experiences;
I love to sit and talk to my family,
My children.

And I have lots of little treasures –
Yet the piece I would want to go to a person –
To my eldest granddaughter, Hannah –
Is a silver locket in the shape of an envelope,
My father in law's, he wore it on a watch chain,
It's nicely engraved, the same initials as my husband's,
JFOB; it opens up, a joy to me
And to my granddaughters,
The two girls, their photographs inside.

And now I think about it, I have a harmonium
And tanpura, precious to me for the sound they make
And how they make me feel when I hear the sound,
Very meditative – and I have a great niece who is four,
Not a blood relative – she has brought so much to our family,
A joy – and one day, I would like for her
The harmonium and tanpura.

Precious to me are pictures my children have done,

I've got so many, but something inside me says 'keep them',
And give them back to my children one day, to make them smile.

A couple of ornaments my grandmother bought gave me,
I'd give them to a friend of mine –
A friend since aged 11–
I know she would hate them, and she would laugh –
They have funny elfin-like faces,
They'd make her laugh – my friend, Girda.

And I stepped out of what I loved,
Athletics – the war put the carboosh on it –
Money was needed, I was wanted.