

Anthology of FineB

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To all the poets in the world.

Keep the world entertained with your beautiful creations.

Lots of love to you all.

FineB

About the author

A Londoner who loves writing poems but who also wants to write a book one day.

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2020

2020, a new year lies ahead,

Ten years have passed, lets put the past decade to bed.

Gun and knife crime, Brexit, Climate change & Greta and social media - the world has changed beyond our belief.

A brand new decade awaits us all to live it - a fresh start what a relief.

2020, a New Year,

Lets crack open the champagne with a great cheer.

A new future, a new dawn,

Personalities, places of interest and issues waiting to emerge and be born.

CHESS

**A game of intrigue and strategy,
Steeped in suspense and mystery,
Two opponents entwined in a battle of wits and mental endurance.
A game renowned worldwide, rich in history.**

A Star is Born

**In 1937, A Star is Born,
Frederic March guided Janet Gaynor to the great heights of fame,
Life changed for them both,
Never would their relationship be the same.
Enter A Star is Born in 1954,
Judy Garland, a budding actress desperate for a break,
Under confidante and husband James Mason she flourishes,
For him, a path of alcoholism and self -destruction lie in his wake.
In the rock and roll world of the Seventies, 1976 A Star is Born,
Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson are the star- crossed lovers for a new generation,
The struggling singer with the voice of an angel yet to hit the big time,
Her knight and rock ? damaged, managing her career with dedication.
Post ? millennium, 2018, A Star is Born,
Lady Gaga and Bradley Cooper are the ill -fated lovers Ally and Jackson Maine,
His star and fame on the decline, guiding her career ascent,
Witnessing her journey to success and national acclaim.
A Star is Born over 80 years old,
A Star is Born for every generation,
It has survived through the years,
We await a new version in the future with anticipation.**

Albert Bridge

**Blue, white and pink shades,
An illuminated delight at night,
Erect over the River Thames, an architectural delight.
My favourite bridge of all time in London,
Across Chelsea Embankment an impressive sight before our eyes,
It's fluorescent magnificence anoints the South West London skies.**

An Artist's Muse

**Her aura, style and charm captivated him,
The artist found his perfect muse,
Filled with passion, he painted her vision on canvas
A divine masterpiece he created, atmospheric, classical with spectacular views.
Through the years they formed a strong collaborative partnership,
The muse continued to inspire her patron's art,
His talent went from strength to strength,
The muse held an eternal place in the artist's heart.**

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

A Canadian red - haired orphan,
Talkative, a lively spirit and clever mind,
A disruptive early childhood spent in orphanages and stranger's homes,
A new home on Prince Edward Island beckoned, leaving her past behind.
Sent to live with siblings Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert,
Their initial request for a boy resulted in a mistake,
Anne's vivacious and joyful spirit captured their hearts,
Matthew, Marilla and Anne formed into a close loving family that no one could break.
Avonlea, on the picturesque Prince Edward Island,
Here Anne found family, friends, love and a new home,
She blossomed and excelled in school,
With Avonlea's caring community, she never would be alone.
Anne's talents and skills were the pride of Avonlea,
School teacher, writer and Professor at a girls school,
Friend and childhood rival Gilbert Blythe loved her from afar,
Her whimsical ways at times did not impress, for he was nobody's fool.
Through Matthew and Marilla's tender love and care Anne emerged poised and confident,
An accomplished young woman with the whole world at her feet,
Avonlea and Gilbert Blythe however, imprinted on her mind.
She desired to return back to Avonlea and peacefully retreat.
The comforts of Avonlea eventually drew Anne back,
Avonlea's beauty and Gilbert Blythe were too difficult to resist,
Anne and Gilbert married, saw their children and a new Avonlea generation emerge over the years,
Avonlea, Prince Edward Island - the home of Anne of Green Gables the prettiest place in Canada to exist.

Annie Lennox

**Scotland's first lady of music,
Aberdeen's Celtic queen of soul,
A winning, dynamic partnership with Dave Stewart formed The Eurythmics,
Musical goddess and an incredible tour de force on the whole.
Annie Lennox,
Solo artist now extraordinaire,
Creative visionary, timeless appeal and the ability to re-invent herself,
One readily awaits in anticipation for her next musical affair**

ARETHA

Aretha Franklin,
The undisputed Queen of Soul,
Blessed with the voice of a charismatic archangel,
She lifts your spirits with her song and makes you whole.
The world is now empty,
The divine Miss Franklin has gone to heaven in the skies,
Her voice and presence will be remembered always,
Her immortal music and legendary status never dies.

AUTUMN IN WEMBLEY

The waters of the Grand Union Canal stand desolate and forlorn,
Summer has died as Autumn rears its seasonal head,
Wembley Stadium and the sound of rock and pop has temporarily disbanded,
England's international football matches take precedence instead.
Horse chestnuts and conkers gather at one's feet,
Autumn winds and rain fill the air,
Halloween beckons once again,
Wembley, celebrates Diwali, the festival of lights - a colourful affair.
Autumn is all around us in Wembley,
Nature is slowly in decline,
One bemoans the onslaught of Winter,
We all prepare in earnest for the re - appearance of Old Father Time

Bette Davis - The Legend

Blue eyes and a sharp wit,

Eternally the great dame of the silver screen,

The day she entered Hollywood she stunned many,

On appearance, she was the unlikeliest movie star ever seen.

Enchanting women and intimidating men,

Defiant and determined she played Hollywood at its own game,

A movie CV of unforgettable performances,

Victorious Bette was memorable, never one dimensional and the same.

In Jezebel, she drove two men to a duel,

She schemed in 'The Little Foxes,' and 'The Letter,'

She rode the bumpy ride of life in 'All about Eve.'

Her 'Margo Channing,' a remarkable performance no one could better.

There were endless affairs and numerous failed marriages,

Indiscreetly she was betrayed in an intimate biography by her daughter,

Her career still excelled into middle age,

As she led her victims in 'The Anniversary,' to the slaughter.

With old age her career endured,

Glorious Bette survived the movie goddesses of a by- gone era,

Years of smoking ruined her health,

Death and cancer beckoned her nearer.

In 1984, she sadly died,

The legend of Bette Davis lives on and has survived.

Bette Davis and Joan Crawford - The Feud

**Bette Davis and Joan Crawford two grande dames of the silver screen,
Competitors and arch rivals towards each other,
Enlocked in the most bitter duel on screen and off ever seen.**

**Bette, the intelligent outsider from the East Coast,
Joan, the beautiful girl from Texas down South,
They battled for powerful roles in Hollywood,
With each other, engaged in a bitchy verbal war with their mouth.**

Oscars were won and husbands came and went,
The curse of maturity and old age hit Bette and Joan,
Restricted to 'Old Hag,' horror roles,
Desperately waiting for their agent's call on the phone.

**A heart attack claimed the life of dear Joan,
Cancer got the better of fearless Bette,
In death, the legends of Bette and Joan live on,
Their feud, the most unforgettable that Hollywood has seen yet.**

Blondie - A tribute to Debbie Harry

**Blonde Bombshell,
Metamorphosis from punk to rock queen,
Lead singer of Blondie, elevated to stardom in the Seventies,
Debbie Harry emerged, the greatest rock chick the world had seen.
In Chris Stein, fellow bandmember & boyfriend an eternal bond formed,
Their relationship survived Blondie's highs and lows,
Blondie disbanded over time,
Chris and Debbie carry on, their creative partnership flows.
Stage, screen and a solo career beckoned,
Miss Harry spread her creative wings,
A reformed Blondie, many years later was too difficult to resist,
They captivated the music scene again with the joy their music brings.
What is next for Miss Harry?
She continues to entertain and amaze us at all at 75,
This glamorous rock goddess shows no sign of slowing down,
Blondie are an eternal force, memorable, unforgettable and alive.**

Books

**Within books lies a voyage of discovery with words,
Stories unfold before our eyes,
The power of the printed word captivates our hearts, minds, souls and spirits,
Forming connections with us and strengthening our literary ties.**

Brighton

Brighton rock, candyfloss and candied pebbles

A trip to the mystical Eastern Brighton Pavilion on the South Coast,

Walkers travel along the Quadrophenia trail in search of nostalgia,

Hen parties celebrate forthcoming nuptials with Prosecco and a wild toast.

A thrilling ride on the Brighton Eye suspends one in mid-air,

Couples stroll romantically along the legendary pier,

Fish and chips are to be savoured along the seafront,

Children frolic in the sand, pebbles and sea filled with jubilant cheer.

Time stands still in this delightful Sussex seaside town,

From the Regency period to modern times Brighton continues to fascinate all.

Board the train from London Victoria to Brighton,

Breathe in the refreshing seaside air and have a ball.

Cakes

Cakes

With chocolate cake I feel like I'm in Heaven,
Coffee walnut is mouth-watering and divine,
Sacher torte reminds me of the charms of Vienna,
Lemon drizzle is fresh, sharp and sublime.
Victoria sandwich is delicious in summer,
Battenberg is an afternoon tea treat at my gran's,
With Devil's food cake I think of wicked thoughts,
Coconut sponge feels so soft in my hands.
A cake is one of life's pleasures to enjoy,
With a cup of tea, it's unforgettable to eat at the Ritz,
It can celebrate any occasion in our lives,
With Christmas I love Yule log amongst the glitz.

Christmas

Christmas baubles and fairy lights,
Kisses under the mistletoe and snowball fights,
Relatives gather round houses that haven't been seen in ages,
A mother looks for gifts, turning the Argos catalogue pages,
Carol singers surround the streets spreading festive cheer,
Santa Claus is on a mission worldwide, delivering parcels with his reindeer,
Children meet their favourite fairy-tale characters on the pantomime stage.
Shoppers go mad in Oxford Street, buying the latest app that's all the rage.
The Queen's latest speech calls for national unity and reconciliation,
The school nativity play celebrates the birth of Jesus with great jubilation.
Everyone is high - spirited as the party drinks and the champagne flows,
Tis the season of goodwill and celebration where anything goes.

Circle Line - Anti Clockwise

A strange underground line,
Constantly affected by delays,
It starts off from Edgware Road,
Then it rotates anti-clockwise on all days.
It reminds me of a furtive mouse,
Along it travels around London Town,
I have struggled to embrace this anti-clockwise Circle Line,
I have smiled on occasions travelling on it, but mostly travelled with a big frown.

Commonwealth Games 2018

**I was seduced by the Gold Coast in April,
The Commonwealth Games entertained me from this magical Australian place,
Countries united by a Commonwealth heritage,
In competition, determined to win every Gold medal, match, game and race.
Australia dominated the pool and medals table,
Team England gained an admirable second place with their achievements and medals haul,
There were medals for African, Asian, Oceania, European and Caribbean nations,
They joined in the spirit of these 'friendly games,' and had a ball.
The Commonwealth Games comes only once every four years,
Next Games - Birmingham, England 2022,
Commonwealth sports men and women await in preparation for the next Games,
Driven by the will to win and their competitive spirits refreshed and anew.**

Creative Process

Pen, paper and pad in front of me
I am thinking about what to write,
Will my poem be about romance or high adventure?
How about horror to give everyone a fright!
Ideas are floating in my head,
My creative visions for my next poem coming to the fore,
The journey to creating a poem is an interesting one.
Inspiring thoughts enabling me to write a poem - the art of composing I simply adore.

Dame Joan Collins - A Tribute

**Brunette goddess,
50's British starlet catapulted onto the Hollywood scene,
The toast of Hollywood with film and tv roles at her feet,
She fought off the predatory wolves on the casting couch successfully in between.
Marriages, motherhood and husbands brought her challenges,
Her career enjoyed various highs and lows,
She changed perceptions of female sexuality over 40 with an iconic role in The Stud,
As super bitch Alexis in Dynasty her A list star status arose.
A resurrected career on stage and screen,
A successful writer she became,
Personal happiness and true love eluded her,
With husband No 5, Percy Gibson, her soulmate, never would her life be the same.
A beloved mother, grandmother and devoted wife,
Into her eighties she continues to entertain and fascinate,
Dame Joan Collins, a British institution,
One awaits her latest venture to date.**

Diana, Princess of Wales - A Life

**Born Diana Frances Spencer on July 1st 1961,
She replaced her late brother,
John - the Spencer heir and son.
A blue-eyed beauty that captivated all around her with warmth, tenderness and loving care,
Shattered emotionally by her parent's divorce,
Her mother left home, because of an affair.
Raised by her father who adored her,
Raine, her stepmother entered the scene,
Their relationship was a troubled one over the years,
Fate and the Prince of Wales intervened at sixteen.
Her love of children took her to London,
She became part of the Sloane Square set,
A job as a kinder garden teacher provided stability,
The 'Lady Diana,' cult still to emerge yet.
Friendship with Prince Charles turned to love,
From then on her life would never be the same,
'Shy Di,' was crippled by media expectations,
Lady Diana Spencer had been catapulted to fame.
A symbolic and lavish wedding took place at St Paul's,
'Shy Diana,' slowly emerged from her emotional cocoon,
She settled into the role of Princess of Wales,
Her media presence grew phenomenal quite soon.
Two sons followed whom Diana deeply loved,
Her charitable works and compassion for others won her respect,
Differences between her and the Prince of Wales emerged,
There were cracks in the marriage one could detect.
Her global image eclipsed all the royals,
Diana was a fashion icon and British Vogue magazine queen,
She enchanted everyone wherever she went,
She fascinated the world through every media format and screen.
Charles and Diana slowly grew apart,
In 1992, they would separate,
They divorced acrimoniously in 1996,**

**Both spurred on by infidelity, bitterness and hate.
Diana sought love from numerous men,
She fell in love deeply with Dr Hasnat Khan,
On 'Panorama,' she poured her heart out to Martin Bashir,
She was prepared to move for love to Pakistan.
Charles declared his love for Camilla Parker Bowles,
Diana moved onto friendship with Dodi Al Fayed,
She found happiness in life and in fighting the cause of landmines,
Tragedy was to strike instead.
Paris, 1997, a high speed car chase and crash,
Diana and Dodi were slain,
The world mourned an iconic legend.
Never would our lives be the same.
The Spencer Rose left her mark,
To the public, the House of Windsor would never again close its door,
Her charitable legacies live on in Prince William and Prince Harry.
The Spencer Rose, we'll always adore.**

Disappointment is....

Disappointment is....

Not getting the job you hoped for,

Your best friend betrays you and lets you down,

Spurs fails to qualify for the FA cup final,

The person you admire greets you with a disapproving frown.

A dress you wanted from M&S is not in stock,

The rambling walk you planned to walk has been postponed,

Your favourite film of the year fails to win the Best Picture Oscar,

A beloved friend has not phoned.

Disappointment is... your life is trapped in one temporary dark tunnel,

With no hope of light at all,

Disappointment is a transitory experience,

For life will turn around events and lady luck will soon call.

District Line ? The Acton Town to Upminster Connection

I got on the Upminster train at Acton Town,
I was happy, I was off to see my boyfriend I was Essex bound,
The drunken man sat next to me at Hammersmith,
Suddenly, he slept peacefully without a sound.
5k runners were all around me at Barons Court,
Excited they were off to Hampstead Heath to compete for the British Heart Foundation,
Two England football fans were at Earls Court,
Jubilant, they sang all the way to Gloucester Road station.
Men were spellbound by the brunette goddess at South Kensington,
She was a seductive vision in coral pink,
People moved away from the vagrant at Victoria,
The train was filled with an incredible stink.
International students were on board at St James' Park,
They descended at Westminster for a boat ride to Hampton Court,
Two schoolgirls argued over a boy at Temple,
Bitterly and loudly they fought.
A respectable woman was engrossed with Fifty Shades of Grey,
At Mansion House, her pupils dilated,
Tourists complained about the Tower of London at Aldgate East,
The entrance queue was long and how they waited.
West Ham football fans entered at Whitechapel,
They travelled to Upton Park for the farewell tribute to the Boleyn Ground,
The old woman held her dog tenderly at East Ham,
She declared her eternal love for the beautiful basset hound.
A couple sulked at Hornchurch,
They looked at each other with hate,
The train arrived home at last at Upminster,
I kissed my boyfriend, who wondered why I was so late?

Evita

**Eva, 'Evita,' Peron,
An inspiration to the working masses and the poor of a nation,
Immortalised in Argentinian legend,
She brought hope to a whole generation.
Rising from poverty and illegitimacy,
Elevated to First lady but the enemy of the upper class,
The higher echelons of society denounced her,
They declared her vision for Argentina a farce.
Cancer destroyed her in the end and her zest and passion for life,
On her death, an eternal light and flame in Argentina died,
Her life continues to fascinate all around the world.
'Evita,' on the stage and silver screen you are revived.**

First day back at work!

**Its the first day back at work,
Time to take down the Xmas decorations and tree,
Lots of glum faces all around,
Rail fares have risen the shocked public can see.
Roads are slowly getting busier,
The school run is back with a New Year and fresh start,
The London underground is slowly becoming crowded and unbearable.
Commuters travel to work to prosper, everyone economically playing their part.**

Flamenco Dancer

**Dark Spanish beauty,
Framed with gorgeous raven jet black hair,
To the Spanish classical flamenco rhythms she dances,
An energetic most graceful beautiful affair.
Frida Kahlo like in her flaming fuchsia frilled skirt,
Twirling and swirling with her castanets to the beat
To the Spanish classical guitar she dances with intense passion,
Seducing everyone in the sweltering Spanish heat.**

FRUSTRATION

Frustration,
Riding on the London Underground with people driving you insane,
Undergoing another work restructure time and time again.
Sadly seeing wrinkles and lines on your face,
The never ending challenge of survival in the rat race.
Regretting the past and bad decisions made,
Always at the lower end of career development in jobs so badly paid.
Torrential downpour - the short lived summer has ended so soon,
I am irritated that I never saw The Who live with the legendary Keith Moon,
On the journey of my life the destination is often unclear,
Never should I let my frustration get the better of me in my life - never fear

Grand Union Canal - 6 and a half miles Wembley to Paddington

**The Grand Union Canal, its rippling waters desolate and forlorn,
6 and a half miles Wembley to Paddington,
The misty grey January skies greeted me one Sunday morn.
Canal boats cruised the waters in their splendour,
Ramblers and walkers on a voyage of discovery,
Grand Union Canal - almost mystical in Winter an incredible sight to remember.
As I walked refuge and peace I found that was all my own,
Ducks, birds and canal wildlife surrounded me with their divine beauty,
6 and a half miles, Paddington I reached, refreshed and uplifted by the Grand Union Canal, I
walked all the way home.**

Hammersmith Bridge

He stood on the bridge at Hammersmith,
On this green and compact structure he observed life,
Across Hammersmith Bridge , he travelled swiftly to savour this moment before him,
Hammersmith Bridge, his idea of perfect heaven away from stress and strife.
Oblivious to the traffic and people around him,
He saw this red-haired goddess standing there,
She turned around and captivated him with her smile,
Spellbound, by her titian curls and green eyes, he stopped to stare.
Their hearts beat in unity,
Basking in the splendour of Hammersmith Bridge together,
Hammersmith Bridge, two people bonding slowly,
Both wanting this intimate moment to last forever.

Healing in the Yorkshire Dales

I am an asylum seeker,
England is now my home, these green and pleasant lands,
I survived a tortuous journey from my war-torn homeland via Europe,
I have few material possessions now in my hands.
On the Yorkshire Dales, I feel at home,
Amongst nature, the sheep, lambs and cows I am healed,
In my country of origin, I was a shepherd,
My ease with farmland life in Yorkshire is certainly revealed.
Nature, the farmers, workers and animals all around,
In this natural world nirvana, I have found purpose in life,
My new life in England is a blessing,
Far removed from my past, bloodshed, mortar attacks and strife.
I don't know how long I'll stay in England,
Peace is in my life now,
I am healed in the Yorkshire Dales,
It's the lambing season I'm busy and also with milking a cow.

Heat

My brows perspire,
I am overcome by the heat,
My body is a fountain of sweat
I endure the hell of travelling on the Underground without access to any seat.
Tossing and turning in my bed at night,
My mind is working overtime with fantasies and summertime dreams,
Heat turns me into an insomniac,
I am envisaging hot days away in Brighton, riding the carousel, eating 99 flake ice creams.
My hair is unkempt and frizzy,
The heat has transformed it into an uncontrollable mess,
Summer sunshine and heat has its advantages,
My sunny wardrobe gets an airing along with my favourite floral dress.

Heathrow - Acton Town (The Piccadilly Line)

**An excited Exchange student descends at Terminal 3, Heathrow,
Hatton Cross, the expectant mother smiles with her radiant glow.
Lustful teenage boys at Hounslow West exchange views on Nicki Minaj,
Osterley, two pensioners argue over Brexit and Mr Farage.
A couple exit at Boston Manor for a romantic day in the park,
The busker at Northfield plays his saxophone until dark.
South Ealing, the mother cajoles her baby not to frown,
The train arrives at long last, home at Acton Town.**

Home Working

By 8.am, each morning I am on-line,
With Covid 19, my working day has changed beyond belief,
Home working is not as easy as I thought,
When lockdown is lifted, I shall breathe a sign of relief.
Divisional quizzes and activities are distributed on-line to encourage us,,
Individual and team spirits are lifted by this in our challenging working days,
Office business is conducted via Microsoft's latest innovative tools,
Covid 19 2020, has changed office working in so many different ways.
Five days a week, I am working at home now,
When will normal office life return once more?
I don't miss commuting and office politics, I've been spared so far,
Covid 19, and its deadly impact has a lot to answer for.

Images on the Hammersmith and City Line

Barking, the redundant worker cries,

Upton Park, a cheating husband lies.

Whitechapel, an art student seeks refuge in the Gallery,

Farringdon, At the Grand Union pub, the office worker 'blows,' her salary.

Paddington, the little girl awaits a glimpse of Mr Bear,

Westbourne Park, the mistress sends a text to end her love affair.

Westfield London Shopping Centre, is just around the corner from Wood Lane,

The overworked NHS worker descends at Hammersmith, the last stop on this train.

It hurts as a human

**It can hurt to be human,
The modern world is so cruel,
Social media, market forces, self -obsessed and so cold all around,
One has to be tough and nobody's fool.
Lack of courtesy on the London Underground,
People pushing and shoving past you without apologies on a busy street,
Neighbours barely looking out for each other and saying hello,
For a pregnant woman, people not always vacating their seat.
Gang warfare and knife crime escalate,
Disputes, sometimes settled with the brute force of a gun,
Mental health related illnesses on the rise,
The young worried about getting a job, not knowing how to have fun.
It can hurt to be human,
Climate change and the decaying natural world has borne the brunt of man's neglect,
Kindness and consideration for each other needs to be celebrated,
The world needs to be improved it's hardly at its best yet.**

Jane Fonda

**Born into Hollywood royalty,
A liberal film goddess and activist whose views have been the bane of the right,
Immortalised as a sex symbol as space siren Barbarella,
Her politics and causes giving everyone a fright.
Denounced by America's Vietnam veterans as 'Hanoi Jane,'
Charmed by Mr Redford, Mr Sutherland and challenged by Mr Voight and others on screen,
A formidable feminist, icon and talent in Tinseltown,
The greatest actress of her generation ever seen.
Ms Fonda re-invented herself in the keep fit craze of the 80's,
As fitness guru, Jane Fonda's Workout video and book were the best selling of all time,
Marriages to Roger Vadim, Tom Hayden and Ted Turner brought moments of happiness but
did not survive,
Through movies and her life she challenged herself, an incredible tour de force difficult to
define.
A grandmother and Hollywood's leading Octogenarian at 81,
Paris Fashion Week 2017, aged 79 she modelled on the catwalk to rapturous applause and
acclaim,
She continues to push the boundaries for all things possible for her age, generation and in
life,
There will never be a phenomenal woman like Jane Fonda ever again.**

Janis Joplin

Small town Texas girl from Port Arthur,
Misunderstood and an outsider amongst her peers,
Refuge, she sought in blues music and supporting society's outcasts,
Her creative artistic nature and liberal outlook met with jeers.
She hit the Swinging Sixties with sensational style,
The 'ugly duckling,' became San Francisco's Haight Ashbury's blues goddess and queen,
Big Brother and the Holding Company and Janis triumphed in 67 at the Monterey Pop
Festival,
Rock and roll witnessed a sensational rock goddess on the music scene.
Her stunning vocals led to a solo career,
Men and women she both adored and loved with her whole heart
The rollercoaster world of 'rock and roll,' took its toll on her sensitive soul,
In her self - destruction, drugs and alcohol played an active part.
1970, a new decade emerged,
Sadly, that year Janis lost her life,
She died from an overdose of heroin
An immortal legend was born, freed from the world and its strife.

Jubilee Line

**Get off at Stratford for a walk through the Olympic Park,
At North Greenwich you can walk on the O2,
Have afternoon tea at Claridges near Bond Street,
Pop into the Hendrix exhibition nearby for a view.
Follow in the footsteps of Mr Holmes at Baker Street,
The Hindu temple at Neasden inspires one's spiritual side,
Run around Wembley Park in the annual Color Run 5K,
Travel all the way to Stanmore for this Jubilee ride.**

Kensington Gardens

Immersed in the eternal youthful aura of Peter Pan,
By Kensington Palace I took a ride on the carousel at the travelling funfair,
Across Kensington Gardens I walked through this beautiful park,
Basking in the glorious Summer sunshine and fresh air.
The fragrant flowers all around me were in full bloom,
With an ice cream I retreated to the comfort of a deckchair seat,
On my CD player I listened to the heavenly cool sounds of Sheryl Crow,
By the Round Pond surrounded by cute ducks and geese at my feet.
A hot Summer's day in Kensington Gardens,
What more could anyone want in life,
Relaxing in the heat of London,
Away from the stresses of city strife.

Kew Gardens

I walked through the Botanical gardens at Kew,
Nature all around me was at the height of its beauty on display,
Captivated I was by the foliage, fauna, flowers and plants all around me,
The sun beamed brilliantly upon the botanical world and its splendid colourful array.
Through treetops I walked high up in the sky,
I breathed in the fresh atmosphere and Kew air,
In the sweltering greenhouse I was transported to the floral and green continents of the world.
Sweating profusely, I was enveloped in this hypnotic intoxicating affair.
Around the green botanical gardens at Kew I discovered heaven,
The natural world around here an incredible sight to behold,
A green pleasure palace for everyone green fingered or not,
Nature is a journey before you waiting to unfold.

Kylie- The Australian Pop Goddess

**Melbourne 1968, a girl was born,
Kylie Ann Minogue entered the scene,
She made her media debut as a child,
Miss Minogue was a visible presence on every Australian TV screen.**

**Rivalry with Dannii her sister was formed early on,
On young 'Talent Time,' they dazzled at a tender age,
Her fame surpassed Dannii's with a spell on 'Neighbours'.
Becoming the media's darling, she took centre stage.**

**Early music albums promoted a wholesome Aussie girl next door,
Jason left and Michael Hutchence stole her heart,
A sexy, raunchy pop goddess emerged,
Self-assured and in control of her destiny, the golden couple would part.**

**Successful albums were released over the years,
Her concert tours received worldwide acclaim,
Kylie was an icon and marketable commodity,
In the world of pop the petite Australian artiste would reign.**

**Kylie's career grew from strength to strength,
But fate dealt a very cruel blow,
In 2005, diagnosed with breast cancer,
Her spirit crushed to an all-time low.**

**She recovered eventually but could never bear children,
Her work for breast cancer was rewarded with an honorary degree,
The accolades continued to come her way.
She was successful, unattached and carefree.**

**True love continued to elude her,
She searched in vain for that 'special,' soul mate,**

**An engagement to marry Joshua Sasse was doomed to failure,
She continues to soar in her career as of late.**

**Kylie's star endures and shines brightly,
What an impressive and illustrious career!
One wonders what lies ahead for Miss Minogue?
The best is yet to come, never fear.**

LAS VEGAS

America's playground in the desert,
A place where Lady Luck beckons at the roll of a dice,
Themed hotels are a mecca of decadence and temptation,
A hotbed of hedonism, gambling and vice.
Elton John is the top act at Caesar's Palace,
Gladys Knight is a sensation at the 'Sahara,' with the Pips,
Crowds gather around the casinos in search of a fortune,
Everyone eager to advise with their betting tips.
Las Vegas was built by the mobsters.
Bugsy Siegel is legendary in Vegas folklore,
The desert is filled with people buried in the heat of the night,
They are visible one minute and disappearing to be seen no more.
Vegas, is a magnificent gem in the heart of Nevada,
Where people forget their troubles, embracing the magic there,
A town filled with opportunities and possibilities,
Breathe in the atmosphere, fun is in the air.

LITTLE WOMEN

A timeless classic.

Jo, Amy, Beth and Meg, their lives have captured our hearts throughout the years,
Their journey through childhood, adolescence and adulthood has enchanted us,
Holding us captive to their trials, tribulations, triumphs and fears.

Beautiful Meg, with hopes of marriage and a good match,
Adventurous and courageous Jo, inspired to write,
Selfish and ambitious Amy, an artist born to paint,
Beth, her gentle & kind spirit anointing all around with light.

Little Women,

Each one, special, unique and memorable in their own way,
The March sisters have struck a chord worldwide,
The Louisa May Alcott classic resonates powerfully even today.

Lockdown Diary

I've decided to keep a diary during lockdown,
My most intimate thoughts, feelings and emotions are recorded here,
Experiences that fill me with trepidation, anxiety and wonder,
I've written about those that fill me with sadness, peace, joy and fear.
2020 is unlike any year in living memory,
My lockdown diary in years to come will tell this tale,
Covid 19, this global pandemic has changed our lives forever,
The cure for this will develop quite soon without fail.

London to Brighton 100k

**I walked 100k from London to Brighton,
In 2013, I completed this magnificent feat,
Across the South Downs I travelled,
My pre event training upholding me in the sweltering heat.
Over the hilly terrain and stiles at times I climbed,
My stamina tested beyond belief,
At each comfort stop my weary feet rested,
My energy restored with great relief.
I conquered two killer hills at 50k,
In the dark, glowsticks illuminated my paths through the night,
I contemplated whether I should give up this trek,
My spirit however encouraged by dawn and the break of light.
Over 24 hours I had trekked through the heart of the Sussex countryside,
My love affair with Brighton had developed in an interesting way,
Only a couple more hours remained before I reached the finish line,
What interesting surprises would this trek bring forth today?
In the South Downs I approached the end of this trek,
I walked through the finish at Brighton Racecourse to a round of applause and cheers,
I had achieved a major walking achievement in my life as well as a medal,
I sipped a complimentary glass of Prosecco, the memory of walking London to Brighton will
be with me for years**

London Winter Walk 2020

In the Oval Cricket Ground we are all gathered,
Walkers assembled for the London Winter Walk of 2020,
Bleary eyed, half awake at the early start,
Our reasons to compete here are numerous and plenty.
At 1k we are separated by the Eastern or Western Loop routes that we choose to take,
Walking through London, this interesting city and its streets,
Our fitness tested by our endurance & perseverance,
Sustained at the halfway rest stop by drinks, fruits and all types of delicious treats.
The second half of our trek, the finish line draws near,
Our bodies have been challenged and strained,
The London Winter Walk has been an incredible experience through London,
The Oval Cricket Ground at the finish welcomes us - thank god it hadn't rained.
Medals draped round our necks,
A celebratory meal and drinks, we are nourished, sustained and complete,
What walking challenge awaits us in this New Year ahead of us?
For now we'll contemplate, rest and retreat.

Mary, Queen of Scots

Scotland's fair maiden,
A most formidable, courageous Queen,
Beautiful, tall and majestic,
The fairest of them all ever seen.
A political pawn in the battle for the English throne,
Used by others for their evil gain and lust for power,
A thorn in Elizabeth's I side,
Two queens at war, their battle growing bloodier by the hour.
A female ruler in a man's world,
Married to the ambitious Lord Darnley, heartless and cruel,
Mother to a beloved son James,
Her Scottish reign, a hotbed of violence, murder and corruption cut short her tragic rule.
Banished in exile,
Imprisoned indefinitely without any sign of release,
Wishing always only for love and sisterhood from her cousin Elizabeth,
England and Scotland deadlocked, without any peace.
Her death warrant signed, sealed and delivered,
The axeman's blade fell upon her pretty head,
She lived on in her son, the future King James I of England.
Scotland and England now united under his reign instead.

Mental Health

Isadora Duncan, sleeps in the room next to mine,
She pirouettes down the corridor on most days from 5pm till nine.
The 'She Devil,' from Hanwell is up before the dock again,
She poured hot tea in the face of a male nurse causing intense pain.
An anorexic teenage girl was here briefly, but her parents took her away,
They hated the screaming, mayhem and shouting around her every day.
Two women threaten each other with such abusive hate,
The vegetarian woman is so anxious, why is her visitor so late?
A tired, worn out nurse complains about the NHS cuts on mental health,
She moans about the Trust Board's fat cats and their endless pool of wealth.
My friend Daisy left this ward finally to enter the world outside,
The beautiful redhead, runs away from an injection to find a place to hide.
I have been here on this ward for a year now,
My dark depressive clouds are lifting and disappearing from my head,
I may be discharged in a week or two.
A new life draws near and the comfort of my warm and sweet bed

Millennium Bridge - LONDON

Millennium Bridge stands majestically on a blustery Autumn's day,
In the air, birds fly to warmer climates passing by on their way.
Lights illuminate from the latest Tate Modern exhibition,
Leggy models confidently pose in next season's swimwear without inhibition.
Energetic joggers run in preparation for the London Marathon drawing near,
Night time ? Millennium a beautiful red-head walks by as men stop and leer,
New Year's Eve, revellers gather together in celebration filled with festive cheer.
In the spring breeze, the tv crew films the latest episode of 'Hustle,'
Under the bridge, tourists travel along the Thames, the city and its bustle.
Millennium Bridge glistens in the midsummer heat,
Brazilian samba rhythms resonate from a crowded street.
Rows of people gather around the street entertainer by nearby Blackfriars station,
In a busy afternoon, the police carry out their latest anti-terrorist operation.
Dozens of people walk along the Millennium,
Great is the diversity of Bridge life as one can see,
Evening sky shines upon Millennium as the young couple walks in love and ever so carefree.

Modern Disney Heroine

**Mulan, fearless Chinese warrior girl, disguised as a man to prevent an enemy invasion,
Merida, Scottish Princess, skilled archer and swordswoman, determined to assert her own
identity and life's destination.**

**Moana, strong -willed daughter of a Polynesian chief,
Saviour of her own tribe, strengthening their cultural heritage and self - belief.**

**Elsa, the 'Frozen,' brave female leader of her kingdom and its land,
Defending herself courageously when danger is at hand.**

**Tiana, African American entrepreneur with ambition and drive,
Surviving her experiences as a frog, complete with her Prince, powerful and alive,**

**Pocohontas, Native American tribewoman skilfully bringing her tribe and New world
colonists together,
Adored and loved by Captain John Smith treasured in his heart forever.**

**Disney modern heroines,
Diverse, different and with their own mystique,
The Disney legacy embracing the modern world and changing times,
Heroines, dynamic, bold and unique.**

Murder Mystery

**The scene is set,
A body lies dead,
Crowned in a pool of blood,
A hammer bludgeoned the victim's beautiful head.
Several suspects have emerged,
Each one with a motive to kill,
Their motives unique and diverse,
A suspect may have killed for financial gain, another one for a sadistic thrill.
Challenges, obstacles, hurdles to be overcome await the detective within this mystery,
She has entered a web of deceit, wealth, treachery and lies,
Will this case be solved? Or how long will it take to solve? she asks herself,
The strain and complexity of this case show in her weary eyes.**

My Mind is blank

The ink is black,
The page is white,
My poetic vision is stagnant,
I'm struggling to write.
Is it the difficult day job that has made my mind blank?
My period, has this made my creative thoughts stale?
Still I endeavour with the poetic process,
I will write an incredible poem without fail.

Paddington Station - Morning

Paddington Station - Morning

**Paddington Bear greets me sculpted in bronze,
All around me lies the gateway to the West Country and Wales,
Paddington Station, a hub of commuters, travellers, holidaymakers and chaos,
Coffee and food stalls gaining from big profits and sales.
My walking adventure in Berkshire beckons near,
I sit in contemplation sipping a Cappuccino from the comfort of my bench seat,
Early morning at Paddington station is never dull,
Pidgeons encircling me and pecking away by my feet.**

Piccadilly Line - Acton Town to Cockfosters Connection

**Acton Town, red sky in the morning,
Hammersmith, the bored schoolgirl is yawning.
Earls Court, the businessman shocks with the racist abuse he shouts,
Gloucester Road, the station is flooded with anti ?social louts.
South Kensington, the V&A is open for its monthly event after dark,
Hyde Park Corner, the crowds gather to see Mick and the Stones in the park.
Piccadilly Circus, tourists are around for a London experience they'll remember,
Leicester Square, fans flock to the Odeon for the latest premiere this December.
Covent Garden, socialites are dressed up for the royal gala at the Opera House,
Russell Square, the young child is freaked out by the sight of a mouse.
Holloway Road, Spurs vs. Arsenal, the station prepares for this North London showdown,
Finsbury Park, the beautiful blonde captivates the men dressed in her blue gown.
Wood Green, the pensioner reflects on the good old days in the past,
Arnos Grove, her husband listens on his CD player to the legendary James Last.
Southgate, nervously the man awaits on the platform for his date.
Cockfosters, the office worker has arrived home; it's cold and rather late.**

Piccadilly Line - Uxbridge to Acton Town.

**Brunel University students return to Uxbridge for a dreaded second term,
The beautiful brunette smiles at Hillingdon with her stunning new look perm.
The redundant worker at Rayners Lane commits suicide and ends his life,
Teenage boys fight at South Harrow, adolescent strife.
A mother lovingly reads at Sudbury Town, her toddler's favourite fairy tale,
The old lady seeks shelter at Alperton out of the thunderstorms and hail.
An admirer is spellbound by the goddess in the shimmering gown.
A woman passionately embraces her boyfriend at Acton Town.**

Prosecco

The elixir of joy,
Enjoyed to celebrate life's victories,
Wonderful to savour and indulge in with friends,
One of life's pleasures,
My praises for Prosecco never ends.

Raven at the Tower

I shut my beak,
I don't ever speak,
I walk around this great fortress of London, the Tower,
I am on parade in it's grounds from hour to hour.
I have lived to see many stories and tales unfold before my eyes,
The Tower has been a hotbed of intrigue, corruption, power and lies.
I'd love to fly somewhere exotic,
I may be a raven but I'm not despotic.
My wings are clipped, if I left the Tower will crumble and fall.
It may not seem with my life that I am having a ball.
The Tower however is my home,
Around its grounds I roam.
Long live the Tower of London, a fortress of history,
Come see me the Raven - my longevity here is a mystery.

Rock Chick

**She was the plainest girl or so they said,
Misunderstood and ignored in her small town,
A social outcast amongst her peers,
No one danced with her at her high school prom - dressed as she was in a beautiful peach
chiffon gown.
A breathtaking girl with red titian curls and blue - green eyes,
In rock and roll she found purpose and a zest for life,
She immersed herself in the latest sights, sounds and memorabilia from this hedonistic
nirvana,
It lifted her spirits from her miserable, boring, everyday life and its strife.
To the streets of LA she headed after high school graduation,
Her humble early small town beginnings firmly in the past,
On the LA rock scene she emerged as a goddess and ultimate rock chick,
She lived her life and to the fullest, happy, fun loving, exciting and very fast.**

RUSH HOUR

**People cramped on the underground in the sweltering heat,
Bad manners on display everyone treading on one another's feet.
Traffic piles up on congested roads,
Network rail trains saunter slowly transporting people and heavy loads.
Everywhere angry tempers flare,
Tube lines and stations closed because of a bomb scare.
Commuters pounding the streets in the rush hour,
Territorial in their presence and dominant in their power.**

SATAN

**He was personified as Damien in 'The Omen Trilogy,'
In 'The Exorcist,' he took possession of Regan's soul,
Mia Farrow gave birth to him in 'Rosemary's Baby,'
Through Gabriel Byrne in 'End of Days' he sought world domination on the whole.
A womanizing seducer in 'The Witches of Eastwick he set female hearts on fire,
'Legend,' saw Tim Curry as the archetypical demon in red ,
Lucifer took on a new meaning as Terence Stamp in 'The Company of Wolves,'
In ' The Passion of the Christ,' he appeared as a female instead.
The fallen angel from heaven,
The Prince of Darkness roams the earth to devour those in his wake,
In fantasy and reality he continues to mesmerise, fascinate and entice,
He's extra-vigilant to see which individual's spirit he can break.**

Sharon Tate

**Sharon Tate,
HOLLYWOOD Sixties icon,
A victim of frenzied drug fuelled hate.
Her beauty and talent catapulted her to fame,
A shy symbol of innocence and purity,
A Hollywood player in Hollywood's fast lane.
Married to Roman Polanski, a power couple amongst Hollywood's elite,
Her career developed with notable good performances in cult classics,
Sharon Tate, Texas girl had the world at her feet.
Sharon Tate, 8 1/2 months pregnant 9th August 1969 was brutally slain,
Hollywood's Swinging Sixties came to a bloody end,
Never would Tinseltown engage in such hedonistic frivolity again.
Sharon Tate,
Murdered by Charles Manson and his drug fuelled disciples,
An eternal light in this complex world at times tainted with hate.**

Sir Alan Parker (1944- 2020) A Tribute

**He hailed from Islington, North London,
A modern British great visionary on the silver screen,
Conquering both sides of the Atlantic with his cinematic talents,
Bugsy Malone, Fame, Midnight Express, Pink Floyd The Wall, Mississippi Burning, Evita,
The Commitments- he created the most unforgettable films we'd ever seen.
Knighted by Her Majesty, The Queen,
Honoured by a fellowship from Bafta,
British film lost a great director and legendary genius,
Who will fill his shoes now in British cinema, the next chapter?**

Sophia Loren - The Italian Goddess

**An Italian movie goddess,
Born illegitimate and poor,
She grew up into a sensational beauty,
A contest would open another door.
She encountered movie mogul, Carlo Ponti,
He directed her career with great dedication,
She became a dedicated actress and the toast of Hollywood,
The media, followed her every move in excited anticipation.
Men desired her,
Cary Grant and Carlo Ponti adored her with passionate emotion,
Carlo, won the battle for her heart,
She loved, respected and cared for him with devotion.
Her career intact, but her life was empty,
She craved for children of her own,
Endless miscarriages she did suffer,
She gave birth to her beloved children in protected isolation, alone.
The years went on,
Her career declined,
The taxman was on her trail,
She paid for unpaid taxes with dignity,
She served a short spell in jail.
A champion of humanitarian causes,
She grows more beautiful and sensual with time,
No one can ever rival the legend that is Sophia Loren,
An Italian beauty, so perfect and divine.**

Spice Girls

**Sugar and Spice and all things nice,
That's what Scary, Sporty, Ginger, Posh and Baby Spice are made of,
Revolutionising girl power worldwide,
A media and highly polished marketing tool,
Through the backstage drama, disputes, squabbles, tantrums they have survived.
Respectable working mothers now, their music inspiring a generation,
The Spice Girls continue to fascinate,
Fans await their next move in excited anticipation.**

Springtime in Wembley

The cool morning mist descends upon Wembley,
Spring is in the air,
The Easter Bunny leaves a trail of Easter eggs around King Edward VII park,
Spurs vs Arsenal at Wembley Stadium, an all North London affair.
Swans in unity beat their wings in tandem along the Grand Union canal,
Children study in earnest at the Civic centre library for their GCSEs,
Daffodils and snowdrops are in full bloom,
Nature is awake from its winter slumber, resplendent in varying degrees.
Springtime in Wembley,
Decay is dead and Spring heralds a new dawn,
Freshness and hope is in the air,
Nature and the beauty of life are reborn.

Summertime in Wembley

The sounds of Taylor Swift and Ed Sheeran reverberate around and beyond Wembley Stadium,

Wembley Park is a hub of frenzied activity in the sweltering Summer heat,

People of diverse backgrounds congregate for Holi, the Hindu festival of colours,

A joyous celebration for all dancing to the rhythms of music and the Bhangra beat.

Runners compete in the annual 5K Colour run through the streets of Wembley,

Crowds descend upon the London Designer Outlet for the summer sales,

Fryent Country Park filled with walkers, summer picnics and sun worshippers,

Welsh Harp reservoir amass with windsurfers and colourful sails.

Summertime in Wembley,

Summer fashions on display and ice cream vans are all around in the humidity and summer breeze,

The Grand Union Canal glistens throughout Summer,

Ducks, swans and canal boats immersed in its waters travelling with peaceful ease.

Nature in its glorious summer abundance casts its spell over Wembley,

Summer sees its fragrant essence permeating through the Wembley air,

A wonderful time to celebrate the joy of life,

Summer parties, celebrations and barbeques everywhere.

Susan Sarandon

Sexually alluring,
Universally renown for her liberal views,
A phenomenal social activist,
The obsession with her breasts is always news.
A Catholic girl from suburban New Jersey,
Rebellious and outspoken from the start,
At Catholic University she met Chris Sarandon, her husband,
In an audition for Joe, won her first film part.

In *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, she gained wider recognition,
She portrayed the naïve, wholesome Janet,
The film became a cult classic,
Audiences now sing along at screenings with the beings from another planet.
Divorce ensued and her career was erratic,
With *Pretty Baby*, *Atlantic City* and *The Hunger* she gained critical acclaim,
Embarking on a life of hedonistic fun and notable love affairs,
She retreated eventually away from Hollywood and the celebrity game.
Suffering from endometriosis,
With no family she travelled the world to help the poor,
At 37, she became pregnant,
She was a mother now with a child to adore.

Her life with a child became complete,
Along came Tim Robbins, her soul-mate,
Her luck with her career changed for the better,
In 1991, she gained her greatest film role to date.
Thelma and Louise was unforgettable,
Ms Sarandon and Ms Davis scored a cinematic hit,
Here were ground-breaking strong females in film,
There was a memorable performance too from future screen legend, Brad Pitt.

Ms Sarandon's career was resurrected,
The film roles, awards and accolades came her way,

**She had everything except an elusive Oscar,
Dead Man's Walking, fifth attempt, finally she had her day.**

**Susan Sarandon is the mature woman's poster girl,
She has carried the flag for 40 plus women in Tinsel town,
Continuing to be politically and socially active,
Her forthright manner often greeted with a frown.
Ms Sarandon turned 70 in 2016,
A glamorous Grandmother, alas with Mr Robbins no longer by her side,
Her star is in no danger of fading,
She lives life to the full, embracing its bumpy ride.**

SWEET MELODY

**The birds herald in the new day with their dawn chorus,
With the sound of the lullaby the baby gurgles in her mother's arms,
The gospel choir entertains with their soulful, spiritual tones,
A chanteuse seduces all with her husky voice and charms.
Bette Midler's 'Wind Beneath my Winds,' echoes from the radio,
At the sound of The Pointer Sisters, 'Slowhand,' a young woman's heart beats fast in love,
The beautiful mermaid's song entices the lovestruck sailor,
A violin concerto raises spirits, its sweet melody anoints the air above.**

Tea at the Ritz

The table has been set for three,
I have a date at the Ritz for afternoon tea.
I enter a world of grandeur, gentility and charm.
Dressed in silk and pearls with my Chanel bag under my arm.
Gershwin plays on the piano as I sip tea, Moroccan mint flavoured,
I engage with my best friend in witty conversation in this magical atmosphere to be savoured.
There are sandwiches, scones with clotted cream and jam, and cakes that make your mouth water,
I sip my champagne as I merrily toast my best friend and her daughter.
Time can stand still in this incredible little world at the Ritz,
I wish I had drunk tea there in the Roaring Twenties and its glitz.
Tea at the Ritz has no rival at all,
It's a favourite pastime of mine where I simply go and have a ball.

Tenerife

Tenerife,

A volcanic island in the sun,

Tenerife,

The jewel of the Canary Islands,

A trekking paradise and sun kissed heaven anointed with fun.

The Bakerloo Line

Elephant and Castle I got on the train after a hen night at the Charlie Chaplin pub,
Lambeth North, my masseuse there treated me to a therapeutic back rub.
I paid my respects to Olivia DEHavilland at a BFI tribute at Waterloo,
There was an accident at Charing Cross with my stiletto heeled shoe.
Regents Park, I danced the tango in the open air,
My birthday celebrations took place at Marylebone's Chiltern Firehouse what a grand affair!
Running past the Grand Union Canal I jumped on the tube at Queen's Park,
My journey was interrupted at Wembley Central, by a dog's annoying bark.
South Kenton, not far to go I am nearly home,
Harrow and Wealdstone, the journey ends I order a takeaway on my mobile phone.

The Bible

The book of eternal life,
A great comfort in times of strife,
A manual for supreme spiritual self -esteem,
Chronicling the most divine, spiritual miracles ever seen.
A symbol of God's majesty, eternal love and power,
The living word, protecting us against Satan every minute, second and hour.
Its eternal truth at work in our lives is flawless,
Offering strength and hope when life is hopeless.
Through the bible we are anointed with redemption and salvation,
It survives for all eternity, lets honour its presence with celebration.

The Circle Line - Clockwise

**Hammersmith to Edgware Road,
Around the city rotates the Circle Line,
A route so unforgettable,
It's a personal favourite of mine.
Be entertained by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Barbican,
See history unfold at the Tower of London at Tower Hill,
Embrace the beauty of the Thames at the Embankment,
Climb the steps of the Monument for a thrill.
A distinct line within the Underground,
It's survived over the years,
A feature of London life,
Let's celebrate the Circle Line with great cheers**

The Conman

**Magnetic,
Tall, confident with mesmerising blue eyes,
An incredibly, wealthy merchant banker,
He seduced women with his women with his web of lies.
A strategic manipulator,
Encouraging many to invest in lucrative schemes and plans,
The life and soul of any party,
His legendary charm won him many fans.
Over time, money would disappear,
Investments of clients plummeted to an all - time low,
Meetings with the merchant banker became infrequent,
At events he hardly would show.
Soon he ceased to exist,
He became untraceable no one knew his real name,
People's lives were destroyed financially,
Embarrassed by their own stupidity and filled with shame.
The hunt is on for the conman,
Wherever next will he strike and attack?
People search for him frantically throughout the globe,
Defiant, the conman assumes another identity ? beware everyone he's back!**

The Coven

All united by Satan,
These demonic women, dark spiritual forces flowing through their hearts,
Gathered tonight for a witchcraft ritual,
The power of the evil one, renewed and strengthened through their bodily parts.
Beautiful, each and every one of them,
Motivated by greed, depravity, mayhem and their ever increasing ill gotten gains,
The Coven, increases its supremacy all around,
Witches in covenant with the Devil, as over their souls his supremacy reigns.

The District Line : Wimbledon ? Edgware Road

**I saw Andy Murray triumph at the All England club at Wimbledon,
My beloved greyhound won the race at the stadium at Wimbledon Park,
I travelled to Putney Bridge and took a lovely walk by the Thames Path,
I avoid Chelsea fans at Fulham Broadway especially after dark.
I visited Emmeline Pankhurst's grave at West Brompton's Brompton Cemetery,
I stayed in the Millennium Gloucester, by Gloucester Road and for a while lived like a queen,
I walked through Kensington Gardens and saw Peter Pan via High Street Kensington,
I travelled to Notting Hill Gate to dance at the carnival, the finest one in Europe ever seen.
Past Bayswater Road, then to Edgware Road,
The Wimbledon section of the District Line finally draws to a halt,
A section that holds a close place in my heart,
With it I cannot find any fault.**

The District Line: A journey Ealing Broadway ? Richmond

I attended a lavish wedding at Pitshanger Manor near Ealing Broadway.

One day I travelled from Ealing Broadway, via Ealing Common, South Ealing, Chiswick Park to Turnham Green,

Enraptured by the beauty of Chiswick House that I visited nearby,

The most glorious stately home I have ever seen.

I fancied a trip to the Botanical Gardens at Kew,

In Kew Gardens I walked the treetops there,

I was seduced by the phenomenal natural beauty around me,

I felt invigorated by the refreshing tonic of the fresh Kew air.

At Richmond Station, I walked to the park,

Befriended and surrounded by deer,

I was headed towards the Thames Path,

It's magnificence enticing me near.

The Hairdressers

**The Gwen Stefani fan has her hair dyed Jean Harlow platinum blonde,
A Beyonce lookalike is a goddess with her curls,
Grey streaks on a 60 year old are now honey blonde,
She flirts with her stylist twitching her pearls.
Brunette lustrous locks captivate all around.
A redhead is a breathtaking vision with her beautiful bridal hair,
The Hairdressers is a hub of frenzied activity,
Tinted highlights heal a client distraught from an affair.
Witty conversations fill the hair salon,
With lavender hair, the artist seeks comfort from her unhappy life,
Women are transformed into their icons of beauty,
Herein lies the Hairdressers a spiritual haven from the modern world and it's strife.**

The Heist

Nine persons engaged in a heist,
All different unique individuals, living on the 'edge of life,'
Surviving on their wits, guile, cunning and criminal skills,
Ordinary 9-5 jobs do not suit them,
They love the danger of stealing from the rich and its incredible thrills.
Cartiers ? New Bond Street, London,
The latest priceless Diamonds jewellery collection on display,
A heist is meticulously planned over time,
Mission to strike in the next couple of weeks without delay.
Upon Cartiers, the group descends,
The day has arrived for the Cartiers raid,
All angles have been covered on this heist,
Everyone, providing for their expertise will be paid.
Cartiers is a hive of activity everywhere,
Jewels, gems and priceless assets seduce the eye,
Security cameras and systems ever so vigilant,
The Diamonds jewellery collection, heavily insured, the risk of theft very high.
Power breaks down in Cartiers,
Alarm systems sound as everyone panics and evacuates in a frantic state,
The heist gang execute their Diamonds raid to timed precision,
They exit in style from Cartiers before it is too late.
Cartiers has been robbed of its latest Diamonds collection,
No trace to any lead suspects has been found,
The Diamonds Heist has been successfully delivered,
The prosperous Heist gang, en-route for a glamorous life anywhere are bound.

The Hotel Bar

On the 26th floor of the hotel lies the bar,
Outside its windows the city lights and skyscrapers glisten from afar.
The beautiful chanteuse mesmerises all with her beautiful voice,
A birthday girl with the cocktails menu ponders over her choice.
Two business men shake their hands on a concluded deal,
A disillusioned office worker seeks comfort from redundancy and the chance to heal.
Lovers reunited carry on with their illicit affair,
A beautiful brunette goddess enters, all the men stop and stare.
The head barman races with extra speed to serve endless drinks,
His colleagues flirt outrageously with the rich socialite and her endless winks.
The rock band vacate the bar to go to bed,
Changing her mind, the blonde bombshell decides to have another bourbon instead.
An artist sits and contemplates life in the hotel bar,
The sights and sounds of London town outside the windows illuminate from afar.

The ISLE of Wight

A diamond shaped piece of heaven,
At Osborne House, Queen Victoria found her idyllic retreat,
Music legends past and present have graced the Isle of Wight Festival,
Walkers walk the annual Isle of Wight challenge, a test of endurance especially on your feet.
Behold the iconic beauty of the Needles,
Take an adventure down Blackgang and Shanklin Chine,
The Isle of Wight, a beautiful picturebook of experiences.
An island, beautiful, heavenly and divine.

The LIDO

**The cultural oasis within the community,
It's refreshing waters healing all from the stresses of life,
Young swimmers compete in the hope of future Olympic glory,
A housewife seeks solace and comfort from within it and her domestic strife,
Mothers bond in tender, loving first time aquatic sessions,
Old age pensioners reminisce about the Lido and the good 'ol days,'
Two lovers gaze passionately at each other from within its depths,
The loner swims in the early morning mist and sunlight rays.
The LIDO,
It has survived since time immemorial and through the blitz,
The community gathers to honour it with another anniversary,
Swimmers of all ages and backgrounds unite and celebrate in the glitz.**

The London Overground - Watford Junction to Euston

Watford scored a stunning victory at Vicarage Road,
En route to Euston, at Watford Junction I jumped on board the Over ground train,
The air was filled with jubilant Watford fans singing,
What an enjoyable journey it was to Headstone Lane.
Foreign exchange students entered at Kenton,
My carriage was alive with a variety of languages from the EU,
Some adolescent girls were an annoying presence at North Wembley,
With their foul language they turned the air blue.
Along we travelled to Harlesden,
A beggar went around asking for money,
Two pensioners shared a joke and were in hysterics,
At Kensal Green, a crying toddler had dropped her cuddly bunny.
Kilburn High Road, I reminisced about the Tricycle Theatre,
I had my first teen date there,
A young couple sat beside me at South Hampstead,
Deeply in love, he constantly stroked her hair.
The train pulled in at Euston,
My over-ground journey has come to an end,
I am off to enjoy a nice glass of wine,
I am celebrating Watford's victory with a fellow fan and friend.

The Metropolitan Line

Ramblers gather at Amersham, Chilterns bound,

The baby sleeps peacefully at Harrow-on the Hill, without a sound.

Beyoncé fans dance outside Wembley Park after a fantastic, spectacular show,

At Finchley Road, the homeless person shivers endlessly in the snow.

Adoring fans congregate at the Barbican to see Mr Cumberbatch on stage,

The jilted girlfriend at Liverpool Street manages to control her rage.

The train grinds to a sudden halt at Aldgate,

The American woman describes the Metropolitan Line as first rate.

The MOUSETRAP

**67 years old,
The brainchild of Agatha Christie,
Opened on the London stage in 1952,
A good old fashioned murder mystery.
A guest house manor,
A woman found dead,
The finger of suspicion turns on the guests,
Who really is the culprit instead?
A snowbound manor,
A killer will strike again.
A murder mystery unsolved,
Will the detective end the killer's reign?
The Mousetrap has survived the test of time,
Audiences flock to this theatrical delight hard to resist,
An unforgettable whodunnit,
Memorable in its plot with a twist.**

The National Theatre

Resplendent on London's South Bank,

The theatre mecca of the nation,

Sir Peter Hall and Laurence Olivier have graced it with their directorial talent,

Its stages lit by the greatest actors of their generation.

Dame Helen Mirren and Sophie Okonedo seduced and dazzled us as Cleopatra,

Daniel Day Lewis and Rory Kinnear played with our conscience as Hamlet, the Danish Prince,

The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night Time & War Horse were visual feasts for the eyes,

Jim Broadbent, in Theatre of Blood terrorised and made us wince.

The National Theatre has stood the test of time,

It continues to enchant, shock, entertain and enthrall,

In esteemed hands with HRH, The Duchess of Sussex as its patron,

The National Theatre is a treasured landmark for the nation and worldwide for all.

The Seaside

Rippling waves and a clear blue sea,
Donkey rides, Punch and Judy and afternoon tea,
Sandcastles, buckets, and spades & footprints in the sand,
Fortune tellers, Crazy golf, and Psalmists read your hand.
Rides on the Carousel, rollercoaster and ghost train,
The Victorian pavilion provides shelter from the rain.
Young couples walk along the pier happy and in love,
Seagulls fly majestically in the skies above.
People are open enjoying the open sea air,
An idyllic haven to seek peace when alone,
It's enjoyable with others or simply on your own.

The Signalman

The red, peach sky crowns the small Shropshire village,
A signalman stands forlornly by the railway track,
Haunted by a deadly apparition,
A beautiful bloody bride fell off a train onto her back.
Suspended in time since that tragic day,
Routinely guiding the trains without joy in his life,
Could he have saved her? He asks himself,
Over the years his nerves and emotions filled with strife.
The small Shropshire railway station,
Nothing much happens here,
A signalman lies in wait,
Wondering if the beautiful bloody bride will reappear.

The SPY

**M15 agent,
A life based on secrecy,
Acting in the nation's best interests,
Upholding all national decency.
A life ridden with secrets,
Caught up in a web of intrigue and lies,
Cold and distant at times,
No fixed abode or emotional ties**

The tale of Jane Eyre

Born plain,
A poor curate's daughter,
Sent to live at Gateshead with her maternal relatives,
Like a lamb led to the slaughter.

Suffering the indifference of a cold aunt,
Bullied by cousins who made her life a misery,
Sustained by the love of maid Bessie,
Lowood boarding school beckoned, her days at Gateshead were history.

At Lowood, she triumphed over the harsh conditions and religious codes,
Jane, academically and in every way shone throughout the school,
Typhoid claimed her beloved friend Helen Burns and the lives of many others,
She was firm and fair as a future teacher with every rule.

As a governess in the outside world she entered Thornfield Hall,
The days of Lowood School were firmly in the past,
Beneath the grandeur and beauty of Thornfield Hall was a well-kept secret,
Over Thornfield, its dark shadow was cast.

Enter Edward Fairfax Rochester,
The brooding, mysterious charismatic owner of Thornfield Hall,
Jane and Mr Rochester's deep friendship and relationship developed,
Captivating and surprising all.

What were the regular, mysterious deathly sounds of laughter in the attic?
Who was the enigmatic Grace Poole?
A fire was set ablaze in Mr Rochester's bedroom,
Something was amiss, for Jane was no fool.

A new rival emerged for Mr Rochester's affections,
Blanche Ingram, the beautiful Miss Ingram was the fairest in the land,
Jane's romantic hopes for Mr Rochester were dashed,

What would fate for Jane now have at hand?

**Jane and Mr Rochester's love triumphed over the odds,
The stars were aligned or so it would seem on their wedding day,
Disaster struck as the vows were exchanged,
Mr Rochester had another living wife, mad, she attacked all in her way.**

**Heartbroken and distraught,
Fate dealt Jane a cataclysmic blow,
Mr Rochester professed his passionate and intense love,
She departed from Thornfield, her spirits crushed to an all -time low.**

**Hungry and homeless,
To the wilderness, Jane would soon retreat,
Dazed and confused at the turn of events,
A kind stranger appeared at her feet.**

**Received warmly into the stranger's home, the family of St Rivers,
Love, goodwill and affection were bestowed upon Jane,
The St Rivers, she discovered were her own blood family,
Never would she be lonely again.**

**The stranger, St John Rivers fell for Jane,
Her grace, inner strength and dignity bore the qualities of a missionary wife,
He proposed a future abroad with him in India,
Rochester's voice spoke to her, and he was her eternal life.**

**To India and a missionary life alone travelled St John Rivers,
Jane returned to Rochester, the man she loved with all her heart,
Burnt to cinders and reduced to nothingness was Thornfield Hall.
A blind Mr Rochester was emotionally,torn apart.**

**Thornfield Hall had been destroyed by the late Mrs Rochester,
Insane, she destroyed Thornfield with her venom and hate,
Mr Rochester tried to save her and others as she committed suicide,
A life without vision was to become his own fate.**

Jane and Mr Rochester were reunited,
Would Jane's love for him as a blind man be as deep and devoted as before?
Tragedy and mixed fortunes brought them closer together,
Fate had happiness in the future for them in store.

Years later, Rochester and Jane were happily married,
Her late Uncle's fortune had given them a comfortable fresh start,
Rochester's sight had returned on the birth of their first born,
Nothing but death would ever drive them apart.

The Tower of London

The Tower of London,
Over 900 hundred years old,
William the Conqueror's beloved fortress,
Everlasting, magnificent, powerful & bold.
Royal crown jewels bedazzle in its walls.
On Tower Green, the axe fell many times on a treacherous head,
For ghosts have travelled frequently on the Tower's grounds,
Legend, says now the Bloody Tower's princes disappeared instead.
Onwards, the Yeoman warders go,
Now tales of the Tower entertain the crowds through their lips,
Dear sweet Ravens encircle the Tower,
On their wings lie the prison of big clips.
Never ending is the mystique of the Tower, so eternal is its power.

The Victoria Line

I got on the Victoria Line at Brixton,
Bedazzled by a Bowie tribute at the Ritzy,
I had a Bacardi Breezer hangover,
Through Pimlico to Warren Street I felt ditzzy.
I reached Highbury and Islington,
On board were jubilant, energetic Arsenal football fans,
They sang as the train travelled through North London,
Walthamstow Central, East London the train stops and finally lands.

The White Lady

In the old cottage desolate and forlorn,
She stands there a translucent vision in white,
The hills and breathtaking countryside around echo with her horrific cries,
An unforgettable white lady, beautiful, majestic and tall in height.
Every Xmas time she appears,
Thwarted in love, this tragic figure permeates the festive air in doom,
Villagers avoid the haunted old cottage,
With Xmas joy, their exuberant spirits resurrecting the December air from its gloom.
Beware of The White Lady,
For every Xmas, she appears a sad figure bereft of love,
A lost spirit seeking the beloved man who betrayed her,
She cries out to the heavens, her pleas for salvation from above.

THE WHO

British rock royalty,

John, Keith, Pete and Roger, the West London and North West London elite,

The WHO and THE WHO live, a magical unforgettable experience,

Once savoured, your dancing with incredible, unstoppable energy from your seat.

Born in the height of the Sixties,

THE WHO, saw the dawn of a British cultural revolution,

They mesmerized everyone with their incredible sound,

Over the years, THE WHO became an indomitable British institution.

John, 'Thunderfingers,' Entwistle, a maestro on the bass guitar,

Pete Townshend, brilliant guitarist and songwriter by far,

Keith Moon, legendary drummer extraordinaire, a virtuoso with every drumming beat,

Roger Daltry, an electric voice turning up the heat.

Scandals ensued,

Dramas played off backstage,

Drugs claimed the lives of Mr Moon and Mr Entwistle,

THE WHO, still carried on even better with maturity and age.

What now for THE WHO?

Only time will tell,

Their Moving On tour in 2019 continues to entertain the masses,

All of us continue to be under THE WHO's seductive presence and spell.

The Wind

The wind doth blows,
Trees and branches violently quake,
Waters in the river with great fury ripple,
The dog struggles to balance as with the wind he doth shake.
Nature struggles against the elements,
Debris and litter fly everywhere, a spectacle of windswept scenes,
Climatic chaos descends upon us,
Fragments remain of an old derelict building blown to smithereens.

Theatre

**Before the play begins,
All are gathered in the theatre bar,
Endless drinks, laughter and conversations flow,
The audience gathered from places near and internationally far.
The swish of the crimson curtain dazzles as it opens,
A stage is set alight with intense electrifying performances ever seen
An understudy is catapulted to overnight stardom,
She captivates all as Elizabeth I - the Virgin Queen.
The Garrick, Duke of York, Fortune and the Shaftesbury,
Theatre has brought us great joy over the years,
Inspiring us, entertaining us,
Encouraging us and helping us to confront our fears.**

TOMMY - A Tribute

**Traumatised by a childhood event,
He saw his father killed by his mother's lover,
Struck deaf, dumb and blind through this,
Healers and psychologists tried to cure him with his mother's money spent.
Bullied by Cousin Kevin and a victim of sadistic Uncle Ernie,
Life for Tommy was hopeless and a bottomless pit,
He discovered his genius talent for the pinball machine,
The Pinball king and wizard, everywhere he went, a celebrated hit.
Tommy became a millionaire,
His family and life blessed by his success,
Spiritually though he was at a loss,
A new awakening arose in Tommy through this material excess.
From Pinball wizard to new Messiah like God,
Tommy's devotees worshipped him at his feet,
Spiritual rivalry stirred up inside of them,
Their mission to take leadership and control from Tommy bringing about his defeat.
Violence and bloodshed erupted,
Tommy's mother and father were sadly slain,
Within this spiritual prison Tommy broke free,
Never would his life ever be the same.
Tommy, recovered and overcame the past,
Free to live a life of peace,
No longer the deaf, dumb, blind boy of old,
He revelled in the hope of his new life now and the blessings it bestowed upon him in its release.**

Travel

**The world is your oyster,
Round the globe lies a world of adventure,
A bucket list of amazing experiences,
Voyages to cherish and remember,
Enter the exciting world of travel,
Long distance journeys or short breaks waiting for you to unravel.**

VALENTINE'S DAY 14TH FEBRUARY

**Valentine's Day is here,
Cupid's arrows all around glow,
Flowers and chocolates sent to capture a woman's heart,
Couples celebrate their love over candlelit dinners in full flow.
Valentine's Day is an occasion for love,
An occasion not necessarily for romantic love between a woman and man,
Let's be kind and loving towards others,
Reach out to someone who needs love if you can.**

Vampire's Kiss

The sky was tinged with brilliant shades of orange and red.
Halloween, the priest was weary and anxious in his head.
The howling wind eerily echoed in his ear,
Speedily the priest rode on horseback to the ghosts that beckoned near.
The mansion stood forlornly in the bitter October air,
The thought of the exorcism, filled the priest with trepidation and despair.
Inside, he nervously entered the House of Death,
Pondering his fate with the demons, he took a deep breath.
Suddenly the beautiful goddess appeared adorned in white,
Auburn-haired, hazel eyed beauty illuminated by the subdued candlelight.
Seducing the priest passionately she held him in a warm embrace,
Helpless, he succumbed with desire on his face.
Her ivory sharp white teeth glistened; through his neck she took a delicious bite,
Delirious in her arms he struggled to fight.
In unity, they flew in the vibrant Halloween skies above,
A couple united in daring, demonic love.
Never before had the priest encountered such emotional bliss,
He was spellbound by a vampire temptress and her electrifying kiss.

Views from a Wembley Window!

**A bright Summer morning,
In the early morning I am still yawning,
From my window I see the squirrels bounce from tree to tree,
The wily Mr Fox runs in the distance along the underground track totally free.
The skies are blue,
Tinged with pink and white clouds, a beautiful hue.
Butterflies all around,
Birds singing in harmony an incredible lovely sound.
Flowers bloom before my eyes,
The robin so gracefully and majestically flies.**

VINCENT PRICE - Grandmaster of Horror A Tribute

Tall, sinister and charming,
Seductive and eerily unforgettable in voice,
Initially a B grade actor in Hollywood,
Elevated to the A list grandmaster of horror, a sheer twist of fate not choice.
He terrorised us in the House of Wax,
We were repulsed by him in The Fly,
Roger Corman sent shivers down our spine through his many faces of Vincent Price on screen,
Before Witchfinder General, Matthew Hopkins one never dared to lie.
He frightened us over the years with so many brilliant horrific performances,
Art collector, food writer, political liberal and the voice on Michael Jackson's Thriller,
achievements behind his illustrious name,
The world of horror experienced a great loss on his death,
With the absence of Vincent Price never will horror films ever be the same.

Wembley Landscape - Covid 19

Desolate and empty,
Forlorn and isolated, the streets of Wembley.
People at a distance two metres apart,
Outside under government guidelines, purpose fulfilled they depart.
The Wembley skyline and landscape so sad, has seen happier days,
The world is imprisoned in this Covid 19 haze.

Wine

**I love the taste of Black Tower wine with Brie and French bread,
Californian rose in summer adds a whimsical feeling to my head,
A glass of Merlot is perfect on a cold winter's night,
Chardonnay makes me feel so carefree and light,
There is nothing like Pinot Grigiot on a romantic first date,
Lambrusco has me entertained on nights out with my best mate.
When I broke up with my first boyfriend,
Classic Bordeaux relieved the pain,
With Chianti I vowed never to let a friend cheat me again.
A birthday with Soave makes it complete and ever so fun,
I'd love to relax with a glass of Chablis on a Pacific island in the sun.
There is a wine for everyone and on every occasion,
Let's crack open a bottle and join in the celebration.**

Winter Circular Walk KENSINGTON

Around the streets of Kensington I travelled,
On a circular route of nine miles I was challenged by this feat,
My first walk travelling solo without my ramblers club,
Bereft of their directions and presence to which I could retreat.
I walked the beautiful grounds of Kensington Gardens and its palace,
Princess Diana's memorial playground and fountain were a sight to behold,
Up to Hyde Park via Knightsbridge I walked invigorated by the fresh winter air,
Wellington Arch and Apsley House at Hyde Park, symbolic of great history of old.
The Serpentine's waters beckoned on my walk and its final stages,
I walked by the Albert Memorial as it glistened before my eye,
This nine mile Kensington Circular walk I completed,
Homeward bound I travelled elated with my spirits on a high.

Winter in Wembley

Grand Union Canal coated with ice,
Trees, desolate, naked and bare,
Wembley Stadium, crowned with a blizzard of snow,
Children playing and on sledge rides in the frosty winter air.
Commuters congregate in the deep freeze at Wembley Park Station,
The Jubilee line experiences endless delays,
Costas Coffee shop serves hot chocolate and marshmallows by the dozen,
This winter spell of bleak weather carries on for days.
Winter in Wembley,
Old Father Time's reign though will soon cease to exist,
Spring is waiting to re-appear,
Daffodils, snowdrops and warmer weather, wonderful pleasures one cannot resist.

Word Search

Word Search

Around the words my pen doth go,
The subject is Castles of England,
Warwick Castle appears backwards,
My mind stimulated as I am in full flow.
Kenilworth Castle reads diagonally on the left hand side,
This grid of knowledge fascinates before my eyes,
Windsor Castle, horizontally in front of me,
I am on this puzzle journey and enjoying the ride.

Xmas Robin

**Little Robin Redbreast,
Flying through the skies,
On a Christmas adventure of discovery,
His spirits lifted by delicious Xmas scents and mince pies.
He travels past York Minster and Canterbury Cathedral,
Xmas carols and happy voices are a melody to his ears,
Revelling in the beauty of illuminated Oxford Street with its Xmas lights,
He's amused by the drunken merry makers and their joyful cheers.
Little Robin Redbreast,
Singing merrily about his Xmas tales,
Flying throughout the festive season,
Next journey, a stopover at the chaotic Xmas sales.**