

Anthology of Rozina

Presented by

My poetic side 

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I Am Woman

Break the fear
Don't shed a tear
Get up and fight
Use all your might

Break the pain
Stand up again
Don't lose your stance
Glare them a glance

Break the cuff
Get even more tough
Put up your fist
Look through the mist

Break the ties
That bind the lies
Speak up, be true
To me and you

Why do this, why?
Why not just deny?
Because a woman am I
I Hold Up The Sky

The Bubble's Burst!

As the letters flow
Into the bubble
They form the words
That could cause trouble

Once words are uttered
They can't go back in
The bubble has burst
It's wall is thin

That word or sentence
Could make you smile
Could make you twirl
And preen in style

But much too often
They cause such hurt
They make you squirm
And feel like dirt

Let the bubble stay
Bit longer in the air
Maybe to rearrange
Better words to share

Missed The Boat

I missed the boat
Got to swim and float
Took just a minute to aid
A child and a maid

So will I get there
Seems so unfair
So near yet far
The sea's the bar

I want to see
The land of free
Feel earth and sand
With my own hand

I dream I hope
I know I'll cope
So new so clean
Everything so green

But my limbs are tired
Though my heart's so wired
One arm in front
One push one grunt

I'm slowing down
Head's a heavy crown
I think it's over
Not now not ever.....

Open Your Eyes

Open your eyes
Just look around
Life is abound
People need aid
Bills left unpaid
Children go hungry
Parents are angry
Do what you can
Help fellow Man

Open your mind
Let it roam wide
See the other side
Black, white or yellow
It's the same fellow
North, south, east, west
Think of the best
In every being
That you're not seeing

Open your heart
Let them come in
Tall, short, fat, thin
Man, woman, transgender
All from the Sender
This was His plan
Blood of all Man
A, B, AB, O
Go help them, go

Yin and Yang

Yin and Yang are neighbours
Across the street from me
Yin is very very pretty
Yang's as handsome as can be

Yin is short and slender
Yang's big and 6 foot 3
Yin loves to wear white dresses
Yang's suits are black ebony

They go to work each morning
On the dot at half past 8
Come rain or shine or blizzard
They are never ever late

Yin carries all their folders
Yang carries both their bags
They seem like clockwork soldiers
They both wear work name tags

I hear from neighbours' gossip
Their desks are side by side
He counts, she adds, correctly
Like the ebb and flow of tide

When both come home from work
Their steps are so in tune
They play and work together
Be it April, May or June

Now many moons have passed
I saw them, by the way
They had a bundle each

"Hi ,our twins are Night and Day!"

Serene

Serene

A beautiful word
Like a gliding swan
Such a graceful bird

Serene

A sea of calm
No swirls or waves
No signs of alarm

Serene

A sky so blue
Not a breath of wind
No moving clouds too

Serene

A field of green
Of grass and trees
A polished sheen

Serene

The stars and the moon
The darkening night
Sleep peacefully soon

The Novice Criminal

I want to write a novel
A thrilling medical crime
Doc killed so many patients
Getting better all the time!

But when he started off
As a green and helpless intern
He never meant to harm them
All he wanted was to learn

Then one very fateful day
A rude and noisy female
Screamed "Hey Doc, Whatcha doing
Hurry up, stop chasing your tail!"

He went to get her due jab
No one else was in the room
Her syringe was pure potassium
Her heart would go zoom, zoom!

When all was safely over
His head bowed and with a smile
He'd remember what to do
He'd note this in his file

And so began his journey
Hippocratic Oath his to bend
Until such time I decide
To bring this to The End!

Life Is So Crooked

Life is so crooked
With its ups and downs
To get to the end
You'll meet conmen and clowns

Life is so crooked
Almost every day
You meet man or woman
Who fell on the way

Life is so crooked
It's no big surprise
Many a creature
Is in a disguise

Life is so crooked
It's no wonder why
Every moment in time
You'll hear someone sigh

Life is so crooked
Could turn left or right
But **DON'T GIVE UP HOPE**
Life's light remains bright.

Baby Boomer Birth

I'm a baby boomer
Boom, boom, boom
Born in the 50's
In Mum and Dad's bedroom

Mum had a midwife
Who thought it was best
That in their bedroom
She should get more rest

She was the midwife
Not my mum at all
Told the groaning patient
When ready give a call

But mum had no time
To call for help or shout
I was just so ready
To do my own shoot out!

That uncanny midwife
Caught me by my knee
And swung me around
To stand up like a tree

And as I grew older
I tried to learn to ski
But kept on falling over
Had **Arthritis** in **That Knee!**

Well, many years have passed
I'm bed-bound in my room
This boomer's had to learn

How to blog and also zoom.

Pick Up The Pieces

Pick up the pieces
Put them together
They don't quite fit
It doesn't matter

The cracks will heal
But this takes time
Things often happen
For no reason or rhyme

Just like a jigsaw
Must keep on trying
You will get there
Even as you're crying

So my dear dear friend
DON'T EVER GIVE UP HOPE
For I'm very sure
You can and will soon cope

What Could Go Wrong?

The date's been set
Planned for so long
All's now in place
What could go wrong?

Could be a flood
From the river nearby
No one can get here
Even if they fly

Maybe a curfew
Is called by the state
How can we fight this
Would just be our fate

Or big power failure
All lines could be cut
Food goes to waste
Not into our gut

If the bride goes on strike
We'll be in deep s--t
When she can't get her shoes
To match her outfit

What could go wrong
You ask me again
Nothing is sure yet
Till it's over, AMEN!

Ageing

We are getting older
Our hair is turning greyer
We are shrinking down
Age spots turning brown

Today I feel so blue
A year older me and you
Backs hurt knees ache
Nothing that can make

Life turn right back
To that early track
Strong muscles, sturdy bones
Move without moans or groans

Where are my keys?
Oh, with the frozen peas!
Can't find my glasses
Fallen between the flowers

The mind is always willing
For running and rock climbing
But the body just won't listen
It's starting self demolition....

But let us age with grace
Let us leave a memorable trace
Get rid of all that pride
Grow old side by side

FEARS

Fear of crossing any road
I could become a flattened toad

Fear of walking on the bridge
I freeze like ice inside a fridge

Fear of getting in the pool
I turn into a drooling fool

Fear of flying in a plane
Not much safer on a train

Fear of walking on my own
I see shadows moan and groan

Safest place is in the home
Turn into the garden gnome!

Genes And Traits

Some are from parents
Others are not
Some we develop
Some we've already got

Those with perfect vision
May still be so blind
Very clever people
Can be really unkind

Now if I could be tall
Be fit and so pretty
An A1 parent with
A great personality

If I could be brave
And also be lucky
And enter my numbers
And win a huge lottery

If I could have these
And do a mix and match
I could evade that Covid
And any oncoming batch?

Sigh! We have what we have
Do the best that we can
I'll think of another
Great idea and plan....

Noisy Bird

I'll wring his neck!
That noisy bird
4 in the morning
It's so absurd

Right on the clock
So dark at 4
He makes his noise
My head's so sore

**"I'll wake them up
Those lazy birds
They scream at me
Such spiteful words"**

So scream he does
And calls his group
They all fly in
Support the troop

I wait till 5
They fly away
But noisy bird
Will always stay

I creep till near....
He's about to rest
I bellowed "YOU TWIT"
He fell off his nest!

I wrote this poem after reading Relic's A Bird Overhead and Robert Haigh's Insomnia. Not sure where Noisy Bird and his supporters will fly to next month but I don't think he goes to Europe or the US!

Do Birds Divorce?

I read today
That birds divorce
It's getting worse
For the albatross

The climate's changed
It's now a mess
Poor albatross
Life's so much stress

Poor albatross
The food chain's gone
He tried so hard
But his family's torn

The oceans are warmer
There's lack of food
Breeding is difficult
It's not looking good

When it's very hot
People do get angry
Birds too get mad
No more monogamy

So I must be kind
It's not too absurd
To think this happened
To my Noisy Bird?

Note: A study on more than 15,000 albatrosses (well known monogamous lifestyle) in the Falkland Islands noted that the divorce rate was higher in recent years when the ocean was warmer, highlighting the influence of global warming. (This led to stress as nutrient supply dropped, birds having to travel further to forage for food, breeding issues etc). New pairs were formed particularly at

the initiative mainly of FEMALES who find it easier to find a partner.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

Pardon, please speak up
What did you say?
My hearing's poor
Getting worse every day

Did you say "Good
She can't hear me swear!"
Oh you said Food
You've put it out there

What, you said "She looks Sad
And so very Old!"
Ah, you said milk's gone Bad
It's got lots of Mould

You don't have to shout
Right into my ear
Just speak a little louder
Move your lips dear

Oops that lady looks angry
She has a big frown
My voice is too loud?
Better keep my voice down

I'd better quickly arrange
To see ear Doctor Drew
And tell him my ears
Have in them superglue!

I was in BIG TROUBLE! I heard my husband say he wanted to DUMP his old shoes. So I sent the shoes and other stuff to the nearby charity shop. But apparently he had said he wanted to GUM the shoes as one had a loose sole. Luckily I was able to get his shoes back in time. I wish people wouldn't mumble.

To Rhyme Or Not To Rhyme

I have read so many poems
Since I joined My Poetic Side
It's been good fun and amazing
A great and joyous ride

There are many different styles
Written by old and newer members
I've put them in my files
And given them some numbers

My problem is MY poems
I HAVE to make them rhyme!
They seem so juvenile
And superficial every time

I tried to change my ways
Seemed to work for just 2 lines
Then back I went again
Rhyming 'kinds' with 'finds' or 'minds'!

I will always keep on trying
To do my level best
To show some depth and beauty
So there is now no time to rest.

I started writing poems during these Covid lockdowns. But my brain seems comfortable only in a direct simple rhyming way! MPS has shown me there is so much more. I think I'd be allowed by MPS to share my daughter's poem (a proud mum!) - she wrote it when she was 17 (13 years ago). She's busy working overseas but has given me permission to share it.

Art
the writer should not be forced
to write,
nor the poet

to rhyme.
the dancer must dance
of her own free will;
liberated,
rather than restricted.
the singer must sing
with her heart,
and the painter can paint
not darkness but colour;
not blackness but light.
the musician should not be bound
by the notes of his melody,
nor the sculptor
by his lifeless statue.
the observer must look
beyond the mere art,
to even get a glimpse
of the hidden meaning,
for does the lover not
love from within?

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Mind Your Thoughts

Suppose all your thoughts
Of people or things you see
Suddenly blare out in the air
To be heard by you and me

Would that passerby scream
"You lousy dirty old man!
Want to see me in my birthday suit?
I'll hit you with my pan!"

Or the policeman says
"STOP. Do not move from here
You're not driving anywhere
With that amount of beer!"

What if the boy screams
"Mum, that man called me a Bad Word
You said you'd spank me if I did
Spank that man with the beard!"

What if 2 world presidents
Spoke nice words in front of the news
But as they spoke, their thoughts blared out
"That idiot always has an excuse!"

Better hope this doesn't happen
In the near or far away future
Chaos and world wars will triple
And lots of folk will need a suture!

I read the poems *The Right Word* by Accidental Poet, *My silence is my undoing* by NafisaSB, *Deep in Thought* by fallenAngel, *Regrets. Words not uttered*. It got me thinking, overthinking (a disease - by Spilleronsheet). If our minds are read and our thoughts are heard, done by machines in the future, how frightening it will be.

The Michelin Baby

I had a beautiful Michelin baby
Like the tyre she was heavy
She was round just like a balloon
Or a bright and very full moon

But when she grew into a teen
She became excruciatingly lean
Many causes affected her mind
But early on I was still blind

She became a severe anorexic
For us all it was really tragic
I had to hide my river of tears
Climbed many mountains of fears

Many years of broken bones
Daily meds amid her groans
Always, food hardly ever eaten
Skinny body so painfully hidden

Light at end of tunnel, I'd say
It's from oncoming train, she'd pray
1 step forward, 2 steps back
Stay strong now, get back on track

It has been a long hard ride
I was always there by her side
Counselling, praying, screaming, crying
Never ever gave up trying

Never ever gave up on her
Beautiful, brave, hardworking daughter
Scientist now, musician, writing poetry

We're Grateful, Happy, my 'baby' and me.

Many years ago Karen Carpenter died of anorexia nervosa. Much more is known now about this condition. My daughter agreed to let me share a little of our challenging journey to overcome this eating disorder. I am so proud of her. Our message is Never Give Up Hope.

The Moon and The Lamppost

The moon said to the lamppost

"It's 6 in the morning

I'll soon be a ghost

My act of disappearing

It's been a quiet night

No wind no rain

I looked so bright

Not at all a plain Jane

What about you

Any problems at all

Did you shine through

Was it a good call?"

'Sigh! Such a long night

I was off, on, off, on

Seemed no end in sight

Till they called Mr. John

He fixed a loose wire

That a bird had pulled out

She needed to acquire

For her nest to be stout

But that woman next door

Started shouting at me

"Stop blinking stupid lamp!"

Shouts at birds too. She's crazy!"

Miss Moon how lucky you are

You have bright natural beauty

You and your friend Miss Star

But I'm always at Man's mercy

Well, I leave on the dot at 7

Will see you again soon

Switching off will be heaven

Goodbye friend, Miss Moon.'

I went to get the newspaper early in the morning and saw this 'conversation scene'. I took it with my old iphone5 camera.

SPLIT

It's so heavy
How to lift?
So much to remove
After our rift

That's MY piano
Oops I forgot, that's yours
I'm leaving behind
The plastic figure of Jaws

Hey why 4 forks
But only 3 spoons?
Who took that 1?
Your friends those Goons?

Beatles' is yours
Bee Gees' is mine
What's happened dear?
We were so fine

Ugh! Too much to take
From every room
We won't part today
But we'll meet by Zoom!

I just read of a local (very rich) well known couple going through a divorce. Plenty of media attention on who gets what. It got me thinking about normal couples going through this....

Hop On Hop Off

Hop on hop off
Come one come all
Hop on the bus
Let's roll the ball

First stop is SHOPS
Ladies get down
I'll drive your men
To pubs downtown

You're hungry now?
It's time for food
Try out that pub
Their grub's real good

Eat all you can
Good Yorkshire pudding
Forget waistlines
Today no slimming

The next due stop
Is a famous park
Soak in the beauty
It's not yet dark

You hear those chimes?
That's our Big Ben
He's been repaired
Looks better since then

Last stop but one
Thames sunset cruise
The water's calm

But watch your booze

The end has come

You get off here

Good night to you

Tomorrow again dear?

I read Teddy's London and earlier The Bus Ride by Buddy Roszy. As a tourist in London, I love walking or going on the bus to explore the city. But the first time I went with my family (16 of us), we saw and heard very little as we'd all fallen asleep on the upper deck after a long flight, the time difference, cool spring breeze and the droning voice of the tour guide!

The Gift Of Life

"I INSIST" the mother said
"You must give him my kidney
My only child, my love
He's been on a terrible journey"

Her son had kidney failure
On dialysis for many years
No one else matched him
One of our greatest fears

SHE herself was at great risk
To get diabetes and worse
But she couldn't bear his misery
She'd plead with doctor and nurse

After months of careful testing
By dozens and dozens of teams
Transplant was done on a Monday
It fulfilled all of our dreams

And when the gas wore off
They woke up with a glow
As soon as we allowed them
They were up and ready to go

They've had wonderful years
Reminds me of great or bad sex
Things can go right or wrong
It's that elusive factor X!

Kidney transplants (and other organ transplants) are still few and far between in my country for lack of donors and other reasons. Living related kidney donors like this mother have to be screened rigorously before they are accepted as donors. They should not themselves get complications after donating. This lady was at high risk of getting diabetes and kidney disease herself. Fortunately she

did not.

My colleagues and I call the unknown factor the X factor, which can defy proven scientific evidence.

'Keeping Up' With The Joneses

I day clean for the Joneses
They have a big penthouse
The mistress would fall ill
If she saw a tiny mouse

They have a huge swim pool
Outside their many rooms
Their windows will seal off
If a howling typhoon looms

A butler will appear
When Master presses the bell
The butler has to look for
His toupee and hair gel

Their children's shoes and boots
Are made in Paris France
And as I cleaned their rooms
I went into a trance

I imagined MY penthouse
Up higher than their floor
It's bigger than the Joneses
With a massive strong red door

And right up on the rooftop
Pad's for my copter to land
To bring right to my red door
My most favourite band

My fancy yacht is berthed
At the dock far down below
My special elevator

Is fast and never slow

A girl does my manicure

The other does my toes

A masseur does my back

Till my rounded body glows

"Wake up wake up Miss R

Your bus is now right here

Driver said he'll wait 5 minutes

You start at the penthouse dear."

I just read about the lengths some families would go to, to keep up with the Joneses (in my country it would be the Wongs, Alis or Muthus). They end up in debt and distress. I imagined what it would be like.....No thanks!

If MPS Poets Met.....

If MPS poets met
Face to face in 1 big place
Would all be spouting poetry?
Or do so case by case?

Poet **T.15** rushed in late
With a ciao and hugs all round
She'd followed brown eyed hero
Through Italy, town by town

k the np was coming too
The men were up and aglow
Would she wear leathers with whip?
No! Dragging all 3 kids in tow

j56 brought cat, dog, chicken
R asked how to rhyme this 'group'
Many UK poets suggested
Why not end with Boris's poop!?

PB had us all laughing
And falling off our seats
FS, L.B.M, AP, N
Enthralled us with their treats

AS did an acrostic
We all had to make a guess
What the next line would be
We all made such a mess

We tried out some limericks
Just like **ME** often did
Some took only minutes

Others said 'heaven forbid'

yr, BB, Gf60 came

fA1, da, D and **DD** too

wh and **RH** could not be with us

NH, sos, RL, K quite new

They all read out their poems

Many of love, some erotic

Some so funny, some heartbreaking

Of any and every topic

Such superb inspiring poets

Expressive, uplifting too

Some wrote on daily basis

Some were still very new

I think it would be great fun

For MPS poets to meet

We'd change the world OUR way

Our words could kill that Covid.

I am so glad I joined the MPS site. I enjoy reading the poems and learning about people, cultures, places, seasons etc. Although we are from everywhere, our fears and sorrows, our hopes and dreams are the same.

My apologies to MPS poets for using initials, to those mentioned or not mentioned. It's that stubborn bit of my brain that tries to fit it all - the rhyming lobe.

Of Patients And Patience

I used to see my patients
In a very busy clinic
Some were so demanding
Those days were not a picnic

One man would always ask me
Is vitamin A good for you?
He'd go through B to Zinc
Till his lips and mine turned blue

Another lady would tell me
Her history from premature birth
She'd tell of her first world tour
In the skies and down on earth

I used to have the patience
Of someone they called Job
But as I grew more grumpy
I'd try to do a swap

If patient A was coming
My doctor friend I'd call
He'd check A out for me
While I hid behind the wall!

But now that I'm retired
I really miss my patients
I'll write of them, their doctors
Calling it Trials and Tribulations.

I did try to stick to the Hippocratic Oath. But some days when it got a bit too much, I took a little break, just a little.....

Online

They are all online today
It was so busy this morning
I just could not get through
There was no early warning

Some on international calls
Many domestic ones too
Chinese New Year's coming soon
We're calling UK to Timbuktu

"Hello there Mum and Dad
Sorry it's so noisy here
Long line waiting their turn
To speak to their family dear

Can't go back this year
Borders are closed to birds
We could try to sneak across
But drones are hearing our words

No vaccines yet for us
Some friends got Covid too
Vaccines are given to other animals
Who are cramped in pens so few

Luckily we keep our distance
Except when we're online
Bye Mum and Dad, love you
The queue is starting to whine."

I saw this scene this morning near my house (the picture is not so clear with my old iphone camera; I can't get it the right way up when I transfer from my pc to this site - not sure why.)

(Interstate regulations are now allowing families to cross borders to have a Chinese New Year

reunion celebration this year).

Fat Cat

The neighbour has a fat cat
He's always on our wall
"Good morning" I said
His name is Big Warhol

He looks down at me
With disbelief in his eyes
**"It's raining cats and dogs
Not a good morning. She lies!"**

"Caught any mice lately?"
I asked the lazy fat cat
**"Is she blind or what?
There's not a single rat!"**

**"I've cleared my house and hers
Can she not see they've gone?
I've put on so much weight
Been munching since the dawn."**

"See you later Wally" I said
As I went back inside
**"Thank goodness she's gone
Leave me in peace"** he sighed

**"What a silly woman
Warhol is my name
She calls me what? Wally?
Shame on her, shame!"**

I read Black and White Cat by AuburnScribbler. My neighbours have a lovely cat. He loves sunbathing on top of the wall. He seems to look at me with disdain as I sweep outside my house every day.

The Street Sweeper

He comes from foreign lands
To make his fortune here
But little did he know
He had much more to fear

From men that he believed
Would help him on his way
They took all that he owned
No money or place to stay

A kind Samaritan
Found him in tears one day
Called all the friends he knew
For jobs that they would pay

And now he sweeps the streets
Every day around our place
His head is held up high
A smile upon his face

It's Chinese New Year time
He wears a bright new jacket
All the residents here
Give him a full red packet

I see him as I walk
For my papers up the street
We smile and wave together
"Good morning" we both greet.

Foreign workers were tricked by unscrupulous men when they left their homes and families to earn a better income in other countries including here. Our street sweeper was lucky to have met a kind gentleman who was able to help him. Others are not so fortunate.

How Do They Do It?

How do they do it?
Those authors so fine
Writing their crime stories
Line after line

From start to the end
Their writings so great
Yet I have been slogging
From '01 to '18

I tried isolation
It didn't work out
All I wanted to do
Was to get out and shout

I tried with some music
Soft in the background
But it made me dance
Around and around

Coffee didn't work
And neither did tea
I've never tried this
But how about Hennessy?

If alone on an island
I might start my blockbuster
But I could go loony
Yes, faster and faster

Oh well, I'll give it a rest
And restart tomorrow
Now on with the TV

The MasterChef series I follow.

My dream is to write a medical whodunnit. A blockbuster, a page turner, a 'cannot put down book until the last page is read'. This is my dream.....

Mirror Mirror On The Wall

Mirror mirror on the wall
Who in town is prettiest of all
"Not you" said mirror instantly
"Prettiest of course is Mrs B"

Mrs B is Mrs Beasley
I think letter 'l' should be letter 't'
She is now my greatest foe
I would love for her to go

She complained to all and sundry
Said my guitar playing is lousy
Said my voice is screeching high
Made her head ache, my oh my

I tried to sing at a lower alto
But I sound much better as soprano
I must admit, to hit a high note
I do sound like a bleating goat

She next complained about my curry
Said it smelled so very smelly
Oops, what fell in was old anchovy
As I was busy with my poetry

Then said I was beastly to her cat
Fat Cat Wally on my wall he sat
Though he looks at me with disdain
I always greet him, again and again

Now I have just had my hair done
"Lovely mum" said my favourite son
Mirror if you now fill me with gloom

I'll banish you to the back store room!

I read in a magazine that when women look into a mirror, they will inevitably find something wrong with their image; whereas men looking at themselves will think 'hmm not bad at all'.

My neighbour is a lovely lady but my cooking, guitar playing and singing leave much to be desired.

A Garden Of Joy

I used to be a wild place
My mistress, she soon tamed me
She mowed, she dug, she trimmed
And soon I was a beauty

She found rose plants in a corner
And lilies near the edge
She planted scented jasmine
All round my garden hedge

Next came the herbs and veggies
They grew up happily
One day she bought and planted
A most lovely lemon tree

Birds and bees love to visit
They build nests and also a hive
Butterflies flutter near my flowers
It's so wonderful to be alive

She clears my weeds and pests
Singing softly out of tune
I see her grimace with pain
I fear she'll slow down soon

In the evenings, sitting out
A book and tea beside
She'd read and write and smile
And look at me with pride

We both of us are ageing
With our flowers, plants and trees
The joy we've brought each other

Are unforgettable memories.

This is a snapshot of a corner of my garden with orchids and tropical flowers.

I was inspired to write about my garden after reading a short story about a garden in today's papers.

Limerick Attempts

There was a young woman from Doon
Sang loudly but never in tune
The neighbours got mad
They beat up her dad
She's now solo act on the moon.

* * * * *

There was a young man named Boris
Who fell so in love with a Doris
They sold so much weed
The bobbies took heed
They fled far and fast in their Morris.

* * * * *

I enjoyed the limericks put up by Michael Edwards and other MPS poets. Trying out a couple here.
(Apologies for the juvenile drawing!)

Doctor Google

Doctor Google knows it all
He is having such a ball
Every Tom and Dick and Harry
Jane and May and Wong and Mary

Round the world both day and night
Ask him about anything in sight
Birds and castles, medicines too
Metals, sonnets, Timbuktu

Doc is working night and day
I am curious about his pay
Mrs. Google's getting mad
Can't afford the latest fad

"Don't tell" she said in an angry burst
When someone asked how to come in first
In a school test with other mums
"They should try out their own sums"

"Darling please leave me alone"
Doc Google said it with a moan
Turned his back on wifey dear
Questions queued up half a year!

* * * * *

I use google often to get information. Double check with other sites for specific data. The translation function of Google can be misleading though.

A Sonnet Attempt

The English Rose

The English Rose is known to all
Her loveliness and gentle grace
She sits in splendour to enthrall
Her skin so soft her scent a trace

In gardens here and far beyond
The English Rose looks like a queen
The rose, the land, they have a bond
She grows so fair and so serene

The lad in love he drifts on by
He looks with longing at the Rose
He holds his own and gives a sigh
This beauty with her many beaus

Ah Rose dear Rose you're so divine
I dream and wish that you are mine.

* * * * *

I googled sonnets after reading the beautiful poems by Robert and Teddy. I am trying to write different types of poems by reading those by MPS poets.

A Senryu Attempt

She read to her son.
Now a famed Oxford linguist
His students worldwide

* * * * *

3 days to write 3 lines! I knew the shortest poems would be the most difficult to write. I think I'll go back to my simple rhyming ones.

Sleep?

Sleeping's important
That's what they say
At least 8 hours
Or else you'll pay

Head will feel heavy
Eyes look so dim
You'll end up flabby
Instead of so trim

Sleep I must get
Need to have some
Noisy Bird's in transit
At 4 he will come

I'll count the sheep
Passing through the gate
Oh no still counting
It's 800 and 8!

Tossing this way
Look up at the ceiling
I'm going to give up
Go back to my reading

'Once upon a time
This very handsome prinz
Met a beautif.....'
Hello? Hello? zzzzzzzzzzz

* * * * *

NB: 'Prinz' is a German title that translates into English as 'prince'.

Insomnia is common especially as we age. I have tried many remedies without much success yet.

BLOOD

A, B, O, AB

8 billion share these blood groups

All are coloured red

* * * * *

In which century will bigotry end? Is it just a dream theme to be written about in a science fiction novel?

If you need blood, do you ask what race or religion the donor belongs to?

Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

From crazy to norm
So fast to transform
In the blink of an eye
Before you can say Hi

You would never guess
Seconds ago he was a mess
Eyes bloodshot red
Hair upright on head

Now a picture of calm
No sign of alarm
No warning to give
It's safe to believe

Transformation's complete
No fear of deceit
Till the day turns to night
Then again what a sight!

* * * * *

I read a crime story about a man whose behaviour transformed every night after he binged on alcohol. He was mild mannered during the day at work. Based on Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde.

My Mum

Her Strength was known to one and all
Though 5 feet nil she seemed so tall
Family, friends, we heard with awe
Her life, her love, from years before

Still in her teens our Dad she married
The couple had their first born kid
The daughter died, cot death, so sad
Their grief so raw, my Mum and Dad

Years passed they had a lovely girl
Rohani was their pretty pearl
But at age 5 killed by a car
Mum had reversed, thought she was far

And still she stood took care of us
Dad by her side her rocklike bus
Was it over, all her tragic strife?
Rozita 10, polio took her life

When Dad passed on some later years
Mum grieved all day and night with tears
Again she pulled herself up strong
5 children left to care for long

Mum passed away a few years back
We all were there, a day so black
Mum, hero to my siblings and me
I love you Mum eternally.

From Rozina (Ina to Mum)

* * * * *

For International Women's Day, I wanted to put up some words about a woman I admired and loved, my Mum. She was amazingly strong, picking herself up after losing 3 daughters and Dad. She looked after us with so much love. We were all beside her when she passed away peacefully a few years ago.

Above is a picture of my Mum aged 90 a few months before she passed away. On the table beside her is her photo when she was young.

Down Under

Just got back from way Down Under
Went to see my much missed daughter
Not seen her over 2 long years
Hugged her tight, shed happy tears

Spent our weeks catching up with life
Time had passed with so much strife
Also went on an eating spree!
Drank many cups of their great coffee

She'd moved house since I last saw her
Place with a garden, oh so dear!
Heard the birds call early morning
Got up quick to go exploring

Not much shopping this time round
Covid lessons still abound
No more need for clothes or shoes
Knew the score, the don'ts and dos

Being together was such a treat
But life is always bittersweet
Tinged with sadness for northern shores
Families broken by dreadful wars

Held her close when saying goodbye
When will life be normal? Sigh....
Will be back but who knows when
Keep in touch please, now till then.

* * * * *

Hello, I just got back from a wonderful holiday. Been cleaning up the house and garden and now I need another holiday!

Will try and catch up with some of the lovely poems I would have missed.

Rozina

A Free Flow Attempt

The brook meanders along
Its bed of sand and leaves and stones
Sunlight glimpsed through a canopy of leaves
Dazzled the brook
Sparkling diamonds in its path.
A bird swoops down.
A treasure for her nest?
No, it's just a stone, the bird flies back to her tree
The brook meanders on.....

* * * * *

My first free verse poem attempt. Rhyming style is easier for me! Will keep on trying various forms of poetry that I am learning about.

Henry VIII and Senryu

"Anne can't bear me sons.
I'll try Jane. Trump up crimes NOW.
Off with Anne's head FAST!"

* * * * *

I was reading about Henry the 8th and suddenly wondered whether he used 5/7/5 lines. Trying this out for a second time inspired by Teddy's recent senryu.

Fast And Furious

Fast and furious
It was funny to see
They whizzed around
Like bees getting honey

"Today's local produce
Cook comfort food
Win the immunity pin
If your dish is good"

A cooked with duck
B used the beef
C threw in celery
From stalk to leaf

D cut his finger
Called up the medic
"Oh hurry please hurry
I'm getting frantic"

"1 minute left"
Said the loud chief judge
"Oh no!" E screamed
"My egg won't budge!"

"Push it pull it"
Shouted friends up there
"He must move this
Be careful take care"

Last second it popped
Out of the pot

Right onto his plate

Right on the dot.

* * * * *

I like watching Masterchef, Great British Bake off and other cooking contests. Unfortunately even after all this, I'm a lousy cook but I can do eggs.

Coffee

Aaah, follow the aroma
Is it Arabica?
Woke me from my sleep
Was in pretty deep

Breathing in the smell
Good coffee I can tell
The very first few sips
Oh heaven on my lips!

Coffee black and strong
Whether short or long
Tastes so heavenly
Unlike gin or whiskey (?)

Gives me such a jolt
Speed like Usain Bolt
Ready to go running
Jumping, climbing, anything!

* * * * *

I was inspired by reading Teddy's Full Of Beans. My first cup of coffee today jolted me awake and I whizzed through these lines!

A point of interest - a recent large study reported that 2 to 3 cups of coffee a day (brewed, instant and to a lesser extent decaffeinated) has shown those drinkers to have a lower risk of heart disease.

Gossiping

Did you hear about Sammy?
She is having an affair
Jane whispered to Mrs Kay
While they were doing up their hair

Psst, Lee, you hear about Tammy?
She is having an affair
Kay had heard the S as T
Kay's condition is not rare!

Lee asked Rose, heard about Tracy?
Something's awful with her hair
And she has to shave all bald
That's a terrible nightmare

Rose told Anne, LATEST on Macy
She is working as au pair
Think her family's sold it all
Every table, every chair

Anne passed to May, NEWS on Mandy
She's had work done on her pair!
Implants, plastic surgery too
Unreal looking, I declare!

* * * * *

I was reminded of a game we played as kids, 'pass the message', and how hilariously distorted the message was when spoken out by the last person in the line.

Well, gossiping can be dangerous and poisonous as the story can get muddled and embellished along the way, creating anger and confusion. These days there is so much fake news too. I just shut my ears to a neighbour's gossip this morning, hence this piece!

Apparently, men can gossip more than women (read in a women's magazine)!,

Flights Of Fancy

I dreamt I was an Eagle
Flying proudly in the sky
I won the competition
As the bird that reached so high

I dreamt I was a Parrot
Who mimics people best
Won a trophy of a seed bag
In a talking bird contest

I dreamt I was a white Dove
Leading a massive flock of birds
We carried flags and banners
Sharing love and peaceful words

I dreamt I was a Sparrow
Bringing smiles to one and all
No matter what I did eat
I could never grow so tall

I dreamt I was a large Crow
Feathers glossy ebony black
Why do many dislike me?
I have such high intellect

I dreamt I was a barn Owl
A wise and clever soul
She woke me "Stop your dreaming
Get to office, reach your goal".

* * * * *

I put this up with some trepidation because again it's just a very simple rhyming poem. Learning and

enjoying writing poems in my (over!) mid 60's during the Covid lockdowns has led me along this path of poetry writing.

MPS poets put up fabulous poems. I have read beautiful ones with images so vivid, funny poems which made me laugh, sad ones which tug at heartstrings, erotic ones (phew!), uncomprehending ones (I send them to my daughter who explains them to me!). So many clever, elegant, thought provoking poems.

But above all, the friendship and encouragement from poets here has motivated me to try and write various styles. And inspired me to write on different subjects (today's poem was inspired by Spill's Dreams). But still I come back to very simple lines that rhyme!

I think maybe the years of talking to patients with explanations that they can really understand has moulded my writing. Will keep trying to improve.

The Stethoscope

The stethoscope connects
My brain right to his heart
It brings the beats of pain
From him right from the start

I hear his thumps of fear
But did that travel through?
No, not along the rubber
It's from his pores and grew

His worry for his health
Had been a long long while
But did he go for help?
No, that's not the macho style

"I have good news dear sir
No sign of sickness found"
A thunderous shout of joy
Rushed out without a sound.....

* * * * *

Read Teddy's hilarious poem. Got me thinking about anyone going to see a doctor.

I have found that men, in general, tend to 'disregard' many symptoms and often appear late to see a doctor. They worry but they fear.....

SORRY!

Dear Teddy and Paul,

Hope you both don't get mad with me for these limericks! I added one for myself too. I just couldn't think of anything to write but suddenly thought of some limericks of various friends including those on this site, friends who would laugh.

There is a young lady named Teddy
Teddy so loves cooking spaghetti
She cooks through the night
Her husband took fright
From far he shouted Arrivederci!

There is an Englishman named Paul B
Whose poetry can be very funny
Day and night he wrote ten
Then he went round the bend
He now SINGS his poems with Teddy!

There is a woman named Rozina
Who comes from the country Malaysia
She's old but still cheeky
She could be a monkey
You'll find her in Zoo Australia!

Hairdo

I just had my hair done
It's actually quite fun
To sit in the chair
While he 'plays' with my hair

"What style for you my dear?"
"Make me look like Jennifer"
"Jenny Lopez do you mean?"
"Yes please, that beauty queen."

He worked many hours
I did smell like flowers
Then my whole body shook
'Cos I looked like a CROOK!

He gave me a fright
So he worked through the night
And now I'm very happy
'Cos I look just like ME!

* * * * *

I wanted a makeover for Mother's Day including a new hairdo. I brought the magazine with the hairstyle I wanted (Jennifer Lopez's) to my hairdresser. But it was not to be.....

Thunder and Lightning

Oh oh, here it comes
Spectacular lightning and thunder
I'm safe behind a window
Looking and listening in wonder

Staring through the glass
At the tumult going on outside
Waiting for the storm to end
And then I will decide

To rake up fallen leaves
Or sweep along the drain
Or cut off broken branches
Tomorrow same again

I'd rather take a walk
Along the swollen river
The water rushes by
Its colour polished silver

But the weatherman has said
This pattern will go on
For 1 or 2 more weeks
And then it will be gone

So welcome rain and thunder
As all of us now know
Your power's getting weaker
And soon you'll have to go.

* * * * *

This spectacular photo was taken by my friend Joyce Lai (her IG: jlai_lens) who has kindly shared it

with me for my poem. I tried to take a photo of lightning but failed many times. Malaysia has one of the highest number of lightning strikes in the world causing 132 deaths over a 10 year period up to August 2019. Lake Maracaibo (Venezuela) is the lightning capital of the world.

The latest weather forecast for Malaysia predicts a spell of very hot weather coming, lasting until September. Climate change is a probable factor.

Imagine without 'F'

Imagine without 'F'
Guitar made easy
Taught by a Jeff
For one who is lazy

To master a hard chord
To learn all there is
Across the whole board
It's so easy to miss

There are many hard ones
My fingers have stretched
I did try my best
My guitar's now all scratched

My tune's not quite right
The voice now not strong
Since family's all gone out
I'll play loud and long!

I'll get there some day
As sure as can be
Will be able to play
Beatles' great Let It Be.

* * * * *

I am learning the guitar from online sources. Some chords are easy, some are b----y difficult! I found a piece, the Beatles' Imagine which didn't require the F chord. But I know I'll have to master this chord and other more difficult ones. Will get there some day.

The Mouse In The House

The mouse in the house
He's very smart
We can't catch him
From the very start

When I first saw him
I became like jelly
My whole body shook
I felt so wobbly

He ate the cheese
We put in the trap
With grateful thanks
He dropped his crap!

We put good stew
Used Aussie beef
But still we couldn't
Catch that sneaky thief

Maybe we should
Switch to a sticky pad
That might make him
Really super mad

I hope the food
Will trap that 'rat'
If not he'll become
Too big for the cat!

* * * * *

Eeek! I saw a mouse running behind the TV cupboard recently. But so far have not been able to get

him. Maybe I should borrow the neighbour's Fat Cat Wally. But Wally's got such a disdainful supercilious look.

Chugging Along

Chug, chug, chug
I sit by the window
In awe of the sight
Above me and below

The sky's so blue
Not a bird in sight
The fields are green
With flashes of bright

Flowers in red
And white and yellow
What's that in the air?
Oh the arm of a scarecrow

It seems to wave
As the train chugs past
Then a drop of rain
I hope it won't last

The drops fall quickly
The sky's gone all grey
A breeze coming in
The weather of May

Ah the sun's peeping out
I see birds high above
What's that noise I now hear?
"Your ticket please, love".

* * * * *

I remember many years back as a student I had to spend a few days in a small rural hospital as part

of my training. I went by train.

There have been some poems about trains by MPS poets lately and I recall my own brief experience.

The Last Words

As I lay on the bed
Thoughts swirl in my head
"Pressure falling" Nurse read
But so many things still unsaid

Forgive me for hurting you
For not being grateful too
The times I made you blue
Screaming words that are taboo

But love was there all along
Even as I did so much wrong
And now you have to be strong
As I go to where I belong

Speak words that are always kind
They'll seep into the hearts and minds
Of our loved ones left behind
And of us they will remind

On this bed to me it occurred
That these words I uttered
These words of mine you heard
May well be The Last Word.

* * * * *

An elderly relative is gravely ill in hospital. His spouse was seated beside holding his hand and whispering softly to him. Their daughter told me her mum has been by her dad's side since admission 2 weeks previously and the doctor had just said it would now be a matter of hours.

But death can strike any time, even crossing the street, at school, no warning at all. How can we predict that morning we leave for work is the last moment we see our loved ones? The last moment we say or hear the last words?

MPS friends, This is my last poem posting. I have really enjoyed reading and sharing poems since I

joined on 28th October 2021. Many of you are so inspiring and encouraging and give poets a reason to continue on this poetry journey. But now I plan to spend more time practising my drawing, guitar, learn new languages, read and garden more, travel and spend more time with my family.

So long, farewell, auf wiedersehen, goodbye and to Teddy, Arriverdecì.