

Anthology of Lynn Partridge



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

This book of poetry is dedicated to my very dear friend Michelle, without whose support and encouragement I would never have dreamed of being published. Thank you Michelle

Acknowledgement

Michelle Townsend for her all her support and encouragement.

About the author

I am a retired ex teacher/lecturer. I spent 36 years in education as a primary school teacher (21 years) and as a lecturer in FE (15 years). I am a pianist, but since retiring have taken up learning to play the electronic organ. I am also redoing all my Music Theory exams. I am currently studying for my Grade 7 Theory of Music, having passed Grades 1 to 4 and 6 with Distinction and Grade 5 with Merit. Since retiring I have also learnt to play snooker - a sport I love almost as much as football. I support my local premier league team and am an avid fan of Women's football. I enjoy tracing Family History and am in the process of compiling my Family Tree. I live with at home with my cat Molly who is 19 years old this year. She is a rescue cat and I have had her since she was 10 months old.

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A Country Walk

The quiet countryside
Gives peace of mind.
The lonely country lanes
Give solitude.
The smell of country air
Calms my restless soul,
And all within is still.
I am at peace with myself and the world.
I feel refreshed,
Happy again, no longer depressed.
Everything seems wonderful;
The miracles of nature thrill me once more,
I am content.
The country experience I longed for
Has relieved the pressures of life.

But, back in the town:
The hustle and bustle,
Traffic zooming to and fro;
People hurry ? no time for anything.
Now again I am restless,
My mind once more confused,
Caught up in the system,
The pressures of life bearing down.
So ends the country experience.

A Way Will Be Found

My friend has written a book.
Initially, she struggled with a 'hook'.
Two sample chapters are ready to roll,
Getting the book published being the goal.
An inspirational memoir, it has to be said,
And a 'must be read'.
Adversity can be overcome
By the mind, and then by some.
'A way will be found'
May cost you more than a pound;
But worth every penny,
To so many
Struggling to alter their perspective,
In order to become more effective
In life, and create powerful change.
To some this may seem strange,
But have 'trust, faith and belief'
For this strangeness to be oh so brief.
An inspirational memoir from beginning to end,
And a book I would, indeed, highly recommend.

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Advice?

I'm sitting on the outside, looking in ?
I was once like you.
It seems so long ago now, and yet it's not.
Yes, I can see myself amongst you,
Yet I'm so different now ?
A stranger in your midst.
I feel apart,
I don't belong somehow.
I see the mistakes you're making -
The same mistakes I made - it's all experience ?
You'll learn how hard life can be.
Yet in my own way I muddled through
(And I'm sure you will too);
But confusion linger on,
There are still many things I don't understand.
I can see where I went wrong,
And I want to turn the clock 'back',
To live my life again ?
Alas no! We all learn the hard way.
As you in time will see ?
It's better that way,
Though it seems so unfair now.
You are all so firm and adamant.
Arguing like mad ? yet with few reasons
To support you and your opinions.
This is not criticism ?
You're just learning ?
Believe me,
I've been through it, and I know.
Given time you'll find foundations,
On which you can build for the rest of your lives.
You'll have beliefs and opinions.
Which no-one will deny you.

You'll be steadfast and sure.
Ready to face the future,
Armed with knowledge,
That will keep on growing ?
Adults ? sensible and responsible,
The future world.
But while you are young ?
Enjoy yourselves,
Have fun,
Live your lives for the moment!
(There's enough time to be serious).
Be young while you can.
It's the best time of your life.
(Though perhaps you don't know it).
These are the times you will look back on
As life passes you by ?
So, get on with living
And together we'll remember the good times we've had.

Christmas

Its Christmas time,
Bells chime.
Everyone is after Amazon Prime -
To ensure Christmas presents
Are delivered on time.
But in all the hustle and bustle
Do we actually think
Of the true meaning of Christmas?
That little baby,
Born in Bethlehem;
Laid to rest in a manger,
In a stable,
Because there was no room at the inn.
Or is the true meaning of Christmas
A little nearer to home?
Being kind and thoughtful,
Patient, loving and caring
To all the people we know.
But is caring far too complicated these days?
I think the world itself
Does not know
The true meaning of Christmas anymore

Church (an opinion)

I have no time for church
And all it stands for -
Whatever that may be?
Our churches are barely half filled with
So-called Christians!
But what are they really?
Hypocrites. Cynics.
Hateful people who don't give a toss!
All they care about is themselves.
They don't care about the people they hurt
With their hypocrisy and cynicism.
They don't care about
Being two-faced - it suits them.
Perhaps the people in our churches
Should take more notice of the
Kind, sympathetic, unselfish
Real genuine people
In the outside world.
If you ask me
They are the true Christians of this world.
They know how to help others.
They know how to be unselfish.
They don't deal in lies
And deceit wrapped up as
Religion and being a Christian.
Religion? What is that?
Going to church because you have to?
Following the same boring old routine
Because it's expected?
Going through the motions
Of this supposedly 'exclusive club'
For people who like to think they are genuine!
Where is God in all this mess?

(If there is such a thing!)

Why does He let people behave like this?

Why don't people genuinely care anymore?

I do.

I'm angry and bitter at this moment in time.

Perhaps I don't really mean what I say?

But right now, this is how I feel.

The church has nothing to offer me.

No comfort. No strength. No love.

Nothing.

There is nothing here for me ?

Except emptiness.

Death

You must have gone through hell,
The pain you suffered.
Yet you kept your sense of humour,
And still felt concern for others
Not half as ill as you.
You fought for your life,
Almost against hope ?
And in the end,
When it was only matter of time,
Still you went on fighting.
Then, one August afternoon,
As the sun shone brightly
The Lord looked down on you,
He saw you were weary and tired.
Knew you'd suffered long enough.
Gently, He took you by the hand,
And you quietly passed from the life on earth
To the better life above.
Finally your struggle is over,
You rest in peace.
Those you leave behind will mourn and grieve,
Yet, deep in their hearts they know ?
It was all for the best ?
'A happy release'.

Friendship

The things I feel most deeply,
Are the hardest things to say.
I don't know how to tell you
Just what it means to me,
To know that you are so close at hand
But oh so far away.
Since I met you
My life has changed ? not dramatically
But somehow things just aren't the same.
I miss you vey much,
Now you're not around.
I think in you I found a soul-mate.
Without you I am a little bit lost.
You gave new meaning to my life.
You helped me believe in myself . . .
And valued what I had to offer.
You were not pretentious,
Just kind and caring and understanding.
I feel I have known you forever . . .
But I don't really know you at all ?
You're still somewhat of a mystery to me.
I opened my heart and soul to you,
And you left me feeling vulnerable
And unsecure once more.
I fear rejection from you ?
I don't know how to deal with the feeling I have for you
Feelings that run very deep and are very strong.
I've never felt like this before about anyone ?
Am I wrong to feel this way?
I know you don't need me like I need you.
Your friendship means so much.
I think of you often and wish I could talk to you.
I wish I could hold you close once more

Your 'hugs' made me feel
Safe. Secure.
It was like 'coming home'.
I remember our many conversations
Some of them word-for-word.
I remember those 'precious' times
Which we shared with no-one else.

Gramps in hospital

You sit here alone
Who knows the pain you suffer?
As I watch you I wonder ?
What are you thinking?
Why must this be?
I remember the good time we had.
Memories of the past flash by
And I turn away.
But something pulls me back,
I have to look at you, even stare - I don't know why.
In you face I see misery ?
You are in pain (though you won't admit it).
As I go, I feel drawn to you
And I kiss you ?
Something I've not done for along time.
Your response says everything you cannot speak -
The words that don't come,
The thoughts you don't utter,
All in that moment.
I have to go.
And, as I turn and walk away
I look back
Expecting to see you following me.
Then I realise,
I'm leaving you behind
I walk away slowly, thinking deeply.....

Hanging on

I'm sitting all alone,
Waiting by the telephone ?
For you to call
Have I any hope at all?
Nothing happens, all is still ?
I feel my eyes begin to fill.
You can't keep me hanging on:
The line is dead
And, so to bed?
Because I know you're gone.

Gone from my arms, my loving arms
That held you oh so tight
In the dark of every night.
But that's all over now;
And so, I make the vow,
Never to fall in love again.
Because all it brings is pain.
What will become of me now you are gone?
For me you were the only one.

Suddenly the phone rings
Bringing me back to earthly things ?
I lift the receiver,
Hardly daring to breathe ?
Then, slowly, tenderly,
You whisper - 'I love you' ?
And everything is alright.
Until the next time
You keep me hanging on.

I remember when

I remember when

Life was uncomplicated,

Things fitted naturally into place ?

No questions asked,

No confusion

I've grown up since then.

Become an adult ?

In stature,

Though perhaps not in outlook

And attitude?

I remember when

I was a child

And adulthood seemed a milestone

So far away,

Never to be reached

Now I have finally reached that 'unattainable' milestone

I long for my childhood again.

But there are things I would change.

Then, I thought

I had **love** and **care** and **understanding**.

As I grew up,

I became aware that

The **love** was very selfish love.

The **care** was conditional care

The **understanding** was never there when I need it.

I remember the crisis points in my life ?

And there was nothing and nobody there

So I lived in a state of total confusion.

A real 'mixed-up kid'!

My emotions were like a whirlpool,

Then

I remember when
I met you.
At that moment in time
Neither of us knew
How things would turn out.

I remember when.
You 'turned the key',
Unlocked the floodgates of my 'inner self'
And all hell came pouring out.

"Love is patient, love is kind. . . .
There is nothing that love cannot face,
There is no limit to its faith,
It's hope, and it's endurance".

Gradually, I began to realise
That there was something between us -
Something special.
No words can express or describe
That 'something special'.

I remember when
I found true **love** and **care** and **understanding**.

I remember when
Through you
I found myself.

I remember when