

THREE POEMS

The Island

They say no one is an island
Well, I know a little island
She's surrounded by friends who love and care
Family and acquaintances who listen
But there's something inside can't be shared
Only a feeling she has – unique – it's hers
Life outside the island has moments of good
But inside only loneliness and sadness

Hope Springs

Winter has passed
Spring's producing its young
From a long winter's nap
The blossom has sprung

Long grows the grass
After snowdrops fall asleep
The crocuses push through
And the alpines start to creep

This natural awakening
Rekindles my resolve
Hope beckons for the future
As I see a whole new world

The red daisy

A tiny red daisy hung limp in its pot
While, meantime, a little girl passed it by in the shop
Then the little girl turned, 'cause it had caught her eye
Poor little flower – limp, 'cause your soil is so dry

"Please mum", she said, "can I have that one please?"
"Yes of course, my darling. Let's take it to the lady and see".
The lady said, "My dear, you may have it for free".

When she got it home she bedded it down
Gave it a big long drink then patted it round

A few short years later the girl slept away
But her little flower still grows in her memory today

It grows in the heart of her mother who cries
Each day for the little girl
For whom a tiny red flower caught her eye

Moira Walker