

Poetry Series

Dawn Ferrett
- poems -

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Dawn Ferrett(21st August 1957)

First of all I'd like to say, straight off, that I'm no great wit. Nor am I more than moderately intelligent. Just because I can throw a few words and phrases together and make them rhyme does not make me a poet. In fact I prefer the term 'rhymester'. Honestly, anyone with half a brain can do it. All it really takes is an average vocabulary and a keen sense of rhythm.

When I was - well, let's say a FEW years younger, my friend and I used to play a game together that we called 'Word and Question'. What we did was to take little slips of paper, and on half of them we'd write single words - any that popped into our heads - and then fold them and place them in either a pile, or some sort of container. Then, on the other half we'd write a question - again, anything that occurred to us - and place these in another pile or container. Next, we'd shuffle them really well and each of us would take a slip of paper from each and write them both at the top of a sheet of paper. The object was to write a few lines of either verse or prose in which we would answer the question (or try to) but making sure that we used the word in our answer. Of course I always responded in rhyme.

I think this is when I realised how much easier it is to write in verse - for me at least. Perversely, I think it's because of the restrictions of rhyme and tempo. If you have something to say, it's often easier to know that you have to stay within the boundaries or rules of verse-making, rather like a child learning to colour pictures has to stay within the lines. I find a kind of comfort in it. You have more control - it doesn't run away from you.

Anyway, I digress! Word and Question! In most cases, the word had absolutely nothing in common with the question, or it's reply, so this was where you had to be a little creative. Still, to show you how easy it is, I'll tell you about one that my younger sister, who was then about seven or eight, did.

The word she picked was 'Arms', the question 'Did Nelson wear glasses? '. Here is her reply -

It's been asked if Horatio Nelson wore goggles.
If that is the case - My! How the mind boggles!
Whether he did or he didn't, I know not or care,
Still - no 'arms been done in the asking, has there?

You can see how proud I was of her! I remember it verbatim! Clever little thing

wasn't she? Still is, actually. She can run rings round me in the brains department.

So, that was how I realised I could really do this! I can write verse! And so can any of you out there. Try it! I'm sure inside a few of you there's a Shelley or Keats - or even a Pam Ayres!

Good versifying! 8-)

A (Somewhat Early) Christmas Greeting

Hallowe'en has come and gone
And so has Guy Fawkes night.
It's time to look forward to Christmas
And hope (yet again) that it's white.

I know that it's only November
And it seems such a long way away,
But the sooner we start to get into the mood
The better we'll feel, so they say!

So we'll put on the Christmas CDs
And play them back time after time.
We know all the words, to every song
So to NOT sing along is a crime!

We'll get out the tinsel and sparklies
To brighten up the place,
But make sure we don't overdo it!
Don't want to be 'in your face'!

Once done, the place looks so pretty!
Like Santa's grotto, but tasteful!
We used lots of spray-on glitter and snow,
But to use any more would be wasteful!

The tree's amazing in red, green and gold
Topped off with a six-pointed star.
The coloured lights flicker to Jingle Bells.
Add some baubles and there you are!

Do you know, I'm feeling quite festive!
Just think what a hoot it will be!
Just remember, it only comes once a year!
So here is a message from me.

To all of my friends and my loved ones,
A time-honoured greeting to cheer.
Let this Christmas be all that you hoped for
And be happy throughout the New Year!

Dawn Ferrett

A Christmas Morality Tale

I remember, so clearly, one Christmas Eve night
When my brother was being precocious.
He decided he wanted to stay up and play.
His behaviour was simply atrocious.
Dad tried to remind him that Santa was coming,
And he didn't reward naughty boys.
If he wasn't asleep when St Nick arrived,
Someone else would get all his toys.
My brother just shrugged and then carried on playing,
Saying 'Santa's not real anyway! '
My father went quiet, and left him alone,
But, when we awoke Christmas Day,
I found lots of presents surrounding my bed.
My brother had not done so well!
One great big box! That was all that he had!
He was crestfallen - that I could tell!
But he gamely set to, tearing through several layers
Till he finally won through to the prize.
An onion! ! ! No other has ever brought forth
Such pitiful tears to ones eyes! ! !

The moral's as plain as the nose on your face!
Remember to do as you're told!
'Cos Santa Claus knows if you're bad or you're good!
That's why I plan to be good as gold! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

A Christmas Toast!

The Christmas season is almost here.
The shops are filled with delights.
Everyone's busily wrapping up gifts
And untangling fairy lights.

But at this time of year it's nice to recall
The loved ones who matter the most.
So to all of the people who enrich my life
I'd like to raise this toast!

May your days be blessed with happiness,
Your nights with peaceful dreams,
And may you find fulfilment
And success in all your schemes!

Dawn Ferrett

A Glutton's Lament

Why did I have that last slice of cake
When I'd already eaten enough?
I'm doubled up now with acute tummy ache
And I'm feeling so horribly rough!

Why, when I'd had much more than my share
Did I wolf down that trifle so quick?
I'd eaten my meal, and the leftovers there.
Now I'm think that I'm gonna be sick!

Why, oh why, did I have treacle tart
With custard piled on inches high!
It feels like my abdomen's coming apart
And I'm sure that I'm going to die! ! !

Was it only last week that I said I would quit:
I'd give up the binge-ing and diet?
Well, I'm going to start now, to get myself fit! !

Yes,

Next week, I'll certainly try it! ! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

A Love Poem? ? ? ?

I've never known the love the poets write of.
I've never felt that yearning deep inside.
The passion of young Juliet for Romeo
For me has, somehow, always been denied.

When poets speak of 'ardour' and 'devotion'
I really do not comprehend their thrall.
And as for 'burning desire', that's an emotion
That I truly do not understand at all.

It's not that I have never known the feeling
Of being loved, and loving in return,
But I'm pretty sure that love of friends and family
Is not the kind that causes hearts to burn.

There's something deep within me that's resistant
To the rapture that most other folk embrace.
A safeguard, I suppose, against rejection.
I retreat into myself - my sheltered space.

But, though it sometimes gets a little lonely,
It's not as bad as some of you might think.
My heart's not ever likely to get broken,
And I'm not so sad it's driven me to drink!

So, I know I'll never be the great romantic.
When my heart burns, I know it's indigestion!
And I'll laugh when someone says that 'Love's the answer! '
'Cos I didn't even ask the bloomin' question! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

A Merry Dance

I never once suspected
On the day we said 'I do'
That you might be really saying
'I'll do what I want to do! '

You started coming home late.
Work commitments, so you said.
But the hairs caught in your collar
Didn't come from your wife's head!

And the lipstick that I saw there
Isn't my favourite hue.
The perfume that still lingered,
That's someone else's, too.

So I made a firm decision
To find out where you meet.
I'd follow you to her doorstep.
Catch you being indiscreet.

I waited in the street below,
Saw your shadows on the blind,
Your bodies twined together.
I thought I'd lose my mind!

So I walked up to her front door
And was just about to knock,
When I noticed the little plaque
That was nailed above the lock.

It read 'I've got the patience
If you'd care to take a chance.
Come to me for salsa lessons.
Let me teach you how to dance! '

Suddenly it all made sense!
You'd mentioned that, since school,
You'd felt you'd like to learn to dance
But were afraid to feel a fool.

It's me that feels a fool right now,
A fool to doubt your love.
I left the building quietly,
Thanking the lord above,

That you, my love, will never know
How close I'd come making
The biggest mistake of my whole life!
I can't stop my hands from shaking!

I'll go home now and cook up a storm
Prepare your favourite meal.
To show you how much I appreciate
The way you make me feel!

And as the years roll on and on,
I'll be the perfect wife.
I promise to make you happy,
And to trust you my whole life!

Dawn Ferrett

A Quick Game Of 'Word And Question'

The Rules of the game:

- 1) Take a random word from a book, dictionary, newspaper, cereal packet or whatever.
- 2) Pick out a question from any number of sources. I've found one or two from internet ads, Facebook etc.
- 3) Write a piece of verse or prose which attempts to answer the question, while making sure to include the word.

Here are three of my latest offerings:

Word: Plaster

Question: Are you writing a book?

If I was to sit down and write a book
(And I am a true book-lover) ,
I'd fill it with words to inspire great hope,
And plaster my name on the cover!

Word: Cheaper

Question: Why is finding a job such a struggle?

The ideal job is hard to find.
The best get snapped up quickly.
I have to advertise myself
And lay the charm on thickly.
I need to let my new boss know
I'm really quite a keeper.
I'll do the job of ten good men
But do it ten times cheaper!

Word: Voices

Question: Is this poetry?

Most people think that poetry
Is just words set to rhythm and rhyme.
I don't think that it's ever that simple
To achieve such a feat so sublime.
To me, poetry's an expression

Of the voices inside of your head.
I don't have great wit, but my writing
Keeps me sane. Without it, I'm dead!

Dawn Ferrett

An Old Joke, Told In Rhyme!

The teacher had asked her class to compose
A sentence with 'fascinate' in it.
Little Johnny Green, right at the back
Had his hand up in a minute!
As no other child had responded so fast
She chose him from those in attendance,
And after she'd taken a long, deep breath,
Said 'Johnny, let's hear your sentence! '
He cleared his throat, then, in a loud voice
Our hero began to relate:
'My pregnant mum's got a coat with nine buttons -
But she can only 'fascinate'! '

Dawn Ferrett

Angels Are Rare

When someone touches your heart and soul,
Shines through the dark like a star,
Brings out the very best in you,
Becomes part of who you are.
You know you've been blessed a thousandfold
And this debt you can never repay.
For Angels are rare and Saints are few
And Miracles aren't seen every day.

Sadly you were only mortal, my friend,
But you'll always be special to me.
I need you to know that you're sorely missed!
You'll live on in my memory.

Dawn Ferrett

Bottled Joy

The sounds of children laughing,
The fresh smell after rain,
The new buds in the Springtime,
The clatter of a train,
The buzzing of the bees
As they pollinate the flowers,
The ticking of the clock
As it counts away the hours,
The taste of Summer berries,
The smell of fresh-baked bread,
The memories of days gone by,
The pillows on my bed.
So many joys I'd bottle up
And keep them close to hand
To open when I'm feeling blue -
Oh! Wouldn't that be grand?

Dawn Ferrett

Broken

Do you ever feel the slightest pang
Of sorrow or remorse?
Do you wish things hadn't come to such a pass?

Have you ever felt the stabbing pain
That comes when all is lost,
Like your heart is being pierced by shards of glass?

In the shadows of a lonely night
Do teardrops fill your eyes?
Are you racked with helpless grief for what we had?

Would you give the whole wide world and more
To erase those prideful words
That changed what once was good and made it bad?

I hope someday you'll read these words
And think about what was.
Perhaps you'll reminisce and gently smile.

Then maybe you'll think kindly of
The woman you once loved
And remember life was blissful for a while!

Dawn Ferrett

Child Of Our Time

O, pity the poor unfortunate child,
Neglected and forlorn!
No-one to care for or nurture him:
He didn't ask to be born!
All he wants is a happy home
And food to fill his belly -
Designer clothes, mobile, a PS3
And a huge LCD telly!

Dawn Ferrett

Compliments Of The Season

As the yuletide season nears
I thought I'd take the time
To send a greeting to you all
And compose this little rhyme.

I've racked my brains for something new
To say that won't sound trite,
But everything's been done to death.
I just can't get it right!

Like 'Wish you well on this Noel'
Or 'Have a Cool Yule! '
Or 'Hark! The merry yuletide bell! '
(Oh! Come on! Think, you fool!)

I guess I'll have to face the facts
It's an impossible mission.
And after all, it's Christmas time!
So why break with tradition?

To everyone who reads these lines
This wish rings loud and clear
Have a Very Merry Christmas
And the Happiest New Year! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

Consider Me

I wonder if you think of me
Now and then, now we're apart.
Do memories of bygone days
Make you smile and warm your heart?
Do you ever stop to wonder
If I'm happy, or sad and blue?
Are you curious to know if I
Am thinking of you, too?
Did those years we spent together
Leave their mark on you at all? ...

Well, just pick up the phone, my darling...

And give your old mother a call! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

Fearfully And Wonderfully Made - A Prayer

O Father God, You fashioned me
Inside my mother's womb.
You wove Your pattern through me
As though upon a loom.

My soul is ever thankful
That You never hide Your face,
And I know I will find solace
Knowing I am in Your Grace.

You know me inside out, Lord,
My weakness and my strength.
I know You go before me,
And we will meet at length.

Your Word will be my beacon,
Even through the darkest night.
Your Spirit, here within me,
Will be my guiding light.

Nothing can come against me,
Nor steal away my heart.
You're with me, Lord, forever.
We never more will part.

For I know I am a child of God.
No fear shall overtake me.
I lay my trust in God Most High.
He will not forsake me.

In the name of my Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Son of God,

Amen

Dawn Ferrett

Flight Of Fancy

Our sofa was a spaceship.
We soared between the stars
Visiting distant planets
Like Jupiter and Mars.

My brother and I were astronauts
Dad was Chief Engineer
He'd power up the engines
Then through the heavens we'd steer.

We followed a passing comet,
Met some little green men,
Went to the edge of the universe
And all the way back again.

We travelled across the galaxy
Passed the Milky Way.
Even took tea with the Man in the Moon
And all in just one day!

Our sofa was a spaceship
That special afternoon
Oh! What a great adventure!
And over all too soon!

Dawn Ferrett

Flower Power

It really isn't funny
When the day is warm and sunny
But your nose is red and runny
Though you haven't got the flu.

And isn't it a pity
When the garden looks so pretty
That your eyes are dry and gritty
So you can't enjoy the view.

Throughout the Summer season
While you're coughin', pantin', wheezin',
Snufflin', splutterin' and sneezin'
Others frolic in the sun.

Antihistamines can buffer
The discomfort that you suffer
Still, you find it so much tougher,
In a heatwave, to have fun.

It's amazing that a flower
So petite, can have the power
To reduce, within an hour
Human beings to floods of tears.

So we all should raise a glass
To the humble blade of grass
No, on second thoughts - I'll pass!
Here's to Autumn weather - CHEERS!

Dawn Ferrett

Golden Memory: A (True?) Story

Daddy has a secret! He was woken by a light!
Something or someone was moving through the garden late one night.
He crept up to the window and, much to his surprise,
He saw a band of tiny folk - about a foot in size.

He knew he must be dreaming, so he blinked and shook his head,
But this action served to sharpen visibility instead!
He held his breath as he watched in awe (and just a hint of pleasure)
For surely what he witnessed was the burying of fairy treasure!

When their task was finished, the imps stood in a ring.
They started dancing round and round. The speed was dizzying.
Then, just before the sun came up, to herald a brand new day,
The giddy motion slowed to a halt, and they simply flew away.

Later, he told his children where that fortune was interred,
And off we went on a treasure hunt, without another word.
There wasn't much as I now look back: a couple of pennies, a shilling,
a tanner and some threepenny bits. We found it all so thrilling!

As an adult I know how that money got there, but this memory still makes me
glad.

Now I'm keeping the glamour alive in my heart -

The magic that started with

Dad! ! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

Highways And Byways Of My Mind

As I wander through the endless roads
That typify my thoughts and dreams,
One question has always remained.
Throughout the years, I've journeyed on;
Climbed every hill, crossed all the streams,
But, what have I really gained?

When I look back at the battles I've fought
Against foes that my mind fabricated,
I wonder who lost and who won.
Did I emerge from the fray triumphantly,
In victory, most celebrated?
Or was I the vanquished one?

I have always been strong and dependable
For those in need of a shoulder to cry on.
A tower of strength and relief.
But I always struggle to share my fears:
To admit that I too need someone to rely on.
Can't shake off my disbelief.

My life is a mess. The demons inside me
Are laying waste to my life and my heart.
They have almost cost me my son.
I need to begin to get back some control.
To shake off the feelings of doubt and get smart,
Or all that I care for is done.

So I'm giving myself a brand new start,
Leaving the path of least resistance.
I'll take back my life from today.
It won't be easy, but I'll claw my way back,
And I won't be afraid to ask for assistance
When it gets a bit rough on the way.

Dawn Ferrett

I Am.....Therefore, I Feel! !

I am a child, lost in a strange and frightening world,
A refugee in a time of trouble.
I gaze upon the faces in a hostile crowd:
An orphan, whose home is a pile of rubble.

See me!

I am the victim of habitual abuse, crying for help
Though there's no-one to hear.
I cry myself to sleep each night
But can find no help or solace here.

Hear me!

I am the invisible person, unnoticed, unloved
Never showing the pain inside
Of having no-one there to come home to.
You'll never know the tears I've cried.

Free me!

I am a broken spirit, forged by an unforgiving life.
Living in squalor, foraging for food,
Begging on the streets for coins,
Dependant on strangers in a giving mood.

Help me!

Dawn Ferrett

I Remember...

I remember...

A street in the city where we used to play.
Few cars to bother us, we'd frolic all day.
Hopscotch on pavement slabs, skipping to rhyme,
Or ballgames, or running, or just killing time.

If we 'popped' to the shops, we would leave the door wide
In case family dropped by. Well, we'd nothing to hide!
There were two corner shops, where they knew us so well.
So, if we misbehaved, then they knew who to tell!

The walk to the playground (which we called 'the rec') .
When there was traffic, mum would hold us in check.
Then, through the cemetery, dad would let us run free.
He knew we'd be safe in this sanctuary.

Angel statues to guard us, trees arching above.
It was like being wrapped in a blanket of love!
Across the main road, through the gate to the park.
Then running again, to the swings. What a lark!

The climbing-frame beckoned, so I gave it a try,
But I'm fearful of heights so can't climb very high.
My brother was dauntless. A true lion-heart!
He would scramble right up to the highest part! !

Then onto the roundabout, spinning like crazy
Till we felt really giddy! The whole world was hazy!
The slide was such fun! We would land with a bump!
The rocking-horse - with four seats on it's rump!

We had little money, but those days were sublime!
I now and then wish I could travel through time,
Back to those days when the world seemed to glow.
Those halcyon days in the long, long ago.

Dawn Ferrett

In A Child's Eyes

Awareness of self and others.
Curiosity, an inquiring mind.
Honesty, no falsehood here!
Impishness, playful spirit.
Love, without price or condition.
Desire to please and amuse.
Sweetness of temperament.
Energy, a force of nature!
Youthful exuberance.
Expressiveness, no words needed.
Simplicity, clarity of mind and vision.

All this to be found - in A CHILD'S EYES!

Dawn Ferrett

Just A State Of Mind

It's no fun growing old, you know.
Your joints seize up and creak.
You can remember what happened in years gone by,
But not what you did last week!

You once had luscious brunette locks.
They're thinner now, and grey.
Climbing the stairs was a doddle back then,
But now it takes all day!

The figure you were so proud of
Is rotund now, and sags.
Your face is all lined and wrinkled,
And your blood-shot eyes have bags.

Your tummy is now a pot-belly.
Your legs have varicose veins,
And the arthritis in your elbows and knees
Plays up whenever it rains.

But your soul's as youthful as ever,
Your spirit still as sprightly.
So you count your blessings daily...
And take your tablets nightly! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

Just Another Number!

I've seen a few birthdays come and go
And I hope to endure a few more,
But at my age, I can't help but question it all.
Just what is a birthday for?

When I was a child I looked forward to them.
It was exciting to guess what I'd get.
But now that I'm old, I don't feel that same thrill.
It's just something I'd sooner forget.

Another year older means nearer the grave!
And I know I'm not ready to go.
So why keep on counting the years as they pass?
That's what I'm wanting to know.

So I'll stop having birthdays at all from now on.
After all I don't feel my real age,
And knowing time's passed is no comfort at all.
I'm just nearer the old-timer stage!

You're only as old as you feel, so they say,
And I don't feel old at all.
Birthdays prove nothing - I'm still in my prime!
Stop counting! I'm having a ball! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

Little Miss Nobody!

Amid the hustle and bustle of the school playground,
One young girl sits all alone.
As quiet as a mouse, she watches, but doesn't join in.
No-one pays her any attention.

She tells herself she prefers it that way,
But she is lying - to the world and to herself.
She's so lonely it tears at her insides,
But she steadfastly refuses to let it show.

What a jolly time her tormentors would have
If they knew how much their teasing hurt her.
How mortifying that would be!
So, she sits, quietly, patiently, till the bell rings to go inside.

But the classroom brings no solace, either.
She sits as far to the back as possible.
The teacher asks the class a question.
She knows the answer, but won't raise her hand!
Heaven forbid!
Everyone would look at her - notice her!
Better to try to be invisible, a non-person!

Soon, the school day will be over.

Hopefully she will be able to avoid the recognition
Of those that taunt her, long enough to get her coat
And be on her way without incident.
Maybe she'll be gone before they see her
And decide to play their cruel games with her.

The favourite is the one where one of them 'accidentally' touches her,
Then runs around, screaming that he or she has caught a nasty plague -
Or disease, or fleas. or whatever -
And has to touch someone else to pass it on!
That one's always good for a laugh!
For everyone else, anyway!
For her it's like a knife through her heart!
Every time!

And it never gets old! ! ! !

But none of them know!

None of them will EVER know how caustic their gibes are!

She'll make sure of that.....even if it kills her! ! ! ! ! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

Merry Bloomin' Christmas! ! ! !

Now, I know that there's a recession
And the message is all 'doom and gloom',
But I really don't need to remind you
That it'll be Christmas soon!

So I don't want to hear "Bah! Humbug!"
Or "Christmas is cancelled this year!"
Let everything be tinsel and holly,
Sleigh bells and words of good cheer!

Yes, we've had to pull in our belts
(The bills still have to be paid)
But dig out last years decorations
And give cards that you've lovingly made.

No need for extravagant spending:
One good gift per head will suffice.
And I'm sure that, wrapped up in brown paper,
Your parcels will look just as nice.

And as for Christmas dinner -
Chicken nuggets will do for the meat!
After all, when the booze hits their systems
Your guests will be too drunk to eat!

In fact, if you take some sound advice
You'll be tanked up right through till next year.
I, in turn, plan to drink myself senseless -
Now, that's my idea of "good cheer"!

So, here's to you and yours, my friend!
Let all your burdens be light.
May your Christmas spirit be 40% proof
And your days be more merry than bright! !

Dawn Ferrett

Merry Fishmas And A Chippy New Year

'Tis the night before Christmas, and all through the place
The fishcakes are vanishing without a trace.
The fish, the sausages, the chicken, the pies
Disappearing like magic before our eyes!

The pace is so hectic, the fryer feels frazzled
While the counter assistants are dazed and bedazzled!
The till's begun smoking - it can't take much more!
And still we've got people pouring in through the door!

The shop's full to bursting - we can't fit them all in,
And if this was a pub, we'd yell 'No room at the inn! '
But the tide of humanity is now ebbing away
And all is at peace at the end of the day.

Still one thing remains for the staff here to do.
Here's our Christmas message to each one of you.
To quote C C Moore (and I hope that's alright!)
'Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night! '

Dawn Ferrett

My Favourite Christmas Things

[With apologies to Rogers and Hammerstein for fouling up a perfectly good song.
Feel free to sing along, if you've a mind to.]

Robins and reindeer and tinsel and holly,
Christmas trees, mistletoe, Santa so jolly,
Listening to carollers sing 'We Three Kings',
These are a few of my favourite things.

Films like 'White Christmas' and 'Jack Frost' are charming.
Scrooge and his spirits are somewhat alarming.
And Julie Andrews - I love when she sings
'These are a few of my favourite things'.

Turkey and brussels and mince pies and jelly,
Eating till I've got no room in my belly,
Then scoffing more till my waist button pings,
These are a few of my favourite things.

When it's cold out,
And the night's long,
When I'm feeling blue,
I simply shout out 'Merry Christmas, my Friends,
And Happy New Year.....to you! '

Dawn Ferrett

My Prayer

You were there when, in my darkest hours,
My mind was full of dread.
You were at my side, through thick and thin,
Though fainter hearts had fled.
Lord, you wiped away my silent tears,
And held me till they dried,
And You lent me Your wise counsel,
When in You I did confide.
When my Faith was at its lowest ebb,
God, You erased all doubt,
And when I couldn't find my way,
Your guidance helped me out?
When pain and sadness swept me up
In torrents of emotion,
Yours were the harbour lights I saw
On the crest of a cruel ocean.
Whenever I was at wit's end,
And needed consolation,
You always gave me courage
To fight through my desolation.
Your constancy has always been
My strength, my motivation.
A plan by which to live my life.
Make each day a celebration.

Dear God, to whom I owe much more than I could repay in a thousand lifetimes,
I thank you for your never ending Love, and I pledge to you my heart, my soul
and every fibre of my being, for now and evermore,

Amen

Dawn Ferrett

Night Stalker

Silently, stealthily he winds his way,
Utilising the dark recesses,
Creeping up on unsuspecting prey
Made helpless in his deadly caresses.

Through the darkness, feel his power!
Lesser creatures should beware,
For if by chance you see him glower,
You will wish yourself elsewhere.

Bewhiskered hunter, King of Night,
His gleaming fangs will give you pause.
All the mice on the block turn white with fright
When the Devil-Cat flexes his claws.

Dawn Ferrett

O Holy Child

One starlit night a child was born,
A manger for His bed.
While angels sang their hymns of praise,
A light shone round His head.

The holy babe, our newborn King,
Though lowly was His birth,
Would save us all from Satan's power
And bring us Peace on Earth.

The people came from near and far
To see this holy child;
To worship Him and bring Him gifts
And bless His mother mild.

For Jesus Christ was born of man
That we would be forgiven.
God's only Son, who died for us,
To make us fit for Heaven.

God's plan for us is that we all
Would know Him through His Son.
That in His grace, we shall not die,
But, evermore, live on.

Oh, gentle Jesus, hear my plea
Be ever at my side,
And I will praise you all my life!
Let your Love be my guide!

Dawn Ferrett

Ode To A Lightbulb

I dedicate these lines to you.
There never was a friend so true.
When darkness falls, you heed my call:
Spread luminescence over all.
You brighten up the darkest night,
But when you die - poof! - there goes light!
And yet, no tears are shed for thee,
Who gives your life that we may see.
O loyal friend, so round and white,
I honour thee, as is your right!

Dawn Ferrett

Ode To Friday

So many days throughout the year
Are cause for celebration.
Birthdays, Christmas, wedding days,
Anniversaries, a coronation.
They make life much more bearable.
Give us respite and great joy.
A chance to kick up our heels and rejoice,
Every girl and every boy.
But there's one day that gets overlooked.
A day that's quite unique.
That day is Friday! What a blessing it is,
That there's one at the end of each week!

Dawn Ferrett

Oh No! Not Another Christmas Poem!

A jolly old fellow named Nick,
Has to travel the world - double-quick!
His choice of a sleigh
Pulled by reindeer, I say,
Makes it quite a remarkable trick.

To spread peace and joy is his pride,
On that wild and magical ride.
He will fly from the scene,
And although never seen,
Good old Santa is famed far and wide.

His task, which he deems a delight,
Is accomplished in one single night.
To deliver a toy
To each girl and boy,
Making sure that their Christmas is bright.

So, my friends, young or old, short or tall,
May your dreams all come true, large or small.
May God grant you good cheer,
Now, and through the New Year.
That's my Christmas wish for you all!

Dawn Ferrett

Out With The Old...

Christmastime is over, the New Year has begun.
Pack away the tinsel and the tree.
Everything looks bare, now. We've all had our fun,
But now it's back to work for you and me.

So, it's back to the grindstone, shoulders to the wheel,
We called the tune - the piper wants his pay!
The bills, when they arrive, will be enough to make you reel,
And things get more expensive, day by day.

It's a wonder that our parents could afford to keep us fed,
Especially when large families were the norm.
Each day a constant battle just to stay out of the red;
To provide shelter, clothe us - make us warm.

I suppose we should be thankful that we have a job at all,
In these mad days of rising unemployment,
And I surmise that when your back's against the wall,
It tends to put a damper on enjoyment.

So let us all be thankful, whilst enduring troubled times.
After all, you know, it could be so much worse.
Heck! I could find it difficult to conjure up some rhymes!
Then how would I have finished off this verse? ? ? ? ?

(Can you tell I struggled a bit at the end? ? ? ?)

Happy New Year to all my friends and family,
May 2014 be everything you hoped for!

Keep smiling! ! ! ! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

Possibilities

What lies in store for you, my love?
What does the future hold?
Will you be learned and wise, my love?
Will you do brave deeds and bold?

Will you be a teacher, my love -
Young minds to nurture and guide?
Will you take to the law, my love
And over a courtroom preside?

Will you take to the sea, my love,
Seek out far, distant lands?
Will medicine be thy calling, love,
Healing power in your hands?

Whatever fate may bring, my love,
Of this you can be sure,
You will make me oh, so proud, my love,
For nothing can obscure
The bond twixt mother and child, my love.
This mighty love will endure!

Dawn Ferrett

Present Intense

When everything seems to go horribly wrong,
And the walls of doubt start to close in.
The days are too short, and the nights overlong -
It can really make your head spin.

'Cos there's too much month at the end of your money
You're unable to make both ends meet.
The bills come at once, and it just isn't funny
When to pay 'Paul' you're forced to rob 'Pete'.

The distant light viewed through a long dark tunnel
Is, in fact, an oncoming train.
And your broly transforms itself into a funnel
The moment it pours down with rain.

Then, just when you think it can't get any worse,
And believe that good luck will prevail,
You find out you're under some terrible curse
As your roof blows away in a gale!

You hear people talk of those clouds, silver-lined,
That float in the sky overhead.
Yet you can't help the feeling that they must be blind -
That's not silver they're lined with - it's lead! ! !

My advice in these times of extreme tribulation
When 'The Twilight Zone' mirrors real life,
Is to see the absurd side of each situation
And to scoff at the source of your strife.

This won't make your problems just disappear
But will lessen their grip on your heart.
It's the best way I know to dissolve the fear.
You'll have strength then to make a new start.

Dawn Ferrett

Raise A Glass At Christmas!

Here's a special toast to my family and friends.
My chance to wish you good cheer.
Here's hoping your wishes and dreams all come true
At this magical time of the year.

Here's to the memory of loved ones we've lost,
And those who are far, far away.
Here's to keeping the spirit of Christmas alive
And maintaining it, day after day.

Here's to fun, love and laughter the whole year through.
May your hearts be filled with delight.
Here's to fond celebrations with those you hold dear
And a future that's happy and bright.

Dawn Ferrett

Requiem

No more will I see your gentle face
Nor hear your voice, your laughter.
Gone is the solace of your embrace.
I am bereft hereafter.

You used to listen to my woes
And dry my bitter tears.
With kisses softer than a rose
You quelled my darkest fears.

What shall I do? Where can I go?
Without you, yes, I'll carry on,
But life will be unbearably slow.
My future, bleaker, now you're gone.

So, I will keep you in my heart,
Until we meet again, some day.
Meanwhile, though I am torn apart,
I won't let my soul decay.

The Gods above are cold as ice,
To take you on, yet leave me here,
But I'll recall your sound advice
As though you whisper in my ear.

Despite the pain, when times are tough
No clouds will e'er obscure
My memories of you. They'll be enough
To see me through! ...

...Love will endure!

Rest In Peace

Dawn Ferrett

Santa's Goodwill Message

Jolly old Santa checks his list,
And, if you've been good and not bad,
He's gonna make sure that this Christmas
Is the best that you've ever had.

The elves have been busy preparing
The right present for each girl and boy.
The gifts are piled high, and the reindeer
Are stomping their hooves for sheer joy.

Nighttime is now fast approaching
So Santa jumps onto his sleigh.
A slap of the reins and they're racing,
Then flying - up, up and away!

He soars off into the night sky
To visit you all, far and near,
Delivering bundles of goodies,
Spreading happiness and good cheer.

Then, when old Santa's job is done,
There's one thing still left to do.
Here's Santa's special greeting
To each and every one of you.

May your Christmas time be joyful,
Crammed full of goodness and light.
May the year ahead be prosperous
And your future be filled with delight.

Dawn Ferrett

Sending You An Angel

I'm sending you an Angel
To keep you safe and sound.
To watch you and protect you
When I am not around.

I'm sending you an Angel
To guard you all your days
And guide you on life's pathway
When it becomes a maze.

I'm sending you an Angel
To help you comprehend
How very much you mean to me,
My truest, closest friend!

Dawn Ferrett

Shall I Tell You A Story?

Shall I tell you a story about a mouse
That lived in the wall of a very old house?
He dined on scraps that fell from the table
And dodged the cat whenever he was able.

Shall I tell you a story about a cat
Who sat by the fire, on a lovely warm mat?
He'd prowl the house with a haughty strut,
But would stay out of range of the yapping mutt!

Shall I tell you a story about a pup,
Who next to his master's feet would curl up?
A more faithful friend you never will see.
His name 'True Blue' fits him to a tee!

Shall I tell you a story about a man
Who muddles along the best that he can,
With his dog, and his cat, and even the mouse?
Contented, they stay in that ramshackle house.

Dawn Ferrett

Slips, Trips & Falls

Many of us are unaware
That there are dangers everywhere.

Spillages from making drinks
Turn walkways into skating rinks.

Tripping on objects in our path
Could cause a painful aftermath.

A fall down stairs - not holding the rail
Could leave you feeling somewhat frail.

So heed these words - take them to heart!
Be fully aware! Be safe! Be smart!

If you have been a mucky pup,
Please take the time to wipe it up.

When you go to wash your paws
Don't leave great puddles on the floors.

Trip hazards must be stowed away
And made secure to save the day.

On stairs, be sure to hold on tight
To banisters with all your might.

Safety first! Yes, that's the key
To save a trip to A and E!

Dawn Ferrett

Spring Fever

The days are getting warmer.
Winter has given way.
Leaf-buds begin to open,
And daffodils, to sway

Birds are preening feathers
And looking for a mate -
Busy building nests again,
New life to accommodate.

The atmosphere is thrilling,
Full of expectation!
Spring infects our jaded hearts
And results in jubilation

Hope is rising on the breeze
Of longer days and sunshine,
Of children playing in the park
And washing pegged out on the line.

I really love this time of year
My second-favourite season
Because, for me, it won't last long!
Soon I'll be snufflin', coughin' and sneezin'! ! !

.....Bloomin' hayfever! ! !

(In case you were wondering - Autumn's my favourite season!)

Dawn Ferrett

Storm In A Teacup?

Rain!
Not again!
Persistently pouring,
Dull, wet and boring!
Drenching my clothes. What a pain!

Pelting!
Belting!
This must be a freak
'Cos only last week
The sun was so hot, we were melting!

Teeming!
Streaming!
Shoppers with trolleys
Battling with brollies
Soaked to the skin, wetly gleaming.

Lightning!
Frightening!
A white streak of power
Strikes through the shower
Just when I thought it was brightening!

Rumble!
Grumble!
A great clap of thunder,
Like the sky's split asunder
And the whole world's starting to crumble!

It's done!
The Sun
Has battled the storm
To make the world warm.
The clouds have all gone and He's won!

Now I'm higher -
And drier!
In my favourite armchair

I won't, I declare,
Ever stir from in front of the fire!

Dawn Ferrett

The Christmas List

Here's Santa in his workshop.
He's looking pretty p****d
'Cos some great thieving mongrel's
Gone and pinched his Christmas list!
How's he gonna know for sure
If a child's been good or bad?
And if that list doesn't show up soon,
He's gonna get quite mad!
The elves are getting nervous
As the accusations fly,
And they're on the verge of walking out!
What a catastrophe! Oh, my!
The reindeer are indignant
To be turfed out of their stable
While Santa searches frantically,
Upturning everything he's able.
Then, just as all looks hopeless
And Santa's fit to drop,
In rushes Mrs Claus saying
'I've just been to the shop,
To get some last-minute items,
And you won't guess what I've done!
I pulled out my list - and lo and behold!
I'd picked up the wrong one! '
Well, Santa stood there staring
At his wife through tears of joy!
Then with great haste he loaded up
His sleigh with every toy.
He apologised to all his friends
For his behaviour all that day
And promised that they'd find
A little extra in their pay!
So, calamity averted,
Santa sped off on his way
To deliver all the presents.
Then came home at break of day.
His missus stood there waiting
With a surprise in store -
She said 'It's a technological age!

Who needs written lists any more?
I've bought us both a laptop
Yours is blue and mine is pink,
So we can tell them both apart.'
She said, 'Now. What do you think? '
'Oh! Clever, clever woman! '
Santa cried, 'What a great idea!
I'll start a spreadsheet to keep a tab
On the children from year to year! '
Well, I suppose it was inevitable,
Even necessary, on the whole,
That technology would eventually
Find it's way to the North Pole!

Dawn Ferrett

The Fairy On The Christmas Tree

The fairy on the Christmas tree
Is looking quite forlorn.
Her wand is broken and splinted;
Her wings, all tattered and torn.
Her dress of stiff crepe paper
Was once a bright sky blue,
But time has bleached it all away.
It's now a much paler hue.
But through it all, each Christmas
She sits in pride of place,
Gazing down on the proceedings,
A serene smile on her face.
She sat there when I was growing up,
And when my son was small,
And, somehow, I know she'll still be there
When the grandchildren come to call.
She's become a part of my family life,
Of memories which I hold dear,
And to me, at least, she heralds in
A Christmas filled with cheer.
And I just can't bear to give her up,
To heartlessly throw her away.
To me she represents Christmases Past
And she will to my dying day.

Dawn Ferrett

Three Limericks By Yours Truly!

1

A hunter, whilst riding to hound,
Said, 'To catch a fox I am bound! '
But his horse took a fall
As he jumped a high wall.
Now they wheel him along on the ground!

2

I often heard grandmother mutter
That she once set men's hearts aflutter.
Her demeanour, so sweet,
And her figure, petite,
Caused eloquent suitors to stutter!

3

A Jane Austen fan named Eliza
Clung to maidenhood just like a miser.
But she goes to bed nightly
With Darcy or Knightley
And no-one is any the wiser!

Dawn Ferrett

Throw-Away Rhyme

You think that you know just who I am,
But how can that possibly be,
When all you can view from the outside
Is the part I allow you to see?

I'm hiding beneath the surface
Wearing a painted smile
Putting on the greatest show
You've seen in a long, long while.

I've spent my whole life acting like
I'm happy and content
While all the time, the tears inside
Are building up, unspent.

Alone with myself, the mask comes off,
The shield I wear disappears
And loneliness and self-loathing replace
The armour I've worn all these years.

It all started when I was very young,
A shy and awkward child
Sitting alone in the playground,
Relentlessly teased and reviled.

So I made myself as small as I could;
Was quieter than a mouse,
While I took it all out on my younger siblings
When my mum was out of the house.

In lessons I'd never raise my hand
Even though the answer I knew
My horror of being noticed at all
Made that the last thing I'd do.

And so, it went on throughout the school years
I became more of a recluse.
Outwardly getting on well with my life
But all the while that was a ruse.

The habits of a lifetime, it's true,
Are the hardest by far to break
In comparison, giving up smoking
Is child's play - a piece of cake!

But I'm working so hard to try to be
More open, then maybe some day,
I'll wonder why I wrote these lines;
Tear them up and throw them away.

Dawn Ferrett

Traveller

I tossed a thought into the air
And sent it on it's way.
It travelled here, and travelled there,
Getting bigger every day.

It wondered on and on across
This wondrous world of ours.
Sometimes it stayed for several days
And sometimes merely hours.

It journeyed North and journeyed West
It journeyed South and East,
Growing stronger and more forceful
And not slowing in the least.

It went on it's way, and while it went
It picked up a billion others:
The replies of the people on it's route,
It's counterparts - it's brothers!

This thought became a sentient thing.
Humanity's dreams unfurled.
And in it's wake, it seemed to leave
A calmer, gentler world.

It travels still, and will not stop
Until all nations find,
This single thought is ringing out
In every heart and mind.

What was it then, this random thought
I once chanced to release?
Not much at all, in the scheme of things.
Just a single syllable.....Peace!

Dawn Ferrett

Two Birthday Card Greetings!

1)

Some birthday cards are humorous
With jokes that make you smile,
Others are cute, with kittens on,
Or cherubs that beguile.
Some have flowery greetings,
Some, sentimental verse.
Some poke fun at someone's age,
While others - well, they're worse!
But my favourite kind of card is one
That comes straight from the heart.
No wit or soppy message. Just -

Happy birthday, you old f...! ! ! !

2)

Some cards are huge and colourful,
With greetings bright and cheerful.
Others are sweet or touching
And can make you feel quite tearful.
There are funny cards with jokes in,
Enough to make you titter.
Home-made cards, pricey cards
And ones all covered in glitter.
Some can be rather age-ist,
Making fun out of getting old.
While others contain messages
That are worth much more than gold.
Some cards are sentimental,
The rhymes inside quite corny,
But not this one - it simply reads:

Happy Birthday, love from Dawnie

Dawn Ferrett

Whatever Happened To Gratitude?

Whatever happened to gratitude?
Is it dead, or just taking a break?
Could somebody tell me why 'Thank you'
Is so hard a gesture to make?

When someone does you a favour,
Without thought of personal gain,
Are those two simple words too demanding?
Does it bring about physical pain?

I was taught to treat others with courtesy,
To be civil, respectful, and warm.
A casual 'Cheers, mate' was frowned on.
That would have been judged as bad form.

'Cheers' is what you say at a toast!
As a platitude it sounds insincere!
If you're grateful for kindnesses given,
Say 'Thanks' and you're debt will be clear! ! ! !

Dawn Ferrett

Words Fail Me! ! !

I'm waiting for a spark of inspiration
To set my willing hands to tapping keys,
But all I feel is anger and frustration.
I might as well be typing in Chinese.

I've been here hours and still I have no inkling
How to pull the words out of my head.
The stars outside my room are softly twinkling,
And soon I'll have to drag myself to bed.

I cannot seem to form the simplest phrasing,
Let alone the tempo and the rhyme.
I think I might as well try crystal-gazing!
It all seems such a total waste of time!

Oh, well! I'll just give up and go to sleep now.
My pillow calls and I cannot oppose.
Sleep's soothing hand feels cool upon my fevered brow,
And there's nothing more to do now but...repose!

Dawn Ferrett

You Can't Take It With You When You Go!

You can't take it with you when you go, boy,
You can't take it with you when you go.
For what good is all your wealth,
If you haven't got your health,
'Cos you can't take it with you when you go.

You can't take it with you when you go, boy,
You can't take it with you when you go.
Grasping relatives look on,
Hoping that you'll soon be gone,
'Cos you can't take it with you when you go.

You can't take it with you when you go, boy,
You can't take it with you when you go.
When they hear you've taken ill,
They'll be hunting for the will,
'Cos you can't take it with you when you go.

You can't take it with you when you go, boy,
You can't take it with you when you go.
It's a shame to think your bread
Will be squandered once you're dead,
'Cos you can't take it with you when you go.

You can't take it with you when you go, boy,
You can't take it with you when you go.
You don't have to spend the lot!
Sell the rolls and buy a yacht,
'Cos you can't take it with you when you go.

You can't take it with you when you go, boy,
You can't take it with you when you go.
Dress the missus up in Bling!
Diamond necklace, brooch and ring,
'Cos you can't take it with you when you go.

For you can scrimp, and you can save,
But you're a long time in your grave!
So spend it now and have some fun - BEFORE you go! ! !

Dawn Ferrett