

Poetry Series

Lesley McDade
- poems -

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Born in Bedford, moved to Scotland when I was six. Lived in the Highlands for awhile then worked and lived in London for 12 years where I did an LLB degree in English Law. Favourite topic was Jurisprudence - the science and theory of human law. Practised as a paralegal in a top London law firm for awhile but career did not take off, so returned to Scotland - Edinburgh. Have kept up an academic interest in Jurisprudence due to corruption within the British judiciary, details at [details at](#) and every once in a while a poem arises within me. My Granmother was also into poetry and I have sampled some of her delights and gems as well.

Birds

A graceful movement across the sky,
It is a seagull passing by,
Touch of cream and fawn, orange and brown,
A house sparrow comes flying down.
Fluttering into the sky so blue,
A lark is hiding its nest from view.
With neck out-stretched a wild duck streaks
Vanishing amongst the mountain peaks.
A pigeon coos, likewise the dove,
Nestling close to its own true love.
In the wood the nightingale's song
Rises and falls, all the night long.
The owl hoots, tu-whit, tu-whit-tu-who.
Pheasants call and the cuckoo, too.
Robin, bright of eye and breast, is brave,
Loving a fight, the naughty knave.
That lovely songster, the missel-thrush
At even bids the world to hush.
Bird species are many, these but a few,
Hark to their chorus as dawn breaks through.

Phyllis Jermy Deceased - my Grandmother

Lesley McDade

Lonely

When I'm lonely, I'm all alone,
A little room or a big one.
Beautiful, rich and well kept four walls
By myself, cold.

Music, of what variety, but so cruel,
Words. 'Moonlight Sonata' cannot hurt,
A square picture box breaks
The monotony. Sleep.

Disco, dance, general harassment.
What about respect! Drunken bums.
Look, but don't dare touch. She's a loner,
Begging to be cuddled, at a price too high.

Alone, crying sleep, silence. Only
Work, loneliness, sleep but, for one man.
She's in love, but who cares, he's too
Selfishly – ALONE (with a bottled companion) .

Independent – so they say,
Running, wild and desperate.
Money cannot tame – my kingdom for
Your affection! Mr Lonely.

Lesley McDade

My Walking Stick

You are very mischievous, my walking stick,
And love to play on me a trick.
I leave you hanging on the back of my chair,
And when I return I find you are not there.
"Now where's my stick", in desperation I cry,
And when I've looked everywhere,
I find you in a most unexpected place,
Fearing I have lost you, my heart starts to race.

For I cannot do without you.
Like a sword to a knight of old,
If I may be so bold,
I rely on you, walking stick,
To help me over the stony ground,
And where other pitfalls abound.
So let it be just a trick,
I would hate to lose you my naughty stick.

Phyllis Jermy Deceased - my Grandmother

Lesley McDade

Robin All-Alone

Why are you always on your own,
Robin Redbreast, Robin all-alone?
Perched on my fence you sing your song
With bright eyes watching other birds throng
In twos and threes and sometimes more
To eat the crumbs outside my door.
When they have gone you have your fill,
Then you sit on my window sill.

Robin Redbreast, Robin all-alone,
When Spring comes and the snow is gone,
Perhaps you will bring your lady love
And build a nest in the tree above.
Or in a crevice, or old tin can,
A rusty kettle, or rusty old pan.
Then I could watch your young all day,
Until they learn to fly away.

Phyllis Jermy Deceased - my Grandmother

Lesley McDade

Room 101

Lord Woolf (as he is American) :
Professor Richard Susskind OBE (as he is corrupt) :
The Lord Chancellor (as he is also an American) :
The English Legal System (as it is legally and morally bankrupt) .

Lord Woolf wants a "regime", which is liberalisation;
Professor Richard Susskind OBE wants courtroom IT;
The Lord Chancellor wants contemporary, alternative and privatisation;
I want a fair justice system for all, and publically!

Discard Rule 26 and alternative dispute resolution;
Discard anything preliminary or ex parte;
Discard Hope of Craighead, Slynn of Hadley and Bingham of Cornhill, as part of
the solution;
And we will again have equality and democracy.

To hell with my lecturers at Birbeck;
To hell with them again at the LSE;
To hell with the patronage of the EC law course at Kings College;
And now back to reality.

The common good ensures discovery by the wise;
And the knowledge is essential for law students;
No rights are derived from compromise;
This is the current issue concerning Jurisprudence.

So, in all these political nuances;
The separation of the powers is for a reason;
Do just the best "good" that you can and take no chances;
No person is indispensable, above the law, else it is act of Treason.

If you really want to go to heaven you will find;
The universe is the sun, moon and stars operating on the spirit;
Entry is internalisation of sense and pure thought previewed by the mind;
With externalised knowledge of how to observe and study nature and the natural
prerequisite.

"Thy Kingdom come" when "thy will be done" is God's promise;
Equality, fairness, impartiality and justice the highest form of Order;

“On earth as it is in heaven” is God’s will to the wise;
Judgment is the gate, doorway or border.

Of the quest, I anticipate that you will find success;
Law applied, not applied and no law equal progress, digress and regress in
function form;
Aristotle establishes the ethical view as degeneracy, reasonableness and excess;
Whilst I re-clarify behaviour jurisprudentially as perverse, reasonable or corrupt
as the natural norm.

Uniform application of law leads to social order and is the ideology of the Holy
Grail;
Right and wrong are opposites and relative only to cause and effect;
The methodological flaw is alternative dispute resolution which is designed to fail;

As the best legal system does not need to abuse human rights, because of
judicial discretion, ‘equity’ and intellect.

Solicitors, barristers and legal academics comprise a profession, educated and
trained to a standard of ability inclusive of ethics;
When processed correctly, case marshalling, legal argument, advocacy and
cross-examination ensure “independence of the judiciary”;
With filibustering and contempt being seen as despicable dirty tricks;
Which lead to abomination and aberration, corruption and judicial subjectivity.

Justice is done when it is seen to be done;
Via abstract judicial reasoning;
Mind over matter, is substance over form;
With a sprinkling of magical seasoning!

Lesley McDade

Singing The Blues

I woke up this morning
Put my big toe out of bed
Tried to raise my head from the pillow
But it was a lump of lead

Finally stood on my own two feet
Tripped over the dog
Burnt the breakfast
Threw up in the bog

Reached for a wee pick up refresher
Was starting to feel just fine
Had a look in my wallet
There was no goldmine

Flat broke and disgruntled
Punished but have committed no crime
Boozing it up for an evening
Ain't worth the effort or time

Lesley McDade

The Face Behind The Keys

Is a genie hiding in my typewriter?
Or a gremlin, or imp, perhaps?
I can see him grinning, the cheeky blighter,
And hear him mock between the taps.

If not an imp, or gremlin, or genie,
- A Leprechaun or other sprite,
Whom does it belong to, whose face do I spy
Peeping at me with eyes so bright.

Come out little man, elvin, troll or whatever,
You'll get hurt as I bang the keys,
We'll write some poems and stories together,
Come out, come out, little man, please.

Phyllis Jermy Deceased - my Grandmother

Lesley McDade

The Teapot House

My Grandmama has a Teapot House,
A china elephant, and a china mouse.
They are just ornaments on a shelf,
The teapot she never uses herself.
In Grandmama's Teapot House, I know,
Although Grandmama says this is not so,
There lives a Dragon so very small
Grandmama never sees him at all.
But I can. I have seen him a lot!
I know a Dragon's living in her teapot.
He doesn't cry, or laugh, or shout,
But I've seen his tail coming out of the spout.

Phyllis Jermy Deceased - my Grandmother

This poem was written because my brother when he was very young was convinced the smoke coming out of a teapot meant there was a dragon inside it. An 'innocent' observation and 'deduction'.

Lesley McDade

What A Dreary World It Would Be

What a dreary world it would be
If there was no tales of Fantasy!
No Mister Rabbit, no Mister Mouse,
No Fairy Princess, Queen or King,
No handsome Prince, no magic ring,
No gay Frog, no grumpy Toad
Who in dark ponds has his abode.
No castle turrets on a hill,
No fierce Dragon in dungeon chill;
No fairy ring in meadow green,
No gnomes, no Elvins, to be seen;
These would be missed should this come true,
By all children, and grown-ups, too.

Phyllis Jermy Deceased - my Grandmother

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Work

Five past nine, late again
Bus, clock, slept in

Ten Past, breakfast
Cup of coffee, gasp.

Letter, deed, Oh what speed
Five o'clock approaching

Five past, please pretty please
Home time past.

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