

Poetry Series

patricia Northall
- poems -

Publication Date:

2014

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

patricia Northall(30 05 42)

I am 71, I now live in Tarleton, West Lancashire, England. Widowed, I live alone, and have always enjoyed writing poetry, and now short stories too.

I had quite a few poems published in the 70s. but none since. I would not class myself as a Modern Poet, but write when I feel inspired, not too classical, it's just my own style that I am comfortable with.

I have joined Poem Hunter because I enjoy reading other peoples work, and very often you can learn and understand more about the craft of writing poetry.

Country Holiday

I have thought deeply, cried and denied
That I needed you by my side,
I can make my way without friend or foe,
Leave me to get on with things I know.

But, I must go back feel the buzz of people,
Traffic and life, just every day burden and strife.
I have lived in my solitude of security,
Felt warm and smug, even when I heard the news
I just gave a shrug.

Country life is fine when
You need time to pause
And reflect upon which course
To take in life, it gives you time
To absorb, become aware,
You really do have time
To stand and stare.

The time is right, I must go back.
The peace and tranquillity were beautiful
But I feel this need to share
The stress and strain once more
Of how I used to live.

patricia Northall

Free Love?

Things may not be the same as they were,
And may never be the same again.
But the time was, when you looked into my eyes,
I heard your sighs, and I knew it could never be.
This feeling was completely new to me, but,
You were the one who helped me to understand
That all I had to do was to hold my hand.

Our time together was very brief, but, perhaps
Those moments can never be compared
To a lifetime shared.
Because the understanding we were able to reach,
Some may never learn, and others cannot reach.

To others it may seem to be, everything is
As it used to be, but this very unpractised verse
Is to say, your love and our time together
I think of, and hold to me every day.
Time, and the years, may take all my fears away,
But your understanding need, and all you were,
Time is no master there.

I do rule my heart, even if I must listen to my head,
And when, as very often they do,
My thoughts return to you, these are the times
When my heart really knows how to feel free.

patricia Northall

Joanne

I love you Joanne, why?
Because you are what I am
The why, the where, the how,
All of these things
You must know now.

The bruises, the cuts,
The hurt and pain
And the don't do that again.
You live each day right to the end
With Nicola, Leslie and my best friend.

I have read to chapter twelve Mum
A shall soon be at the end,
Can I read you some, and what is for tea,
You open the world of my childhood to me.

Once again you make me feel free
As through the fields you run
Into rivers you fall,
Brown by the sun.
Dirt you find as home you leave behind
Until your day is done.

Then you lovingly lie next to me
To watch your favourite on TV.
God gave you the gift to see
The world is yours
And you are free.
But just for now
You belong to me.

patricia Northall

Learning About Love

Loving you has not been easy,
There were times when it was quite hard.
Good times, bad times,
I've seen them all in your eyes.
And there were times when
I saw nothing at all
But a wall, that seemed to get higher
Making me feel like a baby
Learning to crawl
To reach the you I once knew.

There are so many different faces,
One for anger, one for love,
And the one that reaches way up above
Where I can touch.
Then I have to start again
To reach my heart that you have tried
So many times to open wide.

Like a flower in the spring
Or the bird upon the wing,
The time is right, at last tonight
I will know once more
The easy loving, and uplifting feeling
That comes just like breathing.

But like the flower whose petals must fall
And the bird who travels too far,
The need has gone,
You are no longer there inside my heart
To set it free.
You have closed your eyes,
I can no longer see the face
That tells me
We can't win every race.
Just a voice in the dark
And a hand in mine...

These are the bad times,

But are they yours or mine?

patricia Northall

Middle Class Housewife

This then is your life
A fully fledged stay at home wife,
How comfy, how warm,
Central heating at the stretch of an arm.
How marvellous, how quick,
The washing's done at the flick of a switch.
How understanding, how undemanding
When the meal is cooked
Without hours of mixing and standing.
How lovely, how grand,
The cleaning's done without a dirty hand.
No beds to make, only a duvet to shake.

I must do the shopping, Oh that's nice,
The freezer has enough to feed us
At least another twice.
I must ring the grocer and have him bring round
All those heavy boxes
It is time I unwind
From chore after chore.
I wonder sometimes, as on my bed I lie,
How marvellous, what bliss
To know that modern man invented all this.
But why? was it also his intention
That I should create some new invention.

Well, I think I can,
It's what every woman needs
When she has time to spare, it has flair
And a certain sophistication,
When friends call, just to mention,
'Oh by the way, I'm also having an affair'.

patricia Northall

Permission To Mourn

All you asked of me was to be able to love you,
But this I could not do when forces so strong
Can turn love to hate. Was this then my fate
To watch you die, knowing it was too late.

They had done their job well,
Those builders of hate who make life Hell.
You could not see through their good work
Because of such well produced hurt.

They took your loyal and gentle heart
And used it to form a special part,
Through years and years of dedication
Towards an unrelenting task of separation.

I had far too many bridges cross
To join with those who had the right
To feel the need and share the loss.
Built so strong, they were not meant to fall
Even when I heard Death's call.

patricia Northall

The Faithful Daffodil

Early morning, spirits soaring
To see your promise of Spring.
Daylight dawning, showing
Green shoots that soon, very soon
Your golden, delicate beauty on
Slender stems will fill my soul
With hope. You are a constant
Reminder of nature, and her faithful
Return from year to year without
Care or nurture from me, I see
My beloved Golden Daffodil.

patricia Northall

The General

I approached you warily,
They said you were a creature of mystery.
You stood there like some Royal Majesty,
A coat of velvet hiding a will of iron.
Were you really a split personality?

With feelings of hesitancy that grew
Towards an animal so graceful
Yet ridden by so few
I stroked your head with feelings
Of admiration mixed with fear,
I marvelled to be standing near
Legs that seemed to stretch into eternity.

You slowly raised your head,
I gently lowered mine.
This was how it should be,
Once I acknowledged your supremacy
Then we could both ride with dignity.

patricia Northall

The Kiss

your lifespan is very short,
But your lifestyle is exemplary,
With timing that is near to perfection,
There is never a trace
Of how short your visit may be.

Your ever-searching flight
Is gentle, almost as if caressing
The pollen with some Holy Blessing
You need to make your journey light.

Your delicate wings, so transparent
I observe with wonder, and lament
To think how vulnerable you are.
But still you travel far
Now you are gone from view.

I sit and wonder how it must feel
To be a flower with pollen sweet,
Knowing I have only to sigh
And I shall receive with grace
The gentle kiss of a butterfly.

patricia Northall

Understandingi

Is it me you leave each morning
With face so plain and hair so free?
Do you really know who is me?
It is the receptionist who offers you coffee
In her latest fashion of seamed stockings
Stilleto heels, and dazzling smile that appeals.

You accept with such masculine charm
From the waitress who stands at your arm,
The eyes that really can flirt
As you weigh up the length of her skirt.
These are the moments of interest,
Because, I know how good they make you feel.
For me they are only fantasies
That once were very real.

But now, in the evening when you look at me,
The reflection you see in my eyes
Is, her man maybe very tired,
But, she hopes he is also very wise.

patricia Northall

Wedding Day

Yes, daughter mine,
We have reached the time
I knew would come
When all the work,
The tears, the joy,
Would be given to
Some handsome boy.

This is your day,
I feel there is so much
I need to say,
You have brought me strength
In times of need
I felt no longer
Could I succeed.

But, I looked at your face
So full of hope
And realised there
Must be scope
To have another try.
I don't say these things..
 Why?

Because you are starting
On a journey,
It will take you many places,
Bring you many experiences,
You will feel many emotions.
You are in love.
So the strength you have
Is in the will to succeed.

I also like to imagine
Your path in life may be
Very different to mine,
And to all the couples
Who set out feeling free,
The love I have for you

Does not want to see
The facts of life,
But hopes you find
The road to Paradise.

patricia Northall

Winter

Dark evenings, unremitting rain,
Constant wind blowing.
My heart mourning the passing
Of summer, wistfully dreaming
Once again of Spring
To lift my spirit, and fill my soul
And make my body whole.

Winter is mournful without frost
And snow. We look upon it harshly,
Wishing it would hurry and go.
But then, the bitter sweet moods
It brings, are as life itself.
To be endured, patiently, and stoically.

Until, one uplifting morning, the sun
Breaks through, such light and warmth.
There is birdsong, and we know
Winter is sighing it's last mournful echo,
And we can start to plan.
To open our hearts, and greet once more,
The beauty and warmth of Spri

patricia Northall