

Poetry Series

Tania Britton
- poems -

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Tania Britton()

Angel

Hey there my wee angel
I hate to see you cry
A thing to remember
is angels always try

to forgive and forget
to live and to learn
a life fully lived
you'll never yearn

Hey there my wee angel
friends come into your life
a day, a week, a year, maybe more
life's too short to trouble and strife

so forgive and forget,
love and learn
our mistakes, both good and bad
are here in turn

Hey there my angel
don't cry no more
your family loves you
right to your core

(To my beautiful daughter, Ashleigh - you're so precious)

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Distance

Thousands of miles separate
a friendship in what form
Never meeting nor
the chance of anything more
but
Distance is only a abortion
of a fleeting glimpse
into the vast and empty
souls that keeps surviving
and
Generations have been there
Missing, forever alone
Following the tragedy
that is surely only theirs
so
Forget the past and follow the future
Yesterday's gone and only ones self
Creates a future for those who follow
oh, yes, they will admire! !

Tania Britton

Lost

I thought I'd write
I'm told that it's good
To release the inner
self.....less..ness

I thought I'd write
I'm told that I can
To go with the flow
Let those creative juices blow

I laugh at my whimsical
well, interesting
outlook on life
My kids laugh at me

The old man
sits over there
rolling his eyes
not losing a hair
Well not that we can see

The tv's blaring
in the background, I hear
But I have some thoughts
to deliver out there

I'm giggling again
at the way this is going
perhaps to much like
Dr Seuss I fear

I'll finish this
another time
No more to say
Next time drinking lemon and lime

Tania Britton

Mixmatch To New

Have you ever thought
you were part of a story
Part of a pre written text
Designed through the years
Stories of old, stories of new
Woven together
Déjà voux
Coincidence
Brought together, a mix match to new

I have to get these thoughts
written down
They come flooding in
Then leave as though they
Have never been
We really are
Those who
Came before us
Brought together, a mix match to new

I have stories to tell
Write em down
Stories of old, stories of new
Of years gone by
And the beauty of nature
Summer green, autumn gold
Winter white to spring's yellows
Just like life
Brought together, a mix match to new

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The Last Post

Day is done
Gone the sun
From the seas
From the hills
From the sky
All is well
Safely rest
God is nigh

But that bugle
Singing out over the heads
Gets you every time
Sadness to joy
Every emotion
Anzac Day

Remembrance
For it shall not happen again
But it does
We do forget
All those lives
Lost for what

Tomorrow brings
A new beginning for those left behind
We won't forget

But we do
Oh, so quickly
It happens again
Loved ones
taken so soon
Lost forever

Lest we forget! ! !

Tania Britton