

MAY, 1984

POEM

Our life in Broughton whirls around  
 The jumbles and the bus,  
 The meetings, weddings, births and deaths,  
 It all makes sense to us.

A.P.

Ann Lewis.

BONFIRES

Now Spring is here,  
 Let's all give a cheer.  
 It's time for bonfires galore,  
 But first pick the right time to be sure.  
 The weather must be windy, lovely and fine,  
 Allow the housewife to hang her washing on the line.  
 And now she has her clothes all blowing in the breeze,  
 Light up! scatter burnt debris through the air with great ease.  
 Mrs. Bloggs is getting in her washing, it doesn't look like rain to me!  
 Oh, you bonfire-lighters, why ever can't you see.  
 Mrs. Bloggs wants her linen to smell of Comfort or Lenor,  
 She's getting it in because your bonfire makes it smell worse than before!

Mrs. Bloggs of Broughton.

ESAU

I stand in The Square, watching people pass by,  
 Whether windy and wet, or, no cloud in the sky.  
 If sunny and warm, they will stop on their way,  
 Then it's 'did you know?', 'have you heard?', or, 'how are you today?'  
 If wet they pass by with a wave and head bent,  
 Then they exchange news in shops, while the money is spent.  
 At round about four, the children start coming  
 Out of school, full of life, walking, skipping and running.  
 Evenings bring people, walking, driving to meetings,  
 Pubs quickly filling, young folk shouting greetings.  
 Broughton over the years has not changed much at all,  
 Friendly folk, lovely walks, Chapel, Church, Village Hall.  
 So spare me a thought as I stand where I've grown,  
 I once had a brother, but now stand alone.

Jean Lansley.

The Best Kept Village is round once more  
 And who will it be in '84 -  
 You or me who spoils for the rest  
 The chance of Broughton becoming 'The Best'?

Get outside and look at your plot -  
 Is it tidy? or is it not?  
 If you were judging would you say  
 'That frontage really is O.K.'?

And what about the litter problem?  
 If you see those bugs please nobble 'em;  
 Just shame them as they chuck around  
 Coke tins and wrappers on the ground.

Come, search your hearts my Broughton friends,  
 For if just one of us offends,  
 We've let down all our kith and kin  
 Who've worked so hard to help us win.

J.C.V.W.

### THE HYBRID TEA

You started out as some small seed  
That questing man did interbreed  
Resulting in a thorny bush  
Through which as growing bud you thrust

Then all at once one summer day  
Your awesome beauty did display  
Still not content one must assume  
You sprayed the air with rare perfume

Alas you had too short a life  
As now with sharpened pruning knife  
From stalk I lop your withered head  
And mourn a little now you're dead

S.E.

### WHAT SPORT

At Wembley for a half time treat  
There's big brass bands and marching feet  
At Twickers nude in sun tanned glory  
There's Erica Roe'ses upper storey

So spurning moralistic jargon  
And begging Mary Whitehouse pardon  
Had I to choose between the twain  
To Twickenham I'd take the train

S.E.

### INFLATION

When Mum was young the sofa side  
Did sometimes little farthings hide  
And in my day if there was any  
I thrilled to find a copper penny  
My children on the other hand  
A half a crown with luck did land  
But yesterday a grandson found  
To his delight a golden pound

S.E.

Old Tyme Mary had a lamb  
Wore crinolines to balls  
Modern Mary has a tran  
And pop star papered walls

S.E.

If the nuthatch performed such a job  
We would be in a fix  
With Hazel Almond Walnut and Cob  
What would we call the chicks

S.E.

The doctors say we're made of genes  
A thought that bores me to extremes  
I trust that I am not alone  
To hope for bits of Jill and Joan

S.E.