

My Poems

by Jacqueline Bormond



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01

My life



Life

Isn't life incredible?
We come from one little seed,
We grow inside our mummy,
Nine months to form a certain breed,
We evolve all warm and cosy,
Until the time to enter the world,
It is so bizarre it makes us cry,
We are in such a terrible whirl,
What a wonderful world we are in now,
You have to be tough to survive,
If you get through adolescence,
You could say you are truly alive,
Opportunities are there for all to grab,
If you work hard at things you know,
Some are greedy and want what others have,
It is up to you which way you go,
The progression is to marry,
Then sow the seed of life again,
Bring up the family without too much bind,
Then go to a place of rest,
Leave worldly troubles behind.



Me

I get out of bed in the morning,
My body starts to creak,
It really doesn't belong to me,
I could do with a little more sleep.
I look in the bathroom mirror,
The reflection I do not believe,
A shower and a good breakfast,
My body starts walking at speed.
Next comes the dressing and make-up,
Once more to the mirror I go,
Oh yes, that looks more like it,
I step outside and join the flow,
Waiting at the bus stop,
I take my fix of car exhaust,
Then on the bus you hear,
The spluttering and the coughs,
I have to say life isn't all that bad,
Now I have reached the big ninety-five,
But now I walk a little bit slower,
Still no walking stick for me.

My Life

What can I leave behind me?
What can I say that I did?
Dressmaking, poetry and gardening,
All these with enjoyment I did,
None happier was I with a needle,
My poetry made people laugh,
Then in later years in the garden,
On chilly days wearing a scarf,
In spring I would plant the flowers
In summer what colours galore,
On sunny days I would sit and admire it,
My life was never a bore,
This year I turned ninety four,
Who knows what is to come,
Whatever it is I say P.M.A.,
I haven't had a bad run.

(Positive mental attitude).

Growing Old

Growing old is not as bad as you think,
It goes so slow like the eye you blink,
When birthdays come you laugh not cry,
Life goes on do not worry or sigh,
Enjoy every minute that comes your way,
It will not be here forever to stay,
When the lord says your time is up,
To join the people that you have loved,
You will rise like a cloud, float above,
Saying that wasn't a bad life.

Will You Remember Me

When I am gone will you remember me?
I lost a son which broke my heart,
But carried on.
I lost a husband, the love of my life,
Then all alone carried on with memories,
To write a poem now and then,
But life is not an easy ride,
It's full of ups and downs,
You gather heartaches on the way,
For these, you have to frown,
The highs are so much higher,
Let you enjoy life to the full,
But do not take things for granted,
Enjoy each day that calls,
So that is what I do,
I enjoy each day that comes,
I treasure every day I live,
Knowing it is the only one,
The Lord has to give.

Another Day

Another day we are here again,
To start the game of life,
You must enjoy each day that comes,
We do not know when the cut will come,
To end your very way of life,
So treasure every day you live,
It is the only one the Lord has to give.

My Pussy Cat

I have a little pussy cat,
He sits so still and calm,
I smile at him and talk to him,
And lay him on my arm,
He is like no other moggy,
I spend no money on his care,
His name I call is Fudge,
Because he is so blonde and fair,
I say you are a lovely boy,
I don't know why I love him so,
He is just a fluffy toy.



02

Out and about



The Post Office

The post office, the post office,
Now what can I say,
It is a place we all go to pay,
For stamps, parcels and so many things,
We queue and wait until the end of the day,
Trust our articles will reach their abode,
Without too much delay,
Stamps keep going up,
I am thinking of Christmas,
When we send all our cards,
If we have to cut down it will be very hard,
So go on post office, keep the prices low,
The grin on my face will really show.



The Postman

I have a friendly postman,
He has a word with me each day,
He pops the letters in the box,
Then goes along his way,
The messages he brings to me,
Are varied beyond compare,
Some make me very happy,
Others really make me despair,
He travels miles and miles,
Each day to bring me news from afar,
In winter, summer, wind and rain,
Thank you postman you are a star.

The Post Box

I am a bright red post box,
I wait patiently each day,
For you to feed me with your post,
Then go along your way,
I often know what is in your hand,
Before my mouth you fill,
There comes a miserable face,
It has to be a heavy bill,
I do not get much post these days,
Nearly everything is faxed,
I am looking forward to Christmas,
Then my body will be taxed,
Next time when you pass,
Have a thought for poor old me,
I stand here quietly all year long,
To help the likes of thee.



My Pharmacist

My pharmacist is a very nice lady,
She works in the shop on the hill,
Making all sorts of prescriptions,
To stop everyone all being ill,
When I go in her smile always shines,
I think she keeps an eye on me,
I am sure it is that soon I will be 93,
The shop has been in a very bad state,
Due to the ceiling collapsing down,
They all have had to improvise,
So that customers do not frown,
Things are going very slowly,
The back half is nearly done,
They all had to carry on,
No matter what goes on,
So I admire every one of them,
I am sure they will all celebrate,
When it all has been completed,
I say cheers to them all.

So glad I can still walk down the hill,
To come and see you all,
Hope my old legs will carry me,
For many years to come,
As long as I do not fall,
If not I will have to call.

Poem From a Patient

What wonderful news for Lewisham,
The Hospital has been saved,
If it wasn't for the determination of the people,
The alternative would have been grave,
So thank you for all the supporters,
What a wonderful job you have done,
The rest of us are so grateful,
You put yourselves out and won,
Next time when I visit,
I will remember the struggle you gave,
For all of the Lewisham people,
You gave up your time to save.

Shopping Day

To Sainsbury's, I am going shopping today,
I wonder what goodies will be on display,
As I push my trolley up and down the aisles,
Special offers will greet me and give me a smile,
I am rather partial to a wine now and then,
When it goes three for a low price,
That is when I do spend,
It keeps my budget as low as can be,
I also like drinking a good cup of tea,
So go on Sainsbury's keep the prices low,
The grin on my face will really show.



03

Nature



The Seasons

Isn't nature wonderful,
 The seasons come and go,
 The amazing one of all is spring,
 After the winter snow,
 The trees come to life again,
 It makes one stand and think,
 You turn your eyes up to the sky,
 And see a profusion of white and pink,
 Next come the Crocus, Bluebells and Daffs,
 The birds begin to sing,
 You hear them chirruping in the trees,
 It's spring, It's spring, It's spring.

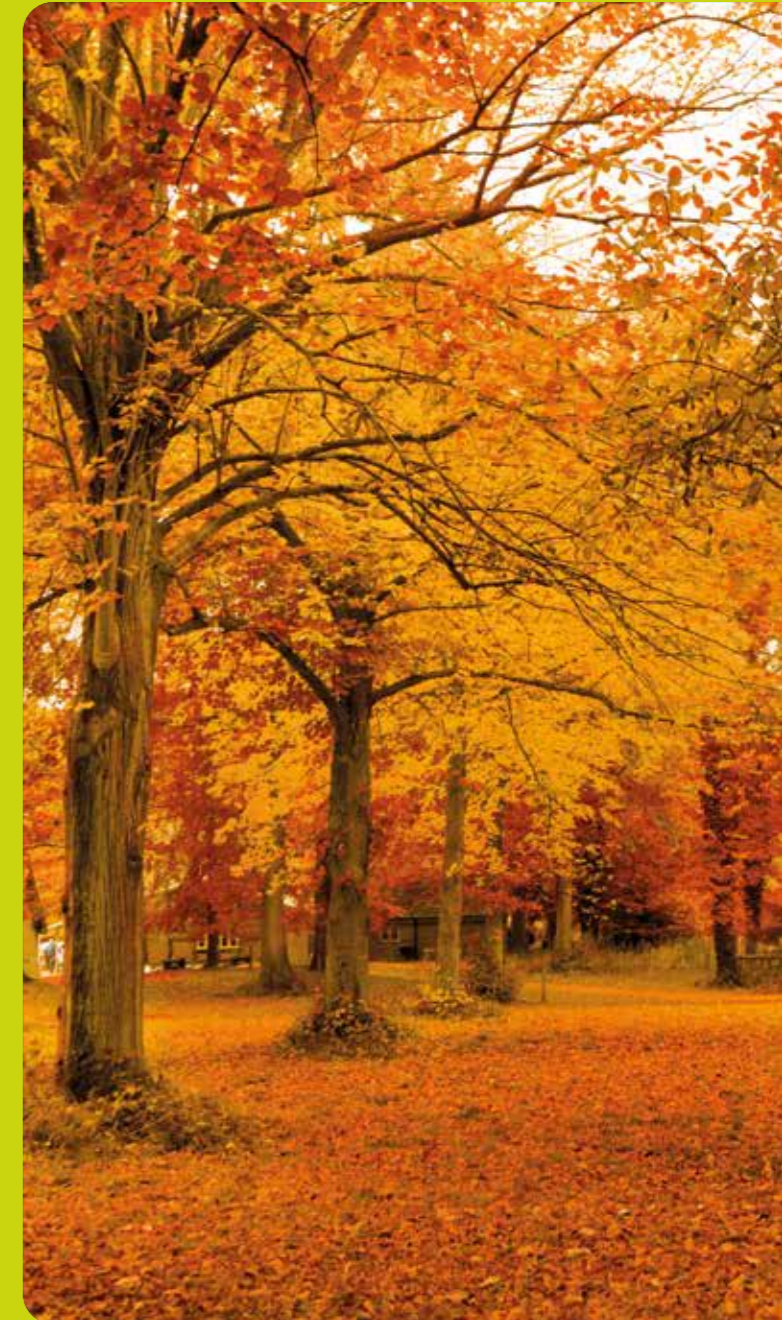
Summer brings sweet flowers galore,
 Oh, what colours to adore,
 Roses come in rainbow hues,
 Hyacinth iris, forget me not blues,
 How the bees frolic in the sun,
 Collecting their pollen from one to one,
 But open the window to get the air,
 You will find a fly or wasp hovering there,
 If only I had found a four-leaf clover.

Autumn comes in much too soon,
 We are unprepared and full of gloom,
 The glorious shimmering of the leaves,
 Changing colours falling from the trees,
 A walk in the country gives your eyes a treat,
 A carpet of gold beneath your feet,
 Chrysanthemums will come to bloom,
 They will adorn your living room.

In winter the northern winds do blow,
 Bringing forth the fluffy snow,
 The Robin red breast takes his bow,
 The sparrows are searching for food right now,
 Excitement builds Christmas is near,
 Buying a present for my dear,
 It is here at last the day has come,
 Eating the turkey and having fun.

An Autumn Tree

I often stand and wonder at that tree,
 Leaves turn from green to gold then yellowy,
 A gust of wind will blow its way,
 Leaves will then fall in disarray,
 It takes some time to disconnect,
 A skeleton left for us to inspect,
 The dark long winter days it stands,
 Until the buds of spring then expand.
 Then starts the circle once again,
 The leaves so green a wonder for us to explain.



My Garden

What more on this Earth could I ask today,
To sit in the garden and see the display,
Of flowers so wonderful with colours around,
Of God's own creation for the eye to be found,
There is something so peaceful to sit and admire,
Forget all the worries, think of what you could aspire,
If we all had a picture of life that was sweet,
It would lighten our loads as we step down the street.



Rubbish

It is a throw-away world,
We live in today,
But how many people,
Will obey,
Paper in this bin,
Bottles in that,
Plastic and cardboard,
But don't throw the cat,
It is not before time,
We should all do this job,
If we don't we will end up,
Underneath all this lot,
For environmental sake,
Keep throwing in the bin,
Then maybe a better world,
Will begin.

The Planet

The planet is warming,
What should we all do,
If we want to live longer,
No fires with flues,
Divide all our rubbish,
And throw in the bins,
Hope the next generation,
Forgive us our sins,
The earth is getting warmer,
I do not like what I hear,
Where have all the sparrows gone,
All dying I fear,
The ice cap is warming,
Is it telling us something,
I am afraid that it is,
It is a big warning,
We cannot control the universe,
But at least we can try,
We must do all we can,
If we do not want our grandchildren to die.



04

My body



Facelift

I would like to have a facelift,
Everything on me is drooping,
The eyes have lines and bulges,
And the jawline needs a scooping!
The neck is one that worries me,
It used to be so smooth and soft,
But now it is like an elephants hide,
It definitely needs lifting off,
After all that has been done to me,
How about the boobs and bum?
They have dropped from level to zero degrees,
I cannot think about the tum!
At 95 I am short of time,
To enjoy these operational aids,
I will have to stop looking in the mirror,
Hope the make-up will fill in the crags.

Feet

Feet, Feet, indispensable feet,
What miles they travel around,
They take our bodies everywhere,
Always moving on the ground,
They run, hop, skip and dance,
When running they send us in a trance,
Out of breath, you will come,
Bend your back and hold your tum,
But as the years go flying by,
Corns, callouses, I repeat,
What is happening to your poor feet,
Off to the chiropodist, you must go,
To have them seen from heel to toe,
Sometimes the knees will give,
Pain in the face will really show,
Then if you get that extra pain,
A walking stick will appear - Oh dear.

A Cold

Today I sneezed and said oh dear,
I think a cold is drawing near,
That tickle in the throat tells you,
I do hope I am not in for flu,
My head is aching my nose is bright red,
I think I will have to go early to bed,
I am feeling dreadful what can I do,
Look out here it comes ah ah tishoo,
I have got tissues, whisky and lemsip,
Hope this concoction will do the trick,
If not I will have to ring in and say,
I am sick.

Ageing

Age creeps upon us day after day,
At a certain time you find,
Your teeth start to decay,
Your hair changes colour,
From dark to so white,
That is when you reach for the bottle,
To make you feel bright,
As long as you keep the brain,
Working without too much trouble,
Do not worry enjoy life,
But do not walk at the double.

05

World events and people



Referendum

We have put our crosses in the box,
Who we want to rule us all,
So now we know the answer,
We have to get together,
Put our differences away,
And stand tall,
Make Great Britain the best country,
Be proud of what we have,
Bring a spirit of unity,
And pray that God will help us find a way,
To make Britain stronger,
Then it was yesterday.

Donald Trump

Donald Trump, now what can I say,
Lots of people were very surprised,
When he became president of the U.S.A.,
Full of pomp of what he would do,
Half the people did not have a clue,
A very tough man who wants his own way,
Withdrawing from the climate meeting,
Was not a good move I have to say,
The people are very apprehensive,
Of what his next move will be,
Let's hope he doesn't blow us all up,
All we want is just to be free,
Please North Korea do not press the button,
To start another war,
We have enough troubles in the world,
We do not want it anymore.

The Wedding of Prince Harry and Meghan Markle

It is Prince Harry's turn to marry this year,
There will be thousands of people that will cheer,
Not everyone's choice I have to say,
However it is Harry's choice from the U.S.A.,
May 19th from Windsor her carriage will go,
The wedding bells and churches will ring,
And in the church choir boys will sing,
The world will be watching on T.V. and route,
The press will report it and cameras will shoot,
We wish them a happy life with health and joy,
Any children that might come, a girl or a boy,
Will be truly blessed.



The Queen

The queen has reigned for sixty years,
She has done what she proclaimed,
So young to take on such a task,
What more could the people ask,
So now we all salute you Ma'am,
Go on and on, as long as you can
If you are anything like Queen Mum
May we have you for years to come.



The Wedding of The Year Catherine & William

They met at university,
Their love did then flow,
But two different family's,
How could it last who knows,

In the end, they overcame,
Tribulations that could be,
Westminster Abbey they will unite,
Another wedding will unfold,

We hope the weathers bright,
Excitement builds day by day,
Again the golden coach,
Will see the light of day,

The world will be watching,
On TV and on route,
The press will report it,
And cameras will shoot,

We wish them a happy life,
With health and happiness,
Any children that might come,

BLESS, BLESS, BLESS

Christmas

Ding dong merrily on high,
Here comes another Christmas,
Santa flying through the sky,
His feet are full of blisters,
He has to get to the girls and boys,
To leave them their favourite toys,
But what will the little darlings say,
I don't like it some will say today,
A little different from when we were young,
A tie a doll and a thank you were sung,
The family gathers around the fire,
Singing round the piano, what a choir,
So young and old enjoy the season,
Eat and drink there is a reason,
To be thankful we are on this earth,
Rejoice and sing for Jesus's birth.



The Olympics

The Olympics are coming,
Will it cause some distress?
I do hope not I think,
We will all be impressed,
The world will be watching,
So we must give it our all,
Rise to the occasion,
And all have a ball,
Show what England is made of,
We are a very old country,
With great battles to name,
So we want the Olympics,
To be just the same,
Let the best of the bunch,
Go away with gold medals,
Hope it goes with a swing,
Hearing different anthems ring.





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