

Grass Roots Open Writers

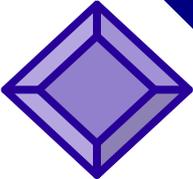


DREAMS

A Collection of
Creative Writing
and Artwork by

Grass
Roots
Open
Writers

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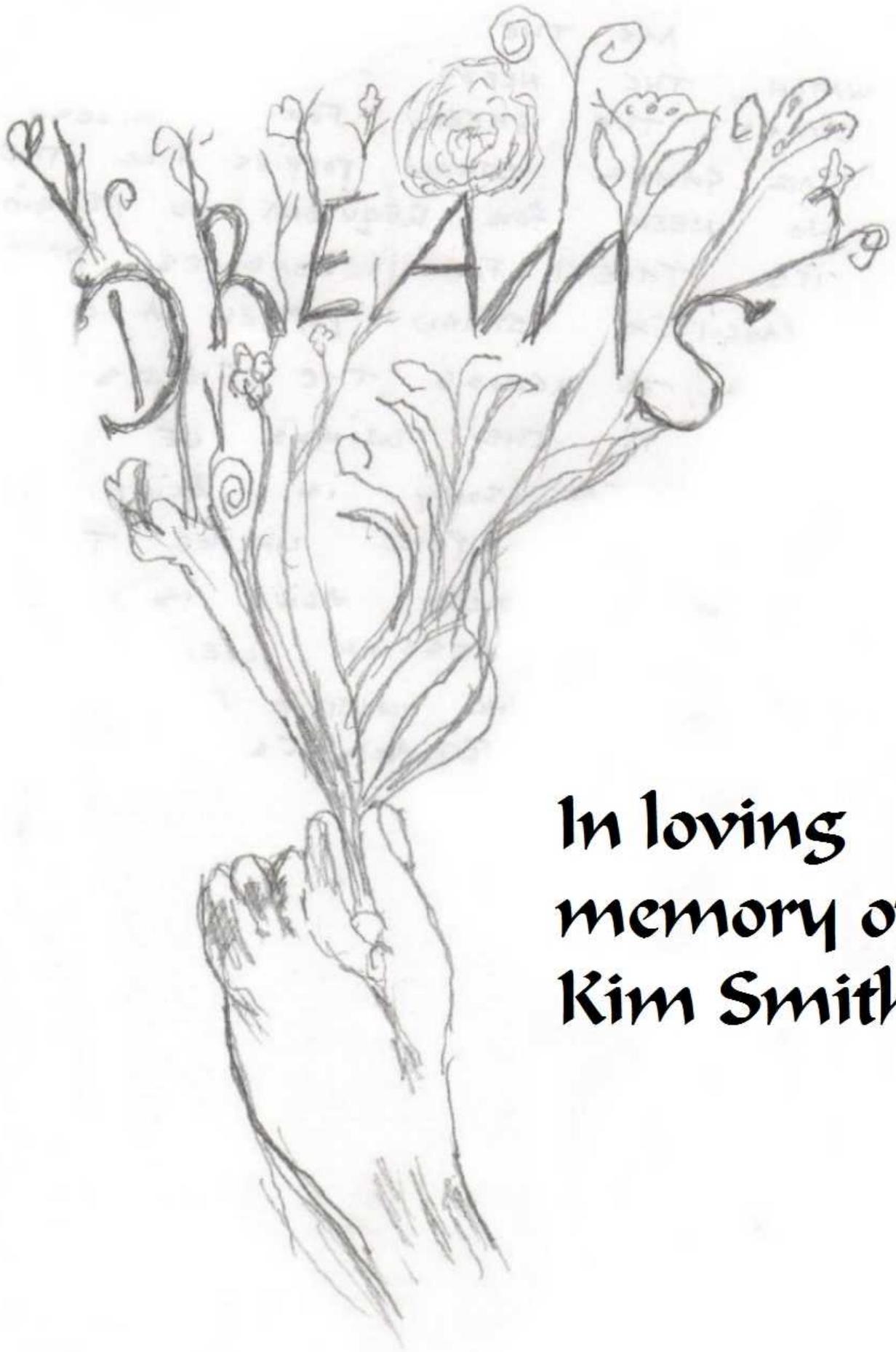


ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grass Roots Open Writers

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- The Roosevelt Court Residents
- Pat Weaver (HVA)
- Josie Lawson



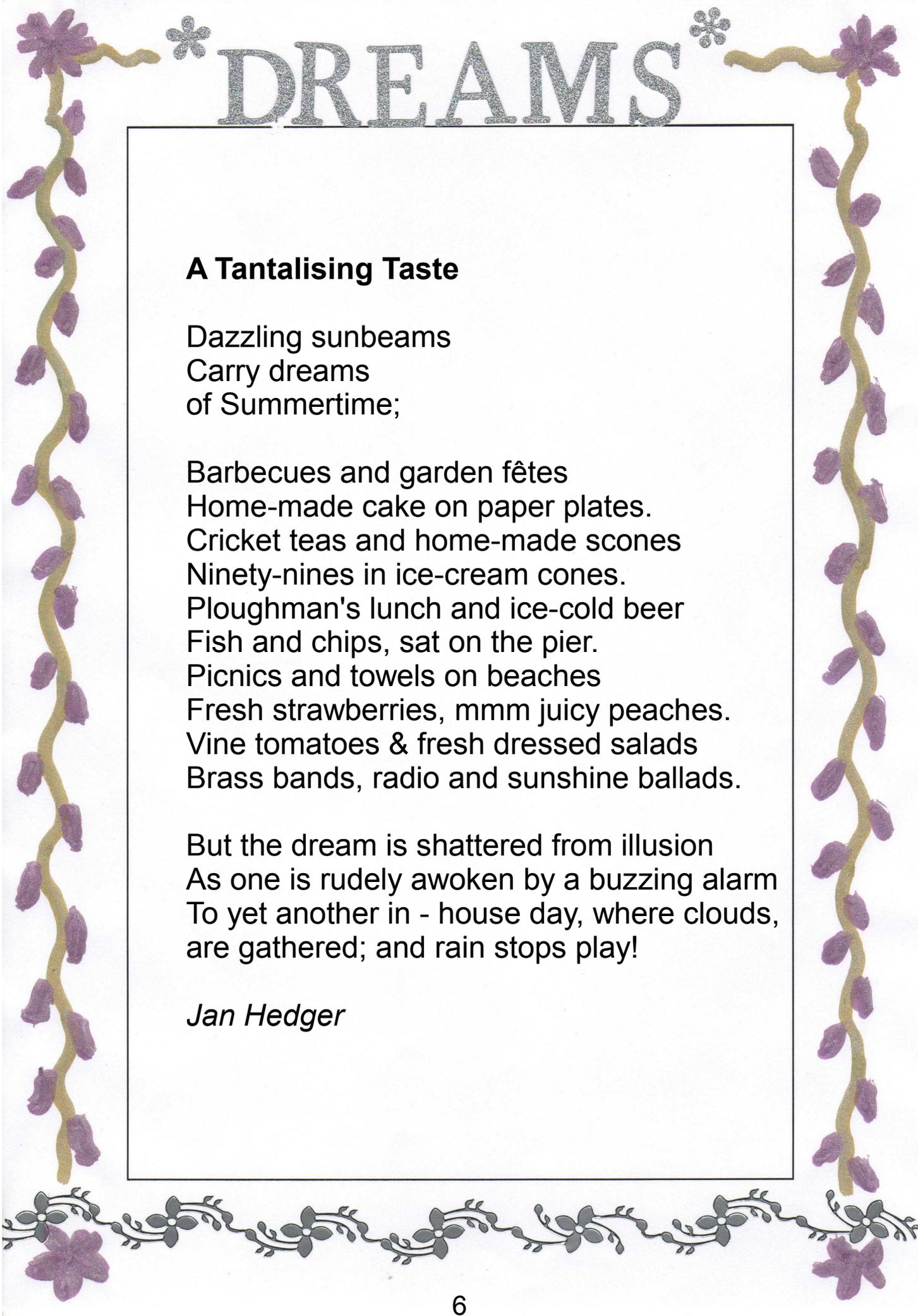
**In loving
memory of
Kim Smith**

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DREAMS

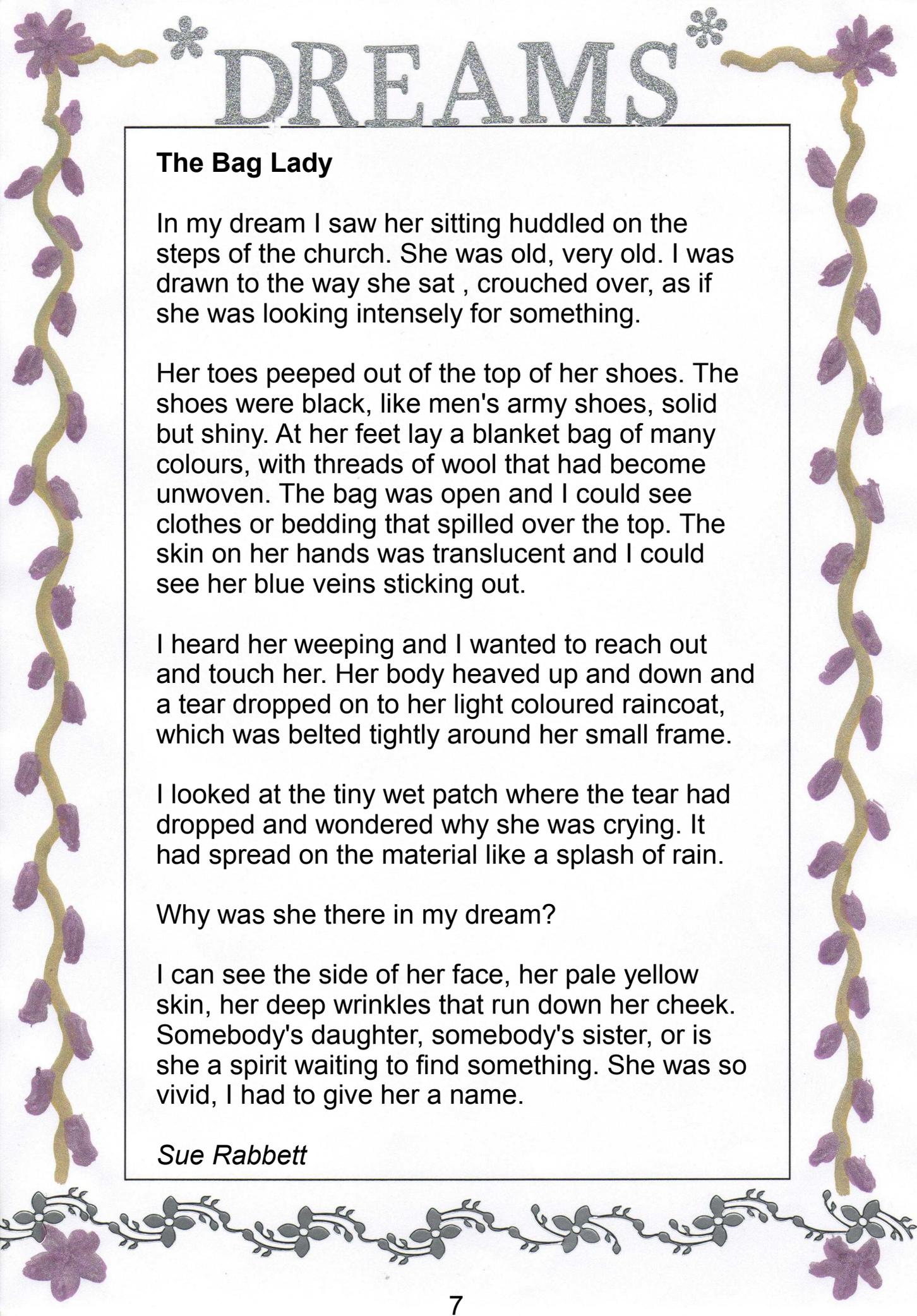
A Tantalising Taste

Dazzling sunbeams
Carry dreams
of Summertime;

Barbecues and garden fêtes
Home-made cake on paper plates.
Cricket teas and home-made scones
Ninety-nines in ice-cream cones.
Ploughman's lunch and ice-cold beer
Fish and chips, sat on the pier.
Picnics and towels on beaches
Fresh strawberries, mmm juicy peaches.
Vine tomatoes & fresh dressed salads
Brass bands, radio and sunshine ballads.

But the dream is shattered from illusion
As one is rudely awoken by a buzzing alarm
To yet another in - house day, where clouds,
are gathered; and rain stops play!

Jan Hedger



DREAMS

The Bag Lady

In my dream I saw her sitting huddled on the steps of the church. She was old, very old. I was drawn to the way she sat, crouched over, as if she was looking intensely for something.

Her toes peeped out of the top of her shoes. The shoes were black, like men's army shoes, solid but shiny. At her feet lay a blanket bag of many colours, with threads of wool that had become unwoven. The bag was open and I could see clothes or bedding that spilled over the top. The skin on her hands was translucent and I could see her blue veins sticking out.

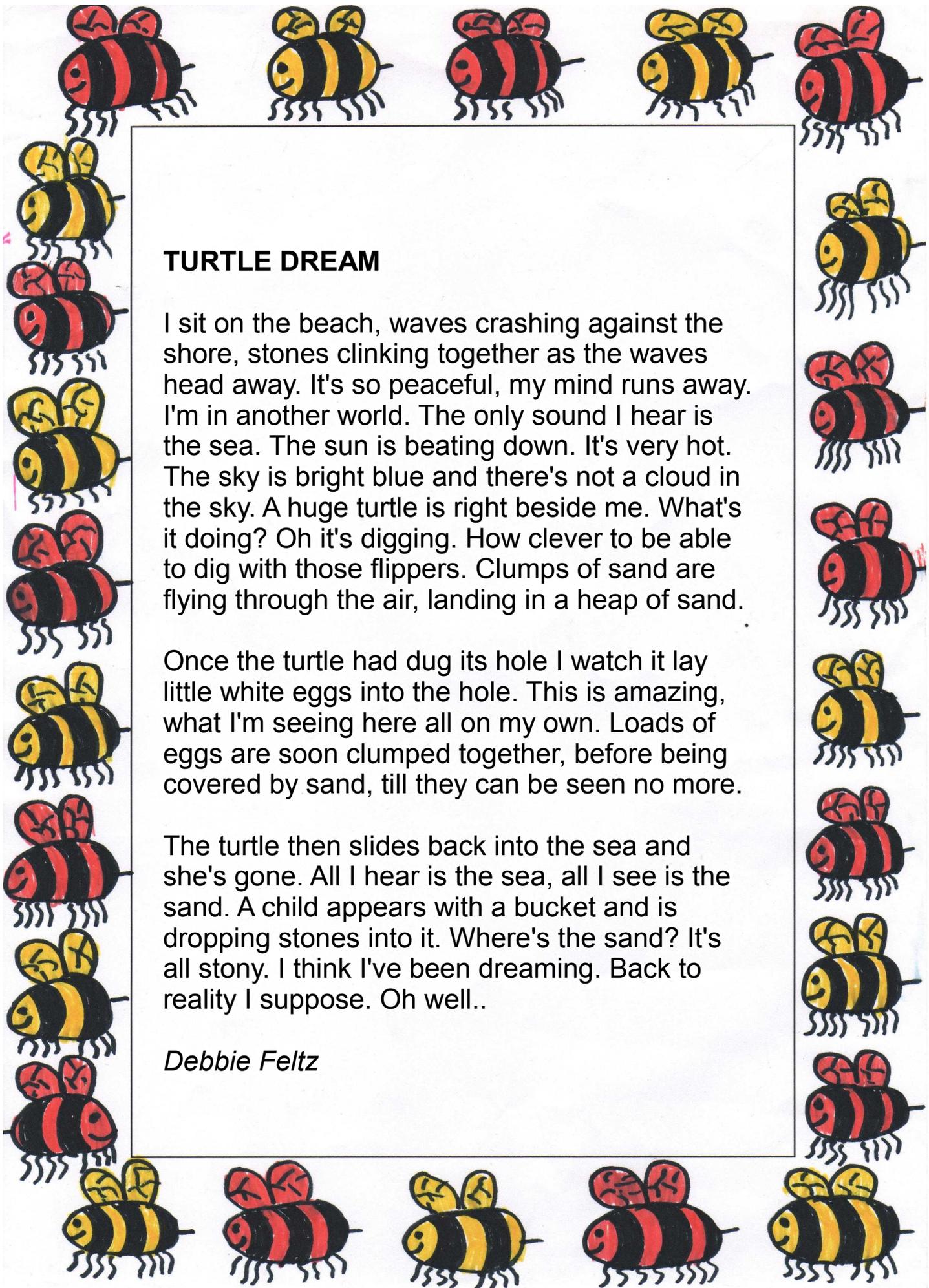
I heard her weeping and I wanted to reach out and touch her. Her body heaved up and down and a tear dropped on to her light coloured raincoat, which was belted tightly around her small frame.

I looked at the tiny wet patch where the tear had dropped and wondered why she was crying. It had spread on the material like a splash of rain.

Why was she there in my dream?

I can see the side of her face, her pale yellow skin, her deep wrinkles that run down her cheek. Somebody's daughter, somebody's sister, or is she a spirit waiting to find something. She was so vivid, I had to give her a name.

Sue Rabbett



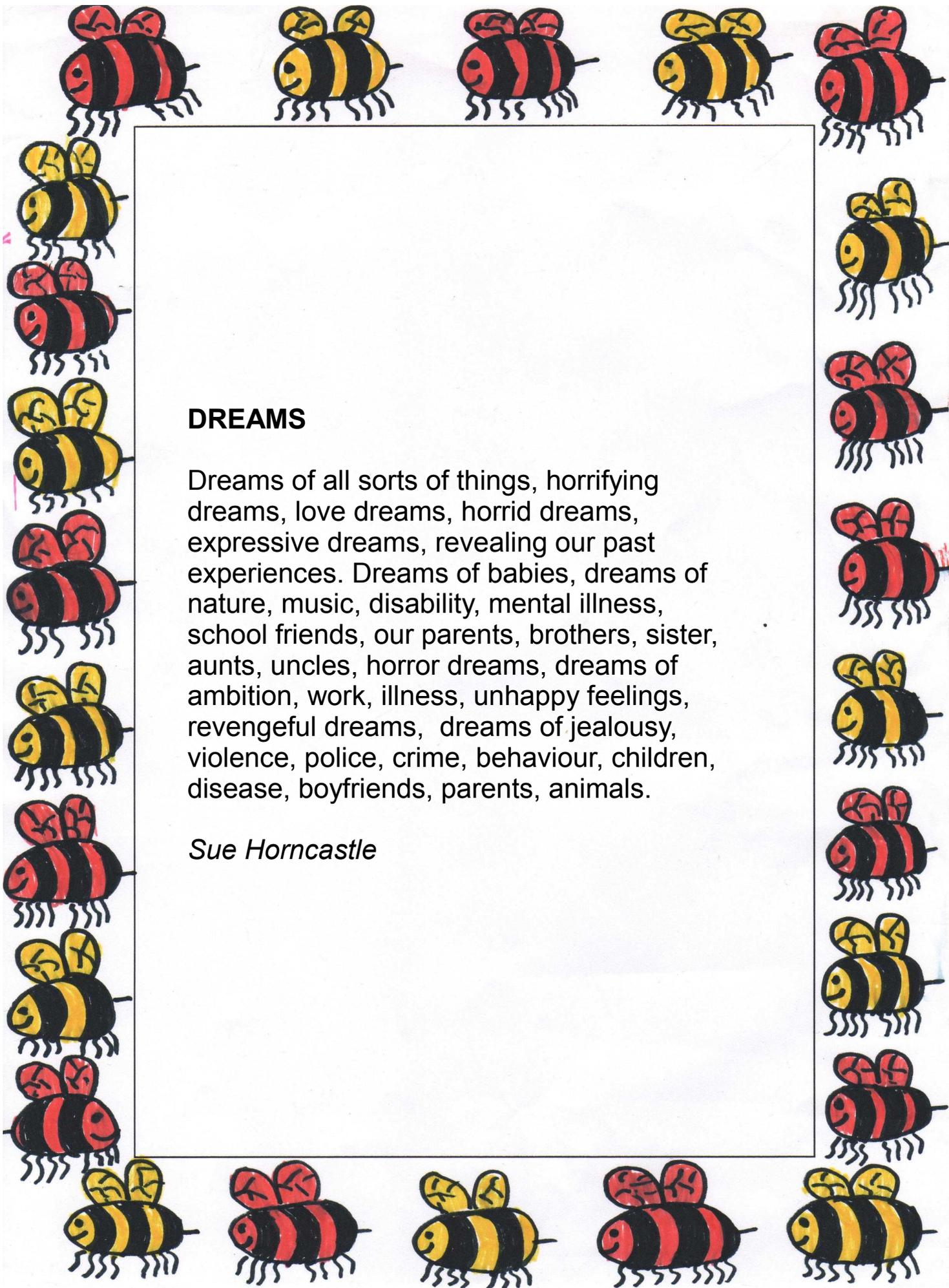
TURTLE DREAM

I sit on the beach, waves crashing against the shore, stones clinking together as the waves head away. It's so peaceful, my mind runs away. I'm in another world. The only sound I hear is the sea. The sun is beating down. It's very hot. The sky is bright blue and there's not a cloud in the sky. A huge turtle is right beside me. What's it doing? Oh it's digging. How clever to be able to dig with those flippers. Clumps of sand are flying through the air, landing in a heap of sand.

Once the turtle had dug its hole I watch it lay little white eggs into the hole. This is amazing, what I'm seeing here all on my own. Loads of eggs are soon clumped together, before being covered by sand, till they can be seen no more.

The turtle then slides back into the sea and she's gone. All I hear is the sea, all I see is the sand. A child appears with a bucket and is dropping stones into it. Where's the sand? It's all stony. I think I've been dreaming. Back to reality I suppose. Oh well..

Debbie Feltz



DREAMS

Dreams of all sorts of things, horrifying dreams, love dreams, horrid dreams, expressive dreams, revealing our past experiences. Dreams of babies, dreams of nature, music, disability, mental illness, school friends, our parents, brothers, sister, aunts, uncles, horror dreams, dreams of ambition, work, illness, unhappy feelings, revengeful dreams, dreams of jealousy, violence, police, crime, behaviour, children, disease, boyfriends, parents, animals.

Sue Horncastle

DREAMS

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'Rosie'

For 'Rosie' at Newstead Abbey.

Twenty- five years younger than me
yet in her eyes I saw reflected my dreams
Quietly spoken and shy,
Rosie was still the girl
with the light in her eyes.

Intoxicated like a drunkard,
my heart was filled full of love
My eyes gazed upon desire,
never had my arms felt so empty
nor my life so alone!

Sadly, I knew I could think only the words
I longed to send forth from my lips.
Opportunity may have chosen to tempt me
but circumstance and reality
stood fast in my way.

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DREAMS

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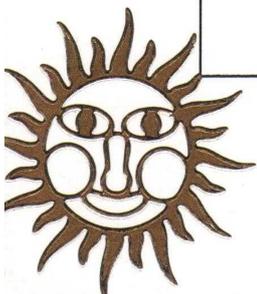
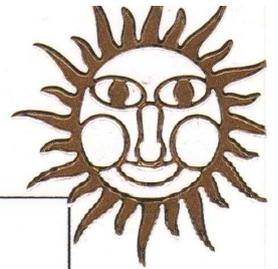
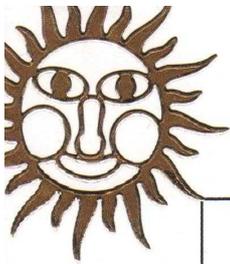
My love, however strong, was no match
for such gargantuan and esteemed opponents
and thus my lips spoke only in jest to her.
Not one word did I utter
of a love stillborn in all but name.

With the door closing behind me,
a final glance and a childlike wave
was all I could muster.
Rosie smiled kindly back through the glass -
she knew, she knew!
What could have been,
oh what could have been.

Antony May

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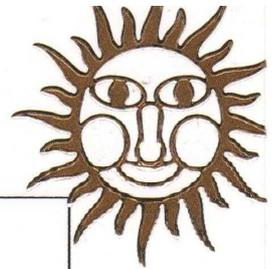
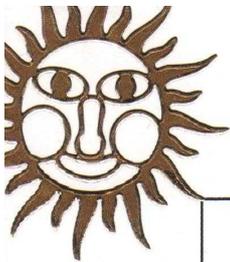
DREAMS



Dreams Are Just Dreams

It is nice to have dreams.
Sometimes they reflect
daily worries.
I prefer to live
than die
for my dreams.
Dreams are just dreams.
I have to get up
in the morning
and watch sunrise
painting whole horizon
with its pastel fingers
dipped in pink, yellow,
purple and blue.
Hills are still asleep.
I am awake now
and I don't want
to die for my dreams.

Marie Neumann



Forest Dream

I enter the forest through a broken gate which has seen many years of generations. It is springtime and the bluebells are in full bloom.

The scent of the perfume overwhelms me. The pathway meanders through the forest, passing by a small stream.

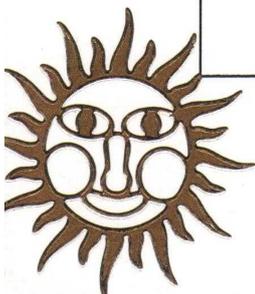
I see something glistening. I have to pick it up. It is a key. Who did it belong to and what door does it open?

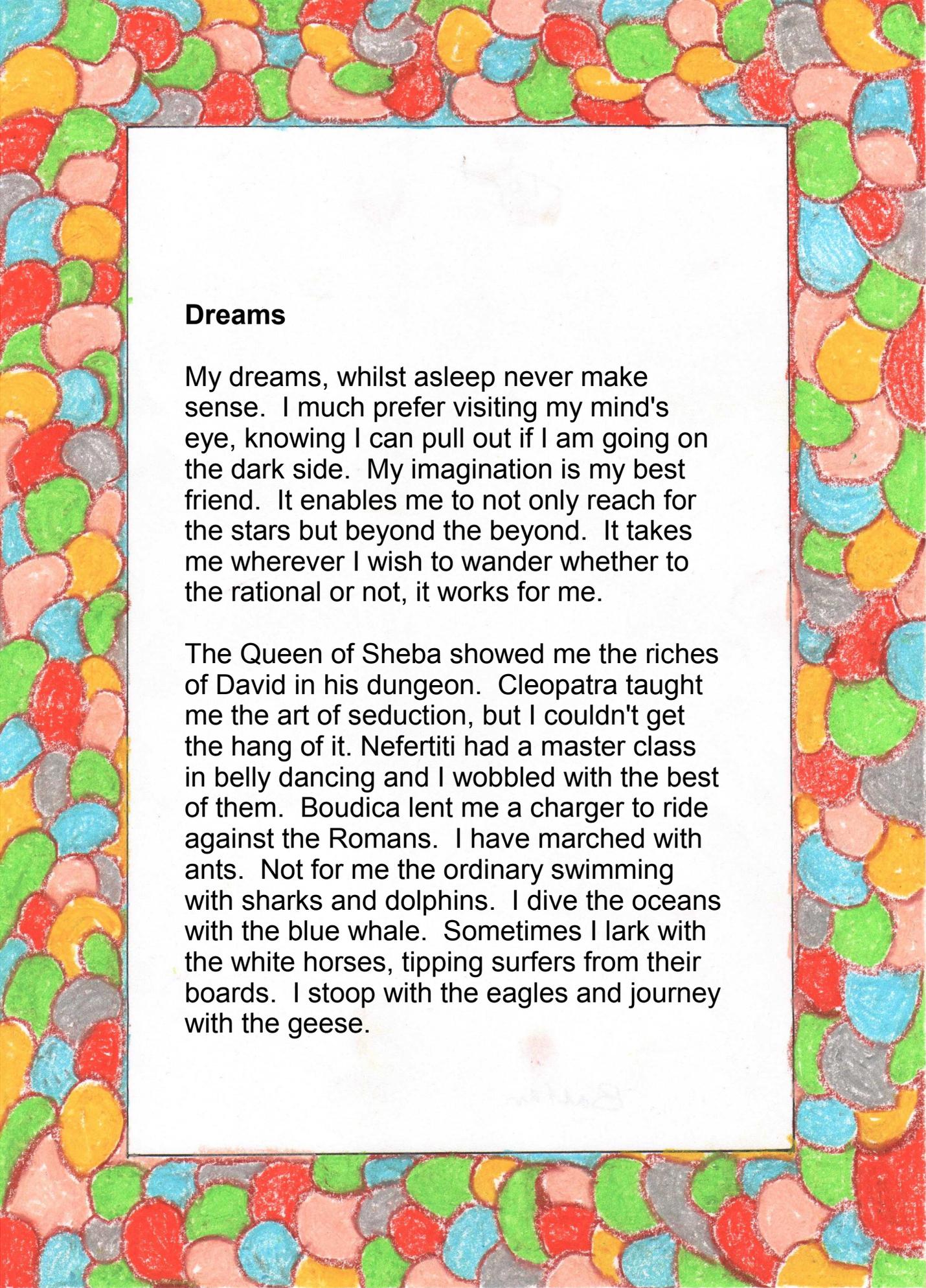
Further along the pathway I find a cup. Its pattern is faded. How many years has it laid here?

A large tree has fallen blocking the path. To continue I have to climb over it. A large lake calls to me to go in, but I cannot do it.

I see an old wooden hut with a rickety door. I cannot enter as I find it a little scary. I reach the end of the forest. A fence divides the forest from the open field. I skirt the fence but do not enter the field.

Pauline Faulkner

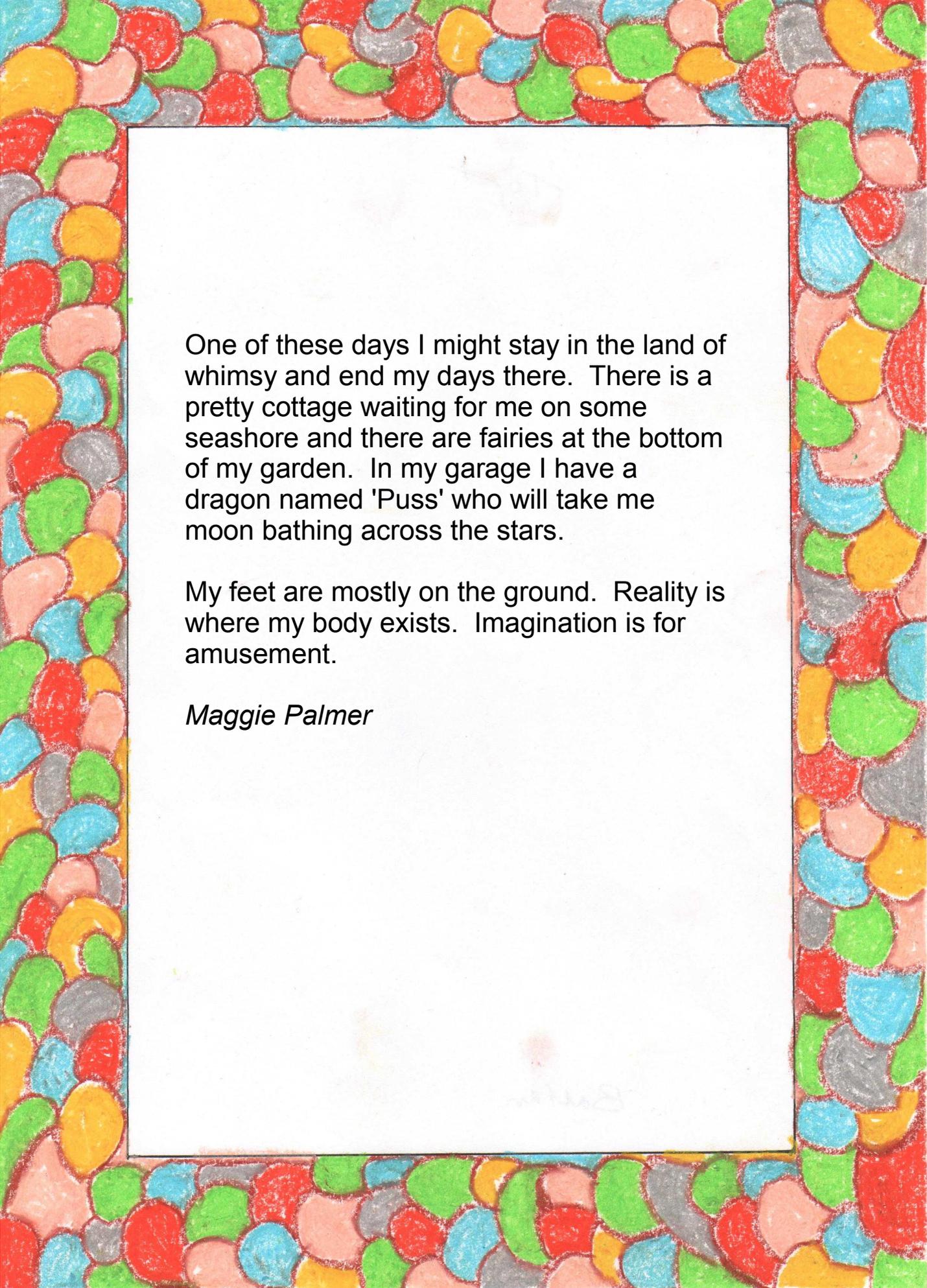




Dreams

My dreams, whilst asleep never make sense. I much prefer visiting my mind's eye, knowing I can pull out if I am going on the dark side. My imagination is my best friend. It enables me to not only reach for the stars but beyond the beyond. It takes me wherever I wish to wander whether to the rational or not, it works for me.

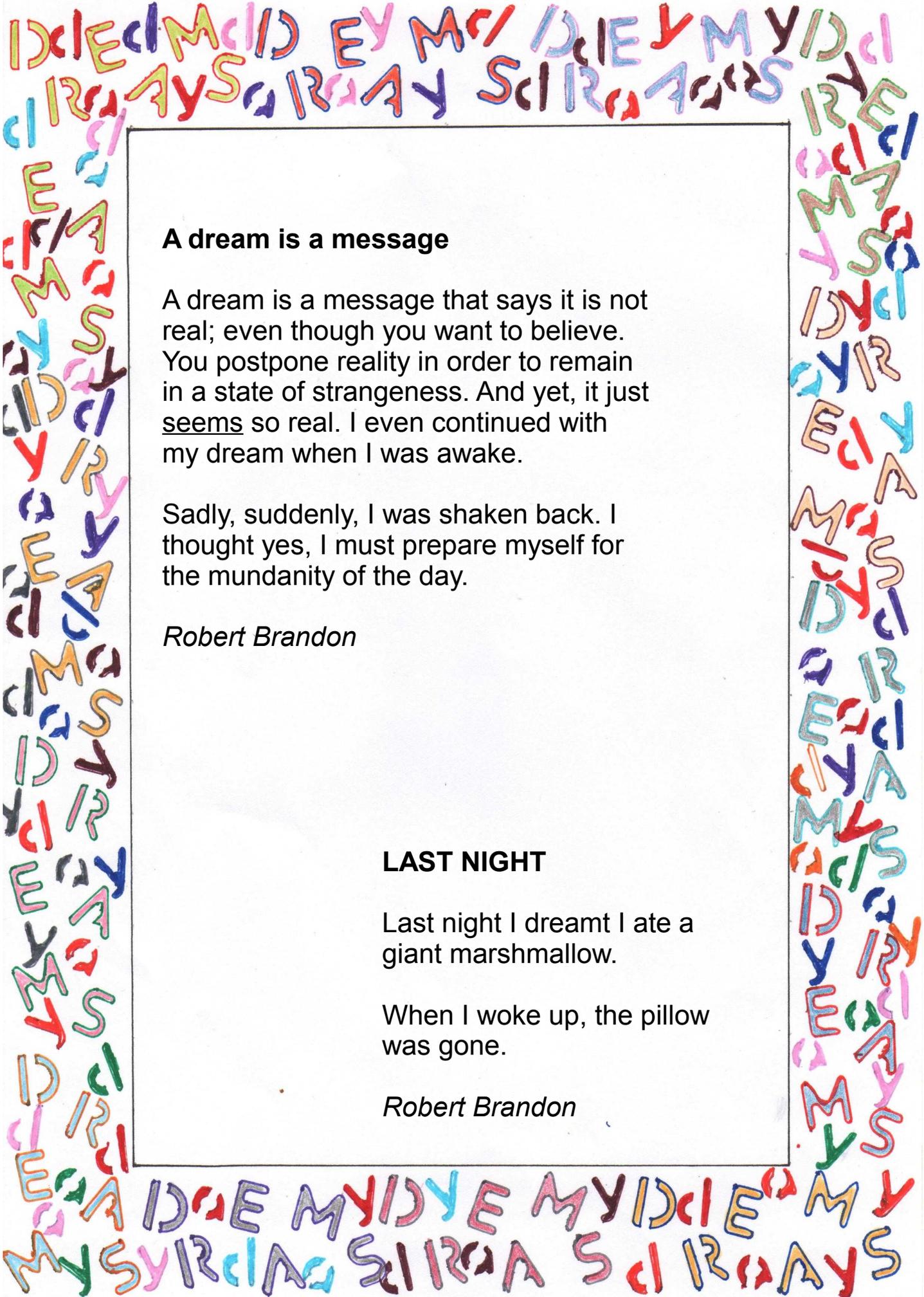
The Queen of Sheba showed me the riches of David in his dungeon. Cleopatra taught me the art of seduction, but I couldn't get the hang of it. Nefertiti had a master class in belly dancing and I wobbled with the best of them. Boudica lent me a charger to ride against the Romans. I have marched with ants. Not for me the ordinary swimming with sharks and dolphins. I dive the oceans with the blue whale. Sometimes I lark with the white horses, tipping surfers from their boards. I stoop with the eagles and journey with the geese.



One of these days I might stay in the land of whimsy and end my days there. There is a pretty cottage waiting for me on some seashore and there are fairies at the bottom of my garden. In my garage I have a dragon named 'Puss' who will take me moon bathing across the stars.

My feet are mostly on the ground. Reality is where my body exists. Imagination is for amusement.

Maggie Palmer



A dream is a message

A dream is a message that says it is not real; even though you want to believe. You postpone reality in order to remain in a state of strangeness. And yet, it just seems so real. I even continued with my dream when I was awake.

Sadly, suddenly, I was shaken back. I thought yes, I must prepare myself for the mundanity of the day.

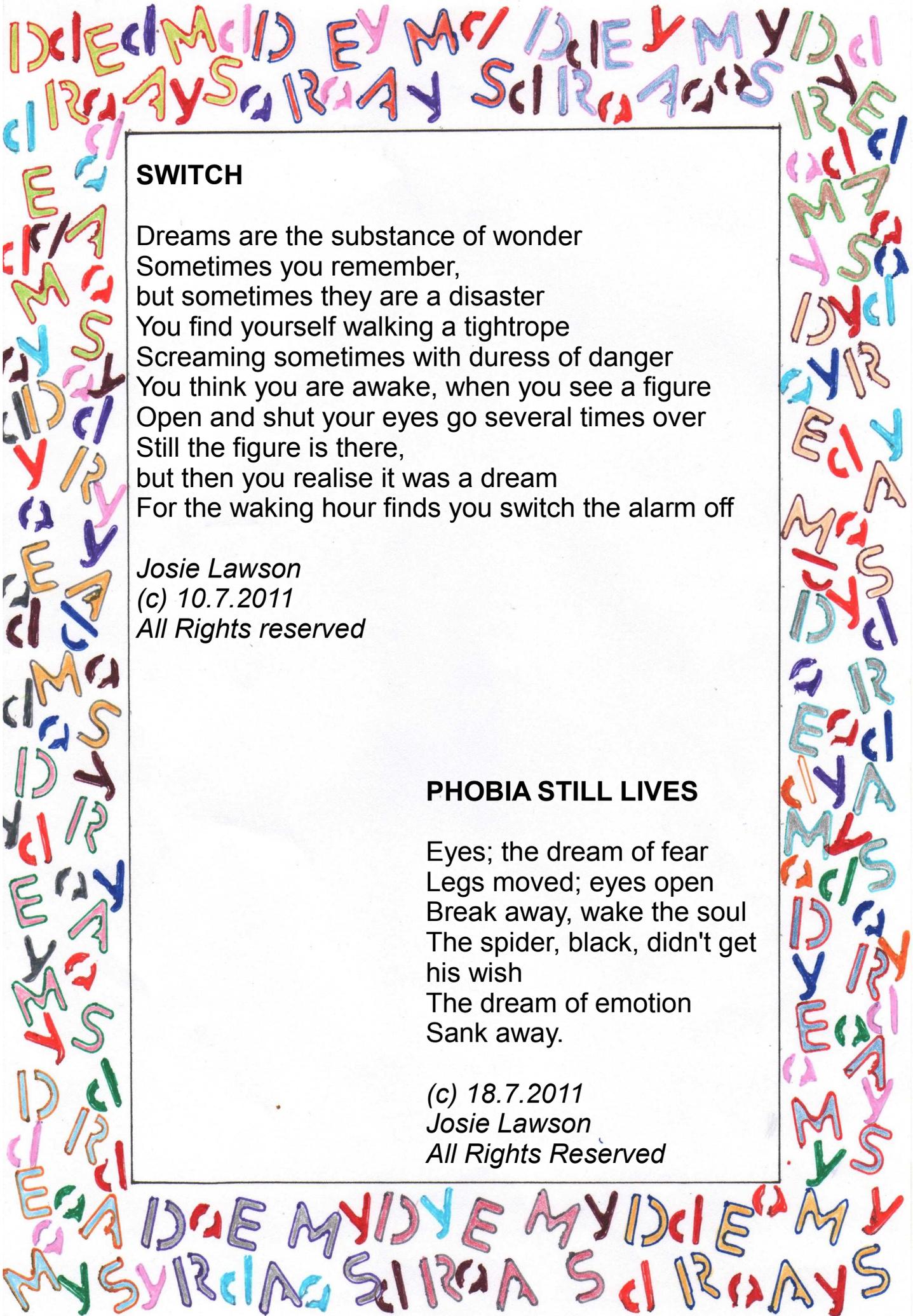
Robert Brandon

LAST NIGHT

Last night I dreamt I ate a giant marshmallow.

When I woke up, the pillow was gone.

Robert Brandon



SWITCH

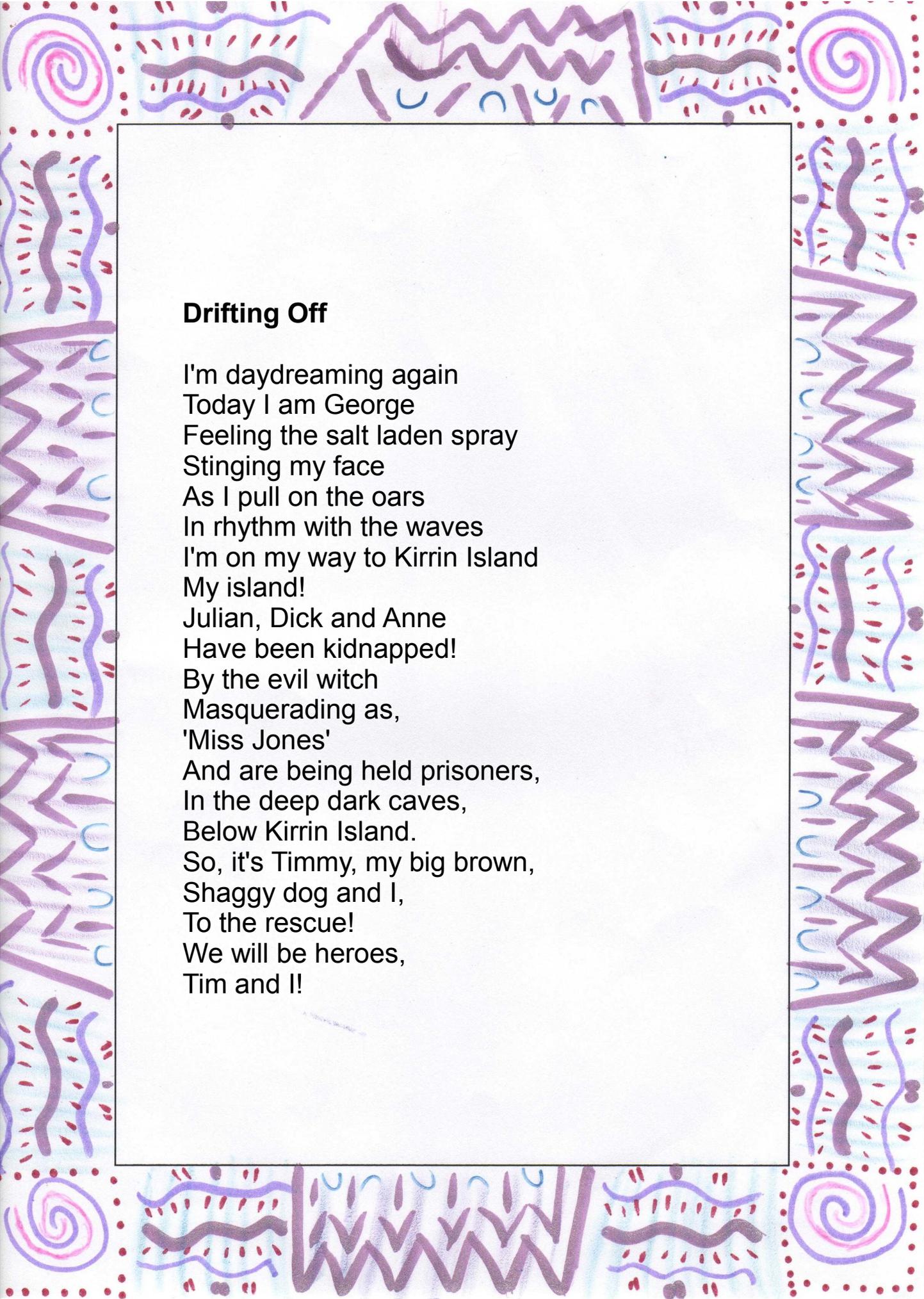
Dreams are the substance of wonder
Sometimes you remember,
but sometimes they are a disaster
You find yourself walking a tightrope
Screaming sometimes with duress of danger
You think you are awake, when you see a figure
Open and shut your eyes go several times over
Still the figure is there,
but then you realise it was a dream
For the waking hour finds you switch the alarm off

Josie Lawson
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PHOBIA STILL LIVES

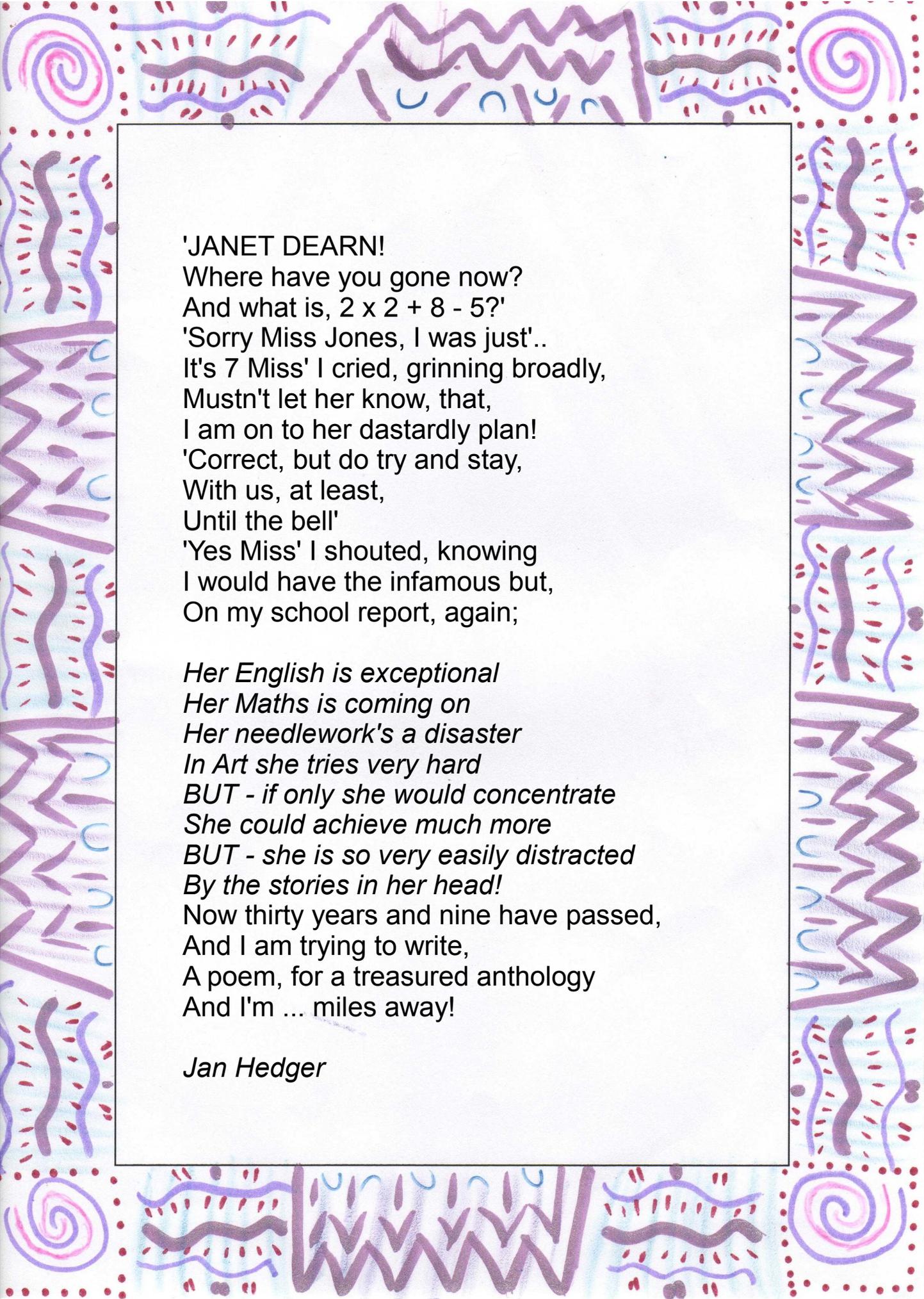
Eyes; the dream of fear
Legs moved; eyes open
Break away, wake the soul
The spider, black, didn't get
his wish
The dream of emotion
Sank away.

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Josie Lawson
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Drifting Off

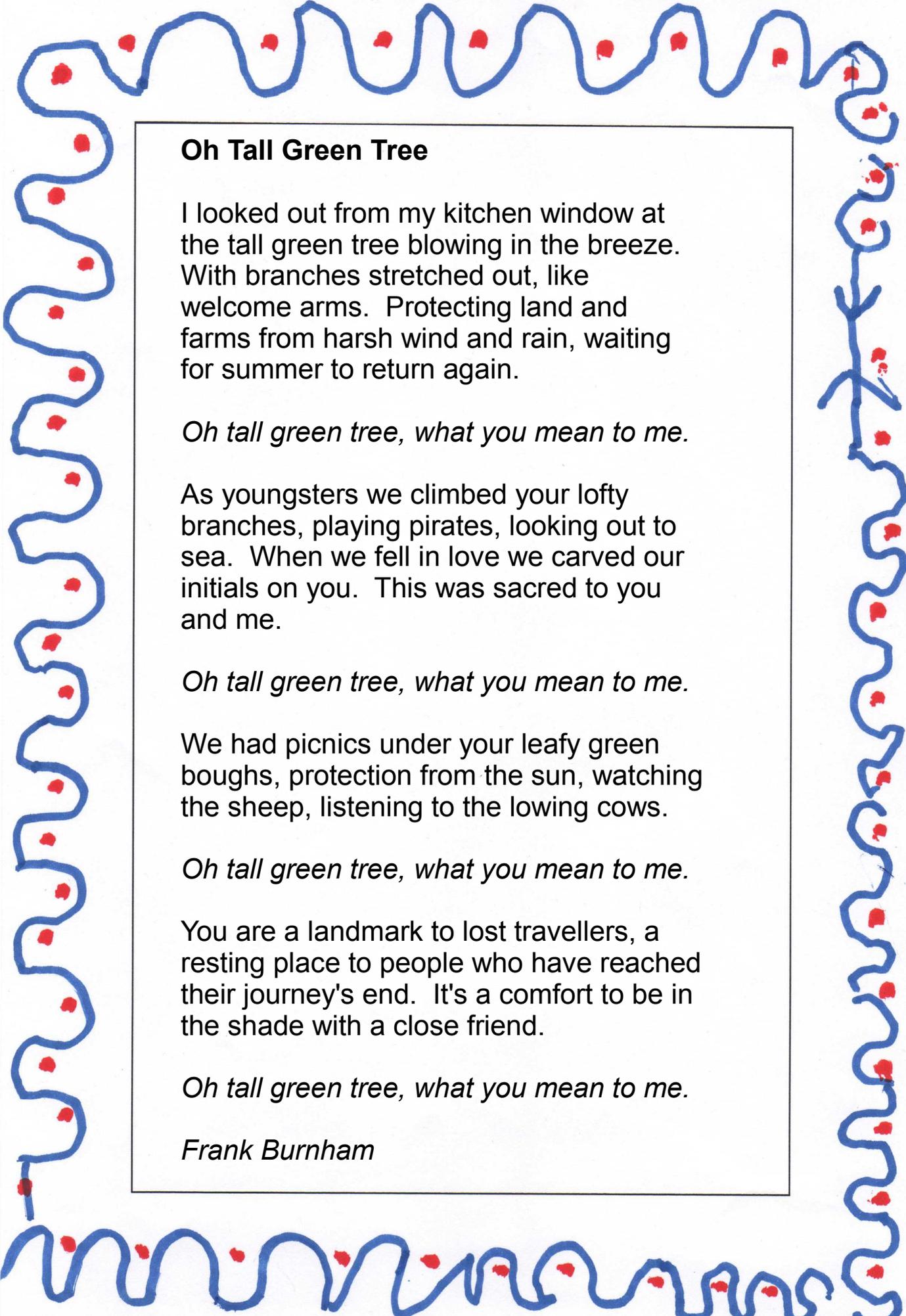
I'm daydreaming again
Today I am George
Feeling the salt laden spray
Stinging my face
As I pull on the oars
In rhythm with the waves
I'm on my way to Kirrin Island
My island!
Julian, Dick and Anne
Have been kidnapped!
By the evil witch
Masquerading as,
'Miss Jones'
And are being held prisoners,
In the deep dark caves,
Below Kirrin Island.
So, it's Timmy, my big brown,
Shaggy dog and I,
To the rescue!
We will be heroes,
Tim and I!



'JANET DEARN!
Where have you gone now?
And what is, $2 \times 2 + 8 - 5$?'
'Sorry Miss Jones, I was just'..
It's 7 Miss' I cried, grinning broadly,
Mustn't let her know, that,
I am on to her dastardly plan!
'Correct, but do try and stay,
With us, at least,
Until the bell'
'Yes Miss' I shouted, knowing
I would have the infamous but,
On my school report, again;

*Her English is exceptional
Her Maths is coming on
Her needlework's a disaster
In Art she tries very hard
BUT - if only she would concentrate
She could achieve much more
BUT - she is so very easily distracted
By the stories in her head!
Now thirty years and nine have passed,
And I am trying to write,
A poem, for a treasured anthology
And I'm ... miles away!*

Jan Hedger



Oh Tall Green Tree

I looked out from my kitchen window at the tall green tree blowing in the breeze. With branches stretched out, like welcome arms. Protecting land and farms from harsh wind and rain, waiting for summer to return again.

Oh tall green tree, what you mean to me.

As youngsters we climbed your lofty branches, playing pirates, looking out to sea. When we fell in love we carved our initials on you. This was sacred to you and me.

Oh tall green tree, what you mean to me.

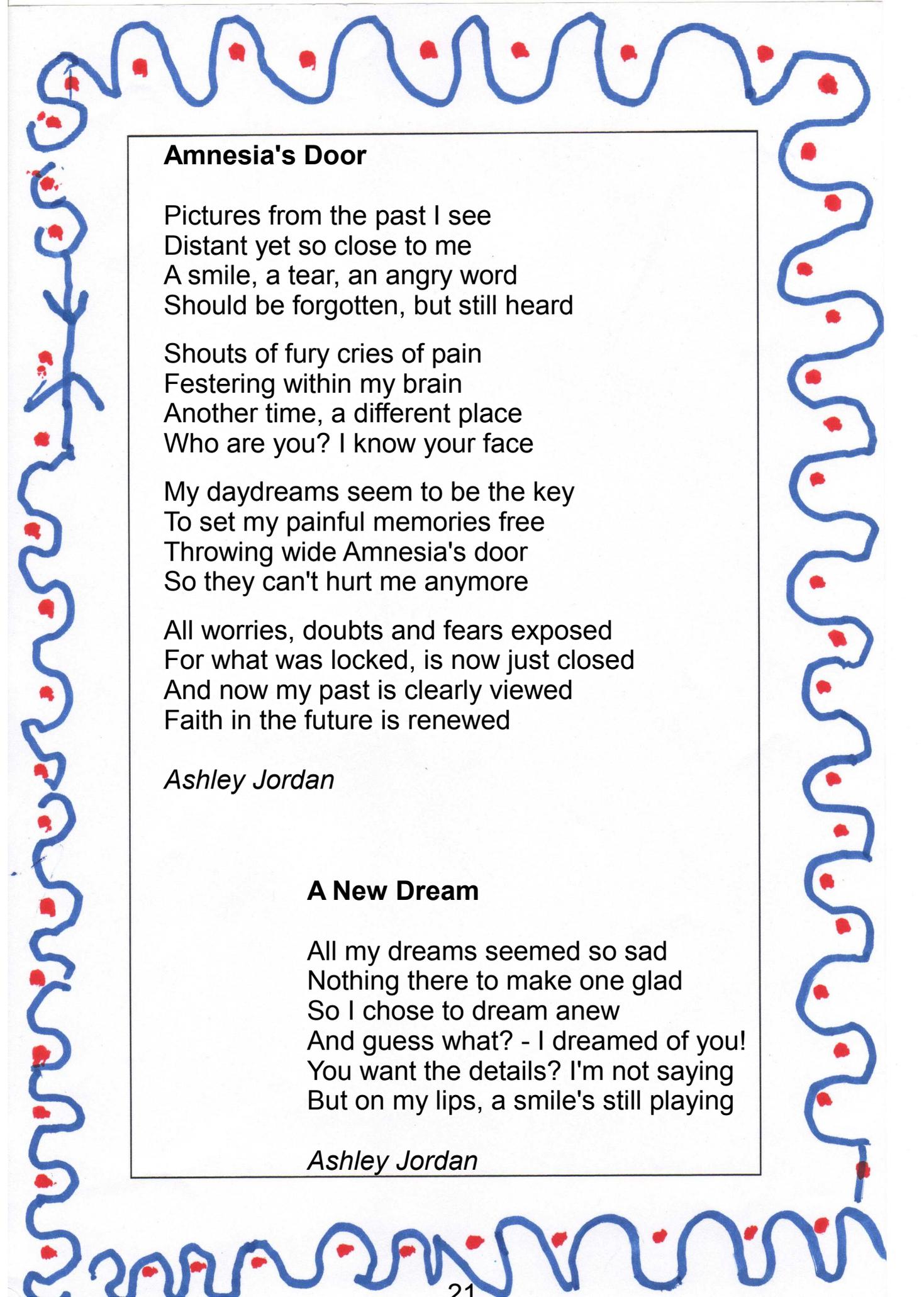
We had picnics under your leafy green boughs, protection from the sun, watching the sheep, listening to the lowing cows.

Oh tall green tree, what you mean to me.

You are a landmark to lost travellers, a resting place to people who have reached their journey's end. It's a comfort to be in the shade with a close friend.

Oh tall green tree, what you mean to me.

Frank Burnham



Amnesia's Door

Pictures from the past I see
Distant yet so close to me
A smile, a tear, an angry word
Should be forgotten, but still heard

Shouts of fury cries of pain
Festering within my brain
Another time, a different place
Who are you? I know your face

My daydreams seem to be the key
To set my painful memories free
Throwing wide Amnesia's door
So they can't hurt me anymore

All worries, doubts and fears exposed
For what was locked, is now just closed
And now my past is clearly viewed
Faith in the future is renewed

Ashley Jordan

A New Dream

All my dreams seemed so sad
Nothing there to make one glad
So I chose to dream anew
And guess what? - I dreamed of you!
You want the details? I'm not saying
But on my lips, a smile's still playing

Ashley Jordan

DREAMS



ANGELS

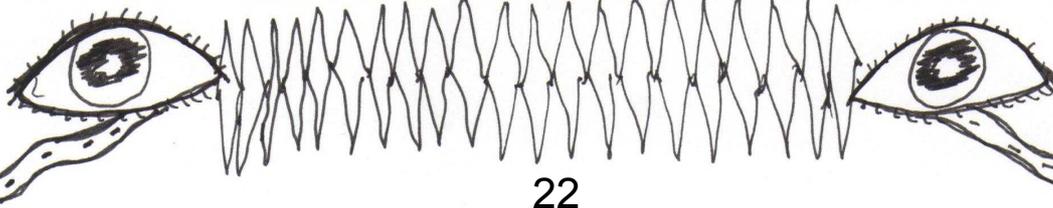
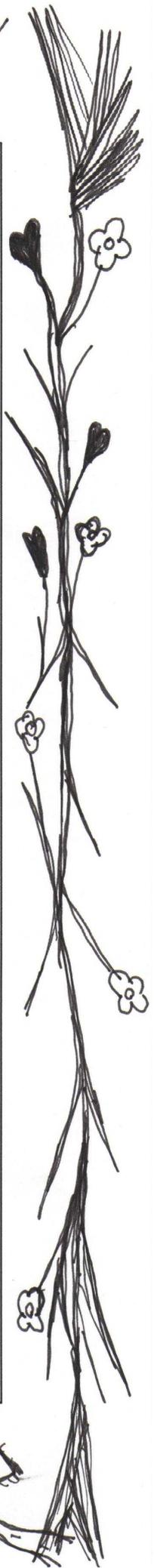
Blue skies
Angels sing
My life's long wish
My perfect dream

Angels wings
Fluttering light
Keep me safe
By day and night

Free flying
Dipping, diving
Keep me safe
Love and yearning

A perfect dream
Angels love
Keep me safe
In heaven above

Sue Rabbett



DREAMS



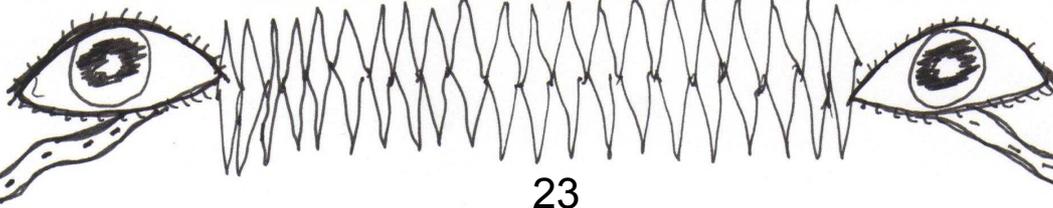
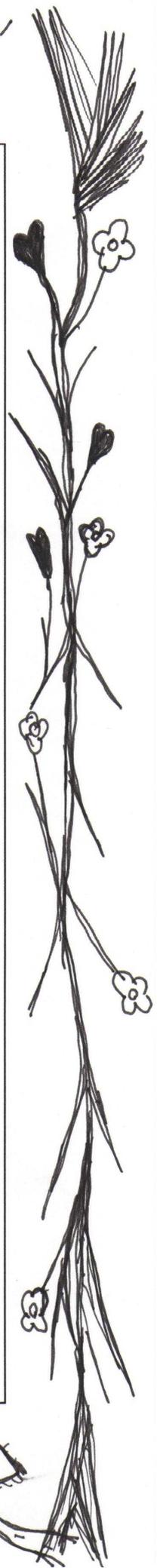
Dreaming

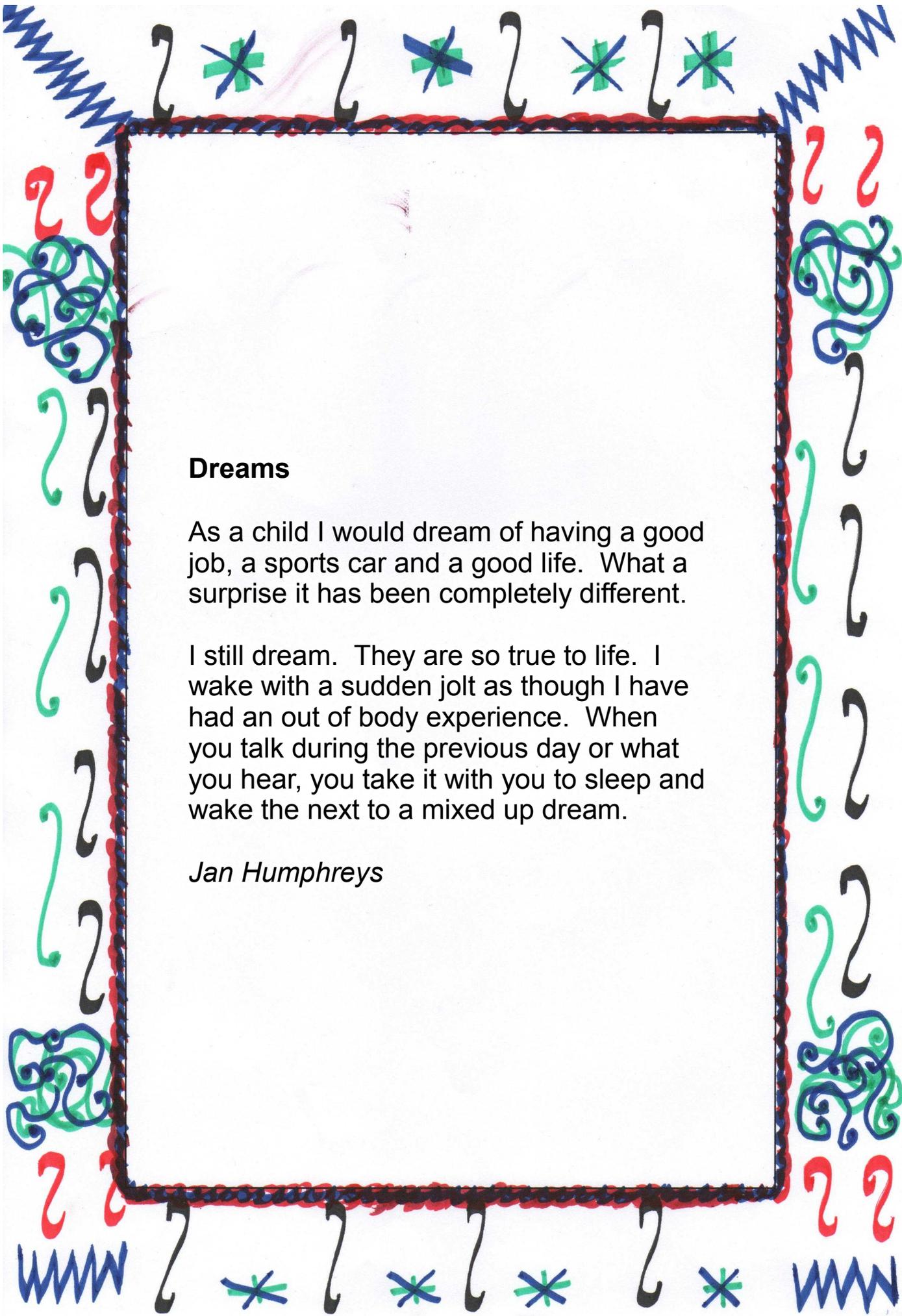
Give me inspiration
the desire to dream
in the safety of my home.

Waiting for the thaw
from winter's cruelty
rain can wash
my memories
sun crack my lips
into a smile.

Hope that new life brings
let them
dare to dream
of pleasant
echoes,
in the safety of caring arms

Stephen Taylor





Dreams

As a child I would dream of having a good job, a sports car and a good life. What a surprise it has been completely different.

I still dream. They are so true to life. I wake with a sudden jolt as though I have had an out of body experience. When you talk during the previous day or what you hear, you take it with you to sleep and wake the next to a mixed up dream.

Jan Humphreys



War Dreams

When I was a little girl I used to always dream about standing on a wall. A high wall it was and there were all these planes flying over the sky. I could hear all these loud bangs going on and it was dark. It was a lot of bombs going off and I fell off the wall. It made me really frightened. I have the dream a lot.

I see myself running away but I can't remember falling off and I wake up then and I remember it was all only a dream.

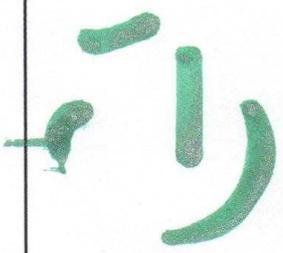
Maria Gethin

Message From Mum

I remember another dream
When my mam passed away
I dreamt about my mam.

She came to me and said my sister was going to have a big win at Bingo
I'm still waiting for her to win Bingo
but nothing has happened yet.

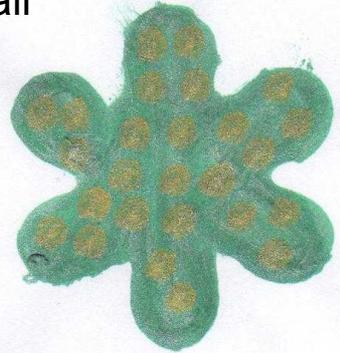
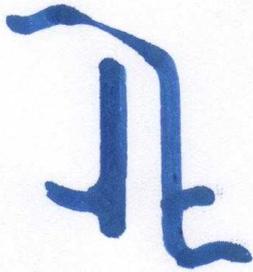
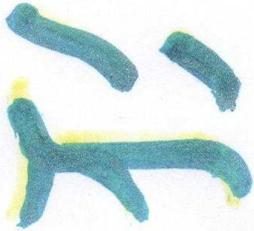
Maria Gethin



Dreams;

A manifestation in the deep sleep
Of a wakeful and restless mind,
Uncontrollable,
averse the command phase
of routine everyday existence.
Good or bad they come unannounced.
Sometimes they allow us to remember
Sometimes they are elusive to recall
but dreaming; will always be there.

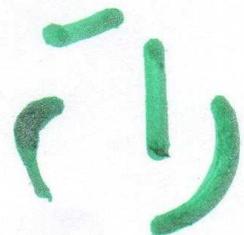
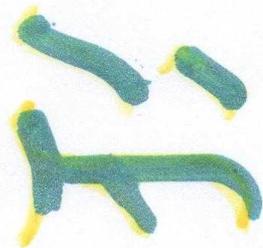
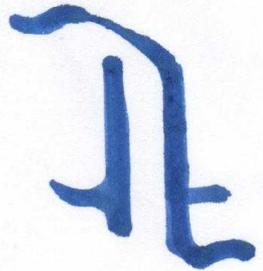
Jan Hedger



Love Beyond Riches

If wishes were dreams
and dreams were wishes
If only we could share;
pulling a wishbone in two
If dreams became real
and wishes come true
If a coin in a well bought
forth your kisses
I'd give away my fortune,
for a moment with you.

Jan Hedger

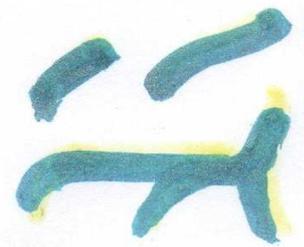




Wonderful Dream

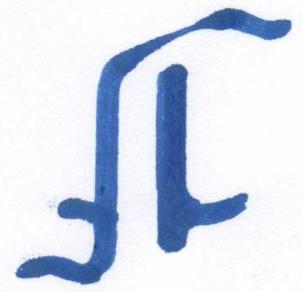
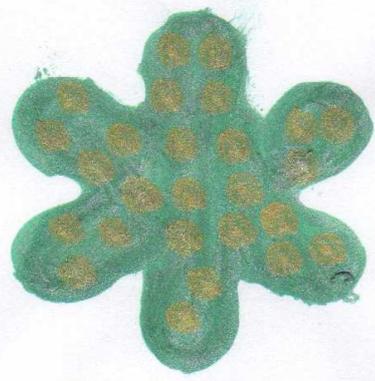


I dreamt I was on the beach and I was talking to my friend and she said "Shall we go for a swim?" and I said "Why not?" so we both went swimming.



The next thing I knew I was floating in mid-air and I saw myself drifting. I looked around for my friend but she had gone and I woke up.

Marion Alleyne



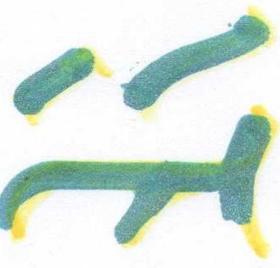
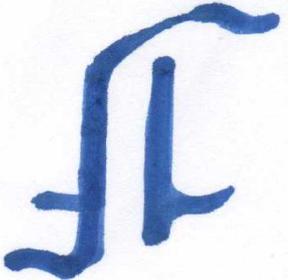
Dream Cruise

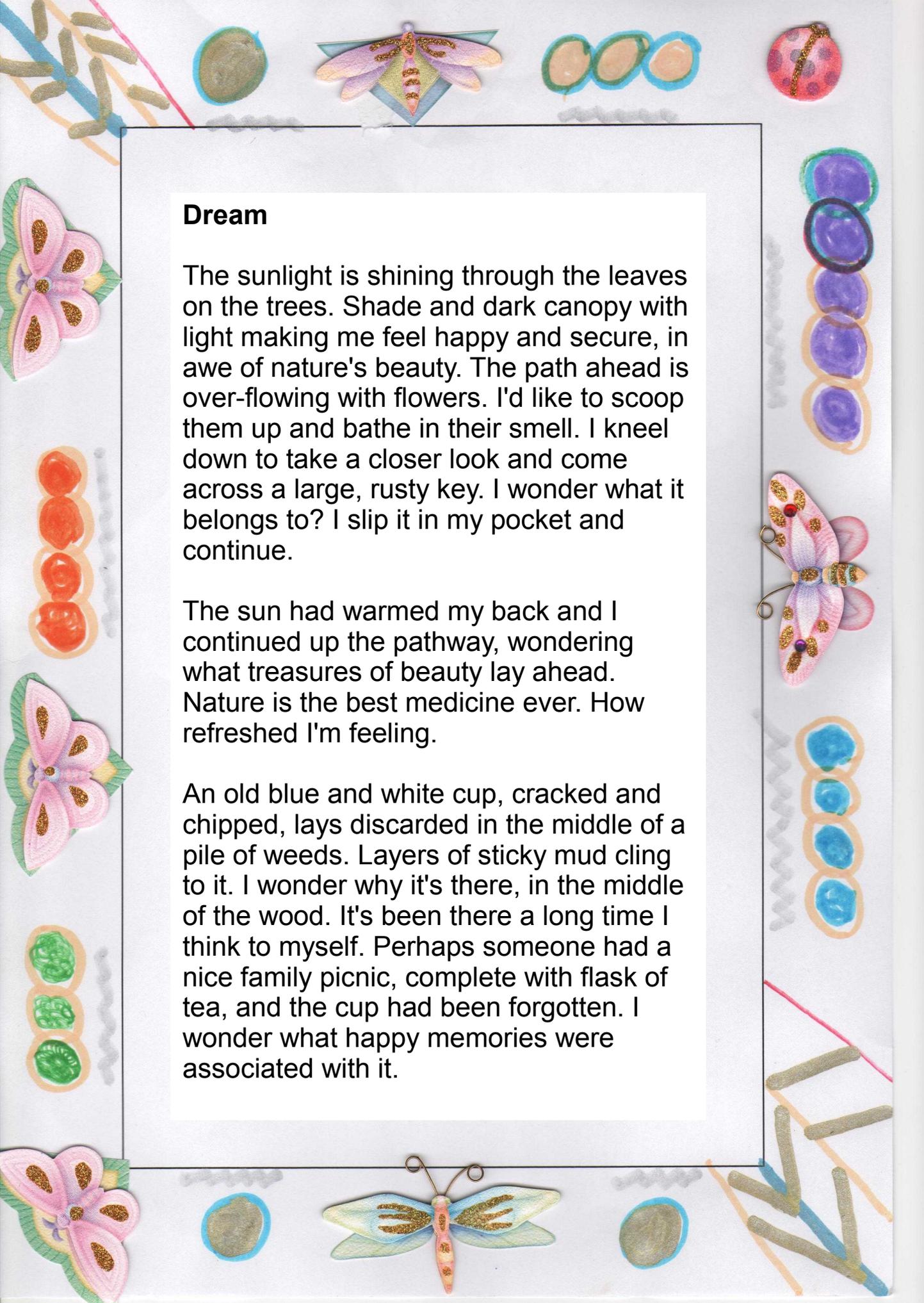


I would love to tell you about my dreams, which can be very strange.

I once had a dream. I dreamt I was on board a big ship. It was fantastic. There were over 4000 passengers on board. We ate all day. There was quite a lot to do.

Marion Alleyne





Dream

The sunlight is shining through the leaves on the trees. Shade and dark canopy with light making me feel happy and secure, in awe of nature's beauty. The path ahead is over-flowing with flowers. I'd like to scoop them up and bathe in their smell. I kneel down to take a closer look and come across a large, rusty key. I wonder what it belongs to? I slip it in my pocket and continue.

The sun had warmed my back and I continued up the pathway, wondering what treasures of beauty lay ahead. Nature is the best medicine ever. How refreshed I'm feeling.

An old blue and white cup, cracked and chipped, lays discarded in the middle of a pile of weeds. Layers of sticky mud cling to it. I wonder why it's there, in the middle of the wood. It's been there a long time I think to myself. Perhaps someone had a nice family picnic, complete with flask of tea, and the cup had been forgotten. I wonder what happy memories were associated with it.

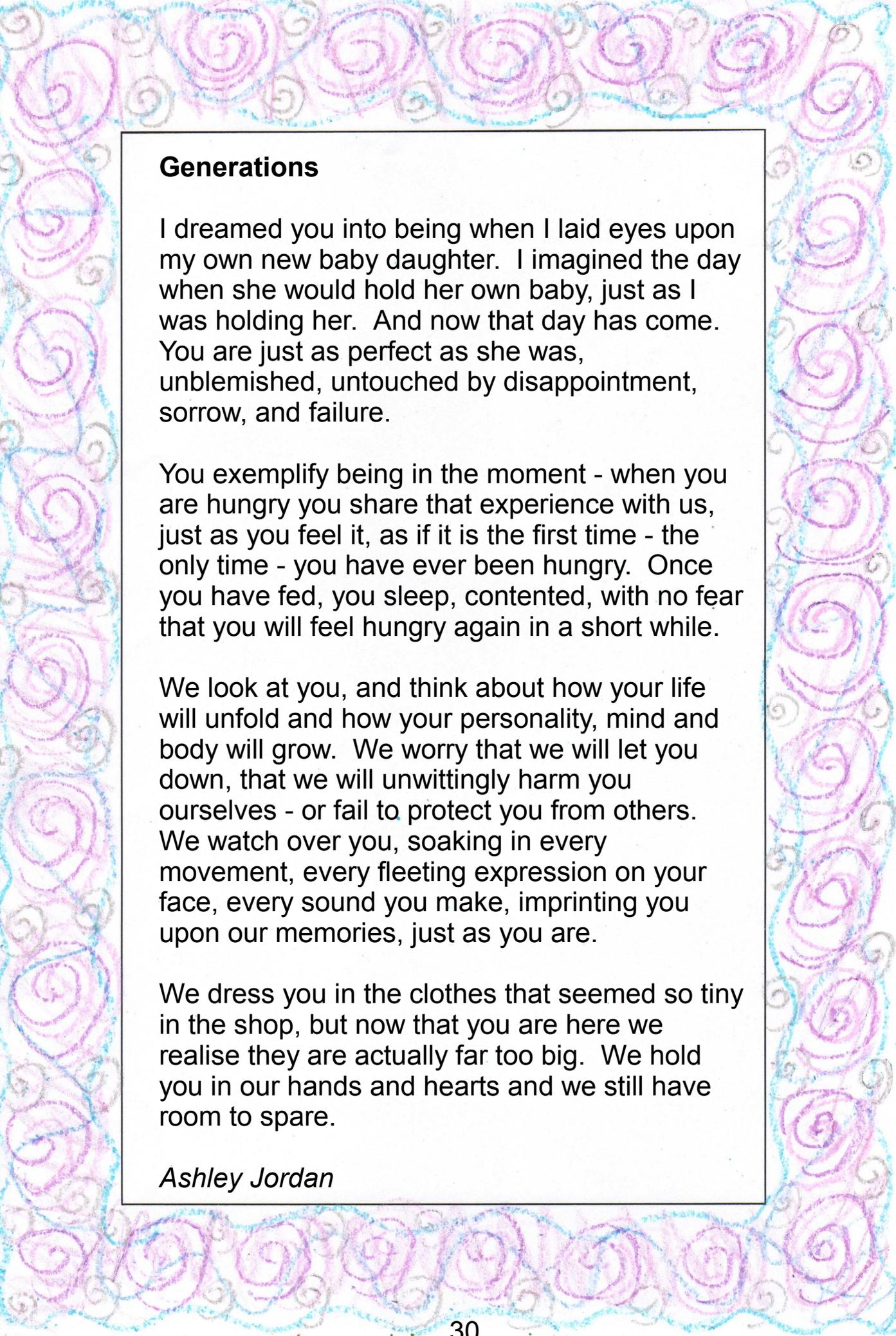


My mind was wandering. Ahead was a large fallen tree. I have to sit on it for a minute, then I decide to lay on it. Eventually I slide off and continue on my way.

A large pond off to my left, still and green, teeming with insects. Beautiful dragonflies play above the pond.

There's a broken down shed, empty and neglected. Certainly wouldn't want to spend the night in there. Birds are singing and I climb over a small old wooden fence into a large expanse of field. Meadow flowers are dotted everywhere. I'm off to investigate...

Rose Bilby



Generations

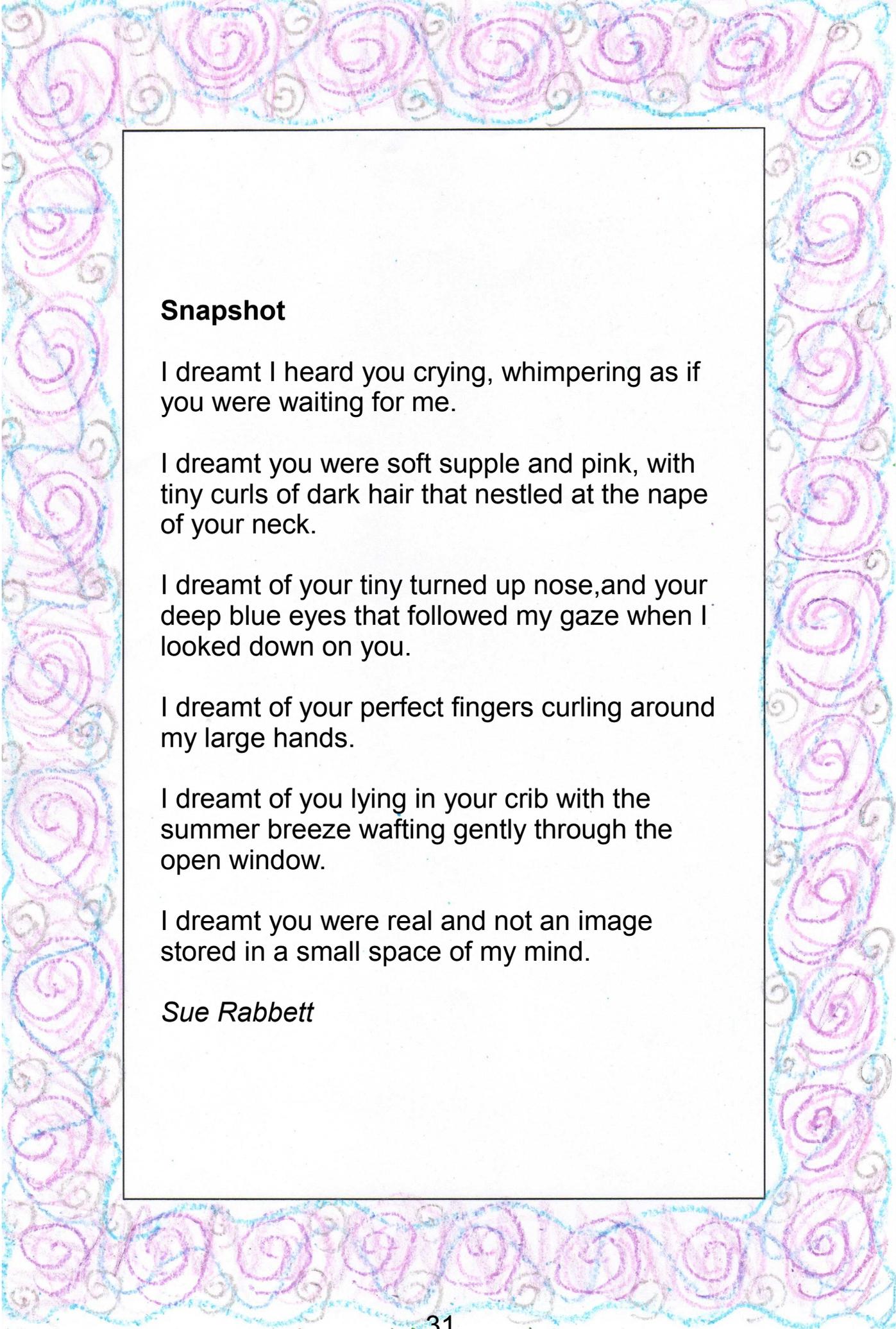
I dreamed you into being when I laid eyes upon my own new baby daughter. I imagined the day when she would hold her own baby, just as I was holding her. And now that day has come. You are just as perfect as she was, unblemished, untouched by disappointment, sorrow, and failure.

You exemplify being in the moment - when you are hungry you share that experience with us, just as you feel it, as if it is the first time - the only time - you have ever been hungry. Once you have fed, you sleep, contented, with no fear that you will feel hungry again in a short while.

We look at you, and think about how your life will unfold and how your personality, mind and body will grow. We worry that we will let you down, that we will unwittingly harm you ourselves - or fail to protect you from others. We watch over you, soaking in every movement, every fleeting expression on your face, every sound you make, imprinting you upon our memories, just as you are.

We dress you in the clothes that seemed so tiny in the shop, but now that you are here we realise they are actually far too big. We hold you in our hands and hearts and we still have room to spare.

Ashley Jordan



Snapshot

I dreamt I heard you crying, whimpering as if you were waiting for me.

I dreamt you were soft supple and pink, with tiny curls of dark hair that nestled at the nape of your neck.

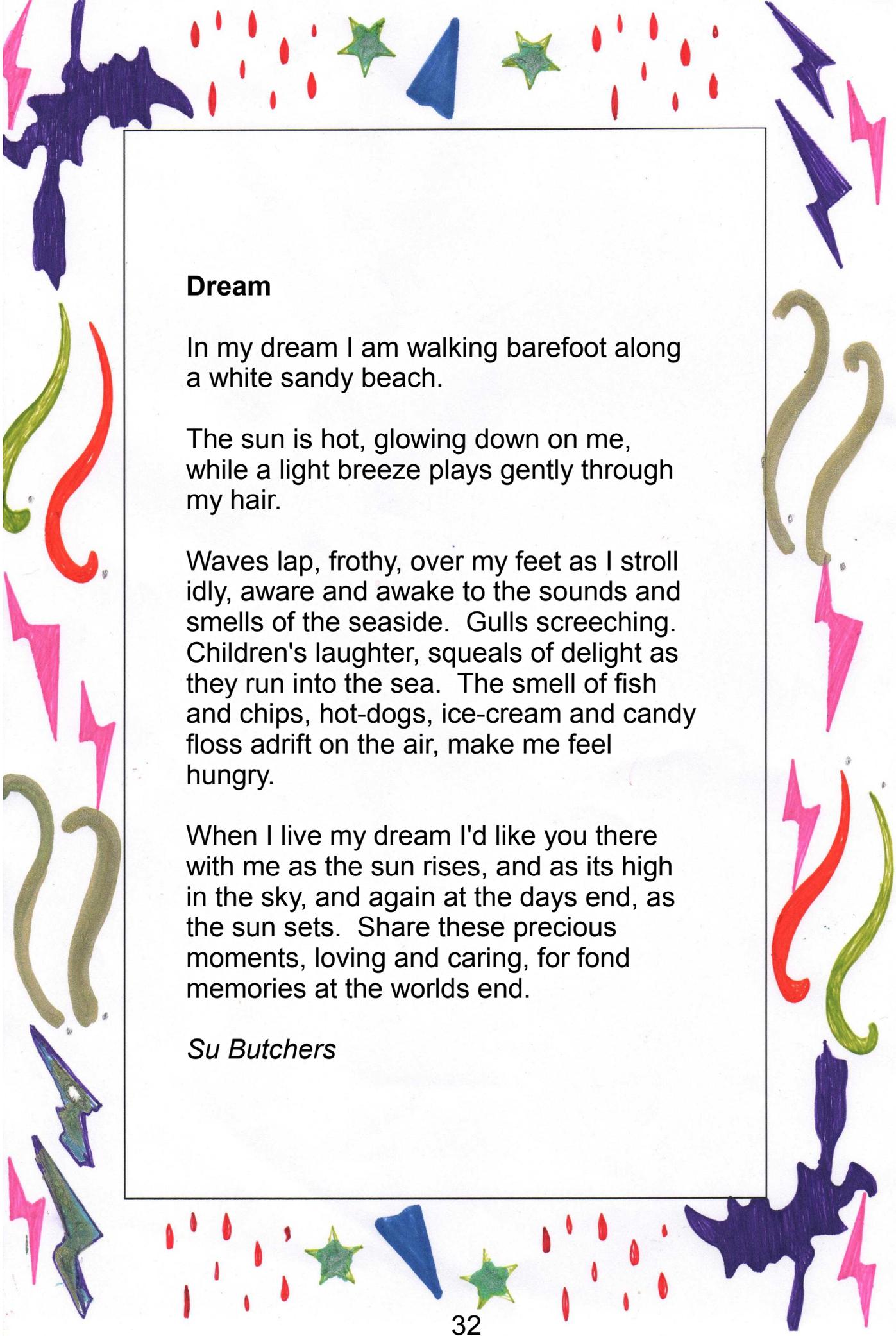
I dreamt of your tiny turned up nose, and your deep blue eyes that followed my gaze when I looked down on you.

I dreamt of your perfect fingers curling around my large hands.

I dreamt of you lying in your crib with the summer breeze wafting gently through the open window.

I dreamt you were real and not an image stored in a small space of my mind.

Sue Rabbett



Dream

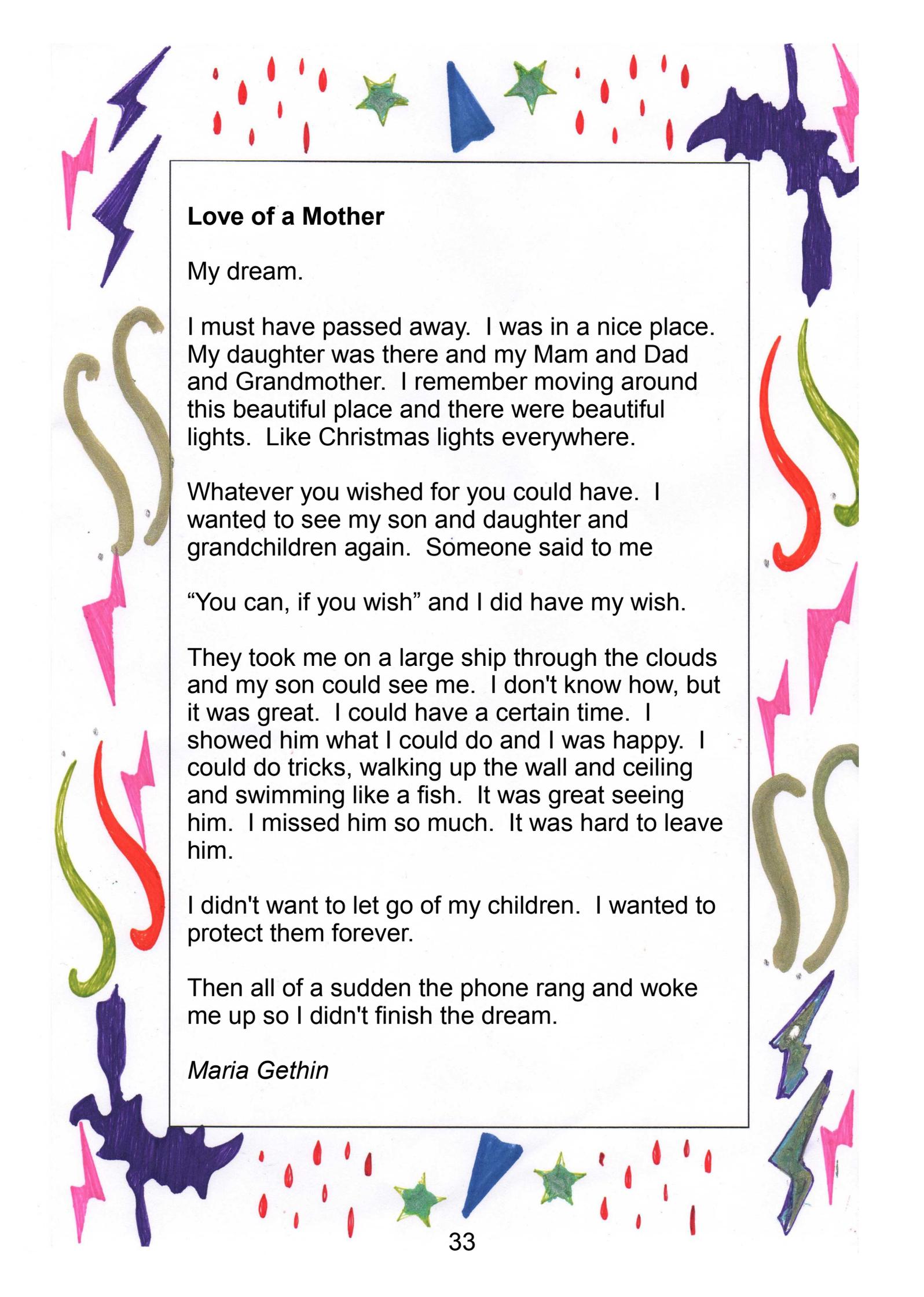
In my dream I am walking barefoot along
a white sandy beach.

The sun is hot, glowing down on me,
while a light breeze plays gently through
my hair.

Waves lap, frothy, over my feet as I stroll
idly, aware and awake to the sounds and
smells of the seaside. Gulls screeching.
Children's laughter, squeals of delight as
they run into the sea. The smell of fish
and chips, hot-dogs, ice-cream and candy
floss adrift on the air, make me feel
hungry.

When I live my dream I'd like you there
with me as the sun rises, and as its high
in the sky, and again at the days end, as
the sun sets. Share these precious
moments, loving and caring, for fond
memories at the worlds end.

Su Butchers



Love of a Mother

My dream.

I must have passed away. I was in a nice place. My daughter was there and my Mam and Dad and Grandmother. I remember moving around this beautiful place and there were beautiful lights. Like Christmas lights everywhere.

Whatever you wished for you could have. I wanted to see my son and daughter and grandchildren again. Someone said to me

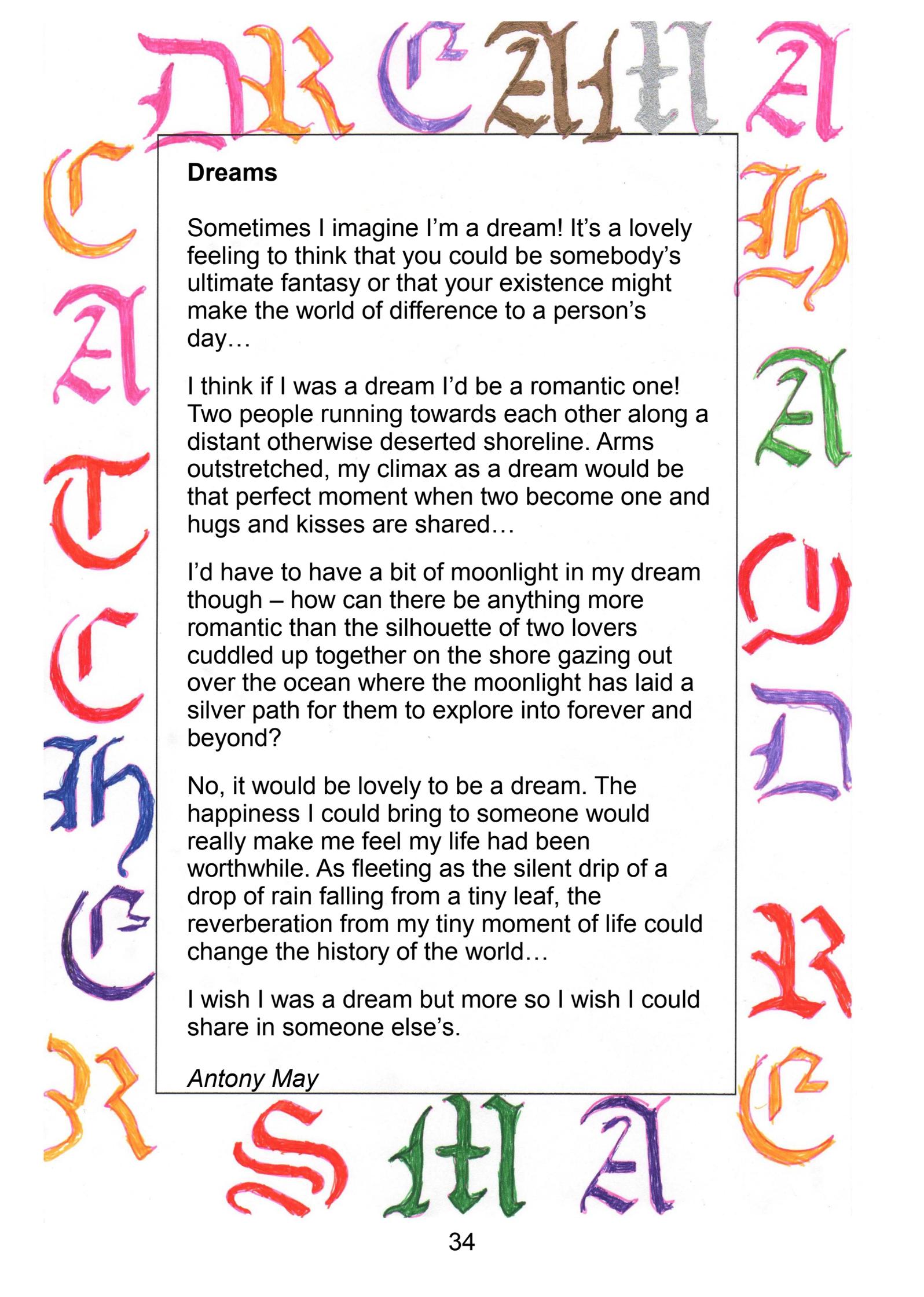
“You can, if you wish” and I did have my wish.

They took me on a large ship through the clouds and my son could see me. I don't know how, but it was great. I could have a certain time. I showed him what I could do and I was happy. I could do tricks, walking up the wall and ceiling and swimming like a fish. It was great seeing him. I missed him so much. It was hard to leave him.

I didn't want to let go of my children. I wanted to protect them forever.

Then all of a sudden the phone rang and woke me up so I didn't finish the dream.

Maria Gethin



Dreams

Sometimes I imagine I'm a dream! It's a lovely feeling to think that you could be somebody's ultimate fantasy or that your existence might make the world of difference to a person's day...

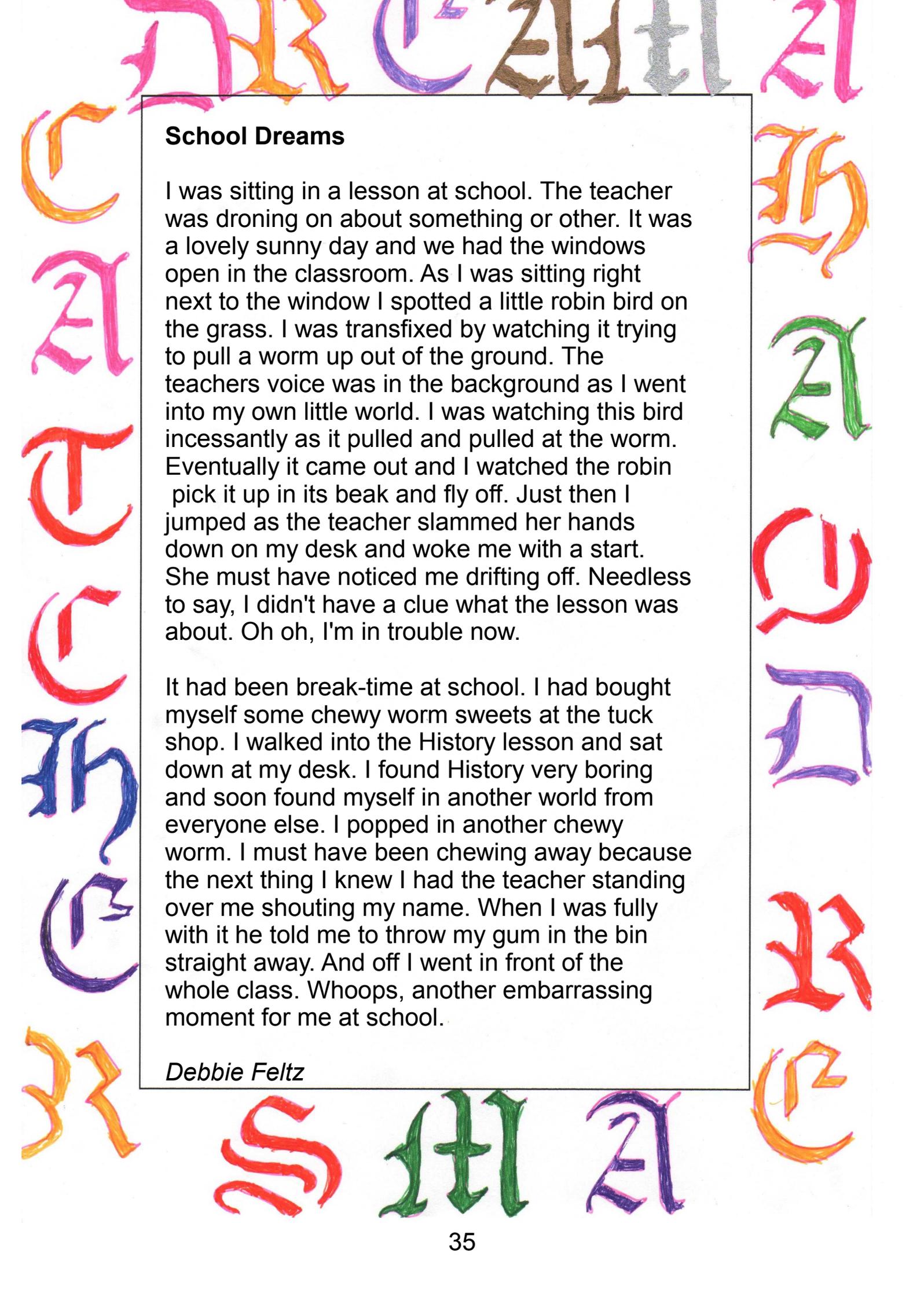
I think if I was a dream I'd be a romantic one! Two people running towards each other along a distant otherwise deserted shoreline. Arms outstretched, my climax as a dream would be that perfect moment when two become one and hugs and kisses are shared...

I'd have to have a bit of moonlight in my dream though – how can there be anything more romantic than the silhouette of two lovers cuddled up together on the shore gazing out over the ocean where the moonlight has laid a silver path for them to explore into forever and beyond?

No, it would be lovely to be a dream. The happiness I could bring to someone would really make me feel my life had been worthwhile. As fleeting as the silent drip of a drop of rain falling from a tiny leaf, the reverberation from my tiny moment of life could change the history of the world...

I wish I was a dream but more so I wish I could share in someone else's.

Antony May

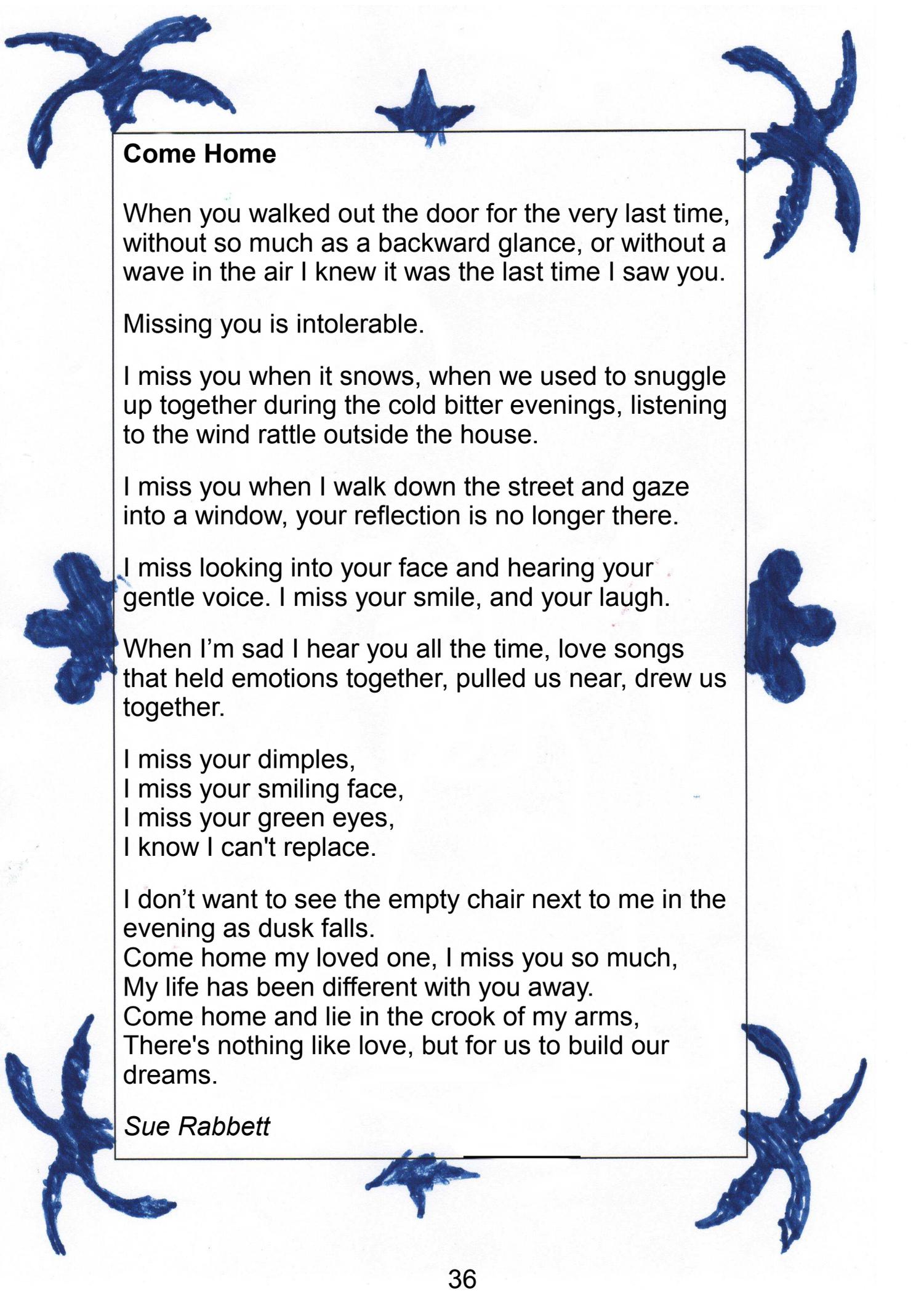


School Dreams

I was sitting in a lesson at school. The teacher was droning on about something or other. It was a lovely sunny day and we had the windows open in the classroom. As I was sitting right next to the window I spotted a little robin bird on the grass. I was transfixed by watching it trying to pull a worm up out of the ground. The teachers voice was in the background as I went into my own little world. I was watching this bird incessantly as it pulled and pulled at the worm. Eventually it came out and I watched the robin pick it up in its beak and fly off. Just then I jumped as the teacher slammed her hands down on my desk and woke me with a start. She must have noticed me drifting off. Needless to say, I didn't have a clue what the lesson was about. Oh oh, I'm in trouble now.

It had been break-time at school. I had bought myself some chewy worm sweets at the tuck shop. I walked into the History lesson and sat down at my desk. I found History very boring and soon found myself in another world from everyone else. I popped in another chewy worm. I must have been chewing away because the next thing I knew I had the teacher standing over me shouting my name. When I was fully with it he told me to throw my gum in the bin straight away. And off I went in front of the whole class. Whoops, another embarrassing moment for me at school.

Debbie Feltz



Come Home

When you walked out the door for the very last time,
without so much as a backward glance, or without a
wave in the air I knew it was the last time I saw you.

Missing you is intolerable.

I miss you when it snows, when we used to snuggle
up together during the cold bitter evenings, listening
to the wind rattle outside the house.

I miss you when I walk down the street and gaze
into a window, your reflection is no longer there.

I miss looking into your face and hearing your
gentle voice. I miss your smile, and your laugh.

When I'm sad I hear you all the time, love songs
that held emotions together, pulled us near, drew us
together.

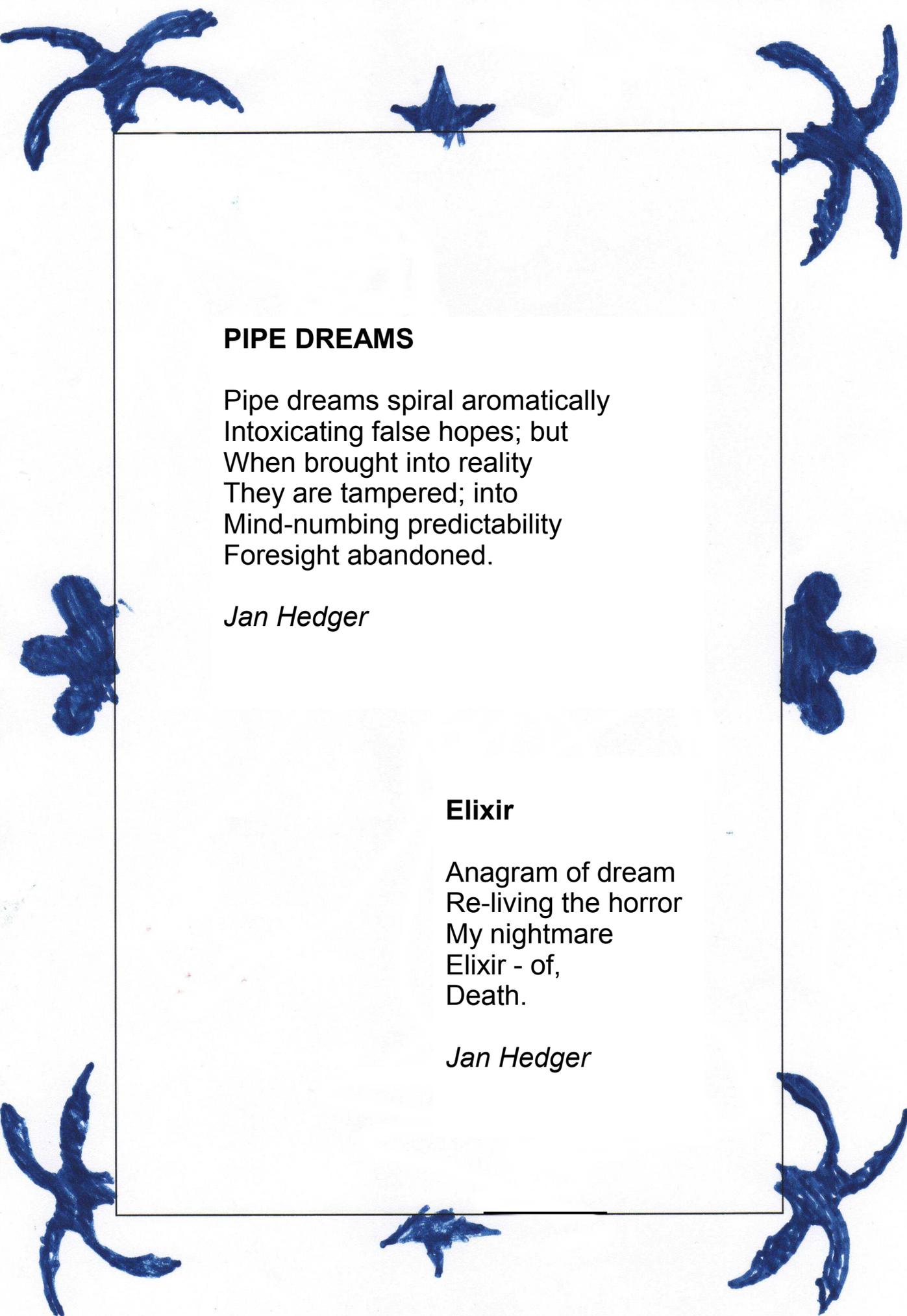
I miss your dimples,
I miss your smiling face,
I miss your green eyes,
I know I can't replace.

I don't want to see the empty chair next to me in the
evening as dusk falls.

Come home my loved one, I miss you so much,
My life has been different with you away.

Come home and lie in the crook of my arms,
There's nothing like love, but for us to build our
dreams.

Sue Rabbett



PIPE DREAMS

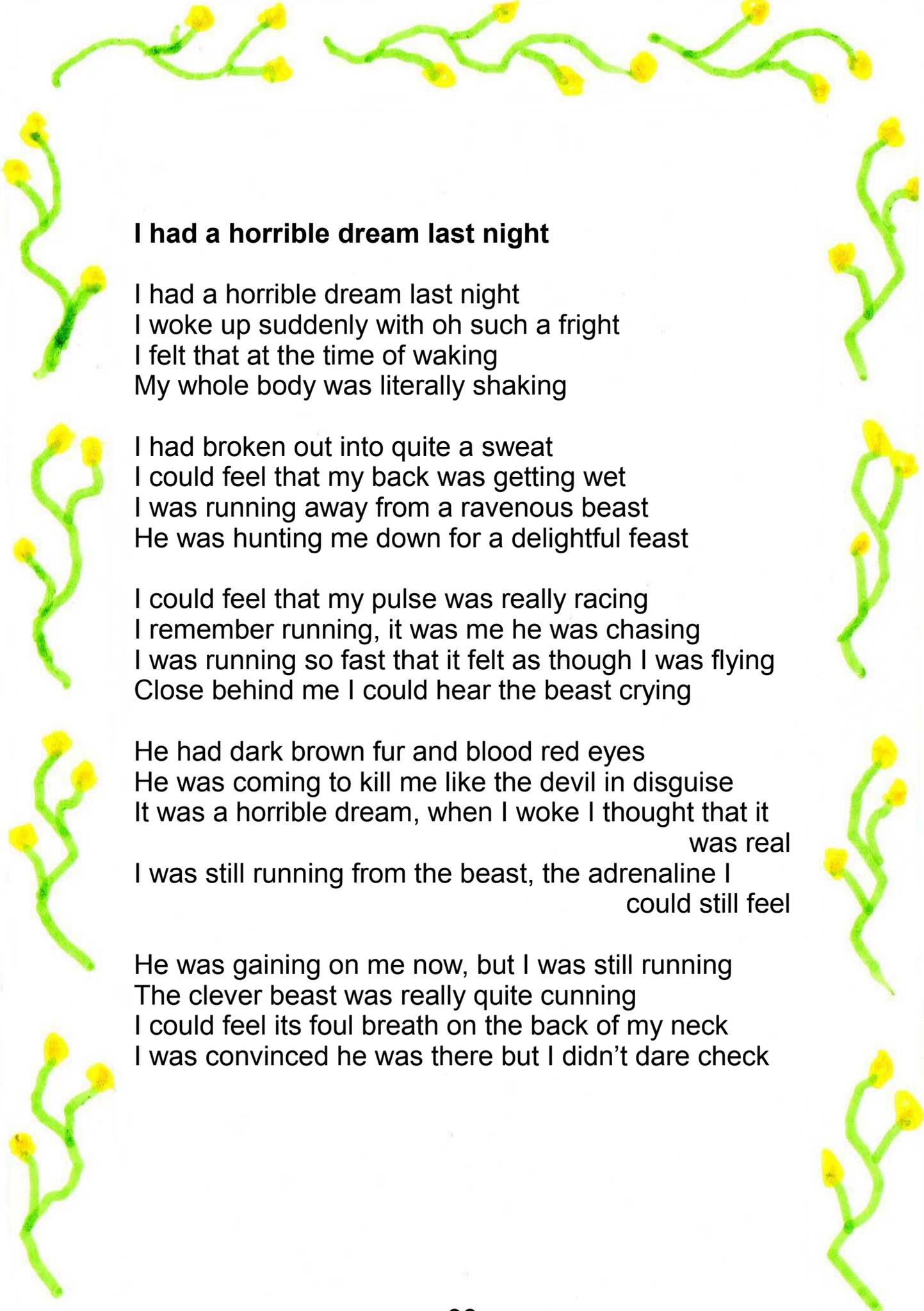
Pipe dreams spiral aromatically
Intoxicating false hopes; but
When brought into reality
They are tampered; into
Mind-numbing predictability
Foresight abandoned.

Jan Hedger

Elixir

Anagram of dream
Re-living the horror
My nightmare
Elixir - of,
Death.

Jan Hedger



I had a horrible dream last night

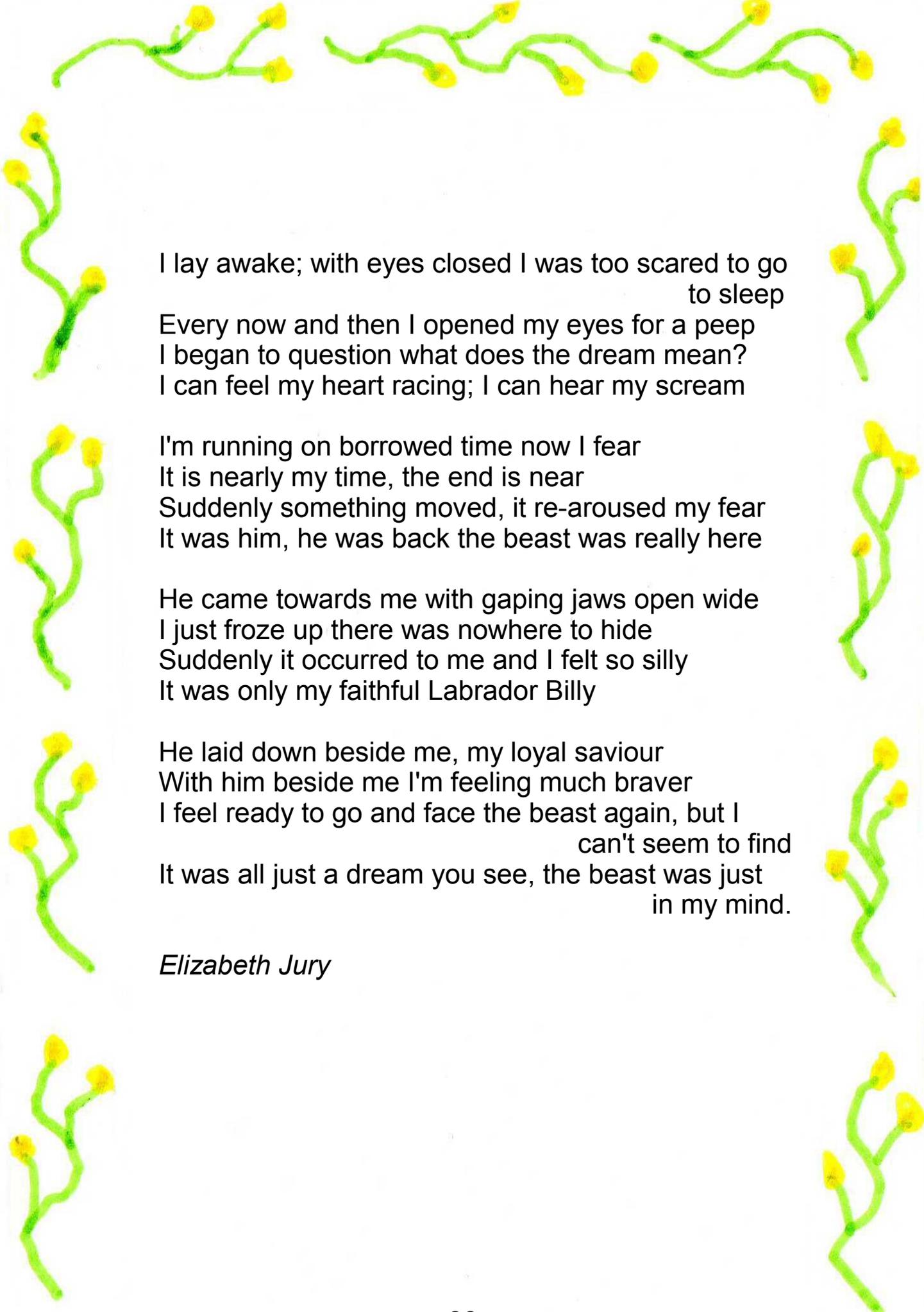
I had a horrible dream last night
I woke up suddenly with oh such a fright
I felt that at the time of waking
My whole body was literally shaking

I had broken out into quite a sweat
I could feel that my back was getting wet
I was running away from a ravenous beast
He was hunting me down for a delightful feast

I could feel that my pulse was really racing
I remember running, it was me he was chasing
I was running so fast that it felt as though I was flying
Close behind me I could hear the beast crying

He had dark brown fur and blood red eyes
He was coming to kill me like the devil in disguise
It was a horrible dream, when I woke I thought that it
was real
I was still running from the beast, the adrenaline I
could still feel

He was gaining on me now, but I was still running
The clever beast was really quite cunning
I could feel its foul breath on the back of my neck
I was convinced he was there but I didn't dare check



I lay awake; with eyes closed I was too scared to go
to sleep

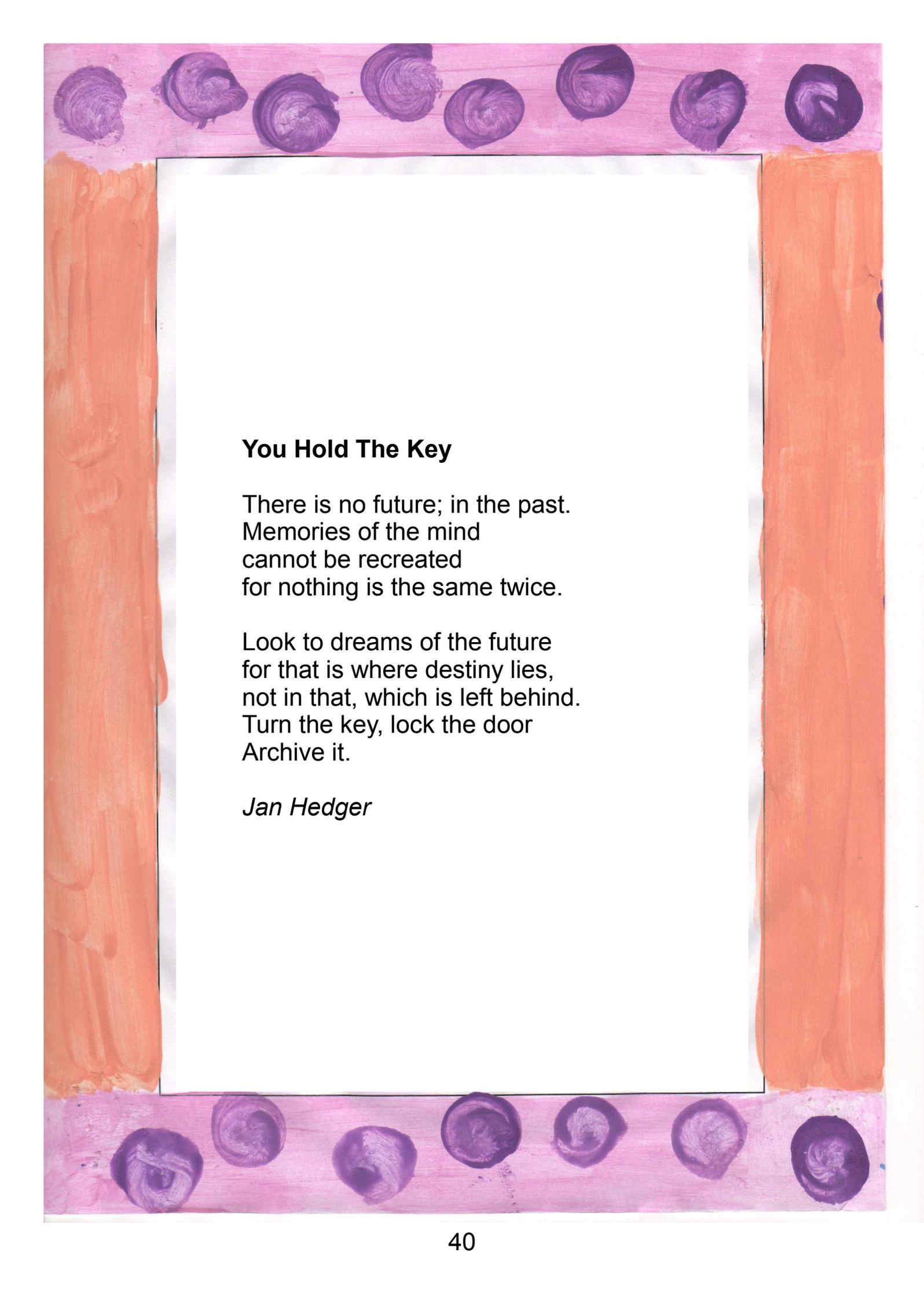
Every now and then I opened my eyes for a peep
I began to question what does the dream mean?
I can feel my heart racing; I can hear my scream

I'm running on borrowed time now I fear
It is nearly my time, the end is near
Suddenly something moved, it re-aroused my fear
It was him, he was back the beast was really here

He came towards me with gaping jaws open wide
I just froze up there was nowhere to hide
Suddenly it occurred to me and I felt so silly
It was only my faithful Labrador Billy

He laid down beside me, my loyal saviour
With him beside me I'm feeling much braver
I feel ready to go and face the beast again, but I
can't seem to find
It was all just a dream you see, the beast was just
in my mind.

Elizabeth Jury



You Hold The Key

There is no future; in the past.
Memories of the mind
cannot be recreated
for nothing is the same twice.

Look to dreams of the future
for that is where destiny lies,
not in that, which is left behind.
Turn the key, lock the door
Archive it.

Jan Hedger



Name Unknown

I saw her in my dreams sometimes. I couldn't see her clearly, she was covered in a haze. She always looked blurred and distorted in my dream. I will try and describe her to you.

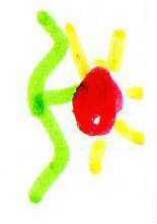
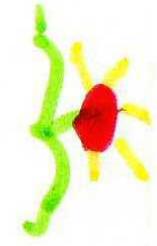
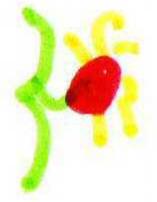
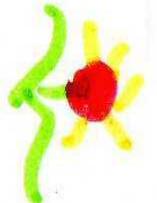
She's tall, taller than me and slender. Her limbs are willowy when she moves and she dances like an angel. Gracefully and elegantly she flies through the air. Sometimes I think I see wings like cobwebs splayed intricately from her back. She flutters lightly on her feet to the notes of the piano. Her face is still, but her eyes mesmerize me. It's the colour that attracts me, her eyes are blazing like the sun. She has thin lips, which are deep deep red; as red as ruby.

In fact she's no more than a child, a child reaching out, crying out for me to lift her into my arms.

When she enters my dream she playfully hides behind the tree, peeping her head out from behind the old trunk. She doesn't smile, but her eyes are smiling, smiling towards me. She holds her tiny hand out toward me and when I reach out to take her hand in mine, she withdraws it, and hides once again behind the tree.

She disappears from my sight, where I long to be able to meet her. She's an image in my mind, she has no name, but I will wait for her to return.

Sue Rabbett



Challenging Dreams

Challenging dreams of adventure.

Escape to the world of the rat race.

Dreams calm, peaceful and food plentiful.

Choice, fair.

Animals and man give help to each other.

Look after the world we all live in.

Happiness, not selfish.

Goals to be happy in non-materialistic world.

Greed.

Accept everyone for who they are, not how they look, or dress, or drive, or live.

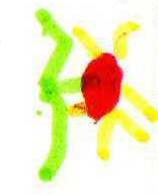
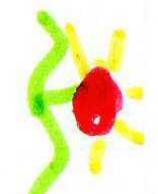
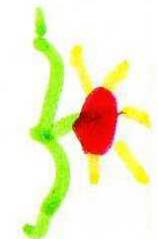
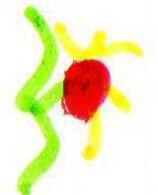
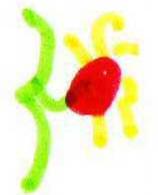
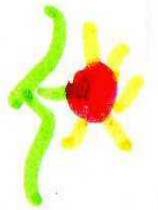
Nick Crump



Illumination

New light from early morning sun
Awakening birds
Bringing flowers and plants to life
Warming the earth
Then, when the sun sets
The moon shines
Bringing a new glow to life

Kim Smith



Nature

When I think about nature
The four seasons
Always come to mind
Starting with winter
Cold days, dark nights
Then comes spring
The birth of new life, new blooms
Summer next
Long warm days, long light nights
Autumn brings falling leaves
Windy days, windy nights
Next back to winter.

Kim Smith

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