

Out of the Blue

A collection of
Creative Writing
and Artwork by

Grass

Roots

Open

Writers

Front Cover Designed by
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FROZEN

by Gareth

We all start the same.

Water droplets suspended in a sunbeam.

What makes us different?

Our journey.

Blown upwards through the clouds,

gathering motes of dust.

Sparkling briefly in the chill of rarified air.

Falling again.

Tumbling, growing exponentially.

Crystallizing around a nucleus of dust.

Once we were fluid, now frozen in form.

It's the randomness of experience

that makes us unique.

But then we land.

Cold white snow.

Then we melt.

And become again the same.

We all start the same.

From dust we come,

to dust we return.

Suspended in a sunbeam.

What makes us different?

Life.

Our journey.

WATER – THOUGHTS

by Frank Burnham

Water is transparent and very bland to taste, yet it is very important that we rely on it. Imagine what would happen if you were to lose your water supply in your own home. You couldn't make a cup of tea, wash up crockery or launder your clothes, let alone use the bathroom.

It is true that we have reservoirs all over the country, but over the years some of them have reported a low level and are in danger of drying out.

One other interesting fact is that even though man has landed on the moon and we have satellite pictures of other planets, we still haven't discovered water on any of these planets.

The only thing we can depend on is that nature will fight back to preserve plants and trees. Therefore let us thank God for the rain that falls on this planet, even if it's a thunder storm.

Finally, let us spare a thought for the Third World countries that haven't seen rain or water for many years. So let us think again when we next turn that tap on.

RIVER RIVER

by Elizabeth Jury

River River flowing smooth
Which way are you going which way to choose?
When you arrive at the intersection
Which way to go in which direction
When I watch you I get a feeling of calm and peace
I loose myself, a moment's release
From the stresses and strains of everyday life
I can forget about my troubles and strife
I can sit here and watch the birds and fish
Patient men wait with rods, hoping to catch a free dish
But before too long, I know I must go,
And let you carry on, wherever your waters flow
Despite the day I have had I have to smile
It has been nice to unwind with you for a while
You will take it at you own pace
There is no hurry it's not a race

River River running wild
You remind me of when I was a child
Your waters bring a sense of adventure, in such a rush
There is a lot of noise, there is no hush
I sit and watch people ride your waters in their canoes
Rather them than me, one false move and they would
lose

I enjoy watching, them as they coast
I watch from a distance, I dare not get too close
My life is like you in a way
Rushing around, no time to play
I must go on with my life now but before I leave
For one moment such energy and excitement I can't
believe
We must both go on with our fast paced lives for now
But I know I will come back here somehow.

THE WATERFALL

by Chloe Feltz

The waterfall is coming down on the rocks. The mountain goats are scampering down the rocks to get a drink of water.

Suddenly one of them slips down the rocks and lands in the river at the bottom of the waterfall. He can't swim, so the others run down to save him.

They get him back to the river bank, then they all go home for tea together, holding hooves, so there are no more accidents.

TURBULENT *by Sue Rabbett*

I was five
when I first saw the sea,
vast and expansive
another world for me.

White and frothy,
like snow peaked mountains,
windy and wild,
seedlings drop,
apple blossoms
scattered on the water.

Now gone memories wander,
Blown away.

H2O *by Stephen Taylor*

The most precious commodity on earth is water.
The element H₂O is complex, life-giving, surrounding
us with vibration.
The lashing sea beckons the land, laps its shores, recedes
into waves.
Like the sound of rain, supporting us in our existence.
The ultimate suspension, the delicious refreshment,
To quench our thirst for life.

WATER FOUNTAINS

by Andrew Gager

There are all different types of fountain. You see them in parks. There are fountains on sea fronts and even in some people's gardens. You can get all different types of fountains in all different types of designs and sizes.

You can have basic round fountains, with the water spraying out or you can get fancy fountains. Some fountains are mermaids with the water coming out of her mouth and the rest of the water spraying around her.

Some people have a fountain with stone fish in the water, at the same time, water is spraying out of the fishes mouth.

If I had a nice garden, I think I would like to have a nice big fountain with stone squirrels.

MY MIND IS BLANK

by Sam Burford

My mind is blank. My imagination feels like a dam has been put in front of it. My thoughts and ideas slowly pool behind the concrete, waiting for it to burst or overflow.

WATER

by Elizabeth Jury

Water is an essential source
It comes from lakes and rivers and the sea of course
We can't do without it, we need it to live
Some have more than others, it's God's gift to give
How much we have depends on the rain
Remember we need it, it's not always a pain
Everyone needs water in order to survive
With plenty of water a country will thrive
Some countries have plenty, enough to reserve
Other countries have very little, they need to preserve
The lucky ones store it in huge towers
Some people to collect it, have to walk for hours
Their countries are so hot and dry
Without the cooling effect of water, they would surely
die
We shouldn't be selfish, those countries with water to
spare
Should think of others less lucky than them and share
For it can create problems if you have too much, for if it
overflows
It can cause dangerous flooding for people that live on
land that is low

It is always handy to have around when you really need a drink

And when you're doing the washing up in the kitchen sink

Everyone needs water; every living thing

For this valuable source we are all competing

So make sure you preserve water, never waste

For you never know, a time may come when it cannot be replaced

AROUND THE WATER'S EDGE

by Andrew Jeremiah

Starlight shone down

From the heavens

And lit the ground beneath

Around the water's edge

A turgid

Mound was seen

And in the middle will not be

Some stones are precious

And a throne is

Magic.

OH, THE RAIN

by Debbie Feltz

Tell the rain to go away, it's been raining all morning. I've had a soaking already. We all know the rhyme, rain rain go away, come back another day. Well yes, but maybe when I don't have to go out anywhere.

Why does it always rain really heavily at 3pm when I have to be at the school gates?

Why do people put up umbrellas when it's really windy with the rain? Their brollies turn inside out and they struggle with it. It is funny to watch though.

Why does it always rain when the kids are on school holidays?

Why does it rain when you are carrying home something that needs to be kept dry?

It's a shame about the drought.

WHAT MAKES ME UNIQUE?

by James Cooper

What makes me unique?

Being very low-key and being very honest.

THE LIFE OF THE RIVER

by Pauline Faulkner

The river meanders on its way through the beautiful Herefordshire valley, sometimes flowing fast over stones and eddies, then decides to have a rest in a deep pool. Stand on a bridge and quietly stare into the pool. Spot the dancing water beetles, and the flight of the beautiful dragonflies, their life so short. A silver streak flashes beneath the water, eager for the burst of the mayfly to come into life. Speed and cunning of the trout to leap from the water and take his morsel of food.

The river moves on, over a waterfall. This is the home of the King of the river, the salmon. Fishermen stand on its bank, casting the flies, trying to outwit him, but he is a very clever fellow. He can see every movement, the shadow of the rod and the line hitting the water. I do not get to this size by getting caught, he says to himself.

The pike lies in the shadow, motionless, waiting for his prey to pass by. Eels lay dormant till darkness falls, The life of the river from its source to its final end, when it reaches the sea, gives us such beauty and tranquillity.

FROZEN *by Ryan Liffen*

Trees have been stripped down
Reservoirs have been frozen
This is winter's change

WATER

by Tony May

The source of life
It links us all
In joint occupation
Of Life's waterfall

Rain and tears
Roll down our cheeks
When moisture leaks
Emotion seeps

Amidst blood and sap
Water flows for health
Love and beauty
Equal spiritual wealth

Oh, plunge me deeply into the well
Allow my body to in water dwell
When I arise once more to breathe
In the stream of love may I forever dream.

PLANET EARTH - WATER

by Josie Lawson

Water is the substance of our being
Without it we wouldn't survive
H₂O is the way of the world
Some is kept healthy
Some can give disease
The vast emotion of the planet
Is the salty calm, rough seas.
- But then drought appears
Hose pipe bans come into force
And then the April Showers cause floods
- But still the hose pipe ban must continue
As it is obvious drought will stay with us
Yes, Water is the substance of our being
So let's help preserve it
And keep our world around us Safe...
Love your water, love your health
and hope our planet will remain safe forever.

CHANGING *by Ryan Liffen*

Clouds are watching down
As snow crystals are forming
Landscape is changing

RUNAWAY

by Sue Rabbett

I sit alone in the rain. This is not a cleansing rain that washes away the insanity of my mind, but a lashing rain that drives deeper into my very being. Real heavy raindrops, that drips from my lank hair, the hair that is plastered to my high cheek bones. Cold icy droplets disperse into nothingness.

Crowds of people pass me, sheltered beneath colourful umbrellas, others with hoods pulled tightly against their skull. While I alone, surrender to the power of the rain.

I have no place to call home. I have no other person to hug me, embrace me, to pull me into their world. I am alone drowning in my thoughts.

My back is against a brick wall, my knees huddled into my chest and still no one glances my way. I feel the rain weave itself through my eyelashes and I blink to wash away the tears.

Puddles form in dips in the uneven surface of the road and pavements, people jump them and dodge them like bombs waiting to explode. My coat is saturated and clings to me like a second skin, it smells of damp and mould, and my feet are numb where the water seeps through the canvas material of my thin shoes.

I am invisible; I am drowning in my thoughts. ALONE!

THE FROZEN POND

by Mark Crittenden

Skidding about on the frozen pond
Amongst the now withered reeds
Is an aged old tradition of winters past
And those of yet to come
Where many a jolly face can be seen
Gliding about on this glacial feature
Amongst a blanket of driven whiteness

But divinity will take a
Sinister yet celestial turn
If features are not adhered to
Skidding cut abruptly short
Now not a jolly face to be seen
Down into the aged depths
Amongst the now withered reeds

THE OCEAN *by Marie Neumann*

Ocean
green, blue
glittering, changing, calming
foam, whitecap, flood tide, ebb tide
sparkling, surfing, coming
waves

MY DAY OUT IN THE 60's

by Maria Gethin

It was a summer's day in July and I was seven years old. In the 1960s we used to have really hot days.

My Mam, Dad, my two sisters and my two brothers, my mother and father's friends and their families went over the cwm* for a walk. We all had a picnic together on our day out. We walked up and over the steep mountains through the trees on a hot summers day. And then we walked down the seven hills to go to the cwm.

It was a place where you could sit on the banking and have a picnic and go in the nice cold water to paddle. There were trees around near the waters with flowing streams where the sun shone through the trees. We would all play rounders, even the parents. It was great. You didn't need money to enjoy yourselves. We ate crisps, sandwiches and cold drinks. We would stay there for hours, nearly all day.

One of the husbands pushed some of the mothers in the water, all us kids laughing on the banking. They had to wrap large towels around them to dry off and put their clothes on the trees to dry. We used to have great days paddling in that water and when I grew up, me and my sister used to take our children there.

They loved it over the cwm and going in the water. It

was a long day but it was great from childhood to adult with my family and friends paddling in the fresh clean water running from the mountain stream, shimmering though the trees.

**A cwm (pronounced koom) is a steep-walled semicircular basin in a mountain that may contain a lake.*

EMOTION IN THE OCEAN

by Sue Rabbett

Clashing crashing waves
Roaring rocks rage
Colourful creatures meet waters deep
Salty seaweed dancing
Golden grains disperse
Flicking fish swimming
Waving waters weep

MY WATER BAPTISM

by Jan Hedger

For far too long I looked for an acceptance
and a belonging that evaded me and left
me unrewarded and often alone.

I wore the wrong shoes.

Yet all the time, in the background
'something' was there, a hidden belief
supporting me – I felt it, yet couldn't
reach it, but it never

let me crumple completely.

Then I was blessed with the creativity
and inspiration to write poetry,
to know the beautiful Amanda,
who faced adversity every day with
the epilepsy she fell to sleep with
at the age of 21.

To meet and marry my wonderful
Nigel, here in His church.

We were blessed to be married,
in the fullness of God, by the
enthusiastic & supportive Ed Jones.

All gave, and continue to give me strength,
but most of all they led me to know
and trust in the one I was seeking;
the God of all creation, a God with
a heart so full of love, he gave his only son.

It was He who never let me go.
It was Him who fed me and who
waited patiently for me to know Him,
and to say 'Thank you Lord Jesus for being in my life'.
Am I ready for my new shoes and to turn
from the wrong path and to seek the
forgiveness of your mercy Lord in prayer?
Yes, I am ready.
Am I now ready with these new shoes
to walk the learning path; to know
better the discipleship of the greatest storyteller
and teacher, the Lord Jesus Christ?
Yes, with all my heart I am ready.

UNDER THE WATERFALL

by Andrew Jeremiah

Into the sunlight, underneath and behind the waterfall
Noisy, warm, humid, in air water
Condensation, hard to breathe,
Suffocating
Keep near to the wall at the back
Keep moving or be left behind,
Do not lose my place in the queue,
Going into the dark cavern
Beyond the waterfall

THE SEA *by Heather Benn*

The gulls swept across the sky squawking
Like Seraphs announcing the dawn of a new day
The sea below mirrored the gulls with the fly away
Sea horses spluttering onto the beach
The sun was rising with a red fanfare,

Dissolving the remaining shadows,
With its startling effervescence,
Has the observer looked on at this phenomenon,
No one under god's heaven could invent such beauty
The feathery waves rendered a musical symphony
Awakening nature to its creation

The tide ebbed and flowed throughout the day
Like a bird alighting on the tops of the waves
With the boredom of seeking for food
Flying and dipping, flying and dipping
Has the bird so the waves with the same monotony

Then on the horizon there a cloud approached
To end the peacefulness of the day
It scudded across the sky, the sky was leaden
Snuffing out the light, then came the rain
Lashing across the bay, where was the beauty now?
Thunder rolled around, like the beginning of war,
With its cracks like gunfire, and lightening
Like the flashes of the guns.

Now the light had gone, another day over
The sea, silvery, under the darkening sky
The gulls had gone there to nest
Waiting the dawn of another day.

The wind arose and whipped the waves
Like creamy champagne, bubbling up
And shooting skywards like the cork has been pulled
The observer takes note of all this,
Thinks the drama of the elements being played out

THE OCEAN

by Sue Horncastle

The ocean is wild and fast,
Deep and strong.
Powerful motions
Deep emotions
Roller-coaster

You can swim
And exercise yourself.
Exercise your body
It's a place to lose yourself.

SMOKE RINGS IN GUERNSEY

by Jan Hedger

The soldier
stubbed out the cigarette
with the heel of his face
reflecting boots and quietly
watched the boy; shoulders hunched,
holes in the elbows of his jumper,
a cane fishing rod in his hand and
eyes fixated on the water

just occasionally the eyes focused
on a single piece of flotsam, but not
once did the boy turn his head and
meet the eyes of the soldier; who
by now had moved to within six feet
of his side. “Are they biting today?”

The boy
remained silent. “I have a boy back home,
he likes fishing too. We used to go together,
but now he also fishes alone.
May I sit?” The boy shifted slightly,
appearing a little uneasy
“I’m supposed to hate you.”

The soldier
remained impassive except
for a sharpness of pain in his
blue eyes and an escaping
sadness of a drawn out sigh.
But it didn't escape the boy,
who raised his head a little.
“What's your boy's name?”

“Gunter,
his name is Gunter, after my father.
And your name?” The boy lowered
his head again. “Do you miss him?
My father is away; he can't come back
to the island, because you are here.
That is why I am supposed to hate you.”

The soldier
sat down beside the boy,
his long legs reaching down
the harbour wall. Heedfully he lit
a cigarette and with practised ease
blew smoke rings into the air
between them. “Yes I miss him.
It is hard no, to be separated.”

The boy
followed the smoke rings
with eyes as grey as the sea;
till they disappeared into a nothingness.
Is that what hate is a nothingness?

“It’s Alan”
the boy responded,
slipping the fishing rod
into the soldiers free hand.

Not a fish was caught; in
that tangible afternoon,
when son and father
sat on the quayside, eyes
levelled on the horizon,
sharing the loneliness
and distance of war.

WATER OF LIFE *by Ashley Jordan*

April showers wash
Away the grime of winter
All things fresh and new
Flowers brighten in the rain
and drink the water of life

PUDDLES

by Mark Crittenden

Descending from bursting mists
Of darkened heavenly skies
The pores of Mother Nature's
Earthy crusts fill once more
Replenishing with watery oil
That cleanses her very wounds
Infected by the miasma
Of the once daily grind
A seed of life doth germinates
Beneath reflecting smooth surfaces
Mirroring windows to the world
Soon to be distorted by
The rippling effects of
Monstrous childlike stomping, or
Havens for winged passers-by
To once again evaporate and
Infect her lifeless empty pores
Until descending mists burst once more

WATER *by Andrew Jeremiah*

Rivers, occasionally through rocks inside
Minerals of different colours

DROUGHT

by Jan Hedger

The flowers were in despair
For the rains had failed again
The animals were in despair
No water to drink anywhere;
And the people are desperate

The flowers are not blooming
The animals are not surviving
The crops are non-existent
And the children are dying

The world was despairing
Helpless, yet helping; such
Awful news; everywhere

The earth was in despair
Trying to catch the tears,
Of mothers crying
For without the rain
Tears was all it had
To nourish the flowers

**My response to all the recent unpleasantness in the world and the growing catastrophe in the horn of Africa 2011.*

THREADS OF LIFE

by Pauline Faulkner

I feel as though I am in a very rough sea. There is no firmness under my feet. I am out of my depth in an alien and foreign environment, smashed ceaselessly against the rocks and never able to reach the shore.

Waves crash relentlessly over me and every time I feel firm ground I am dragged back out to the cold and dangerous depths.

THE REUNION

by Ashley Jordan

Clouds, heavy with rain
Embrace the ocean
Shed salty tears
At the reunion

The sea heaves and sighs
She knows they will soon part
Although they vow that this time
This time it will be different
Forces greater than themselves
Are at work.

THE WATERFALL

by Mark Crittenden

Once trapped in narrow-mindedness and
Suspended in deep thought
Tired and sorrowful in
Its sweeping loneliness
The eye of the river sheds its tears
Cascading downwards in rapid formation
No longer stripped of its youthfulness
Eternal beauty undefeated
Of wintry iciness
Suspended temporarily in time, or
Free flowing and running wild
Crashing against the bedrock of
Hardened desires
Resounding in a plethora of fine mist
Carving away concealed retreats
Over eons of time
A refuge for safety, or
A romantic tryst entwined
The long lost treasures of yesteryear
Guarded by the lower water's watchful eye
Vengeful to those unwillingly passing by
Spiralled into the castigating vortex of
This watery mind's eye
To resurface no more
Through the flowing tears of

The elevating Tyne

**Tyne – originated from Tin, a word that meant ‘river’ in the local Celtic language.*

STILL WATERS *by Sue Rabbett*

In the depths of the river bed,
The fish glide gracefully through the murky waters,
Searching quietly for their prey.

Weaving through the weeds and reeds,
Swimming silently, fins flapping in tune,
Dancing in the shadows of the reflecting sun.

A glimpse of light in a world of dark.

TUTTING TAP

by Yoro

Irritable, annoyed

Drip

Drip

Drip

On and on, a tutting tap

MISTY

by Josie Lawson

Misty sea
Rambling waves
Vision I see
Whilst drinking tea -
Ghostly light
In window pane
Could it be?
Oh! No, not again.
Years ago
In this very place
I saw a man,
He loved the sea
A great swimmer was he.
Today, I remember
The ghosts of time have come to me
No longer sad
For they are glad, they are together again
My mother and father
It is their anniversary
They married 3rd November 1943
and parted when father died
30th November 1993.
Mother was sad,
but all words - tell a story.
When mum found her heart again

She had left this world
11th February 2001
I still on occasion sense their spirits
For when love is born
It remains forever
But life is about moving on
and so, this misty look I see
Is of today - the weather
Associated with memory.

I SAW...

by Ashley Jordan

I saw the camel flood
Beneath the turtle moon
That lit the beach like noon
Turned the ocean to blood,
Changed sand from gold to mud,
December into June

I saw

The storm flecked breakers thud
Against the towering dune
Collected driftwood strewn
Leaning into the scud

I saw

THE RIVER *by Marie Neumann*

The river travels to the sea.
It can not flow up to the hill.
It runs downhill,
or pushes through a ravine.
How does it know,
which way to go?
Where is the sea?
And which sea
is its destiny?
It pushes its waters
through the plains.
Each drop knows
where it goes
and nothing can hold it.
It runs around obstacles,
creates islets and islands,
bends, depressions,
glens, gullies and valleys.
It eats away trees,
creates canyons
and waterfalls.
Nothing can stop it
until it becomes
a part of the sea, or an ocean.
The waves wash the sand
at my feet.

They whisper:
we used to be Hudson river once,
and we are the ocean now.

TALK ABOUT WATER

by Marion Alleyne

I went on a boat not long ago. We went up and down the river and I found it very interesting. I sat by the window and looked out at the lovely water. I found it very relaxing.

When the boat stopped we were able to walk up the steps and on to the front of the boat, while it was sailing. The boat went through the lock, turned around and then we came back.

THE RIVER

by Sue Horncastle

The river winds its way. Great depth, muddy slush and swelling currents. Fishes in the deep and boats gliding along as sails pass. Leafy trees bend over the sloshing river. Rocks stick out at every crevasse.

WATER FROM EVERYWHERE

by Robert Brandon

There is no truth in the rumour that, were the Mars Polar Lander to have found water on the Red Planet, our water bills would eventually be dramatically reduced. It takes 15 minutes just to send a radio signal the 145 million miles to earth.

“No,” they tell me “We aren't going to bring the water back – we just want to find out if it's there. If it is, there's a good chance there will be some form of life also.”

“But hang on a millisecond, maybe Martians don't drink water.”

“That's not the point,” they retort, adding “you can't have life-forms without water.”

So you try and reason with a scientist.

There is no sound from Mars. Well, there is - we just aren't hearing it.

“What happened to the pictures?” I ask.

Everyone remains silent. Another fault with the sound. Some years ago, an exploring probe landed on Venus. Almost immediately, audio and visual links were lost forever. Did someone (on Venus) switch them off?

Anyone who breathes carbon dioxide (as they would on

Venus) can't be all bad – it's just when they might get high on the clouds of sulphuric acid.

Maybe it's time to stop invading other planets. After all, they wouldn't do it to us; or do they?

STREAMS OF LIVING WATER

by Sue Horncastle

The sun rises high in the sky. Maybe hear the seagulls cry. Rushing winds and wintry snowfalls. Flowers blooming and bending their heads. Rain beating down on the roofs. Moonlit stars twinkling. Dogs barking, frogs leaping and children dancing about. Raindrops torrenting down. Green grass and meadows spread. Ducks on the pond and linnets singing. Fruit on the trees, doves in the cotes and owls hooting.

Garrulous laughter and silence. Candlelit table, church bells ringing and large houses on the estate. God in his heaven and prayer. Strident walks and exercises. Cathedrals and churches unseen, meadows and fields spread about.

Lethargic and lazy and feeling half crazy for a great swim to keep it in trim. Great south winds blow, the sun shines brightly and streams of living water flow.

THE EYE OF THE WATER

by Garet

The Red Sea, The Dead Sea.
The salt stiffened sea.
My heart is welled with loneliness
as the sea is brimmed with salt.
As the tears fill up your eyes my darling
in the pauses of the night.
Yet when I cried - the rivers died.

A CATTRIPPER!

by Jan Hedger

A cat went to the seaside
One bright and sunny day
Just to see what it was like
He didn't like the sand
It tickled his toes!
He didn't like the sea
It tickled his nose!
'I'm not going there again' he said
As he haughtily stalked, his way back to bed!

MY WATER FEATURE

by Elizabeth Jury

In my garden there is a water feature
In the shape of a mythical creature
It takes the form of a beautiful mermaid
But she's made of stone, no need to be afraid
Water sprays out of the creature's mouth, from a hole
And trickles down her body into a large stone bowl
I love to close my eyes and listen as it falls to the noise
It is a very pleasant sound it doesn't annoy
I am transported to a very different place
In my own little world, my own private space
I am travelling with this mermaid, exploring the deep
blue sea
Then all too soon I am brought crashing back to reality
I hear my two children as they return home from school
Archie and Amy always playing the fool
They have disturbed me from my place for me
With cries of "Mum, what have we got for tea?"
But I know it is a place I can visit again
It is always sunny, it never rains
It is only in my garden I just close my eyes and listen
And imagine the water as it glistens
I wonder where it will take me next time
Wherever it is, it will truly be mine

THE RIVER *by Robert Brandon*

River raging
Water pouring
Streams a'streaming
Seas all seeing

River burst
People hurt
Water strong
Suffering-long

From the tributaries
Water gushing in my ears
Damn you, river!
Let me live

Suddenly, I'm free
Clinging desperately to a tree
I throw myself on-to the bank
My poor boat, it sank

HAIKU *by Jan Humphreys*

Sky heavy with snow
The clouds are grey and heavy
Snow falls with delight.

THE RIVER

by Debbie Feltz

It was a crisp Sunday afternoon, the early days of spring. The river was glistening as the sun shone down.

As we walked closer we could smell the waft of the slightly stagnant water. Empty beer bottles thrown in were bobbing about. I gave my children some bread to feed the ducks. I hope my youngest is careful that she doesn't fall in. She gets quite excited and jumps about, so we stand slightly back.

In the centre of the river I wondered how deep it was. At the edge I could see the stones just under the murky water. As my children throw in the bread, the water makes ripples, as it makes a little plop sound. As the water winds round the bend, people are playing pooh-sticks over the bridge, getting excited to see who will win.

On the far bank all the reeds are growing tall, waiting for the dragonflies to come. Here come the seagulls scrounging about.

Now the ducks have had all the bread they slowly swim off. Little waves spread out across the whole river, right up to the edges and out to the middle, as they follow the ducks off.

QUENCHING

by Jan Hedger

Waterfall, why do you fall so gently
when the weather and season are tranquil?

Pouring beauty into a still pool, caring, caressing with
grace

A curtain of water, swishing across the stage of a
romantic play

Yet when the weather is in full force,
you cascade over the rocks in full spate;

bouncing, racing, wild and impatient

Tumbling head over heels, throwing yourself
with complete abandon into the raging turbulence

Whipping up foam like egg whites

It is only a cold winter's snap that halts your frantic
pace.

I wonder,

Am I really asking the question of the waterfall, or am I
thinking of myself?

Waterfalls,

Indicative of life; pour out your emotions and quench
this growing thirst,

of mine till my cup overflows with your sweet water.

THE GIFT OF WATER

by Mandy Soan

Winter, when temperatures can plummet real low
Water freezes, giving ice, bringing snow
Temperatures rise, snow starts to thaw
Pearl drops of melted snow drop to Earth's floor

Pristine snow becomes murky mush
Solid crystals become slimy slush
Trying not to slip on the patchy black ice
Journey home not very nice

Eventually blessed with journeys end
Water becomes a much welcomed friend
From a steaming mug of coffee to warm your inside
To a warm soapy bath in which you can hide

Clutching hot water bottle
Close to your chest
You thank God that with the gift of water
You are blessed

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