

A watercolor illustration of a stone wall on a hill. The wall is made of grey stones and has a small archway. The hill is covered in green grass and some small pink flowers. In the background, there is a rainbow in the sky. The overall style is soft and painterly.

The Rainbow and The Rain

by
Paul Wootten



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Paul Wootten asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

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For Joan, my inspiration and support.





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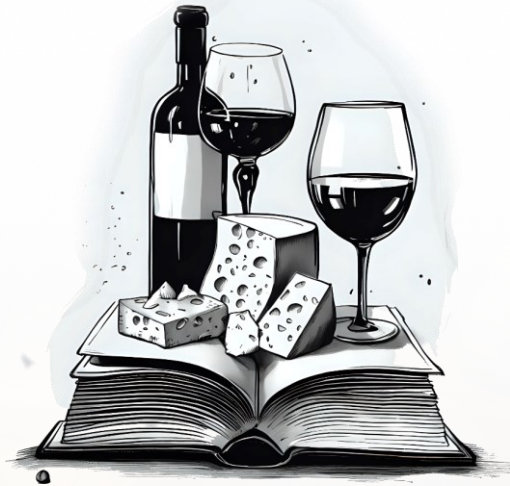
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Sauce

I love to taste delicious words
Served up with onomatopoeia:
A sauce to slurp and gurgle through:
A banquet for the ear.

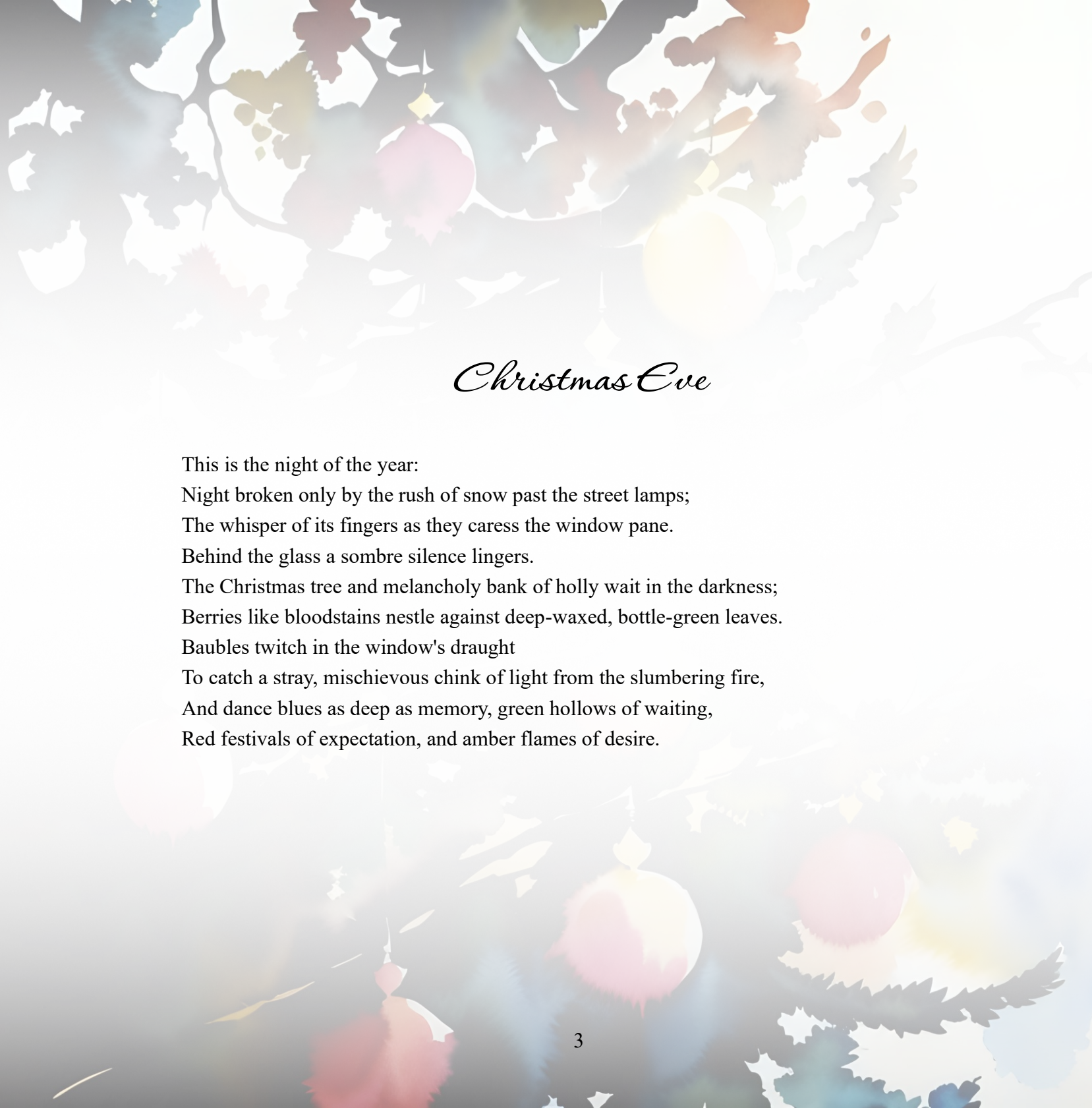


Forgotten

I visited The Tower yesterday,
And saw, etched clearly on its aging walls,
The things condemned men had to say;
An angry blast, a troubled sigh,
Merely a name and nothing more.
"Remember me!" each silence cried.
On cold, grey stone they worked their
chore,
And then they died.

Outside the supermarket you can see,
Sprayed thickly on its concrete wall,
The things our young men have to say;
An obscene word, a gesture plain,
Just mindless smears that rise and flow.
"Remember us!" they scream again.
With aerosols they work in vain,
For we forgot them long ago.





Christmas Eve

This is the night of the year:
Night broken only by the rush of snow past the street lamps;
The whisper of its fingers as they caress the window pane.
Behind the glass a sombre silence lingers.
The Christmas tree and melancholy bank of holly wait in the darkness;
Berries like bloodstains nestle against deep-waxed, bottle-green leaves.
Baubles twitch in the window's draught
To catch a stray, mischievous chink of light from the slumbering fire,
And dance blues as deep as memory, green hollows of waiting,
Red festivals of expectation, and amber flames of desire.

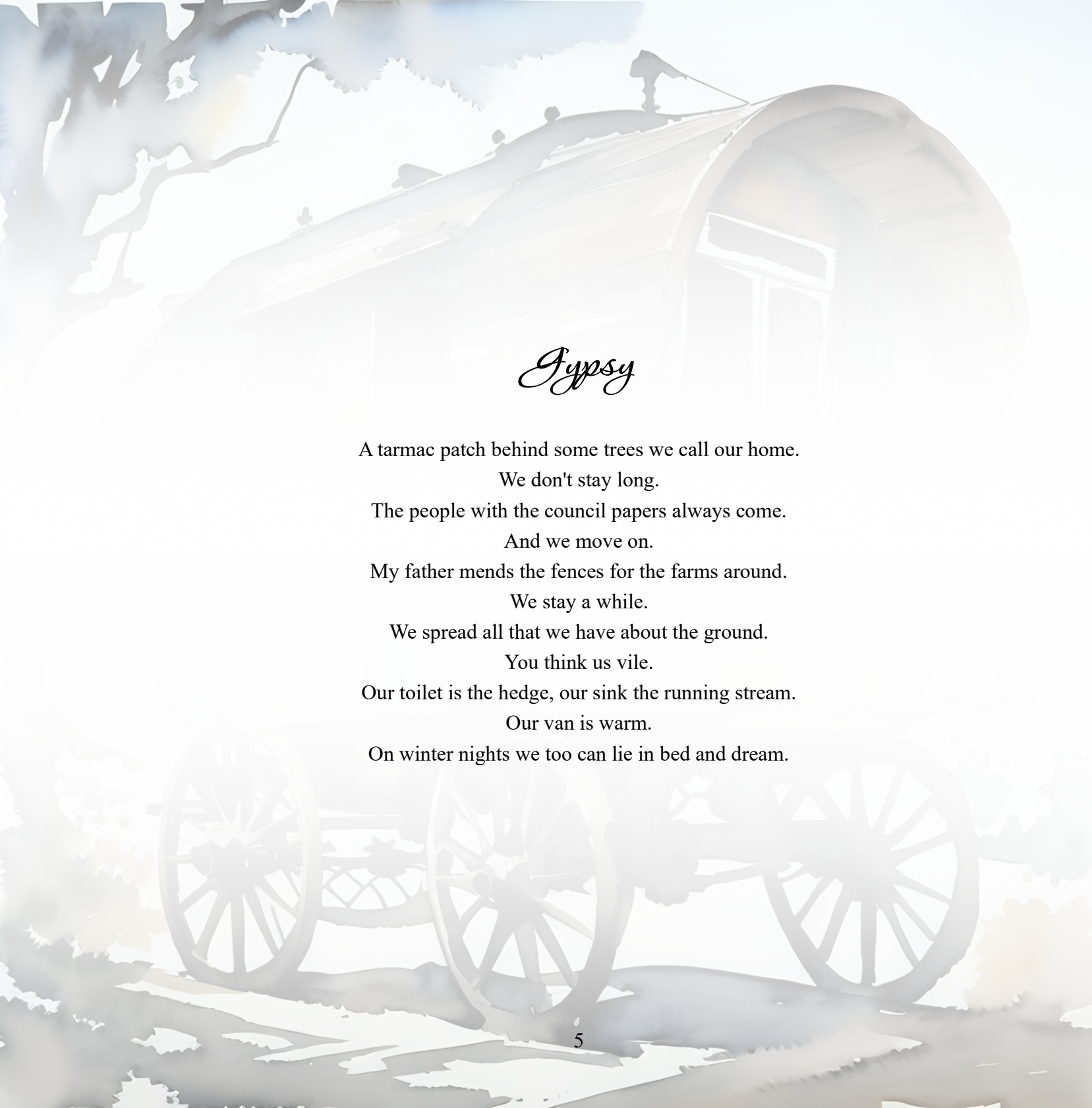


Gilkicker

There is a hill beside the sea,
Washed gently on its lower reaches
By over-zealous spring-time tides.

Grassed to the shingle,
Where dogs and people mingle
With the prickly gorse and bramble
On a Sunday ramble.
Born of the war-clouds' rumble;
Hollowed out in concrete caverns
By the frightened and the feared.

Iron and steel inhabit
This home for rat and rabbit,
To wind and sea confined,
In Nature's web entwined,
To renew, each Summer Sunday,
The city-blasted mind.



Gypsy

A tarmac patch behind some trees we call our home.

We don't stay long.

The people with the council papers always come.

And we move on.

My father mends the fences for the farms around.

We stay a while.

We spread all that we have about the ground.

You think us vile.

Our toilet is the hedge, our sink the running stream.

Our van is warm.

On winter nights we too can lie in bed and dream.



The Battle Of Pickering

On a gentle rise above the town the castle stands,
Its grey stone walls majestic in its solitude.
The casual visitor, amazed to find it, stares from the road,
And ventures in to taste the past.
Neatly grassed the outer ward invites
The picnic basket, and the tempted child to play,
(He climbs the motte ditch when the warden looks the other way.)
The keep smiles from the man-made hill,
Its walls which cannot stop a gaze
Are propped up for the view.
And there, below the bailey wall,
The well, that once refreshed the whole of Pickering
In time of need, lies quiet.
What ghosts haunt here?
The girl, whose trembling hand
Hauled on the rope as arrows flew;
The boy, who until now knew only how
To hold the oxen to the plough,
Whose fearful legs would not allow
Him to the wall again, hid here.
The whisper of their voices should be heard
Beneath the hawthorn, but no one stops.
They prattle past
And catch up with today around the shops.
The clash of metal biting metal;

The roar and tumult of the warring crowd;
The wild exchange of angry voices;
The scream of mighty engines straining loud;
The reek of hot exhausted air, make up the town.
The girl who cowers by the library wall as the world passes,
The boy who stops to share,
Just for a moment, the refuge offered there,
Are the spectres for tomorrow's visitors
Who will walk among *these* ruins unaware.

