

The Click of the Garden Gate

I hear the click of the garden gate,
But it is not he.
He comes no more either early or late,
To his dinner or tea.
He is far away in an Air Force Camp,
Learning to fight.
(I wonder if his blankets are damp,
And if he sleeps well at night.)

Not twenty years when went away.
Just a boy.
He may never again come back to stay,
To delight and annoy.
Will what he has gained balance what he
has lost?
He will change.
Will his growth to manhood improve him
most?
Or make him change?

I open the casement into his room,
So tidy and neat.
And the sun shines in and chases the gloom,
And the wind blows sweet.
Ready for him when, early or late,
He comes back home to the sea.
I hear the click of the garden gate,
But it is not he.
(Perhaps it is Rene coming to tea!)



Poem for Black Saturday

The seventh of September
Was a warm and humid day,
The air so still and peaceful,
The war seemed far away.
But this was an illusion
For on that fateful afternoon
As the East End basked in
sunshine
The peace would be ending soon

Huddled in the Anderson shelter
We shielded our heads in fear,
As bombs rained down around us
It seemed our end was near.
Shrapnel from the bursting shells
Fell crashing on the tiles.
The ground shook with explosions
That could be felt for miles.

After three long hours of terror,
We heard the all-clear sound.
And shakily we climbed out
From our dug-out in the ground.
All around the sky glowed red,
Dense smoke lay in the air,
Acrid fumes from nearby fires,
Smashed windows everywhere...

