

ARTICLES & POEMS - INDEX

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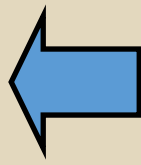
1. Young Writers Award Poem by Jonathan Edwards

My uncle starts it, kneeling in his garden;
my brother gives a leg up to my gran.
When it's my turn to climb, I get a grip
of my bamp's miner's belt, my cousin's heels,
say 'thank you' for her birthday card as I go,
then bounce on my nan's perm and skip three rows,
land on my father's shoulders. He grabs my ankles,
half dragging me down and half holding me up.

Here he comes, my godson, Samuel Luke,
passed up until he's standing in his nappy
on my head. And now to why we're here:
could the Edwardses together reach a height
that youngest one of us could touch a star?
Sam reaches out. He points towards the night.

aida@aidatoscabirch59.plus.com @ Mon, 07 Jan 13 20:49:50 +0000:
The poem provides the reader with fresh and vital expression. It captures the imagination, and in credit to Jonathan I believe he has created a new political influence. I am sure he will win a lot more Poetry Awards in the future.

aida@aidatoscabirch59.plus.com @ Mon, 07 Jan 13 17:36:16 +0000:
Jonathan's poem has fresh and vital expression, the theme touches on modern life. A poem that amuses the senses with his imagery. I look forward to reading more of Jonathan's poetry. He is an up and coming poet in the making.



2. Young Writers Award Poem by Glyn Edwards

Subtle, for him. Understated. Flattering even.
That first painting was angled with beauty enough
to lure me. Postman blue, pond green. Shy lips
and one eye, wide enough for two.

He sketched me furiously in June. Always
demanding my hair tumbled. Winding my fringer
between oily fingertips, breathing wine,
gesturing bottle after glass.

Every portrait a picture of a sculpture,
a Greek bust in Gallic July dress.

The signature brought the world to Vallauris
and each time I smiled at the cameras,
dimpled when I shared the lens. He painted
in the evening only now. His colours
darkened and he insisted my collar
inched lower to reveal secrets I would not tell.
In the last nights he sat me on his knees
I confessed he had become my second father.
He was sullen in August and relinquished
with the final composition, without goodbye.

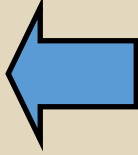
The final painting revealed only my naivete:
my ponytail a noose for an old man to risk
his reputation, my breasts rectangle of
rheumatic grey. My webbed ringlets, a duplicitous stare
and my fingers knotted in his frustration.

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Glyn's poem creates an illusion through his well constructed verses. I look forward to reading more of his work. He deserves wide recognition in the poetry world. I feel sure he will win many more awards in the near future.

aida@aidatoscabirch59.plus.com @ Mon, 07 Jan 13 18:03:36 +0000:

Glyn's knowledge of Art and Artist combined with a study of the human mind has a dramatic effect on his verse. This is a poem with a purpose. The poem is compact and unified and has a poignant message. I feel sure we will read more of Glyn's poetry in a number of anthologies



3. Reasons I Won't Ask Him by Glyn Edwards

He'll tell me the foundations aren't level
while scratching at the corner of his eyebrows
until I sulk off.

I'll hand him tea in soily cup
as he pegs out right angles in string
and asks me to fetch the post mix
from the boot.

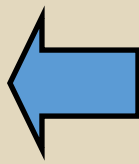
'It's an easy mistake Son,' he'll say
sketching on to the plans where the door
should've gone. Then he'll build
a shed from the panels I ignored
in the alleyway since spring.

He'll need someone to foot the ladders
he brought and I should pin the felt down
in the corners he can't stretch to anymore.

Mum might bring the baby out to play
on the balding grass, joke about men at work
and we may all pretend that's the truth.

After the brushes are cleaned
he'll pour the tea away,
wash the mugs.

aida@aidatoscabirch59.plus.com @ Tue, 08 Jan 13 10:34:31 +0000:
Glyn, I feel, in this poem has caught the irony of circumstances, he has
made clear a moving scene. With his expertly crafted poetic art, he
presents a clear cut art of a wordsmith.



4. Young Writers Award Poem (Part 1) by Anna Lewis

Transmission

Jean-Francois Champollion(1790-1832): the principle translator of the Rosetta Stone.

1

Grenoble, 1800

The road's cold incline into Grenoble lifts him,
bears him foot by sullen foot towards a scrawny air
that shreds like tissue in his lungs -

his lungs are half empty, the breath within them
full of holes. At the doorstep of the lodging house
he kicks one shoe against the other,

claps loose the crimps of snow within the treads.
An hour, two, in the white-walled parlour
while the adults talk, then he is shown to his high room,

his bed, blanket of Alpine wool twice-folded.
He won't blow out the candle, but as it nips
and hisses by his head, studies the flex and

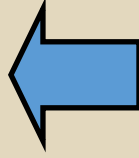
steal of fissures on the ceiling - just as,
south-east across the blood-warm sea,
the Nile webs and frets the delta
where the stone was lifted, sand knocked
from its ruts and grooves. His bedside
candle gutters, ebbs.

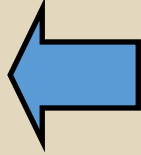
Aida @ Wed, 03 Jul 13 23:26:54 +0000:

Follow Anna Lewis by linking in to her own website

aida@aidatoscabirch59.plus.com @ Tue, 08 Jan 13 11:12:56 +0000:

Anna's knowledge of Classical History is intense and full of concise detail. She has brought into the poem new interest for the reader to grasp, and like myself, will want to follow up with their own research into the subject matter. A poem that awakens the human mind. I look forward to reading more of Anna's work. I feel sure she is going to be widely published





5. Bryn Celli Ddu by Terry Hetherington

They heaved and levered rock
into the pattern of a mystic dance - a cypher.
A fusion of tomb and temple:
the spiral of stones radiated out,
and swirled in,
to the hieroglyphed slab at the barrow's core,
with the red jasper beneath,
left to smoulder for thirty five centuries.
And when they felled the great ox,
and buried it there, with its head turned
to watch, always, the maw of the portal,
were they honouring the cosmic mother
and remembering a future
when the primitive magic of science held sway,
observing, perhaps, our benign grave robbers
brush detritus from the scorched bones
of young ancients?
Our conclusion reached (of sacrifice)
reveals only our passion for hideous drama,
clutching at puny parallels
with our shrieking violence,
keep us initiated - even into the first degree,
of exhumed mysteries.

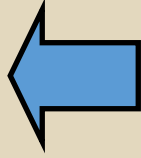
A skull here, a votive object there,
wrapped and despatched ... trickles of knowledge:
while wisdom lies cocooned
in the moon's and the mayflower's white flame,
and the Goddess gathers dust
in the silence of countless museums.

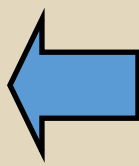
Bryn Celli Ddu: bronze age tumulus. Excavation there revealed: two pieces of red jasper, the burned bones of young people, the skeleton of an ox and

a mysteriously carved stone within the chamber. The tomb had originally stood as the centre of a large spiral of standing stones.

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Terry, in this poem, brings the reader the most eloquent of language and expression. It is a classic poem touched with solemnity and seriousness. The grandeur of Bryn Celli Ddu, and the sacredness of this bronze age tumulus.





6. Drums by Terry Hetherington

Tiered on stowage, we watch footage
of emaciated enemy surrendering their armoury:
we guffaw at the paucity of their resources.
Then briefings: Marxist fever had all but run its course,
we would reinstate - reinforce the status quo.

Disembarkation, bellowed orders, equipment checks,
some dissipation of bravado.
Harbour-based high-rankers
leave cognac and bluster to see us off.
Some natives hover as a bristling drummer
plays us out, as we move to meet
yellow-slate storm clouds gathering over distant hills
and foe - tottering on the brink of collapse...

We reek of cordite, sweat and piss,
a rag-tag column in the early sun,
we hear the shouts, we see the throngs,
our captors form a barrier as the people come.
So the people beat on trees and sun-baked ground
with implements and stones
the thrumming of their anger rising through our bones.

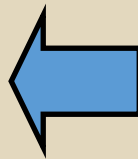
But one stood apart, away from the rest,
her eyes serene, a child at her hip,
and we saw the combat colours on the curve of her breast.
We were marched away and at her behest
her people raised the tempo
as we beasts from the west
footed it to God-knows where, any place, anywhere
away from that sound...

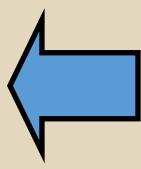
O her eyes were serene
her child at rest
and we saw the combat colours
on the curve of her breast.

(taken from an unfinished story that Terry had been working on. It was about a young man who in the 1950's got himself involved, to his own regret, in someone else's war. He was captured at the Battle of Dien Bien Phu in Indochina)

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The poem illustrates Terry's profound poetic expression in the tragic circumstances of war. He draws attention to the brave people of Indochina. The hideousness of an Imperial war. He sought to make the poem compact, and this skill proves to have a bigger impact in the act of expression





7. The Dancers by Terry Hetherington

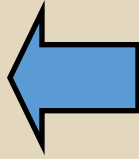
Four years and six years:
the sum total of your ages but a decade.
And today you bring me
the gift of your presence,
lighting the room with your eyes.
"Can we dance for you?"
So offering Tchaikovsky
I await your approval.
Watching, entranced, I marvel as,
unfettered by the guiding hand,
you move with his music.
Movement as fresh as fields,
as old as the earth,
your small arms silk-like in undulation.

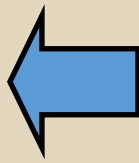
The music puzzles you.
"It's Russian," I say.
"Russian? What does Russian mean?"
Ah, little ones, should I tell you
of that vast place of the great tragedies?
Should innocence be blasted
with the reality that may
slowly wind down your dance,
that even now could end with a suddenness
to leave your blithe imprints as recent history?

But your movement continues, soothing me,
causing a prickle of hope on my skin,
and I dream now
of tens of thousands of you
dancing the world's stage,
clear and fluid,
cleansing the festering minds,
hushing the growling throats.

aida@aidatoscabirch59.plus.com @ Mon, 07 Jan 13 21:32:45

Terry illustrates in this poem his gift of sentimental expression. The poem is lively and detailed. He shows compassion. The poem has a memorable vision of a child's vision of music and movement. Yet there is a background of gloomy morbidity.





8. Young Writers Award Poem (Section 1) by Jemma King

Amelia Earhart

In 2010, a team of researchers from the International Group of Historic Aircraft Recovery discovered the remains of a 1930 female American castaway on the remote and uninhabited island of Nikumaroro in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. It is strongly believed that the castaway was Amelia Earhart, the pioneering female pilot who disappeared in 1937 whilst attempting to circumnavigate the world by air.

1

For someone so accustomed to speed,
silence and stillness was something.
It fell to a hum
and widened.

First, an inventory of quiet invaded and took root.
Each variety lived
and sang one note.

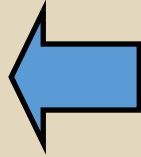
But this shelf fell off, deeply,
plaintively cutting to the igneous core.
The air plucked at bird string,
marsupial chatter and
tapped irregular fingers to it.

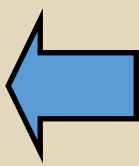
Each scrambled song an insult
to one who craved an engine and a wing.

At first, she went mad.

aida@aidatoscabirch59.plus.com @ Mon, 07 Jan 13 22:53:34 +0000:

Jemma's theme for the poem is exceptional. The poem shows knowledge of her detailed research. It portrays her delicate sentiments for a situation that is so full of sadness. Jemma has a gift of genuine craftsmanship in producing this prize winning poem. I feel sure Jemma will soon be widely published.





9. Terry, The man that stole my mother's heart by Amanda Davies

He stood in the door step this man that stole my mother's heart
No athlete, white hair and a wise face looking at me
I was rude, abrupt, angry
But he still invited me in
I regret that meeting

He was a wise compassionate man
With the wisdom of the old and new
He had a way of opening your mind and soul
Guiding you through the darkest forests of life
Without giving you the answer
Just the map, the directions you needed, to get to your destination

He could use words make them sing
With his deep Welsh voice
I could listen for hours
As he imparted tales of his life, knowledge and wisdom
His ethics, that of the old ways
His Eyes told the tales to
Deep and flickering, wicked humour chancing in

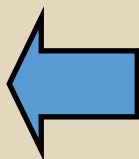
This man that stole my mother's heart
Perfect for her
Together they were one
Together they were meant to be
He touched the lives of all he met,
He touched mine to

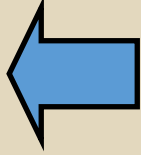
His body now rested from pain
His spirit lives on
Still touching our life's

His knowledge shared still in our minds
His warmth wrapped around us
We may not see him,
But his presence can still be felt
Their love will know no end
For it was meant to be
Two enchanted spirits drawn together
They need not the physical body of life
They will always intertwine and be one

aida@aidatoscabirch59.plus.com @ Mon, 07 Jan 13 21:12:04

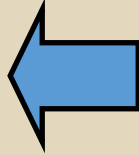
Amanda's poem shows how deeply she is thinking about poetry. She has adopted a style of her own that is both effective and profound. She is a writer with vision. Her vision of Terry Hetherington recognizes that he was his own master of creative writing.





10. THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE 6 VARIATIONS (6 Gallery 1955) by Caroline Ferguson

The 6 Gallery conversion flicks on the bookshop lights. A moments immersion and the poetry ignites; The Wailing Wall is listening to the Beat, Neon signs are glistening on the back seat... Post War poets are on patrol, searching for America's atomic soul; the typewriter clatters with the constant haze, its the myth that matters in the publishing craze... Script the conversion and paint the Sun; 6 different versions and the Beatnik Gospel has begun.



11. The Bottle Factory by Raymond Humphreys

Looking back, I'll say I liked it,
that year I spent among the glass.
A model dark satanic mill as ever was.

The ragtime note of steel on glass;
the hot breath of the friendly furnace;
the march of bottles from the Lehr -
all have, remembered, special charm.

Bottles green and brown and blue;
hot to touch and sometimes broken -
even now I bear the scar.

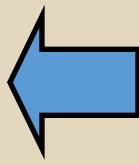
The men were men, the bosses bastards,
but bosses of your hands, not souls.
A simple deal, a neat equation:
pay for sweat, your mind your own.

I liked best to start the night shift
full of beer, a drunken star,
and after just an hour of working
I'd sweated sober, unconcerned.

Then at seven in the morning
the hooter sang out our release.
So off we marched to seek our freedom,
and as for me, I'm searching still.

aida @ Wed, 03 Jul 13 23:23:34 +0000:

A very meaningful poem by Raymond. Having worked as a nurse in the bottle-top factory for a while, you become aware you are trapped inside. A repetitive routine for at least eight hours of a day....'the hooter sang out our release'. Raymond's gifts for words spell a worker's frustration. Follow Raymond Humphrey on the link to his own excellent website.



12. Edith by Jemma King

I know that the oak that holds you is oiled to the tide, is Jesus and crossed to the hilt. Not men now

but seed-heads for a city, bearers of flags and plagues,

prayers to save the heathens. But I see those limed angel hands on ramparts of squared slates

split from the earth by your father, my father, maybe.
They say

Jones, buried in absentia, cholera, bound for Jamaica Leavis, buried in absentia, typhus, bound for India Evans, buried in absentia, consumption, bound for the East

And it has been one month since you sailed to St. Johns.
It's early for letters but I'll smooth grooves in the stones, pacing.

The noise comes at night, when your voice is restored to its northern shape.
The salt of your skin, palpable, but

I know that you are in a different colour of silence now.
The absinthe dancing skies
over seals in long-eyelashed sleep and

icebergs rolling into the bay, morbid scrapings on the sea floor. The ice floes kissing like glockenspiel keys. The snow in seven foot drifts.

The depressed Atlantic shivers in that part of the world, shivers and stops breathing. She embraces the fish, suspends them museums of themselves, whitened and wordlessly drifting.

You may return buttery on whale flesh, gilded on metals and skins.
Or emptied of yourself, the false gifts,

the blankets of the dead handed over as flowers, bridges.
The guilt tripping you out of yourself it's signature in the eyes of your children, reminders of what you have done. Maybe. And what of the landscapes lost to you?
The showy blue shoulders of icicles, thick necklaces on cliffs that puncture the stilled seas, the childless polar winds journeying nowhere.