

Poetry Series

**patricia Northall**  
**- poems -**

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## patricia Northall(30 05 42)

I am 71, I now live in Tarleton, West Lancashire, England. Widowed, I live alone, and have always enjoyed writing poetry, and now short stories too.

I had quite a few poems published in the 70s. but none since. I would not class myself as a Modern Poet, but write when I feel inspired, not too classical, it's just my own style that I am comfortable with.

I have joined Poem Hunter because I enjoy reading other peoples work, and very often you can learn and understand more about the craft of writing poetry.

# Country Holiday

I have thought deeply, cried and denied  
That I needed you by my side,  
I can make my way without friend or foe,  
Leave me to get on with things I know.

But, I must go back feel the buzz of people,  
Traffic and life, just every day burden and strife.  
I have lived in my solitude of security,  
Felt warm and smug, even when I heard the news  
I just gave a shrug.

Country life is fine when  
You need time to pause  
And reflect upon which course  
To take in life, it gives you time  
To absorb, become aware,  
You really do have time  
To stand and stare.

The time is right, I must go back.  
The peace and tranquillity were beautiful  
But I feel this need to share  
The stress and strain once more  
Of how I used to live.

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# Free Love?

Things may not be the same as they were,  
And may never be the same again.  
But the time was, when you looked into my eyes,  
I heard your sighs, and I knew it could never be.  
This feeling was completely new to me, but,  
You were the one who helped me to understand  
That all I had to do was to hold my hand.

Our time together was very brief, but, perhaps  
Those moments can never be compared  
To a lifetime shared.  
Because the understanding we were able to reach,  
Some may never learn, and others cannot reach.

To others it may seem to be, everything is  
As it used to be, but this very unpractised verse  
Is to say, your love and our time together  
I think of, and hold to me every day.  
Time, and the years, may take all my fears away,  
But your understanding need, and all you were,  
Time is no master there.

I do rule my heart, even if I must listen to my head,  
And when, as very often they do,  
My thoughts return to you, these are the times  
When my heart really knows how to feel free.

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# Joanne

I love you Joanne, why?  
Because you are what I am  
The why, the where, the how,  
All of these things  
You must know now.

The bruises, the cuts,  
The hurt and pain  
And the don't do that again.  
You live each day right to the end  
With Nicola, Leslie and my best friend.

I have read to chapter twelve Mum  
A shall soon be at the end,  
Can I read you some, and what is for tea,  
You open the world of my childhood to me.

Once again you make me feel free  
As through the fields you run  
Into rivers you fall,  
Brown by the sun.  
Dirt you find as home you leave behind  
Until your day is done.

Then you lovingly lie next to me  
To watch your favourite on TV.  
God gave you the gift to see  
The world is yours  
And you are free.  
But just for now  
You belong to me.

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# Learning About Love

Loving you has not been easy,  
There were times when it was quite hard.  
Good times, bad times,  
I've seen them all in your eyes.  
And there were times when  
I saw nothing at all  
But a wall, that seemed to get higher  
Making me feel like a baby  
Learning to crawl  
To reach the you I once knew.

There are so many different faces,  
One for anger, one for love,  
And the one that reaches way up above  
Where I can touch.  
Then I have to start again  
To reach my heart that you have tried  
So many times to open wide.

Like a flower in the spring  
Or the bird upon the wing,  
The time is right, at last tonight  
I will know once more  
The easy loving, and uplifting feeling  
That comes just like breathing.

But like the flower whose petals must fall  
And the bird who travels too far,  
The need has gone,  
You are no longer there inside my heart  
To set it free.  
You have closed your eyes,  
I can no longer see the face  
That tells me  
We can't win every race.  
Just a voice in the dark  
And a hand in mine...

These are the bad times,

But are they yours or mine?

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# Middle Class Housewife

This then is your life  
A fully fledged stay at home wife,  
How comfy, how warm,  
Central heating at the stretch of an arm.  
How marvellous, how quick,  
The washing's done at the flick of a switch.  
How understanding, how undemanding  
When the meal is cooked  
Without hours of mixing and standing.  
How lovely, how grand,  
The cleaning's done without a dirty hand.  
No beds to make, only a duvet to shake.

I must do the shopping, Oh that's nice,  
The freezer has enough to feed us  
At least another twice.  
I must ring the grocer and have him bring round  
All those heavy boxes  
It is time I unwind  
From chore after chore.  
I wonder sometimes, as on my bed I lie,  
How marvellous, what bliss  
To know that modern man invented all this.  
But why? was it also his intention  
That I should create some new invention.

Well, I think I can,  
It's what every woman needs  
When she has time to spare, it has flair  
And a certain sophistication,  
When friends call, just to mention,  
'Oh by the way, I'm also having an affair'.

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# Permission To Mourn

All you asked of me was to be able to love you,  
But this I could not do when forces so strong  
Can turn love to hate. Was this then my fate  
To watch you die, knowing it was too late.

They had done their job well,  
Those builders of hate who make life Hell.  
You could not see through their good work  
Because of such well produced hurt.

They took your loyal and gentle heart  
And used it to form a special part,  
Through years and years of dedication  
Towards an unrelenting task of separation.

I had far too many bridges cross  
To join with those who had the right  
To feel the need and share the loss.  
Built so strong, they were not meant to fall  
Even when I heard Death's call.

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# The Faithful Daffodil

Early morning, spirits soaring  
To see your promise of Spring.  
Daylight dawning, showing  
Green shoots that soon, very soon  
Your golden, delicate beauty on  
Slender stems will fill my soul  
With hope. You are a constant  
Reminder of nature, and her faithful  
Return from year to year without  
Care or nurture from me, I see  
My beloved Golden Daffodil.

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# The General

I approached you warily,  
They said you were a creature of mystery.  
You stood there like some Royal Majesty,  
A coat of velvet hiding a will of iron.  
Were you really a split personality?

With feelings of hesitancy that grew  
Towards an animal so graceful  
Yet ridden by so few  
I stroked your head with feelings  
Of admiration mixed with fear,  
I marvelled to be standing near  
Legs that seemed to stretch into eternity.

You slowly raised your head,  
I gently lowered mine.  
This was how it should be,  
Once I acknowledged your supremacy  
Then we could both ride with dignity.

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# The Kiss

your lifespan is very short,  
But your lifestyle is exemplary,  
With timing that is near to perfection,  
There is never a trace  
Of how short your visit may be.

Your ever-searching flight  
Is gentle, almost as if caressing  
The pollen with some Holy Blessing  
You need to make your journey light.

Your delicate wings, so transparent  
I observe with wonder, and lament  
To think how vulnerable you are.  
But still you travel far  
Now you are gone from view.

I sit and wonder how it must feel  
To be a flower with pollen sweet,  
Knowing I have only to sigh  
And I shall receive with grace  
The gentle kiss of a butterfly.

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# Understandingi

Is it me you leave each morning  
With face so plain and hair so free?  
Do you really know who is me?  
It is the receptionist who offers you coffee  
In her latest fashion of seamed stockings  
Stilleto heels, and dazzling smile that appeals.

You accept with such masculine charm  
From the waitress who stands at your arm,  
The eyes that really can flirt  
As you weigh up the length of her skirt.  
These are the moments of interest,  
Because, I know how good they make you feel.  
For me they are only fantasies  
That once were very real.

But now, in the evening when you look at me,  
The reflection you see in my eyes  
Is, her man maybe very tired,  
But, she hopes he is also very wise.

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# Wedding Day

Yes, daughter mine,  
We have reached the time  
I knew would come  
When all the work,  
The tears, the joy,  
Would be given to  
Some handsome boy.

This is your day,  
I feel there is so much  
I need to say,  
You have brought me strength  
In times of need  
I felt no longer  
Could I succeed.

But, I looked at your face  
So full of hope  
And realised there  
Must be scope  
To have another try.  
I don't say these things..  
    Why?

Because you are starting  
On a journey,  
It will take you many places,  
Bring you many experiences,  
You will feel many emotions.  
You are in love.  
So the strength you have  
Is in the will to succeed.

I also like to imagine  
Your path in life may be  
Very different to mine,  
And to all the couples  
Who set out feeling free,  
The love I have for you

Does not want to see  
The facts of life,  
But hopes you find  
The road to Paradise.

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# Winter

Dark evenings, unremitting rain,  
Constant wind blowing.  
My heart mourning the passing  
Of summer, wistfully dreaming  
Once again of Spring  
To lift my spirit, and fill my soul  
And make my body whole.

Winter is mournful without frost  
And snow. We look upon it harshly,  
Wishing it would hurry and go.  
But then, the bitter sweet moods  
It brings, are as life itself.  
To be endured, patiently, and stoically.

Until, one uplifting morning, the sun  
Breaks through, such light and warmth.  
There is birdsong, and we know  
Winter is sighing it's last mournful echo,  
And we can start to plan.  
To open our hearts, and greet once more,  
The beauty and warmth of Spri

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