

Poetry Series

Sid John Gardner
- poems -

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Sid John Gardner(29-08-44)

Learning to write again.....

Cayton Bay

Dwell not on the sun that will never shine again,
That heartfelt agony to never again see her face.
Does she know the hurt the, regret, the pain,
The skies now darken and close is the ended race.

But memories brighten our day, then offer smiles,
Bright heavenly days follow darkest nights and true
Travelling to meet we did not count the miles,
Part of our lives with sunny days and skies of blue.

So we remember the good times and perhaps the bad,
The balance held our happiness of good times past.
Many times we shared our tears with love we had,
In our hearts we wish each other happiness at last.

Sid John Gardner

Football Crazy

There they sit in sartorial glee,
Waiting for their next gigantic fee.
It doesn't care, it never sleeps,
That institution is here for keeps.

Its headed by the man in charge,
Who has a skin, thick as an iron barge,
Wo'nt admit himself, to jiggery pokery,
Even laughs at ball over line, such jokery.

Brown paper envelopes floating around,
Dollar bills in pockets? ... always sound.
Then elected officials not known to man,
If they get found out, they carry the can.

So there he is, a smiling face,
Ignores his organisation its' a bloody disgrace.
Millions explode on terraces, just like rockets,
To line footballs officials, ever deepening pockets.

Sid John Gardner

Half A Sausage Is Better Than None.

She liked her sausages well done and not too many.
Her plate was full with a whole English Breakfast.
Three at the table with jam marmite, bread and butter.
His eyes narrowed as he saw her uneaten sausage,
Imagined it in a Marmite, clad breaded envelope.
Before his dream was over she gave the Sausage to another.

Sid John Gardner

Her Love.

Her love was like a demand for unpaid tax.
First the brown paper envelope suggested dread.
Then the demand said...'PAY UP',
He demanded an appeal on the £3480.40.
The appeal was granted so he ate the demand.
Her love cost him £5.50 for a reg envelope plus stamp.

Sid John Gardner

Memories.

We weep no more for those we love and are gone,
How many tears were shed now the eyes are dry.
A last phone call, a morning kiss, a hand held briefly.
Memories as shadows in darkness always with us.

We weep no more for those we love and are gone,
Close to our heart memories such as these.
A cupboard full of clothes, a birthday gift all we have left.
Traces of her perfume drifting on a late summer breeze.

We weep no more for those we love and are gone.
No longer do we face each night waiting for the dawn.
Sleep no longer soothes the pain of loss that gnaws inside.
His papers still at his desk, yellowed by age, unmoved.

We weep no more as there is nothing left to give.
Our loss so great, constant, our grief too much to bear.
His books we kept, his scribbled notes saying 'I love you'
Her voice now faint, distant, but always there.

Nothing relieves the hurt inflicted in their passing.
But we know they would not have wished our pain and sorrow.
Our memories a link in comfort, of good times remembered.
They live with us for ever, on their today and our tomorrow.

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Sid John Gardner

Menthol Smoker

She was seen pulling on a menthol kingsize.
Smart dressed in a black overcoat and long brown skirt.
The flight had been uneventful, the coffee was dreadful.
Bought her a coffee it came in a tiny cup.
She went to the counter and had it 'Doubled Up'.

A tiny car awaited, Green and not too new.
Perhaps it should have been colour to match her eyes,
Which were brown change to green when the sun shone through.
Her little house was warm and friendly no surprise.
Breakfast served was excellent, no need to sue.

Spent the day on the forest boardwalk in the sky
A kiss then a long long talk.
Back to her house and did some more talking
Knew we had similar interests especially in walking
Returned to flight after she bought me a burger.
Cadged one of her fags one of the 'Menthol' kind
Kingsize of course from a tall elegant friendly person.

Perhaps we shall meet again but when it doesn't rain
Future held wonder, happiness, bright sunny days? ...it did.
Lots of laughs and good times too, ingredients for a cataplana stew?

Sid John Gardner

Paper Love.

He wished her to remember him.
When he had gone, she found them
Tiny paper notes.

left under her pillow, in her book,
Carefully pinned to her coat.
Just a piece of himself in words.

Silly but heartfelt, hoped she would remember.
Spelled out with happiness and smiles.
Saying....simply.....'I Love You'.

Sid John Gardner