

Ella Martin

Rattle, rattle, rattle,
Why is it such a battle,
Getting a bit of change
Is such hard work
Why won't they give us any for a change?

Rattle, rattle, rattle,
Their pockets always rattle,
They make it such a battle,
They say they have no change,
Why can't they tell the truth for a change?

Someone Special

Someone's got me in a spin,
He's really great not your average sonny Jim
Sometimes I want to throw my poems in the bin,
Coz they're nowhere near as good as the ones' by him.

Ella Martin

222

It's full of life you see,
It's always so busy,
It can be the place to be,
But only if you know somebody, Funny thing is however, if you know nobody, Or if
you know everybody,
Then it can be the worst place to be,
Coz 222 can be quiet and lonely
Or loud and freedom free,
You see if you know nobody
It can be quite lonely,
But if you know everybody,
You'll find them loud and proud,
And you'll find yourself freedom free,
So it's best to be in the middle you see,
So make sure you know somebody,
But you don't know everybody,
Coz then you will think 222 is great you see!!

GLYN PUTWAIN

FEAR

I'm told that "love" is the greatest emotion,
But I believe this is not strictly true,
For understandably 'tis FEAR that reigns,
But this fear we should never rue,

For fear of us "just" crossing the road,
To fear of anything new,
Fear of the unknown, fear of the dark, of death,
This is perfectly natural, true,

So, when someone comes, walks in our midst,
Whose colour is different, or has a slight twist,
With lesions potentially contagious (a myth),
Be not surprised of societies "fist",

From the womb to the grave,
All are constantly attacked,
Bacteria we fight, but, like us they wish to survive,
So they constantly fight back,

THE disease is the attitude with which we approach,
Any threatening problem that causes that fear,
Anything with which our ignorance approach,
Any threat to survival which comes anywhere near.

IN/OUTSIDE

I am put away,
I am discounted,
I'm unwanted, I don't fit,
I have no "house" of my own,
Outside in the city I sit homeless,

Rejected, as I pay no tax, a social leper I,
A great assumption made,
That I am of no value,
(Though the freedom I've earned all crave),

As they sit inside their walls,
With mortgages all bound,
With commitments, repairs,
They stir, in dread of,
The freedom I have found,

Jealous now, they persecute,
All those not fitting "their way",
Of those who have true freedom,
Can come and go, while they have to stay,

I am outside, they are inside.

Neil Smith (Smithy)

MOVING

TRAVELERS ME AND FRIENDS OF MINE ½ THE
COUNTRY WE'VE DONE, AN THAT'S NOT A BOAST IT
LIKE CHEESE ON TOAST EASY. EAST TO WEST
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST, GOOD FOLKS, BAD
FOLKS NIGHT/DAY SHELTERS CARERS SHARERS IT
ALL THEY R ALL AROUND YOU'S BE ASTOUNDED
USE YOUR HEAD DON'T STARE IT CAN OFFEND,
FOLKS MISCOMPREHEND AND SOME MAY TRY AND
DEFEND THEMSELVES IS ALL. MOST FRIENDS HALF
A PET, INVISIBLE WALL TO PROTECT AND DETECT
OLD BILL WHO TRY TO SNEAK A PEAK IS ALL THEY
GET THOUGH BEFORE WE GOT UP AND GO TO THE
NEXT TOWN RAIN WIND SNOW OR SUN NOMADIC I
IS! FESTIVALS R JUST AROUND THE CORNER YES
THEY IS LIKE A BOTTLE OF POP SHAKE AND ALL
OVER THE PLACE WE SHALL FIZZ FIZZ FIZZ LOTS OF
GIRLS TO GET YOUR HEAD IN A TWIRL BUT THAT'S
ANOTHER STORY I'LL TELL