

A Page of Poetry

"The crown of literature is poetry. It is its end and aim. It is the sublimest activity of the human mind. It is the achievement of beauty and delicacy. The writer of prose can only step aside when the poet passes." ~ W. Somerset Maugham

THE ABUSE'S OF LITERACY by Martin Rowson

THE WORKS OF C. DICKENS ~ "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

By his family's graveside young PIP
Meets a CONVICT escaped from a ship!
"If you don't want to die
You shall fetch me some pie!"
Says the lag, so Pip does! Blinking Flip!
MISS HAVERSHAM, local rich rutter,
Has a house filled with dust, spite & clutter.
Her adoptee ESTELLE
Views Pip like a bad smell,
Worse than Miss H's old bridal schmutter!
Then suddenly PIP becomes rich!
Puts this down to the crazy old bitch
So preens round like a ponce! Er...
THE CONVICT'S HIS SPONSOR!!
(The old bugger's name is MAGWITCH.)
The adventures on which PIP embarks
Conclude when her dress catches sparks!
Miss H. gets immolated!
JOE GARGERY stated
"What larks, eh, young Pip lad? What larks!"

My deaf sister

Does it hurt to be deaf
My friends ask me
I say no
But their feelings will
I have a sister
My sister is deaf
She is special

There are not many sisters like mine

I've got a sister
Who rocks her dolls
Without a tune
And who brings a
Bowl of bananas
When I tell her to
Bring her my pyjamas!
My sister used to ask
When the sun shines
When the snow melts
Does it give a sound
I say no
But their beauty will
Make sounds in our hearts
I've got a sister
Who plays the piano
It's I who hears it
Without a tune
I have a sister
My sister is deaf!
- Prabhuddhi Kaushalya

Just for today, I will let go of
anger.
Just for today, I will let go of
worry.
I will give thanks for many
blessings.
I will do my work honestly.
I will be kind to my neighbor
and every living thing.

- Dr Mikao Usui (Reiki Principles)

'No charge'

What could a woman's fate be
whose husband is dead
When here stands a daughter
grown-up educated and well fed,
Evil moments suddenly surround
my health, now in bed
Surprise is not the word, as my
own born flesh charges me in \$
117 bill it's sad
Now comes a turn for me to say
kind words of wisdom
Loving child, those nine months of
hard labour "No charge"
All that love and affection,
endeavoured "No charge"
the best education I could afford to
give you "No charge"
And the best University did you
dream of, "No charge"
With tearful eyes
swollen, comes
her written reply I
was selfish and
I'm sorry mother,
"No charge".

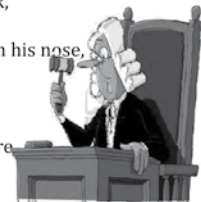
- J.A. Fernandes



Law Like Love – W. H. Auden

Wystan Hugh Auden (1907-1973 – he signed his poems W. H. Auden) published *Law Like Love* in 1941 in his poetry book called *Another Time*. Born in England and Oxford-educated, he was homosexual and had a number of partners throughout his life. He moved to the United States in 1939 with one of them where, in 1951, he was briefly suspected of being a Russian spy.

Law, say the gardeners, is the sun,
Law is the one
All gardeners obey
Tomorrow, yesterday, today.
Law is the wisdom of the old,
The impotent grandfathers feebly scold;
The grandchildren put out a treble tongue,
Law is the senses of the young.
Law, says the priest with a priestly look,
Expounding to an unpriestly people,
Law is the words in my priestly book,
Law is my pulpit and my steeple.
Law, says the judge as he looks down his nose,
Speaking clearly and most severely,
Law is as I've told you before,
Law is as you know I suppose,
Law is but let me explain it once more.
Law is The Law.



Yet law-abiding scholars write:
Law is neither wrong nor right,
Law is only crimes
Punished by places and by times,
Law is the clothes men wear
Anytime, anywhere,
Law is Good morning and Good night.
Others say, Law is our Fate;
Others say, Law is our State;
Others say, others say
Law is no more,
Law has gone away.
And always the loud angry crowd,
Very angry and very loud,
Law is We,
And always the soft idiot softly Me.
If we, dear, know we know no more
Than they about the Law,
If I no more than you
Know what we should and should not do
Except that all agree
Gladly or miserably
That the Law is
And that all know this
If therefore thinking it absurd
To identify Law with some other word,
Unlike so many men
I cannot say Law is again,
No more than they can we suppress
The universal wish to guess
Or slip out of our own position
Into an unconcerned condition.
Although I can at least confine
Your vanity and mine
To stating timidly
A timid similarity,
We shall boast anyway:
Like love I say.
Like love we don't know where or why,
Like love we can't compel or fly,
Like love we often weep,
Like love we seldom keep.



- W. H. Auden

(Sourced & Compiled by S. Balarajah)