

I GOT MARRIED ON THE SHORE

by CATHERINE ROTH

I got married on the shore -
The sea was there to witness
Our pledge 'I do' forever,
Whilst a ribboned sunset sealed our vows.

ON DISCOVERING I'VE

BEEEN SOLD HOOPS INSTEAD OF ALPHABETTI SPAGHETTI

by DAVE WOOD

0000 0000000 00000000 - o!
00000
00 000 00000
0000
00
0000
00 00000...

PLAY ON CRICKET PITCH -

WATERCOLOUR ON PAPER

by HOLMES FIELD

A darkening pitch, tall trees,
twelve players
caught wavering softly
through the close
of day, their flashing
movements

JURKEBOX

by KETH LAROE

Press my button select your favourite track
I've 30,000 tunes to take you back.
A custom search engine within me
from Buddy Holly to Jerry Lee.

Uncle Billy with his Northern Soul
Auntie Mavis Rock 'n' Roll.
Cousin Lucy a slow dance
admirers think they've a chance.

A memorabilia machine
nostalgia's winning routine.
Make the party a be-bop-bang
if it rocks let it be sang.

Weddings and parties I love to go
finish the evening with something slow.
The poor old DJ's been blown away
now the Wurlitzer's back to stay.

The King of the 45
about to make your day
just don't tell everyone
I'm set on free play.

Next day when locals gossiped,
They talked of witchcraft on the beach.

THE APPLE

by SUE MACCRELL

Eve ate hers
And got The Knowledge
(And The Blame.)

THE SCARF

by JEREMY DUFFIELD

The chairs are stacked in red and blue;
It is a sequence I once knew,
For on the scarf I wore to school
Alternate squares were red and blue
But also there was yellow, too,
Besides the squares of red and blue;
The yellow stripes were miniscule,
But gave the scarf a different hue.

The scarf gave off this different hue
Whenever Susan came in view,
And I became a simpering fool
When she flashed hers, yes, red and blue.

PAINTING THE TOWN RED

by MAGGS PAYNE

For my birthday
I was given paint
I was given brushes
I was given paper
Being no artist
On Saturday night
I'm going out to
Paint the town red.

Snow White spat hers out
And got The Prince.

Paris gave his to Aphrodite
And started the Trojan Wars.
Mine sits in the fruit bowl,
Biding its time.