

Just Another Day

The first poem is a personal experience from way back when I was a teenager, before I met my husband even. I found it in a photo album, probably the reason why it survived all our travels.

I think it was greatly improved by translation into English. Even though the event took place more than fifty years ago I remember it vividly. That's most unusual because nowadays I can't even remember why I opened the pantry or what I was looking for.

Just Another Day

While I was out and about
I saw a face that stood out
And a smile that set my heart racing.
Transfixed I could not stop gazing.
I saw someone move in a way
That quite led me astray.
My feet without instruction
Followed the cause of seduction.
He stopped and turned around
Our eyes locked. We both frowned.
Then we smiled and we talked,
Observed each other as we walked.
He said, "Come with me. Let's go."
My eyes said, "Yes". My mind said, "No."
Because it was plain to see
He was not the one for me.
He was 'high' and 'off his face'.
His mind was in a different place.
So I lightly kissed his brow
And said, "Goodbye for now."
He pulled me close and kissed me;
Said, "Verily I shall miss thee."
Then we each went our way:
It was just another day!

Mystery Man

While waiting at an airport I found a novel discarded on a chair. As I had time to fill I decided to read my first ever Mills and Boon romance.

One wonders if women who read these books on a regular basis identify with the female character and if the ever- featuring dark, handsome stranger becomes their own Romeo for the duration. I suppose a few dollars for romantic daydreams is good value.

Before long I became aware that in the end, after many chapters of ups and downs, goodbye and hello again, the gorgeous long-legged blonde and the tall dark handsome – and well-to-do stranger – would eventually end up in married ever after bliss.

Reading their story stopped me from watching the clock, and when I closed my eyes for a few moments the urge was nudging me for another poem.

Mystery Man

Even though we've never met
You're the one I can't forget.
Even though we've never kissed
You're the one I've always missed.
You are tall, dark and handsome;
So loving and wholesome.
You've got X-factor powers.
I could watch you for hours.
I would never get bored;
You're passionately adored,
And the beauty of your smile
Beats all others by a mile.
With your eyes full of desire
You seduce and light my fire.
As for the hair on your chest
It's quite simply the best.
You're so suave and so clever
I will crave you forever.
You're so sexy and delicious

Hang on!

Are you real – or purely fictitious?

The Botox Babe

When I was watching a television programme called Entertainment Tonight, I was inspired to write several poems about life in Hollywood. Watching movie stars and others in the entertainment industry is fun!

I always perceive them as living on a different plane. The red carpet – the limousines – the fabulous frocks – the hand- and footprints in cement in the Chinese Forecourt – the Oscar ceremony – the Bafta and the Emmy awards and the Hollywood Walk of Fame with its 5-pointed terrazzo and brass stars embedded in the sidewalk; it's like a different world, far removed from the humdrum daily grind of ordinary working class people.

Actors, singers, dancers and other entertainers fill our television and movie screens on a daily basis. Life would be incredibly boring without them. Yet, I often wonder how many of us would really like that kind of lifestyle. Perhaps most of us prefer to watch and enjoy!

The Botox Babe

She was gorgeous and gracious;
Young, confident and vivacious.
Her beautiful face could be seen
On the pages of many a magazine.
A catwalk goddess and a movie star,
She always knew she would go far.
And she was never short of a date;
Loved to dine out and party till late.
Retail therapy started her day:
Then advisers and trainers had their say.
The hair, the face, nails and fashion
Filled her days with self-obsession.

When her beauty began to wane,
Botox and fillers lessened the pain.
She didn't quit; she fought the good fight.
Facelifts and make-up covered her plight.
Yet when even Botox had lost the race
To uphold the perfection of her face;
When all the boyfriends she'd ever had,
The men who'd actually shared her bed,
Walked past without even saying, "Hello!"
She moaned, "Where did my life go?"

She thought of the town that once was home
And all the places she used to roam.
Of the boy who had asked her to be his wife;
Who had seriously wanted to share her life.
But the one thing that really made her sad
Was the thought of the baby she never had.
She sighed and cried and wondered in vain
And the rest of her life she lived with that pain.
She had a good life even though it was fake,
But who is to say that she made a mistake?
A life never lived cannot compare with the past
We can't turn back time when the years go too fast.