A Poem

This is no way to start.

John Coldwell

while The Roses are In Bloom Tomorrow I must file my nails. My pretty nails - all broken -That's gardening - that won't do.

Today,it thundered in Llandudno. Silver sheets. Three old ladies were rescued from their car.

Yesterday, the lord chancellor was demoted - swept out ... I heard that from the old man who lives up the lane. Lost his grandson. But found him again.

"Dangerous times we live in."

One of my neighbours makes' jam and marmalade - all day. Very good for a girl of eight.

I hear I am to be - 'picked up' in a week or two. I will show them my roses; pink, white and blue....

Yes, yes I know I talk too much. But what can I do? Since old Chippy died.... No? Tomorrow,I must file my nails. My pearly shining blood-red nails.



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## Narcissus

"Do you, Narcissus, take this looking glass for your lauful wedded wife?! To have and to hold in your right hand for your auful wedded life?! " "I do!"

Maureen Weldon

Andrew W. Pye