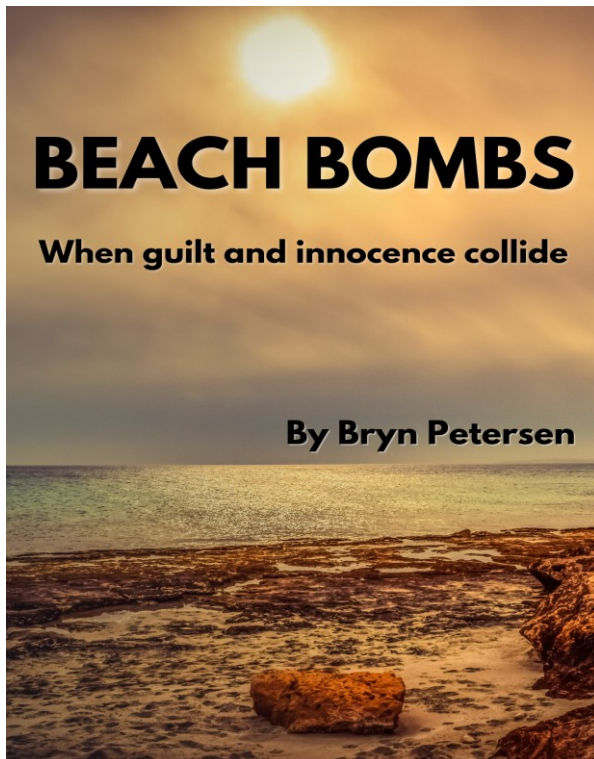


2023

BRYN AND FRIENDS



Bryn Petersen

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FOREWORD

Welcome to the sixth edition of 'Bryn and Friends'. As regular readers already know, this free to download e-magazine is a forum for me (writing under the pseudonym Bryn Petersen) to present short stories, poetry, articles and promotions relating not only to my own creative writing but also that of my creative artist/writer friends.

Creative writing is sometimes lonely, and because you're often (these days anyway) sat in front of a pc, alone with your own thoughts and imagination, it can be difficult to know whether what you have written is 'readable'. Even saying the words aloud doesn't always help. Most of the time, it takes another person to look at what you have written and point out its flaws or conversely react to the effect of your words. As creative writers (and artists), we are our own prosecution and defence counsel, judge, jury and executioner. Most of the creative friends contributing here are 'Indie' authors, but even the traditionally published authors have to put in the work to edit and re-work their stories, articles and poems. What it really boils down to is how hard it is to write or create without the help and support of friends who understand the process – fellow creative thinkers, because very often they are the only ones who truly understand.

In this issue, I want to introduce a new creative friend, Noel Wincote, who has kindly agreed to contribute some of his lyrical and evocative poetry.

This issue also features some more of my own poetry, which I hope you will enjoy.

Many thanks for reading and for your support; take care,

BP

THE SIRENS

The sirens have sounded in the dead of night
Waken from slumber to give us a fright
Whirling and wailing in harmonic tones
So, it's out of our beds to sleep in your bones

Out into darkness to flashes of light
Out Into shadow the scramble for life
Out of the houses and down to the ground
Out to the gardens where shelters are found

The Andersons' shelter is just to the right
Make yourselves comfortable, we're in for the night
Listen to explosions, they make hell of a din
More on their way, they're packing them in

Sleep if you can, let guns do their thing
Popping and banging and fire engines sing
The night is ablaze to the sound of the raid
Another explosion, too close for a shave

Nothing will keep us from house or from home
Not even the troubles of horrors unknown
There will be sighing and nothing to fear
"When the siren has sounded the all clear"

NOEL WINCOTE

MY LAST REQUEST

The day my life is over
Don't send me to the mire
Just put me in a cardboard box
And throw me on the fire

Don't bother with a funeral
The expense is far too great
Just put me to the furnace
And there incinerate

Cremate me with due diligence
Before sentiments impart
And know that I left this place
With warmth within my heart

Let no one lament for me
Or sing a sad refrain
Just burn me to a cinder
So, no ashes there remain

I've got no qualms about it
Burned bright my whole life through
Its time I gave a little back
So, I'm burning just to you

And if there's still some residue
You can put me through again
And when the fire is final out
The word is just – Amen

NOEL WINCOTE

THE FAMILY TREE

I'm the object of circumstance
A recollection in a book
My life is not important
If you would care to look

I'm not a long-lost uncle
Or a hero of daring-do
I'm just another commoner
As is the likes of you

I was born in 'Great Granny's' house
Which was typical of the age
Then they built "Maternity"
And now it's all the rage

I had a mother and a father
Two granddads and grand-mars
I also have some siblings
Who spread out near and far

I suppose I could have married
I could have had some kids
Or I might have been a bachelor
Or a monk - that God forbids!

Our family name is ancient
Its connected to a place
It's also in the doomsday book
The first one we can trace

So, ask me now your questions
Before the brain begins to fade
I still remember faces
It will help in your crusade

So, there it is before you
As you can plainly see
I'm just another relative
In your 'Family Tree'.

NOEL WINCOTE

THE TENDEREST HOUR

A delicate lacework of stars beam night's first hello
I long to see my beloved on planet earth below
I had to leave earthly living for Heaven's silvery gate
Illness savaged my body and my last breath abate
I wanted to stay longer beside my handsome beau
To live and laugh together with the one I love so

My earthly time gone, I sparkle among the stars
And watch over my beloved in sorrow from afar
It pains to see my love so overcome with tears
I'd salve such sadness, resolve deepest fears
If arms to hug or lips to kiss your loneliness away
Could light a smile, lift your heart, if only for a day

Dry your tears, turn up your lips, lift your heart
I'm in the summer breeze, the song of the lark
Wrapping you with love now I'm no longer there
I'm by your side to eternity, forever everywhere
If chance or circumstance should offer new love
Grasp tight hold of it with my blessing from above

My fondest dream as I look where I used to be
Your sadness assuage, your smiling face to see
Life moves on as long as we can draw breath
Till the allotted time we must meet our death
See a fluttering feather dance along a breeze
Or whispering autumnal leaves drop from trees

B RYN PETERSEN

WHO KNEW?

The life I had with you was the only one I sought
My lust for living, love and laughter zero- nought
Lie buried in a cold, hard churchyard's ground
Tears wet my face seeking solace not found
At the feet of my love whose comfort I need
Arms can't hold, words unsaid I can't heed
A presence I will miss for the rest of my years
With none to share life's joy, sorrow or fears

Don't tell me time will heal this empty ache
Or my love is with the Angels in a better place
I know it will endure to the end of my days
And find comfort in missing her in every way
For the greater the grief, the bigger my love
It's payment for the years we had my beloved
This searing separation now that you're gone
Till we reunite in the earth we spring from

So don't tell me she's at peace, out of pain
Or placate me we'll be back together again
To stop my tears for a beloved mourned wife
It wasn't you who lost the love of your life
Let me deal with it my own personal way
Whatever that brings to each and every day
Be there to catch me if I stumble and fall
To hug or to listen as I fumble through it all

One day in the future, whenever I feel able
I'll think of my love drinking tea round a table
And talk of good times we spent together
Seaside trips or trekking through heather
With the wind at our backs, whipping our hair
Of picnics and parties, the laughter we'd shared
I'll be sad yet ready to rejoin the human race
Return to the family's fold, retake my place

My love will always be one half of who I am
Returned to the place I belong from a lad
I'll never stop loving or forget who she was
My beloved's always with me, the love I lost
I can see her presence everywhere I look
In the curtains she chose and photos we took
I carry with me her trusting smiling face
Till it's my turn to finally leave this place

BRYN PETERSEN

THE FINAL WORD

I hope this issue has given you an insight and flavour of what poetry can be. One of my English tutors once said the nearest he could get to identifying what made a poem stand out was whether (when you read it, either silently or out loud) it could make the hairs on the back of your neck stand up, or send a shiver down your spine. He went on to qualify that he considered poetry akin to a beautiful piece of music for the way it moved you emotionally. I don't know whether you agree, but I have yet to better his definition.

Until the next issue of 'Bryn and Friends', please take care of yourselves and each other and be kind!

BP

THE END