

Poetry Series

Gillian.E. Shaw
- poems -

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Gillian.E. Shaw()

Originally from Bedfordshire the poet moved to France where she works as a Teacher.

Gillian would like to thank all those who have read and left comments after reading her poetry.

47.

This was the year
of 'martini',
of 'pate brisée'
yellow roses
(pretty posies)
his loving lip
my heavy hip!

September 08

Gillian.E. Shaw

A Child.

Bold, brave
and beautiful
strong of limb
bright of eye
the little girl
of eight
or nine
too young to hide
her
disappointment
and misery
stamped her foot
with frustration
while
passers by
blind
to her need
refused
her outstretched
hand
as she
begged.

I was afraid
for her.

Gillian.E. Shaw

A Demon Abducted His Reason!

So charming, one found him amusing:
though, even right from the beginning
he didn't know how to love women
cared nothing for loving and giving
while worshiped through earning a living
had squandered such savings on sinning
at liberty quaffing and sipping
negligent, wounding, unthinking,
let loose the tongue's excessive prating
and blasphemed which sounded so frightening;
when dog like haphazardly mating
remorse and compassion were lacking
brutal, the grip held kept tightening
oblivious as the web woven
yet floundering, barely surviving;
treacherous, insecure, wavering
and night after eve slowly sinking
unyielding, that ole Demon's drinking!

June 2006

First hand experience of a drunkard.

Gillian.E. Shaw

A Friendship Or Bona Fide

A friendship once placed very high
suddenly began to fade and die
two-faced 'twas built upon a lie.

Why yes! It was all but a game
besides misunderstanding the pain
deny and take a gain again!

Defiance flared thus gathered pace
an ill-bred boast: a different case
the 'nouveau riche' can buy their place.

Forgotten now that loyalty
for what you are I couldn't be
perhaps because I'm truly me. (or bona fide)

(August 2011)

Gillian.E. Shaw

A Wilderness

There was a wildness to the man
whose hand hammered at the door;
an old familiar order, a command
recognition on demand:
Slid back the latch
while there on the mat
stood the patriarch
far... far from home.

Lived peacefully in foreign parts
beyond the pail at last!
On setting out had skipped along the path where
daisies line the route and buttercups may bloom
and yet... there was a day; perhaps an hour
once, of heaven shared:
A country walk, a glade,
savored each mouthful of golden lemonade...

Bewildered, by brutal education
and bleak outlook; a measure of fear, doubt
and harsh neglect
in equal parts
which was preferable - be assured
moreover, on reflection
and in preparation
threw light across the years.

Resentment harnessed, hid and checked
gave way to a regular warm smile of welcome.
Strangely, responsive to that withered soul
in search of rest and comfort;
expectation - to provide.
Then hopefully, making tea
as usual, resistant to the wilderness
and always and savagely returned there.

Gillian.E. Shaw

D - Divorce Royale.

Upon a time a grail Queen said
'Keep this until you know I'm dead.'
Of sacred oaths, twice a mother;
lily livered, watched her suffer
and maiden fair sought marriage quest
all the while writing at her desk
by weakened, broken sacred bonds
then stalled, kept waiting for so long.

Thus strengthened from the ties that bind
some disappointment left behind
mistrust, revealed a spiteful plot
so bravely faced; though not forgot.
He patiently awaits her word,
shining knight, brandishing a sword.
Hand delivered, foretold her death
when sorrow salted tears were shed.

Gillian.E. Shaw

D - Faith And The Huntress.

Across a mind in dream a form
hovered as white diamond light
bedazzled by the entity;
belief and trust and loyalty.

Who once upon a purple time
when footsteps fell on sodden ground
and absolute; fair gaze intense
conveyed a word and all it meant.

The word of import for mankind
a little wisdom hard to find
and keep and hold in all men's hearts
until death comes and we depart.

Across a famished soul in dream
hovered as white diamond light;
belief and trust and loyalty
without verification: Indefinitely.

For Alan and Joan Berry.
A dream.

France
September 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

D - Murder In The Cathedral

Do you suppose we take it for granted?
Naive, simple in our faith;
that values are still considered
truly important in daily life?

Do principles really matter?
Character and morality too?
Is the difference between good and evil
fundamental to me and you?

When Henri Deux took the crown from Stephen
he fathered the dynasty of Richard and John;
those two ambitious brothers
couldn't fathom right from wrong.

A conflict deviously developed
between English Church and State;
King quarelled with the Archbishop
and rashly began to prate...

Overheard by the ears of Knights-errant
murder most foul their eventual deed;
'cause his majesty forgot to mention
how such a devout soul was deemed.

While Sire loved him as a brother;
firm friendship: false fickle failed...
public penance performed most brutally
at the shrine hence 'The Canterbury Tales'.

Do you suppose we took it for granted?
Naive, simple in our faith;
The Prince had acquired the wisdom
to care for his maiden wife?

For they do well who mourn her
when in answer to their prayers:
A King perform public penance
for the Queen of Hearts most fair.

For the Revd Paul S Williamson who bravely spoke out
about broken tradition within the monarchy.

France
April 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

D - The Death Knell. 10 Years.

One of the most sorrowful days
when Subjects all, diverted gaze
fell upon noble Princes and Earl
her standard loyally lovingly unfurled
and coffin adorned with chaplet of flowers
folding, falling across steadfast shoulders.
Behold! Our beloved uncrowned Queen!
A wielded sword by a hand unseen
substance, full sap, felled before time
smolder, fester the embers of crime
where the sea of blossoms once were laid
and two young men once had played.

It was the most sorrowful of days
and Subjects all, diverted gaze.

For those who mourn.

A comparison between the decapitation
of Anne Boleyn and the death of the
People's Princess.

Gillian.E. Shaw

D - While The Princes Slept.

While the Princes slept:
An unseen hand.
While a secret kept:
Reached through their dreams.
As cold steel sparked,
eyes wide awake!
While the Princes slept.

While the Princes slept:
A destiny lost.
While a secret kept:
Then to bear a cross.
With a crown of gold
and tragedy told
while the Princes slept.

While the Princes wept:
A nation felt grief.
While the Princes kept:
The lonely vigil.
And a coffin fetched
for an Uncrowned Queen;
while the Princes slept.

For her sons.

A comparison drawn between
the Princes in the Tower and
the sons of The People's Princess.

Gillian.E. Shaw

Da Vinci's Angel (On The Staircase At St.F.)

As he climbed up unaware
Every female eye beneath him
Saw at once a chance to glance
Trailing, bliss blue jeans behind and
Head arrayed with golden curls
Earned approval from the girls
Trendy, halfway down his backside
I beheld Da Vinci's angels'
Classic beauty.

November 2011

By Gillian E Shaw

Gillian.E. Shaw

Dad's Childhood.

Underground, down in the dugout
when during the second world war
a siren wailed a last warning
before the darkest pall... plunging;
insecurity; screaming soon commenced
higher; higher it seemed to climb
human fear greeting the silence.

As hunger gnawed at his belly
a youngster decided to run
away up out of the shelter
in search of action and fun.
Wow! It was just so exciting
watching war planes in the night sky
as the enemy passed over
left behind, their lethal bye-bye's.

Far better than the cinema!
For these were Hitler's men! Pow! Pow!
And were really up above... BOOM!
With searchlights; chaos and mayhem.
He could see Britain was fighting
and his Dad was a soldier too
but Mum was down in the dugout...
from here; such a fantastic view!

When they got back he'd be for it!
Oh but couldn't care less right now
when the bombing left off in a
moment... get up, out on patrol.
As hunger gnawed at his belly
recalling the meal from last night;
that cat was really quite tasty
but what could they all eat tonight?

Taking off into the distance
with nothing to wear on his feet;
perhaps the house was still upright
people started to pass on the street.

As hunger gnawed at his belly
slowly turning to where he thought:
Was it here our home had been standing?
Must tell Mum we've been bombed out!

Gillian.E. Shaw

Day Trip (An Exsanguination)

The place I love is gone
it has been bled dry

and my race
demoralized
and ignored
at home.

My country which
provides opportunity
to the world

pays
her councilors
more than
her prime minister -

so I have read.

While her roads
and winding paths
have hidden
traps

of their own...

NEGLECTED

as the old
bent
stiff
limp limping

fearfully

in front of

stationary

supersonic
transport
spanking silvery new.

Speech

transmitted

to a loved one

somewhere

far away

and I
Iisening to...

something
verbal

(which resembles
intonation from

a
soap opera)

the human
proclamation

of

personal hatred?

Diction
ignorant

IGNORANCE.

Cursed
lycra

stretched over
youthful forms

reveal
secrets
once covered
for
modesty...

it was rightly so...

virtue
sacrificed...

lost
submerged,
drowned

for GREED
and SELF

can't find
their way home.

DISAPPOINTED
those
who

PAID

a
lifetime

to live

respectably...

and wonder

WHY...

they

foot the bill

for WAR

in far off climes;

Sorrow filled.

Grieving still.

Horror held and

voiceless...

The place once loved
is gone
and has been bled dry.

August 08
After a day in my home town
of Bedford
which was once a county town.

Gillian.E. Shaw

Death By Hanging.

Incredulous I.

Neither one appears to fear
yet so certain God is near
times trodden trail to make and mend
for that's the way all 's done my friend.
Barbaric still; now to what end?
Better banishment by far
cloistered then those souls disarmed
will abide in harmony.

November 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

French Bus Ride Home -

The bus was packed
made my way from front to back
seat by chance found
youth - leg astraddle; sat down
together and
mine, knees towards the aisle
crooked then while
people passed in single file
just brushed, a smile
respect, from an age long gone
'Pardon Madame! '
Which gladdened a yearning heart
Chivalrous art.

January 2008
France

Gillian.E. Shaw

From The Other Side Of Sorrow.

Her name was 'holy' conscience said
and sorrow heaped upon a bed
in vain the search to find by chance
lift her, hold her for their last dance
held hopelessly in crimson time.

A heavenly view: man and wife,
had thought to throw away a life
was only such a little sin
guilt, forever unforgiven
tyranny bleached white finds those condemned.

The other side of sorrow sought
blindly fumbling to find a door
knock and call a familiar name
to light a very steady flame
so famished souls may feed and thrive.

Can you see she's all to me?
Heartbeat and love from the one above
faith has been a steadfast guide
and I along with sorrow sit
among those who have known of it.

Inspired by 'Where there is sorrow there is holy ground'
De Profundis
Oscar Wilde.

France
July 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

Habit Handicap.

Once a woman with a misshapen foot
and an ill fitting shoe
trod so carefully, cautiously then took
a hard and uphill route.
Heel kicked out at an undiscovered time;
toe towards (yet ever
further from) a youth spent remembrance;
vision- less, retarded
wholly mistaken with stumbling stance
she labored in reverse
desperate to find but kept toiling on
unable to see her footing was wrong.

November 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

Heath

Heart sorrow soak
sense of loss; broke
beauty sleep on!

Eyes gently close
sudden he goes
turning from here.

Captured that smile
given awhile
Salute! Fare well!

January 2008

Gillian.E. Shaw

Home Rule.

Mother, who only days before
had given birth
was nearly dead
and face down in deep snow.
What for? I didn't know.

Father, who turned to lock the door
bore such self thirst
but fist, unquenched -
looked up to a child there
screaming from the top stair.

When blind fury once extinguished
revealed shame and
embarrassment
then he'd snatched at the catch
blaming, beckoned her back.

As unmerciful as ever.
A new realm stained
crimson on white;
she'd crawled through frozen air
abused year after year.

Gillian.E. Shaw

In Search Of Oscar.

On, through the necropolis;
Grave or crypt or tomb?
Varied form once chosen - housed
for the time to come;
they watched while I just browsed?

Some were proudly looking down
others just a name
in slate a stone cobbled town
long ago found fame
had completed the game.

Dank, shady, dark and sombre
sunshine just can't reach
thick clouds of flies in number
swipe, swat try to cheat.
But can a dead man speak?

Stumbled on then one by one
David... Dumas... Wilde,
a pale pink sphinx erection
à la mode - in style?
It will stand yet awhile!

Surely any sort of clue
just a sign or word?
'Outcasts mourn' - that is so true
lines once penned in gaol
a sad, sorrowful tale.

Few words writ as fine and rare;
prompted by that vault
perfumed color everywhere;
much is oft' forgot
his faultless verse is not.

Cimetière Père Lachaise Paris

April 2007

Gillian.E. Shaw

Issue Of The British Underclass. (Britain 1980's)

Can one believe the artless truth
how much love costs with illicit youth?
Cast felons must pay as pay they did
legitimate choice once made well hid.

Civil dispatches; forms of menace.
Entitlements like unseen fetters.
Thus denied the human need to reap
and sow... save fifteen pounds a week.

Base retribution enforced, applied.
Destitute, difficult but alive.
Who conceived to criminalize man
and babe, in that green and pleasant land?

For those who know.
October 2005.

Gillian.E. Shaw

J - Ballantrae (A Jacobite Poem)

This for those who care to listen
while others lie in wait
there is news well worth the hearin'
it's said as fixed as fate.

The Jacobite lives in the hearts
of clans the globe to roam
within the shores of Scotland's realm
the word is ' He's come home'.

The word is ' He's come home' my friends
as all do well to heed
kingdom spread throughout the world; a
forgotten monarchy.

Read about The Prince of Scots; so
conveniently untold,
chiefly: Sacred crown and scepter
The Savage Butcher stole.

With disregard and ignorance
buried, a cause alive
grand legacy and tradition
fibs long ago contrived.

Our Scottish Prince once lost now found
who wears the celtic crown:
For 'tis the wish of Jacobites
this sphere dispersed around.

Seek justice and seek evidence!
Thus claimed: The Winter Queen
who journeyed down the centuries
now crowned: her namesake seen.

Direct decent of Stewart line
upon a time dethroned
whence Bonnie Prince of Scotland came
not fruitless as supposed.

A matter unresolved I say
and risen from the grave.
Perhaps the ground is warmer yet?
Legend reveals a babe.

If Jacobite within your hearts
deep sleep awakens from
unfurl the flag of blue and white;
remember ' He's come home! '.

July 2005

Gillian.E. Shaw

J - Exile. (A Jacobite Poem)

He left to watch his father die
and accusations flew
like poison barbs; brawn from on high
knaves dishonor and defame
play dangerous devious games.

Hand on the dirk we pledged our aid
cared nought for such deceit
so run hit hide the highland way
loyal, brave with white cockade
constant, watchful... we'll read him yet!

We'll read him yet so turn the leaf;
Why quill so much maligned?
Four, six, seven then Marguerite's
fragile petals on canvas speak
out: of a sovereign marriage bed.

The searching, soulless, furious, cry
' 'tis a tissue of lies! '
Destruction bent and blind by pride.
Thus guard, keep her and defend
steadfast, unyielding to the end.

The reason? An aforesaid name
a future commitment and a claim.

For Prince Michael of Albany
August 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

J - Le Chevalier D'Écosse (A Jacobite Poem)

As a highland waterfall
fell, cascading clean and pure
he hurtled out of the glen
lone rider; without his men.

Astride a silver charger
ride on -on to kingdom come
'C'est le roi des écossais! '
Restored to his rightful place.

Knight of honor, brave and true
for how could I forget you?
Noble, t'was magnificence
walking the way of Wallace.

Once enfolded and engulfed
cleansed by fathomless torrents,
awoke; touched that golden head
'take care' I simply said

But he was gone.

November 2008

In memory of Sir David R Ross
1958 - 2010

Gillian.E. Shaw

J - The Fugitive.(A Jacobite Poem)

I'll tell you of the Jacobite
who cuts right through my heart;
heed the call of the drums and pipe
a hand on hilt ready to fight
flashing blade with white cockade
lies deep within my heart.

I'll read you of the Jacobite
revealed through written yarns;
haunted echoes of drums and pipe
'Kidnapped' by quill for he did write
truth held in words yet valiant
wrote what was in his heart.

I'll whisper of the Jacobite
a treasure from the hearth;
attend the call of drums and pipe
vital spark we'll keep alight
fearless, bold and vigilant
chased cruelly from our hearts.

Lets celebrate the Jacobite
who occupies our hearts!
Honor the call of drums and pipe
a fugitive though his by RIGHT!
He's come home in highland plaid
forever claims our hearts!

June 2006
France

Inspired by HRH Prince Michael Stewart.

Gillian.E. Shaw

J-The Two Kings Of 'Angleterre' (A Jacobite Poem)

It was here in St Germain en Laye
long long ago and many a day
where jacobite James held his court
by seventeen o' one 'il est mort...'
still, trace along these balconies
once resonant with laughter and glee
as ran the princess called Louise
after a brother she loved - to tease
sprung from the beauty of 'Modene'
and the exiled British King.

A handful had condemned him thus
who caused such grief and a terrible fuss
daughters royal were hardly loyal
babes were born with various boils
yet with exuberance and mirth
welcomed the little prince's birth;
now abdicate Jacques deux did not
though circumstance proved somewhat hot!
So in that green and pleasant land
crown passed down from hand to hand.

Usurped, invaded; one by one
first the Dutch then the Hanovarian
'invited' always reads the claim
while 'occupation' was their game
for it is writ in records here
there were once two Kings of 'Angleterre'
Granted, silly Billy's mandatory oath
garenteed that he was free to boast
himself, was monarch for all the see
even if not quite - quite legally.

For here in St Germain en Laye
long long ago and many a day
the sovereign who lived 'over the water'
toast him! Raise a glass - of port-er
square toed, red heeled, and curly old whigs
they frequently went to hunt wild pigs

and boar and entertain each other
dressed in silks, lace, tricorne and feather
diamonds glister; rubies glisten
to music baroque they would listen.

While across 'la Manche' in London Town
however, this story is not well-known;
England's Freddie's last word spake a truth
'Respect the British Prince's claim and youth! '
So 'twas here in St Germain en Laye
long long ago and many a day
then when he grew to man's estate
they stole his title and denied his fate
Drummoosie Moor, forty-six - the date
for some sort of justice we await!

The Butcher committed genocide
from the fact one cannot hide
while Stevenson with ink and quill
wrote how the jacobite is frozen still
his body deep under the ground
buried alive without a sound:
so if you dig you just might grasp
a written truth lost in the past
though you could never find today
on a visit to St Germain en Laye.

Victoria upon herself
decided to construct - with all her wealth
a plaque to comemerate the long dead Jim
who after all wasn't buried within
conveniently she just forgot
his majesty had ruled the lot
the Ruler of Britain - for that he was
these lines writ here just because
it is the principal you see
and it seems its just left up to me
so do remember do recall
King James the second was sovereign of all.

After a visit to St Germain en Laye
April 2009

Gillian.E. Shaw

N - A Lick And A Promise.(1960's Britain)

Together we climbed up the stairs
'now come on matey' Nanna said.
Once at the top both entered there
while she decided what to wear
so after while the sun streamed in
warm water filled the sink within
removed with care as one by one;
work clothes off afternoon clothes on;
'Wright's coal tar' and the job was done.

Decision taken turned to say
'a lick and a promise today'.
Donned soft clean vest; stiff long line bra
extra best support 'cross your heart'
struggled with hooks and hauled it up
big, thick, white a double F cup.
Next in fact was just like murder
jerk, tug, yank hoisted the girdle!
Like clearing a major hurdle.

Chatted on with her granddaughter
dirty underclothes and water
thus swiftly cleared of all the mess
pretty petticoat, floral dress.
At length we'd pass along the stairs
a bedroom with the horse hair chair;
then cocked left ankle on right knee
rolled up stocking, chit chat with me
relaxed, that's how we used to be.

Sliding doors of lemon black stripe
in the dressing table; behind
ever faithfully guarded pearls
there lived a fairy with Nan's jewels.
Fixed suspenders, checked seams were straight
impossible contortions made!
Memories of joy and laughter
how I miss such treasured chatter
hope she waits in the here after.

Gillian.E. Shaw

N - In Service.

When Nanna went into service
at fourteen years of age;
she went to Barratt's 'the shoe people'
who resided in St Ives.
A uniform had to be purchased
two of everything folded and neat
and off she went with her suitcase
and a pair of new boots on her feet.
Then, she purchased a ticket
for the steam train to the next town
and tearfully waved through the window;
her parents agreed 'she's full grown'.

To Mrs Jones:
'My Kate's gone into service
she went two days ago,
hired only recently
we're very proud you know.'

Master and Madam Barratt were the owners
of an impressive estate: Then -
wide eyed taken around it,
instructions and duties to relate;
Madam liked beds made to perfection
not a fold or a crease in sight,
shown the correct way to make them:
Beds had to be made 'just right'.
There really was so much to remember
everything so different from home
that Kate began to worry
and to wish she'd never come.

To Mrs Smith:
'My Kate's gone into service
I expect she'll be alright -
told her to keep herself tidy
and not to fear the night! '

Kate thought it over and over

as the mornings tasks commenced:
She didn't 'quite like the Lady',
and didn't think much to the food.
There was a rotten smell in the larder
as game was hung overnight: to be
prepared for a fancy dress soirée
taking place on the following day.
Exhausted, up in the attic
far away from her mother's care
with no-one to come and kiss goodnight
how she wished she wasn't there!

And after... to Mrs Green
'My Kate's gone into service
I have no news at all
yes, we really miss her
hope she does as she's told! '

Rising at four in the morning
after breakfast with so much to do,
one task arrived after another
finally lunchtime ensued.
At her post, ready and waiting
as the Ladies and Gents arrived
all colorful costumes and tissue
a wonderful view to behold:
There was Bo-Peep, Godiva and Ape-man
surprised, and all so extreme,
Kate longed for what was 'dead normal'
her brothers, her mum and her dad.

Then to Mrs Day:
'My Kate's gone into service
I wonder how she's got on?
Remembered to answer politely
and been made real welcome... '

It was then that Kate decided,
like a butterfly winging its way;
thought no-one would miss her
how could she ever explain?
Serving guests and the family

then without word and turning to go:
Not a thought for the consequences
but what was happening at home.
Putting hat and coat on
she disappeared out of sight,
the party already in 'full swing'
left behind a suitcase shut tight!

And finally to Mrs Jones:
'Whose that now in the distance?
Recognition made her groan...
'It can't be her 'cause she's away -
JUST WAIT 'TILL I GET YOU 'OME! '

For Lydia and Demelza

France 2003

Gillian.E. Shaw

N - Nanna's Angel.

One day my Nanna said to me
she'd seen an angel in a tree
determined I to see it too
but wasn't quite sure what to do.

Out in the garden skip five steps
as a feline stealthily crept
over the grass and bird bath past
vegetable patch, up winding path.

A glint of white, a wing in view?
Simply was too good to be true!
Eye looked about and thought I saw
but couldn't spot it anymore.

The day was sunshine bright and blue
from childhood such a perfect view
and far off Grandad with his spade
the memory will never fade.

Then Peter cat with paw and claw
had put an end to that for sure!
Bending only to pat his head
drew blood which was terrible red!

Wincing a little then I ran
back up the garden to my Nan.
For where in the world could it be
the angel in the apple tree?

And after that I've often looked
for a seraph from the good book.
Peeping, peering just to see
if she was looking back at me.

Gillian.E. Shaw

N - Survivors Of The Great War.

Soldiers awaiting departure,
a kiss for mum, cherished goodbyes,
a trio of golden haired angels
despite their 'short back and sides'.

On receiving 'call up papers'
then certainly, they had to go:
to fight for King and country
to territory they didn't know.

Innocent, unable to question,
dutiful boys of their word
toughened at home by father who
was skilled in the art of his belt.

So, brothers calling for sister,
but a child of only five;
hidden high up in the rafters
of the barn in the yard outside.

Sitting there quietly listening
name called just like in a game;
call her for 'THE VERY LAST TIME! '
and call her once again.

For they really must be off now
and so had better make haste -
out of sight: she would detain them.
Unseen, perhaps they'd remain...

And after all fell silent
only then she really knew,
they'd gone away to be soldiers,
hands waving a fond farewell.

They didn't like to speak of it,
their experience of war, as
they smoked their 'fags' together
survivors one and all.

Thinking of 'Old England'.

Gillian.E. Shaw

N - The Apron

My Nanna wore an apron
for all her mornings tasks;
such a pretty shade and floral
and I have kept the last.

She washed and pressed it regularly
and placed it in a drawer
with several other aprons,
she didn't want for more.

They were always very pretty
made by her own fair hand,
with many different colors
and I'd gaze up as she'd stand.

Always standing doing something
like rolling pastry out
or frying Grandad's breakfast
cooking cakes when he was out.

She found it so important
to cover up for work...
sometimes jobs were dirty
sometimes she'd just talk.

So now I wear that apron
for my mornings tasks,
such a pretty shade and floral
I'm so glad I kept the last!

France 2003

Gillian.E. Shaw

Princess Of Cannes

A stroke of luck
and for the day
we ventured to
an unknown view
across the bay
What luck! good luck!
The south of France
and daughter fair
her golden hair
it was by chance
our piece of luck
the dress she wore
was smart and clean
loveliness seen
print palm adorned
with love and luck
we walked a lot.
Princess of Cannes
with her 'maman'
so glam! How hot!
Nail varnish stuck!
Was but a day
we lunched and sipped
as boats just dipped
that month of May.

Others strutted
hither, thither
all important
seemed unpleasant
in a dither
still were the yacht
just for a day
we ventured to
a sea blue view
but couldn't stay
and then for luck
we drank a toast
they didn't see

that it was me
along that coast
my pride my girl
we talked a lot
Princess of Cannes
with her 'maman'
so glam! How hot!
Martini stirred.
For just a day
we lunched then sipped
as boats just dipped
that day in May.

May 2008
Cannes Film Festival
for Demelza.

Gillian.E. Shaw

Recall To Parliament '93

Learned, lofty lawgivers glimpsed rose clad hatted
black velvet mourning and beneficiary,
among the artful, ambitious and astute.
All recalled. Spoiled statesmen, gorged on expenses;
slick, sly, subtle the schemers of wilful woe.

Renegades opined the outsider was either
a lapsed catholic or Madam Defarge. Shame
returned a smile for envy was hers best hidden:
Yet those who took the floor soiled, defiled and
thwarted the unpretentious powerless poor.

When eye saw all there was to see, together then
in search of England's painted history
canvas vast past wife who begged on bended knee
a king had given his head hacked off; hung high in
corridors where the profane practiced power.

Thus rent apart on leaving; recollection
of what had been years before when majesty
boldly strode through miners ignorant misery
rag wrapped, wooden clogs, doffed caps; grateful
for mugs of piping hot tea, pockets devoid of coin.

Shoulder still next to a future Chancellor
in the House of Commons bar, as across her
countenance a brave smile spread though view unchanged:
'Dissenter' she thought 'for those who take the floor
know nothing at all of the powerless poor '.

For John Carlisle and Barry Simmons.

January 2006
France.

The Future Chancellor in this poem became Prime Minister yesterday 24/6/07.
She who wore a black velvet hat with a red rose was a Lone Parent on Income
Support.

Gordon Brown resigned as Prime Minister 11/5/10.

I shed a tear because he seemed to understand social injustice and poverty.

Gillian.E. Shaw

Rochester Place Nw1 (Or 'The London Costumier')

Arrived with just my name
answering a call as did lead females
he'd dressed while earning fame.
So after the audience was over
hidden under cover

suspended from a rail
hung the attire of a heroine
who'd stepped out of the page;
moreover, kindly told that this was true
only a moments view.

Just a moment in time,
pondered the tale of doom from Hardy's pen
but a moment of mine
committed, there up on to stitch and hem
a winding path to wend.

Quite remarkable then,
excited acceptance: fate's fortune fixed.
And I have thought often
about a want of faith amid success
God's gifts were abundant
in that artistic place.

Gillian.E. Shaw

Side By Side In Auvers.

To seek a bright and perfect light.
We walked along our chosen way
behind that hallowed twisted site;
to seek a bright and perfect light
long long ago 'twas his delight;
a spot were he and Theo lay
to seek a bright and perfect light;
we walked along our chosen way.

In search of clear and perfect light
he'd walked upon the given way
captured, each moment of insight
in search of clear and perfect light;
rapture bestowed from his dark plight
and so he'd toiled from day to day
in search of clear and perfect light
he'd walked upon the given way.

In memory of Vincent and after Thomas.
France

Gillian.E. Shaw

Sisterhood

Once there was an observant girl
who passed the eleven plus;
so after all the excitement
and a great amount of fuss;
entered the establishment
of Huntingdon Grammar School
to apply herself forthwith
when following all the rules.

Settling down to lessons
then pouring over books;
glancing out of the window
for just the split second it took;
not paying full attention
when something caught her eye
a shimmering, shining sports car
shot by!

It shot right by the window
in haste and turning to Jean;
big eyes full round in sockets
they both began to lean... they
inclined towards the window
but alas! There was no trace
of the shimmering, shining sports car
and a beautiful woman's face.

Echoes of a well known dancer
uncommon, behind the wheel;
aroused from stripling day dreams
young ripe rounded minds of zeal;
A long silken scarf abounded
so different from the others:
gaberdine macks and head scarves
worn by many of their mothers.

Often the girls noticed her
Jean knew the reason why:
Visiting fairly frequently

as she was driving by.
There was an explanation
of whose parent she might be:
daughters of different ages
and the Art Master to see.

Art... the greatest of importance
in this particular tale;
viewed from an open window
inside the mind of a juvenile
who remembered through to adult
hood, those exquisite sisters
Amaryllis, Henrietta
Fanny and Nerissa.

Fleetingly do hours fly;
while watching the T.V.
Wedded wife and mother
of her growing family.
The evidence uncovered
made manifest for all...
appreciation arrived swiftly
having seen them once before.

The wealth of creativity!
Connection complete and clear;
since a blessed memory
which is held so often dear.
Four flourishing young blossoms
freshly grown in Bloomsbury?
Given here a true account
of what mum said to me.

Thus, the shimmering shining sports car
and the beautiful woman's face
belonged to Angelica Garnett
a person of aesthetic taste.
Her mother was the Painter
who signed: By Vanessa Bell
and her Aunt the writer: Virginia Woolf
that's all there is to tell!

The End.

For Ellen Elizabeth

France

September 2004

Gillian.E. Shaw

Soldier With 'spangles'. (Early 70's)

They waited on
a chill wet day
for the Bedford
train while it rained,
rained, then it came.

Ta ta - ta tah! (like a train)

Dewy, sodden;
'Flitwick station! '
Her long lank hair
with sister fair
climbed into there.

Ta ta - ta tah!

What a relief!
Smoke hung and dank,
leather laced boots,
kit bags; troop train,
damp - drizzling rain.

Ta ta - ta tah!

Hands held tight as
darkened carriage
crept lazily
towards the light
saw the soldier.

Ta ta - ta tah!

The soldier in
the corner seat
girls' eyes like orbs;
diagonal.
Unwrapped 'spangles'.

Ta ta - ta tah!

Decision quick:
phit, fast, threw, flew
through time and space;
ace! In lap flat!
Well, that was that.

Ta ta - ta tah!

They mouthed their thanks,
warm, tang, shared sweet
remembrance.
On on, towards
Ireland's troubles.

Ta ta - ta tah!

September 2006

After 'The wind that shakes the barley' a film by Ken Loach.
For Julie.

Gillian.E. Shaw

The Gravedigger

The knowledge acquired by the gravedigger
slowly troubles and plays on the mind:
So old great-grandpa Marcus Woods
without illusions endeavored to find
a solution to the problem,
how he and grannie might lay
for their journey into eternity,
he pondered as he dug during the day.

He knew all the gravedigger's failings,
how they regularly turned over 'ole bone '...
then finally it occurred to him:
'We'll form a tomb o' brick undergroun!' '
Goodness know how he ever achieved it,
but build it her certainly did,
one on top of the other - thus
together in unperturbed bliss!

Gillian.E. Shaw

The King Of Pop And The Little Tramp.

Hand in hand with the little tramp
they tripped the light fantastic
and blamed it on the boogie
shakin' their body down to the ground
groovin'...
rockin'...
melodic
sonic
as
'babe' fell from honeyed
lip
hip
slipped
through movement
time and place
ever changing face
loving us more
an occidental prince
who made, gave and saved
together
with the little tramp
they've got to be there
whatever happens...
tripping the light fantastic
forever.

January 2010

Gillian.E. Shaw

The River Erdre.

Then run along the riverside
upon a time a French King's pride
viewed vast breadth and gentle ripples;
glitter, glisten, glow and twinkle.

Inhale the bird infested air
of clearer blue and high up there
free to soar the highest heights
a brighter day as one takes flight.

The heron builds a mighty nest
and seagulls plague us overhead!
Wild yellow iris fill the banks,
in spring, the Lord is given thanks.

As river flows around the bend
perfection reflected; sunlight sends
and man created paint and brush
to capture the views colorful, lush.

Painted river boats and barges,
sailing craft of varied sizes
and floating buss' run on time;
canoe or pleasure where we may dine.

So run, run by the riverside
upon a time a French King's pride.
Cycle paths and dogs who linger.
Glisten, glitter, row the river.

For Egal Bohén.

October 2005
France

Gillian.E. Shaw

The Woman Of Offord

One after the other
they finally killed her.

Excuses were varied
from lover to lover
as rumor abounded
then over and over
discarded, rejected
abandoned, deserted
scant feeling well hidden
to madness was driven
ensnared by the users
yet, ever the loser:

Hour once valued by he
blame blind, harder to see.

A failure to discern
all those heart withered men
time again and again
hollow, gut wrenching pain
error causes a glut
of bitterness drank much
multiplied and increased;
When and how did faith cease?
Effectively a whore
praying hands asking more
then broken trust, heart tore
with little to hope for:

One after the other
men finally killed her.

(February 2006)

Gillian.E. Shaw

They Pulled The Plough In Godmanchester England.

When Grannie and Grandpa met at school
they only had eyes for each other.
He left before he could read or write
and life was hard as she pulled the plough.

So after... Grannie married in grey
because she thought she'd go far away:
the farthest she went was the farthest she'd been
and life was hard as she pulled the plough.

Bravely, one cold Christmas Eve Grandpa,
with a hungry family of nine
to feed, poached a graceful waterbird;
and life was hard as he pulled the plough.

Later Grannie prepared the 'royal fare',
but didn't eat a mouthful 'No fear! '
though not a child went hungry that year
and life was hard as she pulled the plough.

In darkest deep midwinter; Grandpa
for a farthing would tie skates on those;
ska_____ ting way across the frozen Ouse
and life was hard as he pulled the plough.

Lord! Grannie and Grandpa disagreed!
In a rage took off 'for good! ' Went as
far as the 'pig sty' fell fast asleep...
and lives were hard as they pulled the plough.

On inquiring for 'Parish Relief'
informed they didn't qualify...how
proud they were and degraded they felt,
and life was hard as they pulled the plough.

Well truly, Grannie so loved Grandpa
lack of beasts, the soil needed tilling
took turns with the boys in the harness
and lives were hard as they pulled the plough.

For Grannie and Grandpa tried their best!
to do what they could for kith and kin,
of their flesh and bone and blood are we
and lives were hard as they pulled the plough!

For all the Woods's of Godmanchester.

Gillian.E. Shaw

Time Honoured Feud. (Britain 1980's)

Driven on by the economic whip
hurried down from the glen
assuredly ignorant, unread men:
spirited, canny and swift.

Lofty lawgiving legislators wove
a weak and feeble web:
betrayed those in search of a marriage bed;
doomed too: body and soul.

Some took their chance and cast their raft upon
a harsh and vengeful sea:
adrift gave life; beauty couldn't unite thee.
Crude; deliberate done
the line goes on.

Gillian.E. Shaw

Uncloaked (A Poem About Autism)

As she saw them waving back at her
all at once heart broke
when both in perfect harmony
wept tears of loss: for memory
they waved their hands in unity
the other stood aloof.

The other stood aloof
and only then 'twas understood
a soul so out of time
without reason, without rhyme.

As she saw them waving back at her
all at once uncloaked
revealed the years with all the tears
once sorrow drenched yet now so clear
a wielded sword which held such fear
hidden well, a truth.

Hidden well a truth
that only now is understood.
Our soul was out of time
without reason, without rhyme.

March 2008

Gillian.E. Shaw

Unpardonable. (A Poem Of Britain) Or In The Beginning Was The Word.....

Prophetic words sung of 'Maggie's Farm'.
Remembering the horror and harm.
Squandered production so undeserved.
Resilient stronghold was 'the word'.

Power to deny; self satisfied.
Blindness, mindless of those crucified.
Black of bleakest days when Miner's struck
rose, rallied and tossed coins in buckets
somewhere in the youth of '84
never to work on her farm no more.

The King of the Scallies holding court
bravely spoke of her lack of support;
a pint, through laughter and all agreed:
Wholly ignored what work one might need
'To be dragged down the Mall by the hair'
said he; we thought that was pretty fair.

Prophetic words sung in 'Maggie's Farm'.
Evidence of her havoc, her harm.
Squandered generation; undeserved.
Resilient stronghold still 'the word'.

For Tony Evans

November 2005
France.

Gillian.E. Shaw

Utopia (An Exsanguination)

As I
waited
for the bus
it seemed to me...

that in a
preferd
multi-
cultural
society...

natives
often...

demoralized
destitute and
disappointed...

their endurance
truly tested...

find
themselves...

victims

of

others
brothers

thoughtlessness

and greed...

scant...

opportunity

limited...

not
permitted
or allowed...

fallen...

somewhere
falling...

failing...

GO

and seek
utopia...

failing...
falling...

still.

Then
I saw the
bus and
got on it.

Bedford Bus Station

August 08

Gillian.E. Shaw

We Do Not Feel Her.

And as she turns we do not feel her:
Four seasons pass in several shades;
life, the given spark to ignite the flame.
Time past is spent. Only to be
waved away without a care?
Then failing... falling on bruised knees:
For troubled souls seek a simple prayer
faced with the complexities of faith.

Oh... who is he without a name?
Why so many players at the game?
Where for art thou footsteps leading?
Hearts who suffer much are bleeding.
Youth lacks compassion; it's the fashion;
all is given and then taken.
Mankind's instinct to survive...
his consciousness brief as he travels through time
and space, spinning into eternity:
As she turns we do not feel her.

For Juliana, Irene and Jane.

France
March 2004

Gillian.E. Shaw

X - Not Queen Yet.

How faintly vulgar
and not even Queen
wearing such jewelery
for all to be seen.
The last to wear them
she reigned over all
through 'Votes for Women! '
and the 'First World War! '
While the Tzar faced a
firing squad and the
family name changed
belonging to Britain
those jewels still remain.
How faintly vulgar
certainly not Queen
wearing such rarities
for all to be seen!

April 2006

Gillian.E. Shaw

X - The Ambitious Knave.

If a prince and his mistress whispered into the ear
of an ambitious and immoral knave;

would he boast, brag or crow?
With reluctance say no?
Or intimidate the court with his standing?

If the ambitious and immoral whispered into the ear
of a mother a wife and a princess;

would she be afraid?
Then perhaps tell her aid?
And write her fears down in a letter?

If a princess felt threatened and whispered into the ear
of an honest and dutiful servant;

would he furrow his brow?
And let the police know?
Or carefully keep what was written?

If the ambitious and immoral whispered into the ear
of assassins, cut throats and thieves;

could he feel any blame?
Take delight in the game?
Or carry that guilt like a burden?

If assassins, and cut throats whispered into the ear
of an ambitious and immoral knave;

would they tell him ok?
They'd done it his way?
Knavish trickery, treachery: TRIUMPHANT! ! !

Supposition of the evil surrounding the Peoples Princess.

France

October 2004

Gillian.E. Shaw

X - The Old Queens' Jewels.

Handed down, now tainted jewels
breaking, binding sacred rules;
that gaudy crown flashy flaunted
such spoils from an unholy mess
long long ago Queens and Princess;
irreverant towards the dead.

Ever joyful sinning, grinning
feigned innocence running, cunning
haphazard chance: a hoped for crash?
The games not over yet awhile
when such a marriage has no style,
haunted by an unforgettable ghost.

Blaze beloved diamond gems!
The blood spilled red of one condemned
and once united kingdom, torn
twisted fate had thus been cruel:
such dressing up in all their jewels!
So sick! Acquit! Leave us to mourn.

March 2006

A comment on the latest whereabouts
of the Old Queen Mary's and the Queen Mothers
jewels and the breaking of sacred tradition
within the British Monarchy.

Gillian.E. Shaw

X - The Wives Of Charles Iii?

For truth is sadly not a game
though some may try to shape it
and honest hearts remain the same
thus truth is sadly not a game
the huntress we all knew by name
usurped, the place she used to sit;
for truth is sadly not a game
though some may try to shape it.

'You must move on! ' The cry is heard
thus twist and turn the hand of fate
but how this cry just seems absurd!
'One must move on! ' The cry is heard:
'Make way the wife of Charles III? '
An idea many Subjects hate
'You must move on! ' The cry is heard
so twist and turn the hand of fate.

Gillian.E. Shaw

X - Vis-À-Vis (Face To Face)

Suddenly, through a veil of tears I saw the knave.
Wearing guilt across a blighted face:
Like the ambitious wife hiding wrong and blood;
vile stubborn stain, longing to vanish.
Vainglorious conquests! Viewed from here; assonine
exploits with multiple illusions.
A magician with a box of tricks opening
up on the darkest day; winding down
to deeper proceedings. Charmed, stinking essence;
transparent, I saw the knave; hidden.

Gillian.E. Shaw