

Poetry Series

Jannpoet Versemaker
- poems -

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Jannpoet Versemaker()

I write light and rhyming verse about events that have happened to me or topical events. I like to make people smile and bring a little humour whenever I can.

I write for all occasions Birthdays, Weddings, Births and departures. You can visit me on

Bunions & Onions

I rub my bunions with onions
Cause you see they are pretty sore
I rub my bunions with onions
Cause it's all been done before

I've seen my sister do it
I thought it very strange
Why rub your feet with onions
Does it keep away the mange?

It's supposed to help the swelling
She patiently explained
I haven't lost my marbles
And my head is not deranged

So I rub my feet with onions
Cause I took my sisters cue
And when my bunions give me hell
I know just what to do

You may think I have lost it
You may think I'm rather mad
But rubbing my feet with onions
Has started a strange new fad.

Jannpoet Verse-maker

How I Like My Poetry

Some poems are so raw
Like and underdone and bloody steak
They may be good for the writers soul
But leave the reader feeling butchered

I Prefer my poems
To be more tender
With just the right amount of seasoning
To please the pallet
And easy on the digestion.

Jannpoet Verse-maker

It's Gone Again

Grey clouds forming, covering the sky
Blue sky fading, disappearing while I
Morn the loss of the warming sun
The day promised brightness
When first it begun

Then in a flash, the sun disappeared
Leaving the day, much as I feared
Cold and dull, cloudy and bleak
It has been that way now, for more than a week!

The sun just teasing,
Momentarily pleasing
Giving glimpses of how it could be
With warmth generating
Oh how irritating,
To snatch it away from me!

One moment I bask in the suns warming rays
The next I am shivering in sleet
If I could control the weather
It would be a most magical feat

I would not let the sun, disappear in a flash
It would slowly exit with grace
The sky would be painted a nice azure blue
And the world a much sunnier place.

Jannpoet Verse-maker

Kite Flying

I don't mean to skite
But When flying my kite
I fly it so high in the air
I don't mean to skite
But when flying my kite
Well people just stop and stare

I fly my kite high
Way up in the sky
And the wind just takes it away,
I love flying my kite
From morn until night,
And that's how I spend every day

I fly my kite most
While standing on a post
It gives me such great elevation
The wind takes my kite high
Way up in the sky,
Which calls for a great celebration

But when it goes crash,
with a terrible bash
My kite plummets down to the ground
I rescue my kite,
From it's terrible plight
And pick up the string I've unwound.

Jannpoet Verse-maker

The Race

Here's the line up in the race today
We have a fine field of horses,
Inspiration, Motivation, Thought,
Ego, Critic, Selfdoubt, Verses and Emotion
And They're off!

Thought is nosing forward with emotion in behind
Inspiration is coming through fast
Speeding up now, Verses trotting through
with ego keeping abreast.
Critic is making some ground now and Selfdoubt
is moving up from the rear

Thought is dropping back to pace with
Critic, then Selfdoubt faltering a little
Then moving forward to reach
Motivation as Verses moves forward once again.
Emotion is taking over now,
Guiding Inspiration through

Critic is trying to make some ground but
blocked out by the front line
As we come up to the finish line
the horses run together
It's Emotion, Inspiration, and Verses with
Ego in behind them, then comes Critic while
lagging the field is Selfdoubt
No wait a minute! He's been 'scratched'

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Time Out

I'm feeling quite jaded this morning
I dragged myself out of bed
moved slowly to the kitchen table
and now there's an ache in my head

I've begun my morning ritual
checked emails and been to the bank
My latest creditor hasn't paid me
So there's not much left in the tank!

I'm off to hang out the washing
as soon as I've finished my tea
and then I will visit the salon
to take a little time for me.

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