

Pancakes and Coffee Breaks

Almost 50 poems
by a housewife on the edge

by
Erica Abbott

Here is the link to the book on [Amazon](https://a.co/d/9fAHCCx).

<https://a.co/d/9fAHCCx>

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Erica Abbott asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

First edition

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Some Reviews

An observant and humorous collection of poems with great illustrations.
Perfect for young and old. Something new, something fresh!
~ GB Melbourne, Australia

Loved it, saw myself in some of it! ❤️ ❤️
~ SC Boca Raton, Florida

Observant and charming
Your poetry's disarming!
Subjects.... All sorts
On your personal thoughts.
Loved it!
~ DC Perth, Australia

The poems are refreshing and light,
something welcome in this time of intensity.
I definitely enjoyed them.
~ SB Melbourne, Australia

I love them. So simple and communicate great basic ideas about life.
And what most of us go through. Humorous and cool.
~ DL Clearwater, Florida

I love the flow of the poetic lines. Great art work too.
~ LA Maui, Hawaii

The poems reached me in so many ways and the illustrations are amazing.
~ WE Miami, Florida

So fun to read your poems. So vivid and adventurous!
~ JT Clearwater, Florida

I took the time out to read Erica's poems.
Made me take a rest from the rush of living without noticing.
She made me notice. I thank her.
~ LMc New York City

Wooooow! I love these poems.
Some of them are just beautiful, others too funny 😄
Most of all, they really communicate ❤️
~EMF Saint Hill, UK

Beautiful poems that made me smile and sometimes jump with surprise!
Sometimes straight, sometimes playful.
Love the variety!
~ DL Clearwater, Florida

Wow they are GOOD. Phenomenally realistic. Very Well Done!
I read them 2 times & laughed each time...
~ HF Cape Town, South Africa

Loved the poems found myself smiling as I read them.

Could so relate to them in my own life. Thoroughly enjoyable.
~ NL Cape Town, South Africa

A light-hearted collection of poems reflecting upon random events of life with awareness and humor!
~ WR Maui, HI

I think you'll find Erica's poetry quite enchanting.
She memorializes every day happenings and makes us delight in small things.
Hers is a refreshing voice in our turbulent world.
~ BP Clearwater, Florida

A humorous collection of poems, which reflect the simplicity of life.!
This is what we all need, to slow down and reflect!
The illustrations are so apt and beautiful.
~ RT Parys, South Africa

I loved these poems. They reminded me of much in my own life AND they made me laugh in a really good way.
Happy thoughts!
“Pancakes and coffee breaks
And bright colored mittens...
These are a few of my favorite things...”
Thank you.
~RM Melbourne, Australia

Erica Abbott

About the author



I grew up in Port Elizabeth, South Africa with two brothers. My dad was an orphan from WWI and came to South Africa as a young boy. My mom grew up in South Africa and encouraged me in dance and music.

I have vivid memories from around age five of my dad telling me a story when he put me to bed every night. I think my love for a story came from the wonderful stories he would make up while closing my curtain and covering me up. These memories inspired my poem "Afraid of the dark" that is included in this collection.

My mom played the piano and I recall dancing freely to her wonderful music. I think my appreciation for rhythm came from these joyful days of dancing to my mother's piano music and the early rock and roll records on our phonograph. Growing up I read a lot of poetry, loved dancing and enjoyed my ballet classes.

During my school years I attended speech and drama classes where I learned how to communicate my love of stories and rhythm. I went to the University of Cape Town Drama School and qualified as a teacher of speech and drama and started teaching in the local schools. I then produced and acted in several local plays and taught speech and drama.

After getting married, I worked as an educational consultant and continued teaching speech and drama.

I was involved in public relations work for a nonprofit organization and did talks at schools in some underprivileged communities. Together, with the local police chief, we promoted Human Rights issues and several other uplifting community projects.

During this time, I was introduced to the personal assistant of Nelson Mandela and showed her the human rights program, which she enthusiastically endorsed. Together we flew to Los Angeles where she learned more about the Human Rights program. I was invited by the Chamber of Commerce in

Cape Town to introduce human rights to the community, and I spoke about this on radio and television.

In 2011 my husband passed away so in 2014 I moved to Australia where two of my three children are living. It was at that time I met Sandy, my current husband, who grew up in Hawaii and studied art, photography and graphic design.

We moved to Florida in 2021. It was then that I first started to jot down some ideas for writing poems and with the encouragement from Sandy started writing consistently. With his help I have written this book of poetry.

I have 12 lovely grandchildren scattered all around the globe.

A note to the reader:

May I suggest you read these poems out loud. They seem to have more rhythm that way.

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## Pancakes and coffee breaks

Delicious pancakes,  
piled in stacks  
together with good coffee served hot and black!

We often share this brief  
respite from the daily grind,  
which brings us both pleasure and peace of mind.

~ ~ ~



# My first true love

You walked into my life  
and touched something that was lost, asleep.

We traveled a short way together,  
reaching places I never knew till then.

Every step we took was one of joy,  
and now I hear the birds and see the sky.

~ ~ ~



## A moment that we shared

Something happened that night, I will never forget,  
no words exchanged, we drew together and our souls met.

The way you held me, talked to me of love  
with your eyes was quite unique.  
I felt so warm and special that I never wanted to let you go.

I still feel warm inside,  
thinking of the many moments  
when we laughed and cried.

It's strange how love finds me when I need it most  
and yet not trying,  
but is it?

Now I know this is what love is all about.

~ ~ ~



# Myrtle and Hertle

We love our daily walks together,  
especially in the sunny weather.  
At least every second day  
we walk to the gym not far away.

Another great walk we take is past a glen towards the lake.  
We stop a while to say hi to a turtle named Myrtle  
and her guy named Hertle.

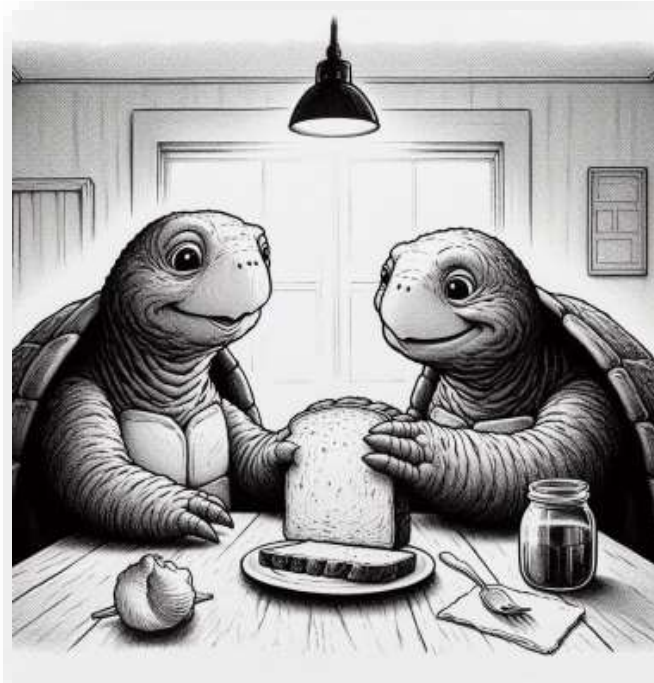
When they hear our greeting, they stop sleeping and swim  
over to us to have a meeting.

We throw them some bread, they push out their head  
and it doesn't take long before all the bread is gone.

A neighbor walking by to say hi,  
said she read not to feed them bread,  
instead, give them insects, beetles and worms.

So we asked Myrtle and Hertle what they prefer and they said,  
“We love sourdough bread”

~ ~ ~



## A special friend

I feel your presence near me, even though you're far away.  
Your face is right before me, as is your smile.

I still cut the cheese my way, remembering the way you do.  
Your sister's laugh makes me feel funny inside.

I can't explain these feelings.  
A new day dawns and we feel good, we don't ask why.

Our friendship is special,  
knowing I'm not alone and  
that you care too.

~ ~ ~



## My ex's cat

He had a cat,  
a witch's cat,  
black and white and very fat.

I later found out her name was Piewacket  
which as you can imagine caused quite a racket!

Anyway, this cat would sit at the window, waiting.  
Waiting for Pete to come home after our dating.

It was obvious to me, she was as spoilt as could be,  
she wanted attention from Pete, but none from me.

"Is this part of dating? "  
I wondered while I was waiting.

I told my ex it was the cat or me,  
but not us three.

He frowned at me!

I left straight after tea.

When I was young,  
we had dogs at home, who were well behaved,  
and free to roam.

In hindsight,  
everything was going so well,  
until that witch's cat put on her spell.





## Now there are two of us

Feeling thirsty before the event, I approached  
the water fountain where I met a nice gent.

Two true, blue eyes looked right back into mine  
and for almost a minute we both froze in time.

Much later, I recalled the advice of my friend Lee,  
"you'll know when it happens, eye contact is the key."

Now, many years later as I sit writing this poem,  
he's sitting right near me in our beautiful home.

~ ~ ~



# Happy Valentines Day

Happy Valentine,  
you are divine,  
also, mine!  
You mostly shine,  
and so far,  
everything's pretty fine.

You may remember,  
today's our wedding anniversary.

Since we have no kids in our nursery,  
let's go out to wine-an-dine and  
have a really, marvelous time!

~ ~ ~





# Fighting for shoes on Black Friday

Rows and more rows of ladies' shoes,  
hundreds of different styles from which to choose.

Many ladies, squabbling, shoving,  
like pigeons,  
fighting in Saint Mark's Square.

I must beware!

Pushing, bumping,  
grabbing, thumping,  
all these women seeking something.

My husband looks in disbelief, I send him off to avoid more grief.

A fight breaks out, they scream and shout,  
a feeding frenzy, no doubt,  
I can do without.

I grab my shoes and quickly run out!

A text from hubby, then arrives,  
"I'm not too far, please come meet me in the bar."

~ ~ ~



# WTF

Woke folk, broke folk,  
hate your mate?  
It's not a joke.

I heard the news, then got the blues,  
our planet is threatened by a nuclear weapon.

Confusion reigns, but who's to blame,  
the greedy, the needy, the poor, the rich  
the press, or the bureaucrats?

Life can be such a bitch!

Take time out,  
to look about.  
Feed the birds and the squirrels,  
they all seem so very sane.  
We're all God's creatures, so who is to blame?

It's just such a shame if it all goes down the drain.

Maybe, I could put  
my dog Spot and cat Tess  
in charge of this mess?

Between these two, I think,  
they could keep this place from becoming a zoo.

~ ~ ~



# I catch a wave

Soft sand and a bright blue sky,  
waves are breaking, but not too high.

Bodies scattered across the sand,  
swimming, sleeping, most are tanned.

Now it's hot, time to swim,  
this is far better than going to the gym!

Feeling brave, I catch a wave.

Suddenly, someone shouts, "Look out!"

We see our umbrella is being blown about.  
The wind came up and off it took,  
everyone turns to have a look.  
We chase the umbrella down the beach,  
it's tumbling along,  
just out of our reach!

We hear a rumbling, then see a flash,  
Now it's raining so we do a dash.

Storm breaks out, we look for shelter,  
the entire beach has gone helter-skelter!

Dang!  
In the car we are both so disappointed,  
what can we do with a day this disjointed?

Cold and wet from the storm,  
we drive to the coffee shop, to get dry and warm.

~ ~ ~



# Manners or P's and Q's

Hark moms and pops, nice manners are tops!

I need your attention, if only to mention  
they cannot be bought so they must be taught!

Let's look at this serious matter of P's and Q's  
which may determine if little Johnny will win or lose.

The upside of P's & Q's is Johnny will not lose!

For example, when visiting the palace,  
if Johnny were to sneeze all over their cuisine,  
this might be considered an act of malice!

To conclude and not be confused,  
I ask, "Whose job is it to teach Johnny his P's and Q's?"

Not teachers for sure,  
mom and dad are unfortunately time poor.

May I suggest grandparents could be used,  
or the King and the Queen will not be amused!

~ ~ ~



# Will I die?

My friend Joy, who lived nearby, and I  
walked down to the beach,  
which was well within our reach.

We could hardly wait to take off our shoes and socks,  
feel the soft sand,  
cool water  
and climb on the rocks!

We would look out at the horizon,  
up at the sky  
and agree there must be a heaven  
and more to life after we die.

We both felt this was logical, even very philosophical.

Many years later when I was reading a book,  
it made me take another look.  
Then, I was certain my body would die  
and be laid in the ground,  
but I, would always be around.

~ ~ ~



*... Do not stand at my grave and cry,  
I am not there; I did not die.*

—Clare Harner, *The Gypsy*, December 1934

## Birthday greeting from afar

I hope the sun here got out of bed,  
swam across the ocean to shine on you instead!

Birthday blessings, special friend,  
may our friendship never end.

The times we laughed, the tears we shed,  
and times you spent in my boyfriend's bed.

~ ~ ~



# Can three generations live together?

Old folk, young folk, middle of the road folk,  
can we all live together do you think?

Taking turns emptying bins,  
sharing treats, making dins,  
cleaning, feeding, tidying, washing,  
I'm taking a quick break for coffee and noshing.

Wipe your feet,  
shake the mats,  
walk the dog,  
feed the cats,  
water the herbs.  
Whew, it can get on one's nerves!

So, I'm taking a short break to walk to the lake.  
I see birds flying free, way up high in the sky.  
I'm back from the lake and feel no more frustrations.

"Yes, life is okay with three generations."

~ ~ ~





# Waiting for summer

It's cold and wet today, yes, even more so than yesterday.  
I'm so missing the sun and would love to go for a run.

Pretty boring stuck indoors, cleaning, dusting, sweeping floors.

The vista is even darker now, much drabber than before.  
Even the roses want cheering up, I saw.

Our Christmas tree stands alone, just waiting,  
for presents, lights and some decorating.

The birds are hungrier than ever,  
eating at our feeder, despite this chilly weather.

We are missing the butterflies, who must be very clever,  
abandoning us in search of warmer weather.

Oh my,  
I might as well go to bed soon,  
cover up my head and wait till June!

~ ~ ~





# Afraid of the dark

I'm in bed,  
story read, prayers said,  
tucked up by dad, now alone.

It's dark outside, I hear noises inside,  
my breath quickens, body stiffens,  
"Dad! Mom, water please!"  
I call, resorting to my usual stall.

Dad always responds to his only daughter,  
comforting me with a small glass of water.  
He makes me feel snug in my bed,  
kisses my head and  
reminds me that he's in the room next to mine.

As he gets to the door he turns and quietly says,  
"I promise you, all will be fine,  
just start counting,  
from one to ninety-nine"

1 2 3...

~ ~ ~



# Feet

Wandering into a shoe shop or even in a street,  
we can meet many interesting types of feet.

Broad feet, bony feet,  
pretty feet,  
long and narrow feet.

The Japanese bind feet  
very tight  
to keep them small  
and very neat!

The kind of feet we do not want are  
big, flat, smelly feet.

Best are baby's tiny, chubby feet  
or a young girl's feet that are sweet and neat.

I'm now thinking feet may not be up your street, so,  
I'll end off here rather than delete.

And by the way,  
my husband asked me not to mention that  
he has big, fat, smelly feet.

~ ~ ~



## Fumble and bumble

There's a leader, who is somewhat of a flirt,  
despite him not being very alert!

It appears he loves pretty women of all ages dearly,  
but sadly, cannot express this clearly.

So, he resorts to fumbling and a bit of mumbling,  
and while walking away ends up stumbling.

You folk, this is no longer a joke!  
Our planet is threatened by a nuclear weapon so needs a better bloke!

For instance, the dreadful war in the Middle East,  
he should do something to stop it, at least!

Pardon me, if you find all this funny.  
It's a Shakespearean tragedy,  
that's all based on money!

~ ~ ~

# Gargle and snort

When any of my kids were feeling sick  
I would have them do my gargle and snort trick.

As it's not the nicest thing to do,  
they would only do this if they were feeling very blue.

To half a glass of warm water, add a half a teaspoon salt,  
Note: If you make it too strong it will not be my fault!

First,  
gargle once or twice,  
which will help your throat recover,  
but I warn you, it's not very nice.

The next step should not harm.  
Put a bit of the solution into your palm.  
Then, sniff it up each nostril, one at a time,  
while remaining calm.

Do this a few times a day and  
you should feel better,  
almost straight away!

Whenever my kids wanted to miss some school,  
I always applied this simple tool:

"Gargle and snort if you want to stay home from school,  
otherwise, get on the bus!"

And that was the rule!

~ ~ ~

# Ageing

Ageing can be enraging but  
the alternative is too disengaging.

I tried elixirs and the stem cell fixers!  
Is there nothing that can slow this process down?

Dang,  
I'm going to hop on a plane,  
not take any baggage at all,  
and just push off to Nepal!

~ ~ ~



# An ode to the cockroach

No-one I know likes you around,  
so, I suggest you just get out of town!  
My room is my castle, not home for a rascal.

You pests think you can hang about for free,  
without paying any fee!

Well, I have some news for all of you,  
before you bring your friends here too!  
I've researched your kind, so I know your mind.

I can try some sprays, which may leave a strange odor,  
but that's okay,  
because you're such a freeloader.

You chaps are too smart to get snapped up by traps.

So, instead,  
I'll remove all my clutter, plastic containers,  
breadcrumbs and butter.  
Take all the wet towels out to dry.  
Put crushed bay leaves around during the day,  
and throw some baking soda your way.

Then say, "Together, let us all pray!"

A month has now past, I have great news to say,  
Not even one cockroach has appeared since that day!

But if they do ... I'm going to whack'em with my shoe!

~ ~ ~



## Four letter word

Shhh, if you mention the word "Diet,"  
you'll cause a terrible riot.

It's a four-letter word we don't use any more,  
because it's such a bore!

Also, there is another reason,  
the pounds all come back the very next season!

I understand it's not much fun to miss jam and cream on your bun!

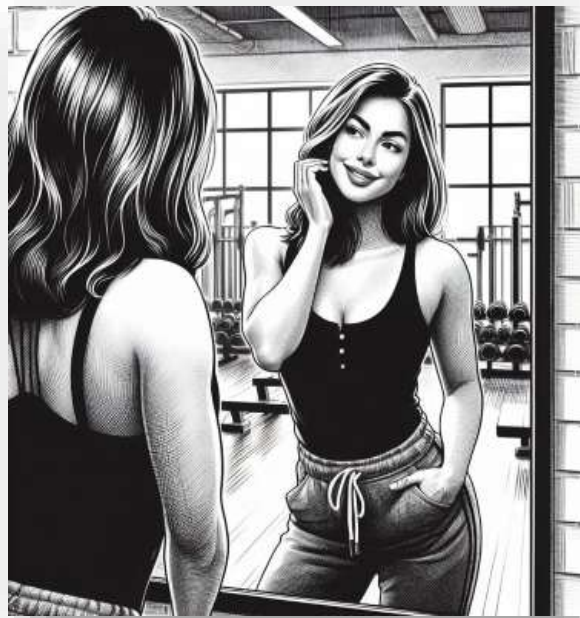
My advice is to just eat healthy, instead of following a diet,  
take my word from someone whose tried it.

You'll cause quite a din when you're curvy and thin,  
taller and maybe even one size smaller.

Why not look younger and feel more fit?

You won't miss the diet, not one little bit!

~ ~ ~



# Got the blues

I listened to the latest world news,  
now I really have the blues.

So, we decided to walk around the block,  
but the lawn mower was so loud we couldn't even talk,  
we could only scream and shout, so we quickly turned about!

You'll never guess what we found when we returned.

The kitchen was smoky, the stew had burned,  
the place was in a mess and the drier had ruined my best dress.

I needed stuff from the store,  
but I could not go,  
cause my hair looked like it had been through a war.

Also, my neighbor Sue keeps crying, her cat's unfortunately dying.  
Not only that, but the internet went down and of course, there is no repair man around!

So, before it gets any worse, I'm gonna grab my purse,  
and we're heading out of town.

~ ~ ~





# It can only get better

I was looking forward to the new year,  
but now that it's here,  
I feel like I've been kicked in the rear!

Instead of feeling so blue,  
I'm going to share my woes with you.

First, the garage door froze,  
so, we're stuck here till goodness knows!  
Then the freezer had a seizure and now that door won't even close.

It's Wednesday again so of course, the leaf blowers are back!  
So I'm shouting, screaming, while I'm dusting and cleaning.

The world news is worse than I feared.

I've been waiting since last year, for the repairman to come.  
He must have forgotten, so nothing is getting done.

It's that dreadful time of year, when I look forward to  
summer and a large glass of beer.

Actually, summer is only five months away so,  
I guess I might as well get it started today.

~ ~ ~



# Loneliness

Loneliness, I discovered is deep inside of me,  
so, I find it helps if I look outside at some scenery.

Whenever I take a walk, I hardly talk,  
rather I look around and up at the sky,  
oh my, it's very high!

I spot so many  
different shades of  
blue, green and brown  
when I'm walking towards the town.

I see a friend; we have a quick chat.  
Walking on, I spot a guy with a cowboy hat!  
It's suddenly noisy, lots of cars on the street.  
I do like the new SUV very compact and neat!

Loneliness is not my friend and need not be yours.  
Just get out and look around the great outdoors.

~ ~ ~



# An imaginary friend

Little Anna would happily play alone,  
with Nanny looking after her at home.

One day, Anna was heard bossing someone around.  
So, Nanny looked into the room, but no doll was found!

Anna was talking to Fay, her imaginary friend,  
sounding just like mommy but scolding in pretend.

When her big sister returned home that day,  
she could not boss Anna around in play.

~ ~ ~



## November chill

Everybody knows the old year will soon close,  
that winter brings cold, damp, even mold!

Please stay well,  
fend off the cold wind that blows.  
Rug up, wear your warmest clothes.  
Turn up the heat,  
wear warm boots on your feet!

There's plenty tea for you and me,  
with ginger, lemon and lashings of honey.  
This is worth more than ten bags full of money!

Snug as a bug in a rug, I'm all wrapped up  
with my silk cravat and knitted hat.

When I'm not drinking lots of hot chocolate,  
I'm keeping both hands warm in my pockets.

~ ~ ~



# Old friends

Old friends are often the dearest,  
but sadly now, not the nearest.

I have many good friends around the planet,  
some in Australia, South Africa and I must mention Janet!

She is one multi-talented dame  
who I think should have more acclaim.

Great at singing and dancing with wonderful poise,  
she really knew how to attract the boys!

I will never have a friend as clever as Wendy,  
she and I are still very friendly.

I recall a sleep over at age eight,  
we lit up a cigarette, me and my mate.

Then puffing and coughing, we both began choking,  
then looked at each other and nearly died laughing.

Many names, many faces,  
wonderful memories of special places.

While lying in bed at night, waiting for sleep,  
I think of my friends, instead of counting sheep.

~ ~ ~



## Our daily date

Every morning, I sit with my guy on our swing,  
never mind if it's winter, summer, autumn or spring!

The birds and the squirrels are always eating,  
enjoying the seeds and our daily meeting!

When sharing this daily date with them and my mate,  
I'll have you know the coffee and muffins taste just great!

~ ~ ~





# Saying goodbye to our old friend

Now that it's February, we all must agree,  
about what will happen to our Christmas tree.

It's covered in dust and the tray is starting to rust.  
The needles keep falling, now the room is appalling.

We can dump it, or chop it up for firewood,  
But I don't really know if we should.

On second thoughts,  
we don't have a chopper and it's too big to get out the front door.  
Besides, we don't want to wrestle, which will be very stressful and  
all the needles will fall.  
Plus, the dust will fly,  
even more than before!

Dang it!  
Let's just take it like it is, straight out the back door!  
Then say good-bye,  
forevermore!

~ ~ ~



# Summer holiday

With exams now done,  
I'm looking forward to some shopping,  
which should be fun!

I need very dark sunglasses and a big shady hat  
and two pink bikinis that can cover my fat.  
An extra-large beach towel in a bright turquoise,  
to spread on the sand to attract all the boys!

White, soft sand, bright blue sky,  
lapping waves but not too high,  
bodies lying, many frying,  
some are swimming, a few are trying.

Some couples are huge, it's hard not to stare,  
unless you wear sunnies and pretend you're not there!

Then someone shouts "Cheers!"  
and we all lift our beers.

There's lots of "interesting" people  
all sitting quite near.  
What a great place to make new friends  
at this time of the year!

~ ~ ~





# I am trying to get home

Mister man in the van you've blocked our entrance gate again!  
What a pain, waiting in vain.

Drat, now it's started to rain!  
It's all very mundane.

I'm sitting here in in the rain waiting for you,  
now what am I to do?

Wait forever at the gate or  
pray for the sky to turn blue?

My day is now a mess.  
Maybe, I will call my mother-in-law Bess.

I can drop in for some tea  
and anyway, I really need to pee.

~ ~ ~



# The game of life

Freezing or frying, both can cause dying.

Climbing, aspiring is certainly success,  
but failing could leave you in a big fat mess.

In the morning the elephant has his tusks,  
then a hunter shoots him and takes them at dusk.

Big fish eat little fish, some surviving.  
Others end up in my dinner dish.

Life can be a paradise out there,  
or a jungle with much despair.

Heads or tails, win or lose,  
take your pick, you can choose.

Living and dying,  
come what may,  
it's a phenomenon of life that's here to stay.

Sometimes joy, other times dismay.  
It's the game of life we all must play.

~ ~ ~



# To arrive late for a first date

While waiting at the train station it's  
now starting to rain, what a pain!

Perhaps, it'll only be a passing shower  
and be over within the hour?  
No such luck, it is bucketing down  
and now, I'm wondering if I can get into town?

To arrive late for a first date is not a good start at all,  
but being late and wet is enough to make me bawl!  
Why does it have to rain so hard in the Fall?

Then my waiting, which was aggravating,  
suddenly changes to joy as I hear the wheels on the ground  
and the sound of the train fast approaching, oh boy!

But no, without slowing or stopping, it just keeps on going,  
leaving me standing there gasping,  
really not knowing and then shouting,  
"Oh train, how can you do this to me in the rain?"

Wet and cold with water in one shoe,  
despite worrying about catching the flu,  
I call Mary Sue and make another first date.

Then I catch a cab home,  
take a long, hot, shower  
and put myself to bed  
at this ridiculously early hour.

~ ~ ~



# Where do all our odd socks go?

Another sock has gone away,  
which leaves me searching in dismay!

Do you perhaps know where all our odd socks go?

The machine is supposed to wash them clean,  
but I know this year I have lost at least fifteen.

I imagine Sockland to be a blaze of bright color,  
with rows of lonely socks alongside one another.  
Raised high on flag poles,  
without any holes  
all searching for their sister or brother,  
or at least, a nice looking stepmother.

Meanwhile, the monster washer  
is patiently waiting,  
his appetite never abating.  
He glares at my fully packed laundry bag  
and I'm hearing his rumble, "More ... I want more socks!"

So, I've decided.  
If this gangster takes just one more sock,  
I'm going to scream and call the cops!

~ ~ ~



# Winter wonder

I discovered when waking up this morning  
that our Christmas tree has had adorning!

From her former dress in only green  
she's suddenly blossomed into a queen!

No-one has yet counted all those teeny lights  
or asked how that silver star got to such heights.

So many presents around the tree,  
most for others, maybe just a few for me.

It's a season of giving, eating and sharing.  
Perhaps God is trying to tell us to be more caring.

I think our world could be a better place,  
but maybe, that's asking a bit too much from the human race.

~ ~ ~





# Commonalities

There are things that are common to everyone around,  
for example, most of us have two feet on the ground.

Most people I know,  
hate dust and feel fresh air is a must.

No one I've ever met likes fighting or hating,  
They do enjoy eating, dating, loving, and mating.

Most girlfriends of mine love sunshine and shopping,  
they don't care much for cleaning and mopping.

My guy is one of many who doesn't like shaving  
but has a serious bagel and coffee craving!

Which brings me to eating three times a day,  
this will never be changed; I hope and pray!

~ ~ ~



# What game shall we play?

I choose, then you choose,  
everyone here gets a turn to choose.  
Tell me, will you get the blues,  
if you don't get a turn to choose?

Your turn, then his turn,  
girl goes first, then boy's turn.  
Will you perhaps cry if you lose  
or if you don't get a turn to choose?

It's hide and seek now,  
don't be meek.  
Find a good hiding place  
once you've taken a peek.  
Then we'll play tag,  
which is great fun for those that can really run!

Listen guys,  
no sulking or fighting  
or crying or cheating.

These games are for fun,  
you'll see once we've begun.  
So, let's start with hiding  
and I'll begin counting,  
"1 2 3...."

~ ~ ~



# Macho man

Hey there Stan, mister macho man!  
Guess you can make a heart or two  
go bippety-boo!

Check all the ladies at your gym  
swooning and straining,  
watching your well-oiled biceps in training.

You are the center of attraction Stan,  
just keep working on your big-muscle plan.

Never mind you're not always kind,  
or your shoes are hardly ever shined,  
or that you've never sipped a cup of tea,  
or cried over a girl who set you free.

No worries Stan,  
you are the "Mr. Macho Man!"

~ ~ ~





# Grandparents

I always came back from school to a nanny alone,  
as my parents worked all day,  
away from home.

I would have loved my granny Debra to be waiting,  
she was caring and very accommodating,  
but sadly, she suddenly passed away.

My grandpa who simply adored Debra, his partner,  
followed her to heaven, exactly six weeks after!

So, I'm thinking of all you girls and boys,  
lucky to have grandparents, as well as your toys.

Grandparents have lots of time to hang around with you.  
They're always happy to take you to the zoo.

Spoiling you is the best thing they do,  
with an ice-cream or even a swim at the pool!

I so loved my grandparents and think you should too.

~ ~ ~



# Coming home

From my window of the jet,  
I can see the African sunset.  
Like a painting in the sky,  
I take a breath and start to cry.

Just spectacular; in brilliant orange, reds and yellows,  
it's mesmerizing me and all of my fellows.

My breathing deepens recalling the  
sights, smells and sounds from my youth.

The endless pristine beaches with soft white sand,  
rolling mountains stretching endlessly across the land.  
Majestic elephants, fierce lions and very tall giraffes.  
When on safari there's always something  
to either scare me or make me laugh.

So many memories of my motherland.  
Africa! The country I love, so vast and grand.

I can't wait until we land.

~ ~ ~



## Mom yells, "No! No!"

While driving a long way in the car today,  
Mom and Dad could hear both boys talking away,

"It's your turn to choose a game to play,  
old game or new game, to me it's all the same."

"Okay, that sounds good to me.  
Let's play spot the red trucks we both can see."

"Sounds fun, the winner's the first to reach twenty-one.  
Don't forget to shout truck, this should be fun.

"TRUCK! there's one behind that tree!"

This went on awhile, starting off sane and gently,  
but quickly turned into a frenzy, driving dad mentally.

Mom covered both ears and screamed, "Stop! Stooooop!"

Dad's threshold of pain had been reached.  
He stepped on the gas and went faster and faster.  
To avoid more noise from the boys and an impending disaster,  
Mom hit the switch and opened all windows wide.

The wind blasted in, and the din became thin,  
the boys stopped shouting,  
the tension stopped mounting.

Whew, Mom had stopped the riot and the boys,  
became very quiet.

~ ~ ~



## A woman of note

My late husband's mother, Miriam, was a woman of note,  
who despite having a handicap got everyone's vote.

At age eight as a result of a cyst,  
the medics removed most of her right arm.  
Then they realized later  
the cyst was causing her no harm.

When it was tested and found not malignant,  
you'd assume she'd become most indignant.  
Her father told her sisters and her brothers  
to just treat her like all the others.

Miriam managed just fine with a fake arm and glove,  
got married, brought up three great kids  
with much love.

She worked, she played bowls, she was involved with charity,  
A lady, who was spoken well of and praised with high clarity.

I do believe now she is high above and not below,  
an angel, with a right hand that has a divine glow.

~ ~ ~



# Thanksgiving at the beach

It's not unusual for Thanksgiving  
to be a last-minute rush here,  
as most people are pretty busy at this time of the year.

Six of us agreed on the list, also that Tony was the boss.  
We bought pumpkin pie, roast turkey,  
crisp's, dips and cranberry sauce.

Not forgetting, of course,  
a big cooler and lots of cold beers  
for all of us to have plenty of cheers!

It was a perfect day on the beach with a pleasant breeze.  
We soon felt hungry, so started with crackers and cheese.  
Still hungry and wanting more, we quickly ate all the chips and most of the dips!

Then, feeling very thirsty,  
we looked and looked for the boss's big cooler of beer.  
Then Tony said softly, "I think it's still standing on my porch at the rear!"

So, five minutes later we're all packed up and back in the car,  
he drove home fast and we soon drank all of the beer.

~ ~ ~



## Instead, I just quit

I recently stopped going to the gym,  
now, of course, I'm not looking so trim.  
My energy's low, my skin doesn't glow,  
my running has ceased, and my walking is slow.

There is a challenge when you start working out,  
not to give up till you have something to flout!

Granted, it does take groaning and moaning  
to get yourself going,  
but if you quit, you'll never get ripped!

It takes at least three weeks or more  
till you have enough muscle to show off your core.

I missed a few days, now my mind is a haze.  
I so wanted to be fit but instead, I just quit.

Actually, it has all become too much!  
So, I'm going out to have some donuts for lunch!

~ ~ ~



# Honor them all

My God does not say,  
"Kill! Hate! Murder! Slaughter!  
a mother, a father,  
a son, or a daughter!"

Rather, he commands us  
to bless and honor them all,  
raising beautiful people,  
upstanding and tall.

~ ~ ~

# **I recently came to America**

I recently came to America where I  
was bemused, sometimes confused.

Everyone speaks English here,  
but the words have been changed,  
it's all been rearranged!

Here in the US, you greet people with "Hey dude!"  
which to me seems familiar, but kind of rude.

In Africa you ask, "Howzit my man?"  
which sounds more friendly then just, hey dude.

In the US, fried potatoes are called French fries.  
The Brits call them chips and "plonk" them in dips!

It took me a while to realize that:  
biscuits are really cookies;  
trainers are sneakers;  
jumpers are sweaters;  
a tap is a faucet;  
a nappy a diaper and  
a shooter a sniper!  
Isn't it weird?

By the way, a poop-scooper here is a plastic bag in the UK!

~ ~ ~



# Making pancakes with my man

Making pancakes together  
in this very cold weather  
is a fun activity for my good man and me.

They are not just delicious but very nutritious,  
light and almost calorie free.

With maple syrup or lashings of honey,  
they're so yummy and fill up my tummy.

Making them at home  
we're saving lots of money!

Our secret ingredient,  
I'll mention only to you... is a big cup of bran,  
but I can't mention here, exactly what it might do.

~ ~ ~





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