

Our Neighbour – By Christopher Burleigh

The man next door
Is one-hundred-and-more,
When I ask if he's well
He'll say 'Well, I'm here still',
And he still drives his car
To the shops, not far.
His family can't come every day
But I think he rather likes it that way,
He's been here forever
My kind, gentle neighbour.
I'll be sad when I can no more
Say hello to the man next door.

A Drop in the Ocean

We are desperate migrants
Risking everything to be free
We are only a drop in the ocean
War-torn, destitute, crossing the sea,
We are afraid, and so are you
Lost in the sea of humanity,
In truth our numbers are very few
Merely seeking a safe country.

I am only a drop in the ocean
A small boy alone in the sea,
My family longing for dry land –
A small boy, limp on wet sand.

Lancashire Lass

Annie alone
Confined within her square-stoned cottage
No callers come to stir the silence
Tea-time shadows move around a motionless room
A click-clock paces the passage of time.
Annie, sat, stare-careless
Glazed-gaze
As embers flush, cokes collapse,
Crunch in a glowing grate.
Slow sun slips
Spills flames across the limp land,
Skeletal trees stand, faint with frost.
A lattice window lit
Sill-stood,
Watches failing fires.