

THE VOYAGER

Poetry Compilation



About the Authors

Siobhan Passmore

I was born in Balham in 1963 and grew up in Tooting Bec. I went to a convent school in Upper Norwood. I am married to Alistair - a former Civil Servant. I have one 12 year old daughter named Aisling who lives with her Grandmother. I used to be a semi-professional Dancer and have performed on stage. I am an Arts Graduate. I have travelled all over Europe and used to live in the U.S.A. in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Danny McCann

I am originally from Battersea, and came to Carshalton when I was eleven and am a lifelong Chelsea supporter and like ball games, especially table-tennis and I try to be optimistic.

Stephen Francis

Born in Balham 1954; and have suffered from depression related illness since 1969. Have had a number of jobs: Shelf filler; assistant council gardener; filing clerk; civil servant for over 20 years in D of E and Home Office as paper-keeper (filing clerk); A.A.; A.O; and acting E.O. left service due to inability to carry out work duties.

Denise Christofa

BORN IN RIPON 1966 MOVED TO NORTH LONDON (EDMONTON)
NOW IN SUTTON WITH MY FINANCEE COLIN - I LOVE ALL
ANIMALS - POETRY AND ART - THAT'S ME "DE AS YOU SEE"

LOVE

A poem for Christmas

*Love is a beautiful thing. It makes me happy
And then I start to sing.
It covers all evils and wrongs.
And then inspires people to write love songs.*

*Love is carved into my heart. For many who
I am now far from and apart.
It gives you a tickle and butterflies dance inside
When you're in love, you're always beguiled.*

*Love is a tender quality. That can bring a lot of jollity.
It can bring hope and new life.
And it can make a simple girl a wife.*

*Love is full of woes and tears
When her or she does not call it brings our fears.
Love is fun and excitement and good nights
We reach new crescendos - we reach new heights.*

*Love is the game we all play –
When we say 'Go' – we really mean 'Stay'.
Shakespeare, Byron and Keats were not wrong.
So like them – Love, Love, Love
Shall always be my favourite song.*



Siobhan Passmore

“My Cat and Other Animals”

by Siobhan Passmore

**My Cat is black and white
He really is alright
He's always dressed for dinner
Although he's not a sinner
He's very sweet and shy
And he really does try
To be everyone's' friend
And he does mend all the wrongs of the day
With a cuddle and a laugh
And then shows me the way !**

**Then once past there was Kim, my Mum and little Sis's cat
Well, she was a kitten at heart and loved a little chat
She was very slow and unlearned but tried hard
Oh, but she was indeed a good guard !
And so loved by Mum and Dad and Sis And Me
But she wanted to be free
And went on her wanders
And then there was Squanders
But then she aged and got ill
And then slowed and sadness fell and then she was "still !" (R.I.P.)
Then as a Teeny Bopper
We as a family had a huge Big Black Dog
It was a fierce guard
Till he nicked a whole chicken - and then we Jawed
But he would run and run
And he and us had a lot of fun
Roamin' around all the greens
But ooaah he liked his "Peek Freans"
He lived a long age
And really despite his demise he must surely have been a Sage!**

Then even further back as a child
Oooh - and such a snide
There was my friend, who lived outside
My tortoise, I called him Larry, and how I cried
Like my dear rabbit that got ate
By my previous pet, Larry fled under the garden gate
Where had he gone? I was upset then it drizzled
And grizzled and grizzled
I did love Larry and Fluffy Rabbit, but they sadly fizzled



There was a young lady from Ealing
Who stared livedly at the ceiling
When asked why
She replied with a sigh
It's only the way I am feeling

Siobhan Passmore

HOPE

Engulfed In A Silent Dream
Is This The Past Or Is It The Present
Clouded In The Mist Of Time
A Half Remembered Thought

Bewitched By A Slow Smile
A Titter Of Laughter
You Don't Fool Me
I Have Seen This Face Before

Lingering On A Seeming less Face
Perhaps You Know
I Have My Doubts
I Have Seen This Half
Remembered Road Before

So, What Do I Make Of This
Time Will Tell
Slowly But Uncertainly
Gifted But Not Forgotten

Danny McCann

Punishment

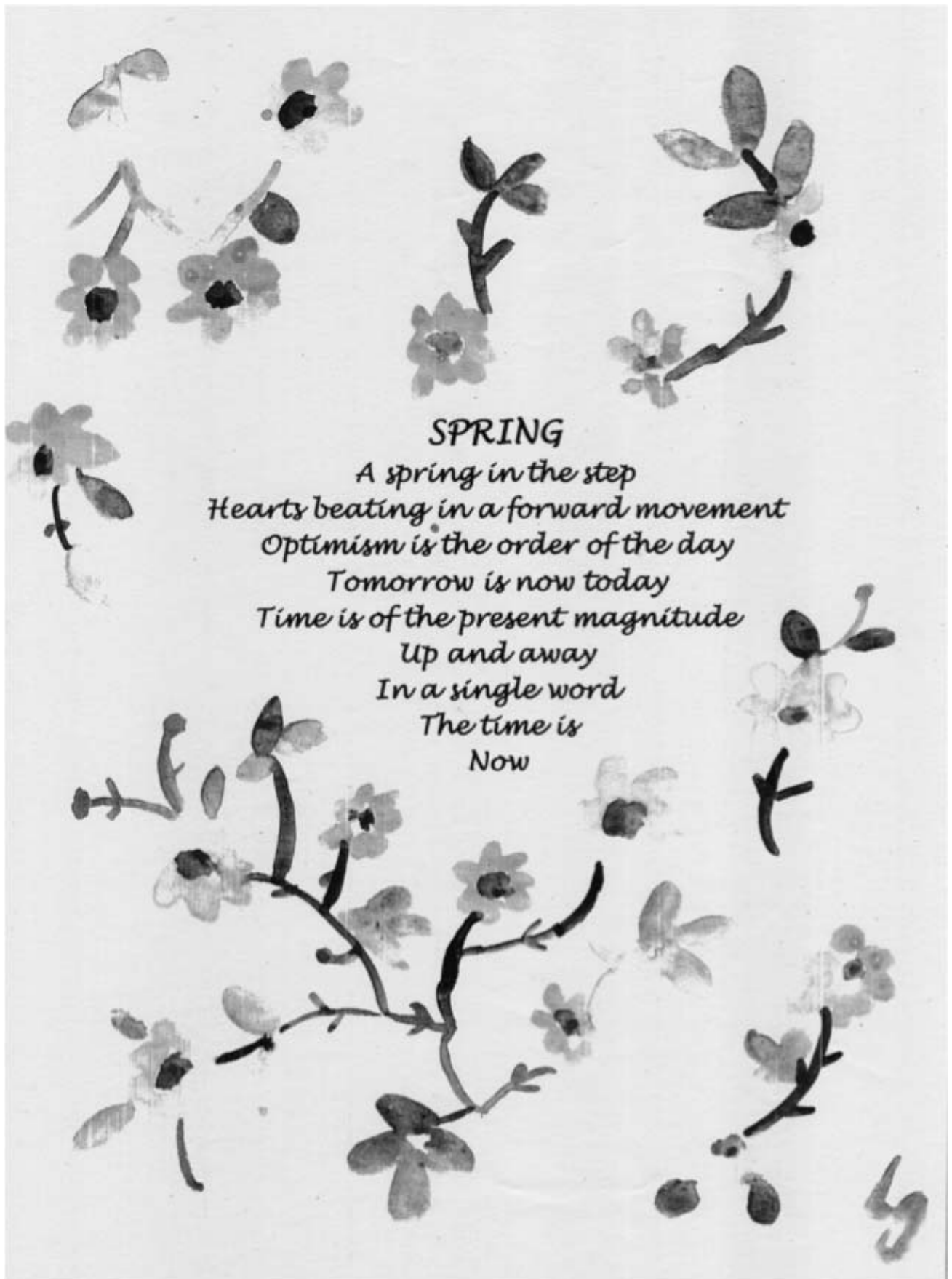
Is sensitivity a crime?
Yes say the young,
No once said a wizened man,
A dilemma, perhaps,

An eternal question,
Answers a problematical idea,
Torture yourself,
A road I have often trod,

An answer please,
A road too long,
Widening an ever more
Difficult path.

Rest!

Danny McCann



Words - Danny McCann

Picture - Linda Gruber

Calligraphy - Colin Chillman

temporary lost property

where has the heart and soul gone from my life?
it's still there -somewhere- amongst bric-a-brac
stored amongst other things -shelved -boxed -tied-up
in drawers -cupboards -cabinets -cubby holes
waiting to be found when the time has come
or when they're discovered by accident:
i'll find my heart and soul again -i know
i shall- because i've lost them many times
times when i've lost confidence -self esteem
the stuff which life depends upon -whether
domestic -working -the run-of-the-mill
activities required to live life
and be amidst -amongst the masses of
faces -or in groups -or crowds -even friends

by Stephen Francis



silence

so now i know why i find it so hard
to be at home -it's the silence: silence
that makes me restless -like the first two weeks
of being in my new council flat still-
ness -anticipating noisy neighbours
anticipating -anticipating...
the silence -too much to bear: restlessness
my mind pacing the quiet of this flat

here -i am restless -too: a different
"restlessness" -too noisy -and too empty
anticipating -anticipating...

no "happy medium": a nail-biting
tension my moods constantly changing like
the weather situation this past week

Stephen Francis

faces

faces -some expressing sadness -others
showing no sign of any problems or
worries -but they are there: both big and small
hidden -camouflaged -behind and beyond
their eyes their worries less than mine -or more
heavier -deeper -in need of easing
or understanding perhaps to set-free
like an albatross to fly over sea
as graceful as graceful can be and love?
is it love they are in need of -or just
time to reflect -gather together thoughts
and place them side-by-side upon a shelf
moving them around so as to perhaps
make some sense of things which may seem unclear?

by stephen francis



Ants

on days when i was feeling most restless
i sat upon my favourite bench close
to the entrance of chiltern wing -feeding
the ants white or brown sugar from sachets

white sugar was more to their liking: brown
almost ignored -the same with sacarine
it helped to pass time -mornings -afternoons
and evenings -when sheer boredom set-in

i watched the ants scurrying through the grass
upon finding the small trail of sugar:
a gift from something unseen they were pets

come hot or cold days -i sat watching them
beneath the canopy of a small tree
usually with a poem book at hand

* * *

what else was there to do other watch
t.v. -most times tuned to b.b.c. 1
i.t.v. 1 -and sometimes channel 4:
if it wasn't "soaps" -it was other crap

wallpaper programmes -called "reality"
i was pleased when the european cup
began -but lost interest when england
did their usual "party trick": losing

the only other joy i found -too late-
was listening to jazz f.m. between
seven-and-nine p.m.: it soothed my soul

but feeding the ants kept me otherwise
occupied between phases of boredom:
i felt "useful" -i had a job to do



stephen francis



Denise

My Name is Denise
Wish I was Named For me
I Am A friendly Person as
You see
I help People Out Because
Thats me
And Give my Love as you
See
I Dont Care What People Think
of me
I am me As You See
And Thats me De

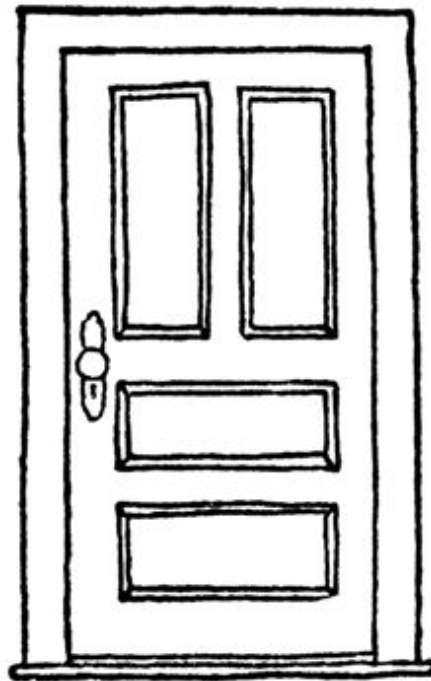
Denise Christofa



Door

I Open the Door And See You
I Open the Door And See
Your Smile
I Open the Door See you
Loving me every Day
I Open the Door I See you
Holding me Close to you
I Open the Door And See you
And me Forever

Denise Christofa



Open

I open my eyes everyday
I See Sadness in Peoples eyes
I open my eyes everyday
And wonder what my Day would
Bring
I open my eyes everyday
and hope for Happyness
I open my eyes everyday
And think of fun times
With Colin
I open my eyes everyday
And I Look at my cats
I open my eyes everyday
AND Think of the People that
Love me
So if you Feel Sad think of
ones that love you

Denise Christofa