

'One day I'll be a park bench too'

One day I will be a park bench too,
Silently watching seagulls swooping and children having fun.
Will my name be inscribed on a tarnished brass plate?
Giving simply only my personal arrival and departure date,
While I reside here forever, watching quietly, and paying nothing for the view.
How fortunate that I can rest my bones, and now help others do that too.
I watch the white horses on the sea galloping, so wonderfully wild.
As shell, shingle and starfish arrange themselves to attract a passing child.
My once six small boys are now all men and have well and truly flown the nest .
But, hopefully, life will be good to them, and give them time too to sit and rest,
To let the world go by, as they sit upon their mum.
But, I still simply remain only a name, arrival and departure date to some.
Sitting observing life silently in the Seaford sun.

BATTLE

To battle is to struggle tenaciously, to achieve or resist.

To battle is a very personal thing.

Coming and going like Winter and Spring.

It can nibble at your ankles,

reminding you its still here.

And as you try yet again ,it can fill your heart with fear.

There are battles that are swift won .

There are battles that are never done.

To battle is a personal thing.

Helpful though if your friends ring.

No lifetime is without a battle ,or two or three.

Its how we attack and persevere that can make us be free.

Battles can be big and battles can be small.

But ,to the person battling, they can soon be reduced to fall.

We can battle with our bodies and our minds.

To be well, still, happy and content with our resulting finds.

Each person's battle is different and fought hard.

Not everyone can be strong, tough and on their guard .

Look around you and observe the

much greater battles others are fighting too.

They may well be helped by ignoring your own battle ,and joining their army ,to help them through.

Battles in war are never won or lost.

As we see ,by the memorial graveyards ,that impress upon us their total cost.

It is these poor souls, which remind us how very pointless is war.

When millions of young people simply fall, and their bodies rot, on the battleground floor.

As we go through life ,our families face battles of their own, which may well make them groan.

But, thankfully, if they have been much loved, they will find deep within them strengths of their own .

So here's to the inevitable battles of life, accept them and walk forward ,holding your head up high.

Unlike those poor others in the battles of pointless war.

Whose poor souls now rest high above us,in a battle free zone sky.

Wendy Hasnip