

**Poetry written and shared following a Rambling and Writing session with
Linda Dawe, August 2018**

Life to Death, Death to Life

Life to death, death to life
Think about the environment and atmosphere
People, graves, lives fold and unfold
Tombs, stones, trees
Sometimes, warm breeze

See the names, families
Isolation, or unity
The lost, the found
Many things all around
Skulls, bones beneath the ground

The elite, the desolate, the fallen
The strong the brave
The rich, humble and meek
The poor, and the weak
Or so to speak

The known, the unknown
Questions about things they owned
It's all done now
Do not bemoan
There is no more pain, no groan

But, there are sweet smelling flowers
Shades of colours
Green, yellow, and brown grass
All have passed
Buried here, after breathing their last

Powers, all the works, and hours
Summer or winter time
The Sun, the bright stars
The moon at night
Glowing, the full light

Autumn leaves
Bundles, sheaves
Spring hues
Morning dues
Did any have the opportunity to choose?

But, there are characters, dramas
Intriguing stories
The more you look, the more there is
Strength, joy, care
Sadness, kindness everywhere

Meaningful words, images
Descriptions could fill a thousand pages
Difference, movements
More trees, amazing trees
Whispers, at times sounds of bees

Secrets, treasures, pleasures
See the fallen over here
Hidden beauty over there
This thing called Social history
They all share

The Masonry's works
See all the traces
Bring living people into the spaces
A garden of remembrance
That's where this subliminal place is

The Cemetery, from life to death, death to **life**.

Lola-Peach Martins

Crunching chocolate
tombstone biscuits
conjuring images of the dead
their lives, their loves,
lovingly remembered
by those who visit no more.
I saved the RIP letters
For one last bite –
RIP tombstone biscuit.

Marilyn Griffin



What I like about the Rectory
is I can take a different trajectory
each time I visit and find company who won't mind if
I spend time with them and share my thoughts.
They respond in a very passive way
When I say
things which some folk may
find offensive or inane
and they remain,
indifferent ... like a good friend.

Peter Tompkins

**Inspired by the epitaph on Campbell-Walker's memorial to his
wife: "*Loved, Loving, Lovely*"**

I didn't think I will meet you here, standing still,
loneliness that never become my friend.
It doesn't matter how hard I was trying. I am glad!
I need you today, my humble human friends,
connected together with these invisible strings of life
and dying.

All the life stories of passed ones that trigger feelings
of my own fragile existence and confirmation
that I live in all your individual life stories.
Only when we open up and we dare to share.
I condition myself not to feel loved, but I was told
that my loving is really lovely!

Sonja Wittig

Poem 1

Love is mighty
Love is powerful
Love can break your heart
Love endures and remains with you forever

Poem 2

Love is weak
Love is strong
Love is kind
Love is cruel
True love endures it all

Poem 3

Love can be funny
Love can be serious
Love can come and go
Love can be mysterious
You can be sure true love will never die

Di Worsfold