

The Christian Motorcyclists Association

Poems sent in for publication



A Fishy Tale By John Peverill

He laid the trap I took the bait
That wily big old carp
He looked at me with such contempt
Which said, "You're really not too sharp"
My mouth dropped when I saw him,
Three feet long from nose to tail
The biggest fish I'd ever seen
In freshwater terms, a whale.

Stealth I'd need and cunning
To catch this monster from the deep
Unfortunately in short supply
And what I had was bought dirt-cheap
So I relied upon traditional skills
To lure this oversized "Lord Muck"
A size eight hook sunk in a crust
A prayer and loads of luck.
For hours he ignored my tasty fare
Spitting out my bread
Then just as it was getting dark
He raised his spotty head.
He looked at me and swam away
Under a bush on the other bank
My last morsel, a perfect cast
Into his mouth my big hook sank.

I was surprised at how light he was
At first I didn't buy it
Then Moby rose and winked at me
As if to say the "Water's warm come try it".
To add insult the fish I had caught
Was on the Atkins diet

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TIME

Thoughts of the future, memories of the past
Time.

Never enough or too much on our hands
Time

Swift as a swallow, yet often at a snails pace
Time

Time, distance or death separate us from
loved ones.

Time

Time will bring all that we know to an end

Time

We look forward to events that only time
keeps us from

Time

Yet we embrace it when it cushions us from
painful events

Time

Describe to me its merits, its value, yet all we
can do with time is measure it

Time

Psalm 90vs.12

STOP! by Ken Hardy

There's only one stop,
But how to get there,
There's only one goal,
And I am trying to share,
My love for the Father
Who's Son came to save,
My love for this Jesus,
Who died for my shame,
You have only one life,
3 score years and 10
but my life is eternal,
saved because of Him.