

The Christian Motorcyclists Association

Poems sent in for publication



Glass Box By John Peverill

What's it like to live in a glass box?
Where those who look in
Know the make of your socks.
Observed by a Cyclops with a magnified eye
Guess who's got pride
Stop playing eye spy.

Does the sight of a person in a wheelchair
Mean a crowd has to gather
For a bloody good stare,
Have a good look he's no chimp in pyjamas
The sign says he's human
Please don't feed him bananas.

I bet you a pension those who walk past
With mouths wide open
In a posture aghast
Are the same ones who, when asked for
assistance
Pretend they can't hear
Until they're off in the distance.

All The Time In The World By John Peverill

"Excuse me sir, have you got time?
My mate's just been murdered,
It's a horrible crime."
"Sorry son, come back tomorrow,
I don't have a minute today,
you can borrow."
"Excuse me madam I could do with a hand to
cross over this road,
I can just about stand."
"Sorry it's late and I'm in such of a rush,
I want to get home and miss
that 4 o'clock crush.."
Shall I go on and on, if so for how long?
Or will they take notice
if I start singing a song.
Or exchange my clothes for a birthday suit,
Will they then see me as mad
or cuddly and cute?
No one has time, there is so much to do,
So those who need time
Stay locked in at the zoo.
Wouldn't it be nice just once a blue moon
If the answer for help
Was "Of course," not "Real soon".