

Quintet of Haverhill Tales: One

Cockney Haverhill

They all moved out
They've all roamed about
Suffolk's London overspill
Many of 'em Cockney still

They're busy giving life a shout
Although less sure of former working-class clout
Proud of their going up in the world skill
Now more diverse, moving forward together in Haverhill

Quintet of Haverhill Tales: Two

Modern Day Sharks

Sadly many have lost their minds, put them out for the weekly bin collection
having taken that traditional masculine role a tad too seriously.

These doomster raging ranters want their unwavering patriarchy back.

We're all imperilled now, gasping for clean air in their sea of entitled toxicity.

Despite the Clear and Present danger, we muffle shuddering hearts,
superglue rising panic in the dark pits of dry throats.

Even some of their sweet wives can't see they're swimming with sharks.

Shouty voter admiration of Noah's selective Ark boarding restrictions
has got totally out of hand.

They could easily drown us all, as if swotting off irritating sand flies
pushing us under Britannia rules the waves, eyes trained only on bank balances
and the barked charms of charlatans.

Quintet of Haverhill Tales: Three

Somewhere, not here

Dis-informers swim in the shallowest of waters
spin frozen-hearted untruths, whilst around us togetherness falters.

The Island's idle manipulators poison spew,
hunkered down in traitorous hulks, these rich few
puff up their outrage, snort and sniffle about leaky boats
conjure faux colonial mindsets of having moats.

The cold and poor, ever hovering in a media frenzied-ness
fall into a hazy, wrong-headed unthinking laziness
imagine far-flung, sun-drenched holiday destinations
much like Rwanda, or other, possible places of elite machinations.

Somewhere, anywhere but not here!
grizzled shoppers, likely Lads in Bars, all stoked in false cheer -
ignore rising seas, the rest of the world's poorest in wretched boats,
warm to themes of otherising fresh unfortunates as the next scapegoats.

Humanity's former warm pool of empathy drained:
sense of self, collective compassion, one-planet futures drowning and maimed.

Quintet of Haverhill Tales: Four

Holed up in Dagenham with Sappho

My poor suffering homeland

Vainly waits for smiles to arrive

On social media posts

Stern faces on the Parade

Shoppers turn towards

Sadnesses and nostalgic ghosts

Floppy half-mast flags along dirty avenues

Poke fun at the fake patriots

Not everyone is a foe to abuse

Neighbours, more friends than menace

Reach into their true hearts

Pull out some cheer, not a grimace

An end to the cowering

Like timid birds at a swift

Eagle just seen, fears

And hatreds bagged up ready for the bin.

Quintet of Haverhill Tales: Five

Peace please

If we all hold our nerve

sit patiently here long enough

humane thinking may bounce back with verve

empty minds fill with more mature stuff

shooing away Trumpian dark skies

making them less rough

then a glowing optimism will take root

rays of warming hopes punch through

to bring calming peace - not forever on-repeat lies

finally – there'll be that putting whiny motormouth on permanent mute