

REFLECTION



Grass Roots Open Writers

REFLECTION

A Collection of
Creative Writing
and Art by

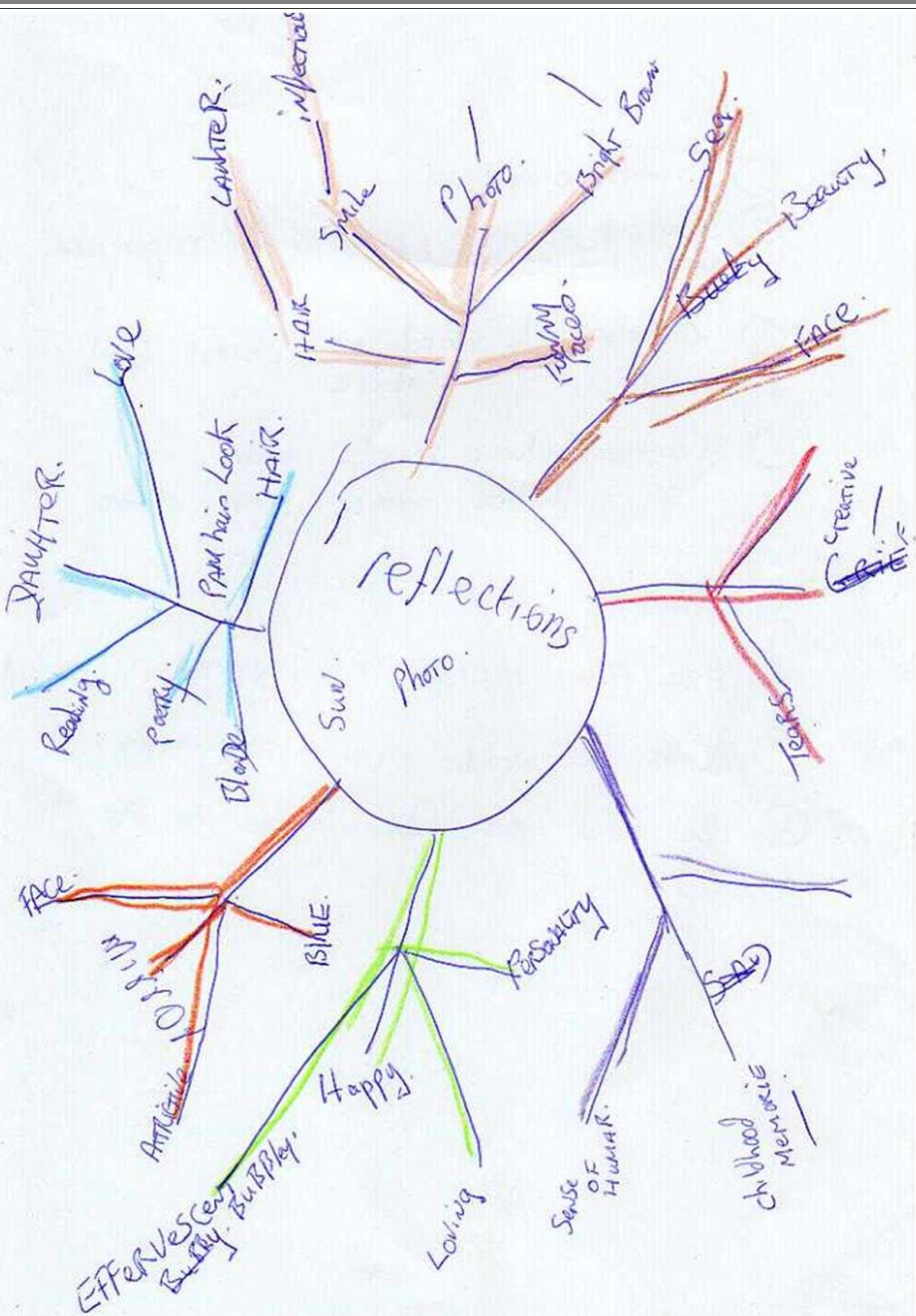
Grass

Roots

Open

Writers

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Grass Roots Open Writers

WOULD LIKE TO THANK

Roosevelt Court
Residents Association

The Staff at
Hastings Children's Library

Isabel Blackman Foundation



And ALL
the GROW members

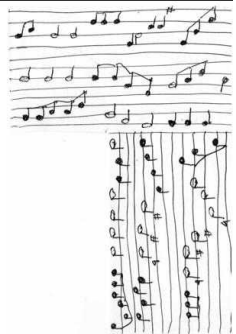


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REFLECTION

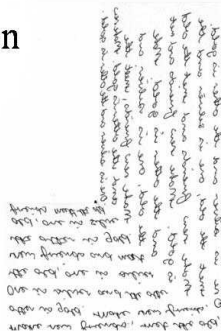
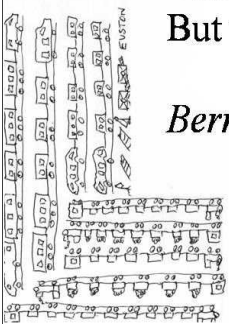
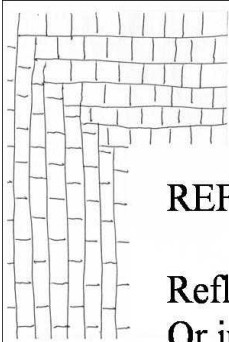
Reflection, is it an image
Or just what you think you see?
When I look into a mirror
I only see it's me.

Look into a puddle
The image, it's there too
But it's only a picture
Of someone, namely you.

The sun is rising or setting
The clouds can be gold or red
It happens night or morning
When you are lying in your bed

Looking back, across the years
At acceptance and rejection
Brings memories both good and bad
But they are from your own reflection

Bernard Weekes-Lock





'TILL THE END OF TIME'

There is a quote, “till the end of time.”

Is this not a paradox in the understanding as to the meaning of the word “time”?

‘Time’ surely means the continued process of existence. With past, present and future thought as a whole, can ‘time’ end?

Time is used or wasted. All entities in creation have an allotted portion of time to exist, maybe a few hours for a Mayfly; for a sun, hundreds of billions of years.

History is remembered in time.

Time is the rhythmic patterns of memory.



Margaret Rose Palmer



MY FUTURE IN MY PAST

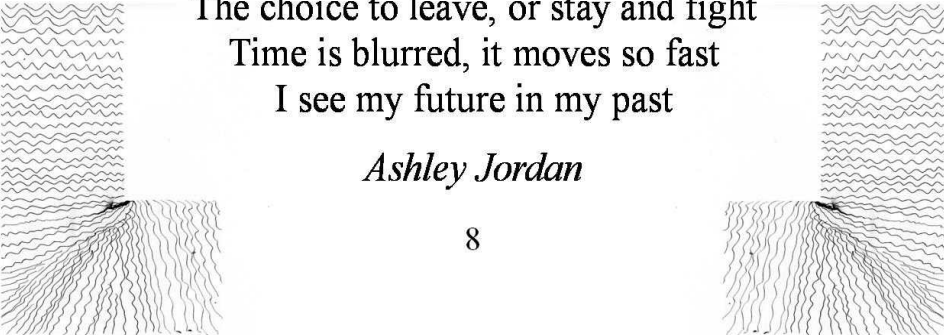
Time is blurred, it moves so fast
A child looks through this woman's eyes
I see my future in my past

Now is sharp as shattered glass
Reflects like a serrated knife
Time is blurred, it moves so fast

Lives performed, from task to task
Begin and finish, fail and try
I see my future in my past

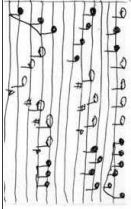
Carefully apply the mask
Risk all upon the camera's lie
Time is blurred it moves so fast

Hopes and dreams are unsurpassed
Caught in the scheming flow of night
I see my future in my past



A kept promise, a missed chance
The choice to leave, or stay and fight
Time is blurred, it moves so fast
I see my future in my past

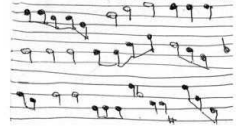
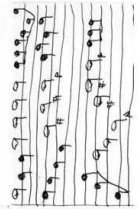
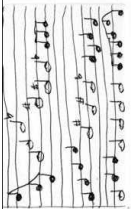
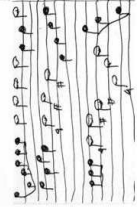
Ashley Jordan



I REFLECT FOR YOU

I met the world unbeknown to me
Until I began to learn
I sang my way through my heart
and began to learn to play
The musical notes they flowed through me
and began to help the world
hear my recorder sing a tune
and an audience learn to clap
I reflect right back to an imaginative world
Where music was my scene
The fire it sometimes was an orange world
That held the truth of me
I loved - and love music still
I could then only play a recorder
But in my time, I've played a guitar
Used my voice -
and heard beautiful instruments play
Violin, Cello, Ukeleli, Banjo, Harmonica
And heard true stories
of the dance world of life.
This I reflect for you, my family

Josie Lawson





MAN IN THE MIRROR

The man in the mirror has different faces
When he is to travel to new places
Because he has always been possessed
With a really certain kind of interest
It was the dream of being able to travel
Which would always leave him bedazzled
Was his Dream an actual sign?
We shall only find out in time

Ryan Powell

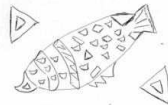
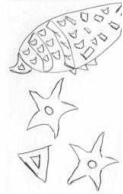




REFLEXION

We are trouts
jumping against
the stream,
toward the death,
toward the life.
I see you in me,
you see me in you.
We leap together,
we swim together
I am you,
you are me.

Marie Neumann






MIRROR, MIRROR

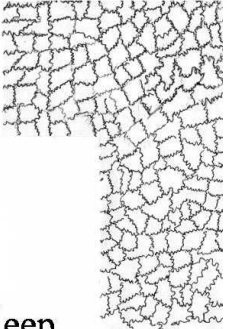
Reflections. Mirror, Mirror on the wall.
When I look into the mirror, what do I see?

I see the real me, not the person with the
mask I wear when I'm outside, meeting
friends and family.

I see inside myself when I look in the
mirror. I see my soul, my heart, my blood
pumping through my veins, warming me
inside. I see my organs working, my bones
moving and my blood cells blending
together to keep me healthy and alive.



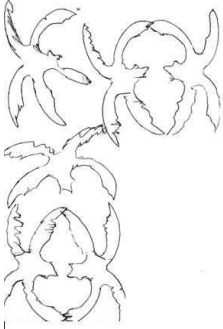
I feel the hurts, pain, laughter and
happiness when I go beyond my skin and
I see my heart beating, keeping my mind
alert, creative and alive.



When I stare into the mirror with my deep,
blue eyes, I see myself as God made
me. My clear skin, my vision, my hands to
feel, my ears to listen and my mouth to
speak words of wisdom.

I look in the mirror and feel fortunate that I
can see the real me, beyond what others see.
I feel the goodness in my soul, to share with
others on my life's journey. On that long
road, with ups and downs and twists and
turns, I wait patiently for the light to
illuminate my way.

Sue Rabbett

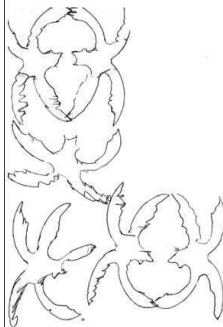


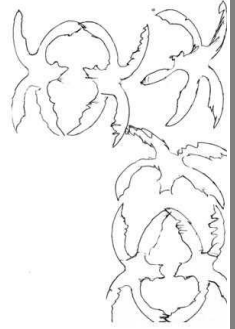
'IF...'

If you can recognize innocence
Where others see only design
If you can trust your inner voice
When all around you cast doubt
If you can accept purity
In spite of reason's fear...

Then you can learn to love Michael
Peter Pan WAS here...

If you can defend with calmness
Accepting hateful opinions
If you can persuade without judging
Close off your heart but not your ears
If you can share in happiness
Within a second of a tear...



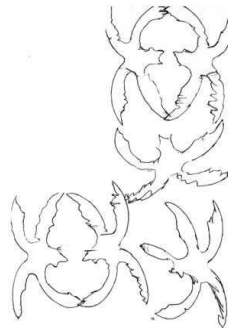


Then you can learn to love Michael
Peter Pan WAS here...

If you sense a lost childhood
See a man-boy on a quest
If you believe in fairy tales
Yet for justice will not rest
If you can love unequivocally
Wanting nothing in return

Then you have learnt to love Michael
And you are not alone.

Antony May





REFLECTIONS

Reflect on light
on a running stream,
As you watch,
the water running by,
you reflect on the past
and present times, gone by.
Good bad this may be,
Broken dreams,
relationships,
bereavement.
Success to achieve,
not reach your goals,
To fulfil your dreams,
Reflection on happy,
the positive.
What you can achieve,
make you happy ,
Try not to dwell on
the bad reflection .

Nick Crump

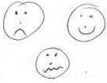
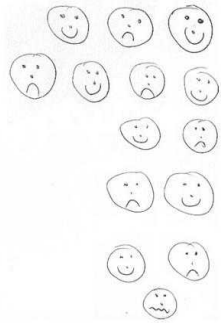
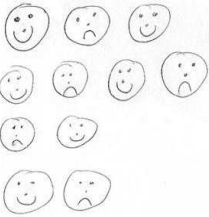


WHAT IF?

What if creation is
Mother Nature's little joke?
What if that meteor
had missed the earth?
What if the dinosaurs
had not flourished?
What if those apes
had stayed in the trees?
What if Darwin's genetics
had not been discovered?
What if the Big Bang
had been a damp squib?
What if Albert Einstein
had the intellect of Homer Simpson?

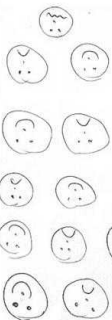
Maggie Palmer



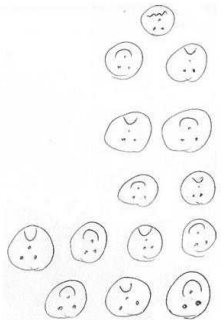


REFLECTION

As I look into the mirror
at my reflection
The change over the years
has gone,
I've aged
before knowing it,
Time has gone so fast
I did not realize
you see yourself young,
Look again and age
has caught up with you,
The mirror shadows
another you.



Jan Humphreys



THE MIRRORED DOOR

I sit alone, wrapped up in thought
Led around in endless circles
Like a fish that has been caught
In a trap designed for turtles

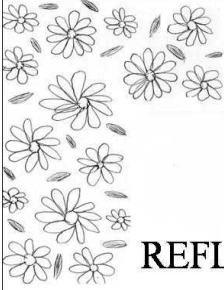
I know that this is not my place
I did not wake where I belong
This is not my time or space
These words are not my song

I can't remember where I've been
Or anything I may have done
What I've said or who I've seen,
Whether it was dull or fun

I just know I've been away
It was all quite different there
I lost the whole of yesterday
No-one here seems to care

I wonder if, while I am here
The others will miss me more
If I'll remember this - or fear
The closing of the mirrored door.

Ashley Jordan

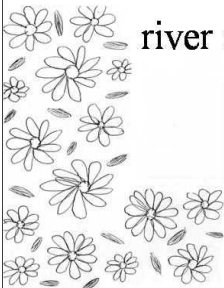


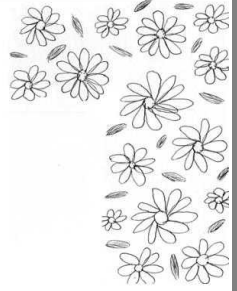
REFLECTIONS

What a wonderful word this is which has been used by many poets, artists and indeed, writers. It can stir your imagination as you sit there in contemplation over a thought or idea that has come into your mind.

Maybe someone has made you an Interesting offer that you have dismissed without a second thought. Then, after a while in your mind you decide on reflection to reconsider that offer.

It can also be used as an adjective when you see a reflection of someone or something in a mirror or on the surface of water, be it a river or a lake.

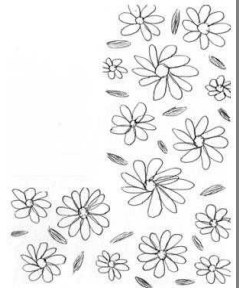




One of the best examples I can think of in regards to reflection, was when my Granddaughter was born. As we watched her grow and develop, to me she was an absolute reflection of my own daughter when she was born.

So now I think I had better rest my brain and head, go and lay down and back to sleep in my bed.

Frank Burnham





NEVER SAY NEVER

Reflection on my life
Enduring anxiety and pain
Fighting for improvement
Life is for living and loving
Energy and to be positive
Cautious to the winds
Time tells great stories
Intuition has to be worked on
Open up yourself to all
Never say never.

Jan Humphries



FACE TO FACE

I see love reflected in you,
I am the back of the mirror,
the black combined
with silver nitrate.

I am framed in life,
like its wooden surround,
the chain holds
me strong and firm,
upon the wall,
I could offer my reflection,
to all that look upon me!

Some say that reflections
become infinite when
mirrors are set face to face
Is this the path of love?
But I am the back of the mirror
waiting for you
to turn me around!

Stephen Taylor



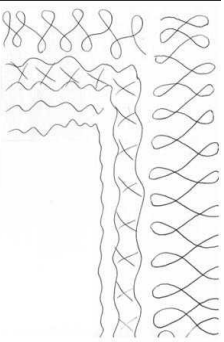
REWIND

Am I really here,
Sitting alone,
Quietly,
Being able to do as I please,
Without prevention?

It was so different
When I was young.
No-one told me
I could achieve anything

I remember those dark streets
The greyness of the time
Being resigned to what you had
Never wanting more;
Good or bad

I think back occasionally
Today everything has changed
There is more joy,
More hope,
Than I ever had.



It was not that long ago
When life was so different
If I could reverse time
Then they'd see how it was

It would have been nice
If only they had spoken quietly
Instead of yelling
So angrily at me.

Yes, I was a dreamer;
In fact, I still am.
I like it now,
No longer a child
Now a man

Robert Brandon





FIVE HAIKU

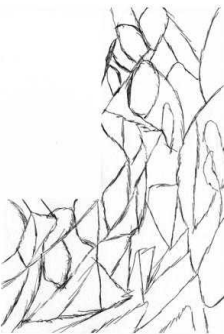

Angels watch concerned
The loved fight for survival
Nature's way guides all

Few elegant words
Uttered by a true prophet
Out came this Haiku

Winter's nights are dark
As seasons and weather change
It's starting to snow

Weather is changing
As seasons are passing by
The world is gleaming

Trees have been stripped down
Reservoirs have been frozen
This is winter's change



Ryan Powell



THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT

R eaching back through time

E valuating memories

F leeting thoughts

L and gently - the butterfly

E ffect - tiny wings that

C ause great changes

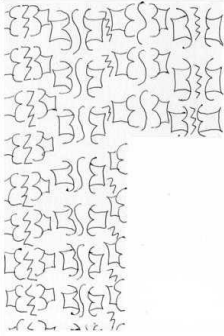
T hrough shifting concepts and

I nterpretations

O f what life really means

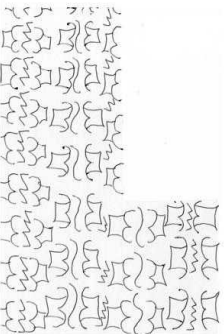
N ow it's about to end.

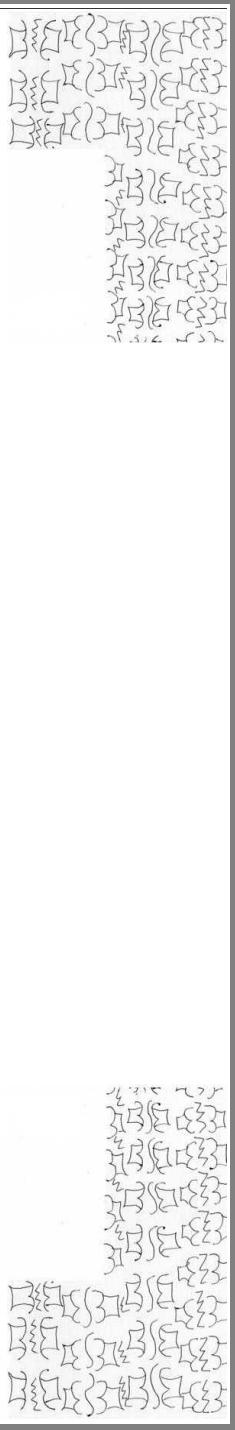
Ashley Jordan



KEYS ON THE HALL TABLE

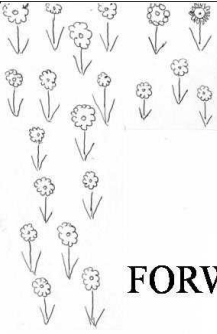
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Do you reflect the real me?
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Or is it I reflecting you?
Glass, silver painted
Whole and ornate
China doll; cracked,
In mind and body
Eyes that never close,
But do not see
Rivulets of red
Tracking my cheeks





A cosmetic face
Blue eyes smudged
Dashed with black
Painted; with,
False impressionism
Plumped up lips
Fresh from the fist.
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Hold a broken reflection
For this image is fading
The stronger woman
Is whole.

Jan Hedger



FORWARDLY LOOKING BACK

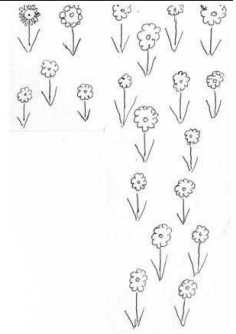
Whenever I looked behind me, I managed to bypass time. I tried walking backwards then found myself in a different century; but I did not recognize the period. It was like the planet I knew, and yet...it was not.

I realized that by remaining still for long periods, then changing direction I could change time. It was beginning to alarm me even though I was not entirely content in my present time.

I could not transport large possessions with me, only that I could carry.

My watch was freaking out as it relied on a satellite for its time-setting. Strangely, I could still make calls on my mobile phone yet nobody I knew answered.





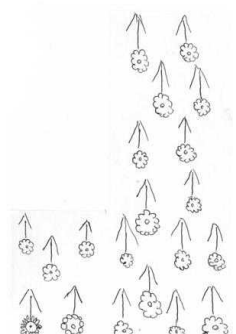
In the distance, I heard a familiar cry – it was that of a wildebeest snorting.

There must still be the Internet – I need to speak to someone. No; for there were no computers. There was no paper. There was no writing. There was no speech.

Communication was by a crude form of sign language. Here was a silent, lifeless society.

I am there, then; I wanted to be here, now. I rubbed my eyes, and looked up to see members of ‘GROW’ staring at me.

Robert Brandon



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REFLECTION

If I could feel my reflection I think it would feel wobbly. It would move different to me. It would feel flat and rather cold. It wouldn't speak back to me, it would just listen. It would move with me, but my left would be its right. If I showed my reflection some writing it would be all back to front.

A mirror does funny things. Does the mirror ever lie? Only when you look at yourself in a funfair wobbly mirror, but then you just look funny. It does not reflect real life.

Sometimes it might be better that way.

Debbie Feltz

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REPATRIATION

Six shoulders bare the coffins' weight
Twelve hands connect with natural wood
Sixty fingers curl round tight.

Six heads carry a sense of disbelief
Twelve eyes keep front with tears subdued
Reflective without rhyme.

Six saddened hearts share a family's grief
Twelve feet step with a measured tread
Sixty toes clench in time.

Six hands are ordered for an equal salute
Twelve ears deafened as the engines fed
Rising to cruising height.

Six soldiers stand down at ease
Twelve eyes allow a tears release
Sixty fingers, pray for peace.



Jan Hedger

REFLECTION

I reflect on past experiences on mental hospitals and schooling and my brother dying of cancer. My niece is quite mentally ill over it. I used to get depressed and suicidal. I was in several care homes. I reflect on the suffering of the world mentally ill people with Alzheimer's people who don't go out, bedridden. I reflect on crime, the reason for it. I reflect on abuse of animals and children, old people, wars, illness and hospital life. I reflect on my lucky side of life, reflect why I haven't married, getting the wrong job, getting the sack, of my good parents, the seasons, people criticising. Reflect on being sensitive. I reflect on kindness of people. I reflect on children's behaviour I thank God for what I've got. Reflect on heartbreak of young people. I reflect on my feelings.

Sue Horncastle

RETHINK EVERYTHING

Rethink

Everything

Feel

Live

Evaluate

Collect

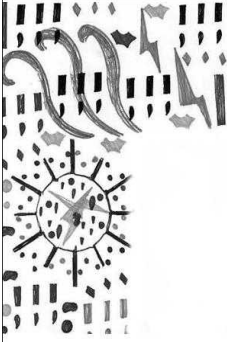
Treasure

Inform

Outline

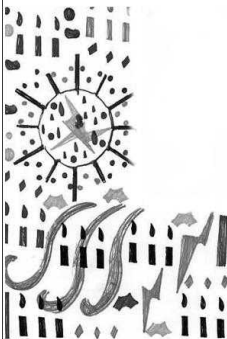
Neutrality

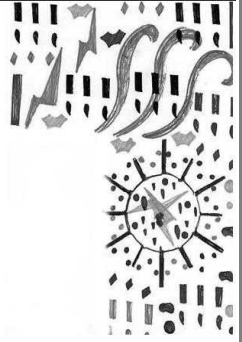
Antony May



FLOWING FOR ALL

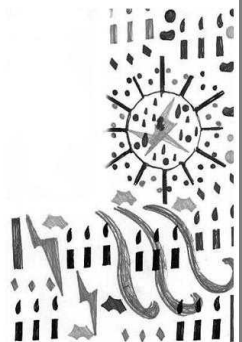
Arising from grandiose mountains, the
Babbling brook begins its tremulous way
Cascading over smooth, rounded pebbles
Down the steep ravine in a clear ribbon
Encapsulating the picture book scene
Foraging its way, deep below ground
Gushing into the open with renewed joy
Hop, hopping over lichen covered rocks
Into a winding, widening, crystal stream
Juicily nurturing the burgeoning plants
Kicking its heels over tripping rapids
Landing safe to continue its journey
Meandering through spreading plains





No time to rest in its friend, the lake
Onward to join its lover, becoming one
Paddling feet teasing in dappled shallows
Quenching, deepening and broadening; the
River marches on, towards its ultimate goal
Swishing, swashing, lapping its guiding banks
Trout slithering from tickling, trailing fingers
Under bridges, around bends, a medley of
Vessels cut through the reflection of glass
Washing its way with true majesty; spreading
Xxx in the air as it bursts from the estuary, into
Yonder sea, brimming over with success, and
Zeal as it dances in harmony with the waves

Jan Hedger





GROW REFLECTIONS

Relating to other people

Experiencing new ideas

Facing new ways of looking at life

Learning new skills, laptops, computers etc.

Excelling and exploring your minds

Companionship

Testing your abilities

Involving yourself in different subjects

Open mindedness - listen to other people

Never forgetting who your friends are

Staying with the course and supporting your group

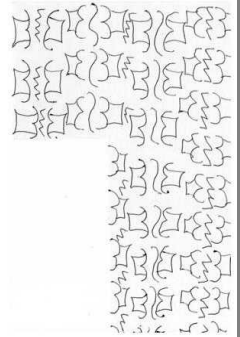
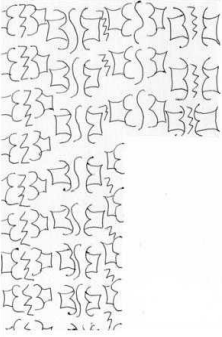
Frank Burnham



ACROSTICITY

Rays
Emanating
From
Lights
Echo-in
Candescently
Through
Illuminations
Of
Night

Robert Brandon

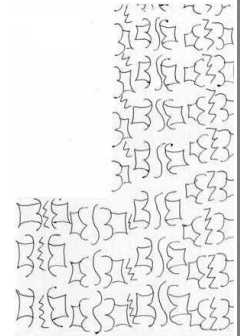
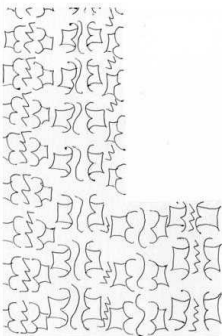


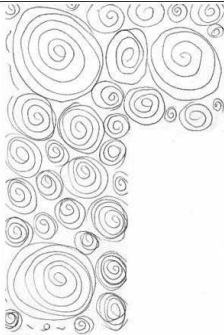
REFLECTION

Our life is like a reflection
You look through a mirror
and you can see your life going by.

You look at your children through reflection
and you see the reflection of yourself
go by.

Maria Gethin





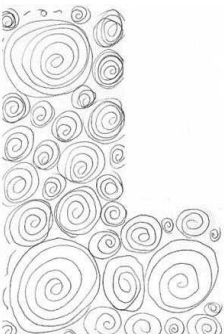
CASTLE IN THE CLOUDS

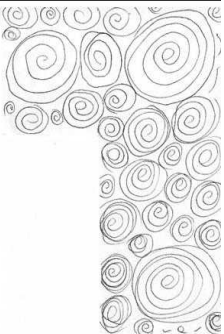
See my misty castles
Drifting through the air
Towers, turrets, drawbridge
And a winding stair

'Tis a strange and lovely place
Never completely still
Now it's on a great, wide plain
And now atop a hill

See the swirling moat of clouds
To keep the foe at bay
Its true purpose is to hold
Our sordid world away

Close your eyes and come with me
Don't worry, you won't fall
You need your inner vision
To see anything at all





Now we're in the ballroom
A fairy-tale come true
Lit by a thousand candles
With flames of every hue

Glistening diamonds fill the hall
Floating just like bubbles
Reflections of enchantment
Banish all your troubles

It's in a soft and dreamlike state
You'll find the people here
With no cares or worries
No harsh words or hate or fear

But now alas, it's time to go
Reluctantly I leave
The magic kingdom of the clouds
My castle fantasy

Ashley Jordan





REFLECTIONS

The reflections through my eyes
I see the moon across the sea
And the reflections on the water
Ripple on the waves
Right across the sea

Maria Gethin



KNIGHT TO BLACK NIGHT

Resolute in hardened steel of armour
Ended lives with a slice of his sword
Fought with valour, fought with pride
Learnt to hate the crusading invasion
Erstwhile gone, in a warriors time
Cried like a babe at what he'd done
Turned his back on the Bloody Battle
Coward they labelled him, unfairly so
Ejected soul in the shell of a man
Lying in the mercy of Flanders mud
Frozen in fear in a shattered body
Extinction at dawn, no sharing of bread
Resigned in Khaki, to the fate of death.

Jan Hedger






I'M BACK

I'm just so retrograde
I un-dig the garden with my spade
When I put my cash-card in
I enter the wrong pin.

“Gimme back my card”, I shouted out
But if I expected an answer, there was nowt.
I searched for a JCB
For then I'd have my card and money.

Full wheelie-bins are delivered to my door
It seems the landfillcan't take any more
The paperboy collects papers from my house
Then delivers them to someone else.

I'm naked, when I should be dressed
It's so embarrassing, when I wanna look my best
I want to buy stuff in the middle of the night
Hanging around shop-doorways,
I give clubbers a fright.

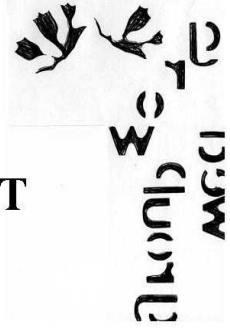
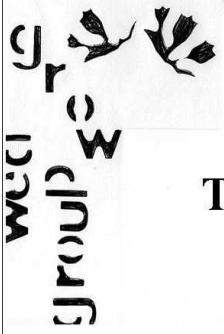


Someone has put me in reverse
Do you not think, how perverse
I want to go forwards, henceforth
I've had the past, for what it's worth.

I clicked 'go forward' twice
But got stuck in neutral – not nice.
“Ok, I'll stop here”, thought I
Unable to move, but why?

So, this is not the last verse
But of course, the first
And all that you have into bitten
Has not yet been written.

Robert Brandon



TO LEARN MORE ABOUT

Grass Roots Open Writers

Please visit our website

www.grow.btck.co.uk

Or come along to one of our workshops.

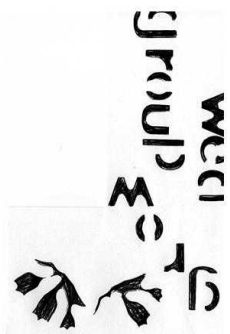
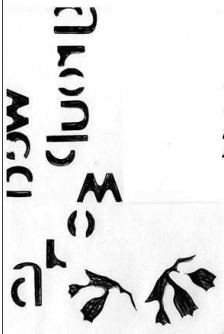
GROW meets every Tuesday morning
in the Hastings Children's Library

10am - 12 Noon.

(except school holidays)

DVD Contents

1. Reflection (Creative Writing)
2. Rewind (Short Film)





Grass Roots Open Writers

2010