

Cosmic



Grass Roots Open Writers

'COSMIC'

A Collection of
Creative Writing
and Artwork by

Grass
Roots
Open
Writers

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In Loving Memory of Frank Burnham

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What is the Time?

Waking up the other morning, I put my radio on, listening for the time. I also glanced at my watch on the bedside cabinet. I then became aware of how important time is to all of us.

We must take notice of our body-clocks, which tell us when we are tired and need to sleep. It also reminds us when we are hungry and thirsty.

Right from the beginning it takes nine months to be born. Even then, nature decides on our arrival time. It's true some women have designer babies, but you still cannot order a delivery time.

There is a time when we become teenagers and then adults. Then we have a period when we have to choose where we are going in life.

Most of us spend a period of time in hospitals. Unfortunately, for some of us we go through a bereavement time. But then again we have a wonderful time watching our children growing up.

Then we advance into our twilight years having progressed through a lifetime of experiences. Sadly we cannot stop. The Grim Reaper has no respect for anyone, or any time.

So while we can, try to remember to give time to other people who will have time for you. After all sharing your lifetime is what it's all about. Smile and be happy.

Frank Burnham

Spring

The sun shines like fire
burning coals.
The Horses dancing
in a field of bladed grass.
Flowers blooming
in colours of jewels of gold.
The trees spreading their trunks
touching the sky.
Leaves colours and shades of nature.
Bees racing from flower to flower
collecting pollen.
Ants scurrying making their home.
Cows grazing in the meadows.
Clouds drifting across the sky
like bunches of cotton wool.

Nick Crump

Flight of Two Worlds

Freedom thus unfurled
In flight of outstretched pinions
Trapped in earthly sky
Till only death delivers,
The key that opens heaven.

Jan Hedger

Cosmic

The sun peeps from behind the white clouds, casting shadows over the ocean.

Evening darkness creeps across the deserted beach. The water surges forth, dragging the vibrating pebbles down onto the smooth sands.

The velvet night hangs above like a curtain waiting to be drawn.

Waiting patiently to greet the shimmering stars,
A trillion, million atoms illuminate the sheer darkness.
And in the far distance in all her glory, waiting to take centre stage,
She bursts forth, setting the world aglow.

Sue Rabbett

Velvet Sky

A back velvet sky

Above me

Holding secrets and dreams

A black velvet sky

Above me

A space so deep and dense

A black velvet sky

Above me

Secret stars shining their love

A black velvet sky

Above me

A world of heaven within

Sue Rabbett

The Universe

I would like to discuss something about the universe.

My Heavenly Father is in the Heaven. He wants us to get to know Him and about His creation. When He just made this world he looked back and said it was good, but mankind has spoilt it.

The world has been made up of all kinds of things, people and animals. Since then the Earth has been refurbished. It has all sorts of things going on.

When you think about it, you never heard of one going to the moon. Now people want to go there. The next thing people have spoilt this lovely world my Heavenly Father has created.

In time we will all see our Heavenly Father appear in the sky and He will bring all his Angels with him. He will come and separate the good from the bad. I would like to say to everyone please give your heart to the Lord, accept him as our Heavenly Father who died for each and every one of us.

Marion Alleyne

The Sun, Moon and Stars

Space is full of planets
Universe is never ending
Nobody has ever been to Mars

Moon is near to the stars
Over the moon is the dark side
On a star I would love to ride
Neptune is one of the nine planets

Sun helps nature to grow
The sun shines at noon
Astronauts walk on the moon
Rotating around the sun we all go
Stars shine bright at night

Talia Butchers

Cosmic

The sky at night, all the stars flickering. Shine of light in the dark, how beautiful they are. So peaceful, floating around the sky. So beautiful as they shine.

Sometimes you see a shooting star and it is very unusual. I think a shooting star is a wishing star for you to wish for something nice to happen. I am not sure if it is, I don't know but it's a very nice thing to see because you can't see it very often.

It's so beautiful at night and even though it is the night time it is so bright and blue with the stars. I love it as the night is so calming with the stars glistening away.

Maria Gethin

Starshine

The embrace of the night time hours,
Reflecting silver light, upon rainy puddles,
Above us light.

A golden sunset awaits
In this meantime, in our time,
Let's enjoy
The star shine

Stephen Taylor

Blue Moon

An arc of scarlet lace
Peeps over the horizon
Sitting on the beach
We cheer and applaud
Encouraged, she rises
To take triumphant
Possession of the sky
Flushed crimson.
As her confidence
Grows, she fades
To dusky rose,
Then apricot
And finally pale yellow
With just a hint of peach.
We start to beat our drums
And someone plays guitar
While we take it in turns to sing
And the moon reaches down to us
Her arm stretching across the sea,
And caressing us, bathing us
In her mother-light of love
Peace and understanding
The conversation flows
Oiled by Sangria and Baileys
And the constellations
Are reflected in the inky sea
That swells in response
To her stately lunar glide
Along the celestial route

Ashley Jordan

Cosmic Theme

Wishing on a falling star
My mind wanders to question how far
How far away is bright shimmering light
Millions of miles, yet I can see it burning so bright
I wonder if anyone out there heard my wish
Sorry I know I'm being quite childish
Watching the star fly across the night's dark sky
I would love to touch it, love to climb that high
Another one now, shooting through outer space
It's almost as though they are having a race
Looking up at the dark night's sky
I wish upon a falling star I could fly
To be amongst the stars, to touch, to feel
Just to see if they're really real
I long for a star of my very own
To treasure forever, like a precious gem stone

Elizabeth Jury

Joy

Jumping gleefully
Over the moon, through the stars
Yearning to be seen

Mark Crittenden

The Vision of God

Glow-worms of light in celestial fascination
Sprinkle the night sky in crystal illumination
Thrown by his hand, they suspend as they fall
As glass chandeliers in God's grand entrance hall

Open the door of your heart to God
Know his light in the colour of his eyes
Open the gate of your soul to God
Know his love in the seeing of your eyes

Planets of mystery and intense fascination
Only earth as we know it, from the time of creation
With a spreading hand he gave light to our world
And into black space white diamonds he hurled

Open the door of your heart to God
Know his light in the colour of his eyes
Open the gate of your soul to God
Know his love in the seeing of your eyes

He spears a leaden sky with lightening
His brilliance shines as fire in the sun
He sent forth a rainbow in softest shades
His spirit through Jesus is totally enlightening

Open the door of your heart to God
Know his light in the colour of his eyes
Open the gate of your soul to God
Know his love in the seeing of your eyes
Know his love through the whole of your being
Pour out your oil and anoint him with praise

Jan Hedger

Sun, moon and stars

Oh I love the sun, the summer days playing on the beach with the kids, and picnics. Any sign of sunshine and we are out worshipping it. Water gets splashed over everyone, especially when kids are about. When the summer's over, we are always looking out for any glimpse of the sun trying to pop out even when it's cold.

As the sun goes down and the days turn into night, the moon takes the place of the sun in lighting up the night-time sky. Sometimes the moon is full and round and can look huge. It also can look like a thumb nail or crescent shaped.

When you're driving in the car at night and the moon is out, it looks like it is following you on your journey. Then it disappears behind a hedge or building, only to pop out at a later time.

Dotted about in the night time sky are tiny little twinkling stars. They are supposed to form shapes and patterns of zodiac signs but I can never make them out, even if they are pointed out to me. Stars are huge planets.

Sometimes when an aeroplane flies overhead its lights look like twinkling, moving stars. You can get an eclipse of the moon and sun but never an eclipse of the stars. I wonder why.

Debbie Feltz

Cosmos

Channel close-down.
Inside my living room I'm trapped by illness.
The dark matter of the TV crackles.
Too tired to move, falling into sleep
I slide between matter and anti-matter,
Wind my way through wormholes
To the swirling edge of the galaxy,
Embark my spaceship – stars trailing
In the wake of the solar wind.
I sail the Milky Way, dazzled by light.
Mystic voyager.
But background radiation hums
Jerks me light years back
Through the black hole that's reality.
This parallel universe limits the event horizon
Of my days,
Shackles me to my earthbound ways.

Debbie Beecher

'The Sun, The Moon & The Stars'

Do I want to shine as brightly as the sun? Shed light upon the darkness like the moon or stand out, twinkle and sparkle (however briefly) like a star? Life poses us all that question and aside from destiny, if that is the natural order of things, we are masters of our own direction.

If you choose to be the sun you take on a selfless role. The sun is a provider of light, of energy and of warmth to the earth. It is, by definition, a giver and to be the sun can be tiring and draining. Suns have to continue burning in even the darkest times of crisis. Suns have to maintain their brilliance, assert their dominance over all and reinforce, in those who rely on their warmth, the belief that they retain their strength.

To be a moon you also need to be selfless. The moon is the Night Porter of the hotel that is life. In the uncertainty of night, it provides the sole beacon of light with which it is safe to see your way. Demons lurk in the shadows, evil skulks undetected in the darkness and chaos would reign supreme during the dark hours without the moon, for the earth would be without its protector.

The moon serves also to remind us of time and its passing. It helps us to focus in on goals and on why urgency in action is important for us to achieve those goals. By altering the shape of its appearance in the night sky, throughout the year, the moon helps us to cope with the harshness of change and provides us with a light of hope that allows us to cope with this.

Those which choose to be a star are the most needy people of all. For to be a star one must shine brilliantly,

stand out from the crowd, be innovative and creative. Stars are singular individuals – they are mostly self sufficient, self-indulgent and often self-centred. While they love to entertain and delight us, they are driven by ego and have a real need to be accepted and recognized for what they are.

One of the saddest things in life is to witness the death of a star. For, when taken from the limelight for too long, stars fade. The harder and more determined they become to burn brightly once more, the greater the risk becomes that they shall burn themselves out completely. Even sadder are the stars which implode upon themselves. Unable to cope with being ignored, such a spectacular end is their only means of returning themselves into our consciousness.

Though such tactics often work, by then it is too late for that star to witness how loved and celebrated they still were. Ego comes at a price and fallen stars are likely to pay the ultimate price for their return to the spotlight. One thing is certain, however, and that is that whether we are a sun, a moon or a star we all need each other in order to survive and be happy.

We are all of us useful and, selfless or selfish, we all contribute something to the universal residue that we know as the essence of life.

There is no space in space – just suns, moons and stars.

Antony May

Silent Storm

Wind like storm cold through my bones
Hammered its way through the leaves
No sun about
No sunglasses needed today
Sounds through hearing aids
Rattle like drums
Leading its way through canals
The trees they shake
Leaving stars in my eyes
Headache like when fire alarms shout
The wind is silent now
The trees they still sway
The sky up above is like grey mist paint
Paving its picture for all and sundry
I wondered quietly this waking day
Cold, before seeing the wind swept trees
I drank my coffee on this next day
Breathed my sigh - and started the day

Josie Lawson ©12.5.09

SHOOTING STARS AND ICECREAM

At GROW we were asked to write about the universe. It felt a bit daunting – what did I know about anything, let alone the universe?

I remembered the Mnemonic that was drummed into us at school to help us remember the nine planets of our solar system. My Very Early Made Jam Sandwiches Upset Nauseous People. Not bad after 65 years, I thought.

After research I found I had written four pages of my exercise book. I had written about almost everything in the Universe. Reading over that which was written I came to the conclusion that it was the most boring, high-blown and dry lecture, so it went down the chute.

A few nights later I could not get to sleep. So I did my usual and gave myself a bowl of ice cream. Standing by my glass balcony door I looked out at the starlit night sky. It was about 2.30am. Ice cream tastes better in the early am. Then I saw shooting stars, which put me in my mind of UFOs.

Every human who can read knows UFOs and has listened to comments about the people's beliefs that the travellers in the UFOs are far superior to humans.

My mind cogitated about this super intelligence and got to wondering if this was the case what did the star travellers want with nine planets, eight of which are useless to life.

If the UFOs tried to land on any of those eight, what would happen? The eight were ready to incinerate, freeze

dry, asphyxiate, poison and blow the UFO to pieces. Would this, I ask myself, be the action of ultra intelligence? I carried on watching the shooting stars and enjoying my ice cream.

Maggie Palmer

The Key

I sought the key to the Universe, but it was denied me. I pleaded

“I really want to know more, please trust me.” I was told

“The key is only given to believers.”

“But how can I believe what I do not know?” I protested. Clearly all my negativity about the Universe was contributing to my inability to gain access. I sat in despair at the gate to the Universe. A kindly soul came up to me, and offered

“Come, I will show you the way.”

“Have you a key?” I asked. They smiled

“The key to the universe is within you.”

Robert Brandon

Freedom in my mind

Meditation to me I gather so much with shutting off from the real world. Calmness peacefulness tranquillity I shut my eyes the soft sound of the music brings joy and happiness I picture myself floating above to the wonders of trickling water soft clouds above taking me into another place of harmony, I lose all my frustrations and I fill myself with good and wonderful times floating with me.

A Black Knight on a horse which watches over me the endless energies around my body fade into a heaven of highness trees waterfalls so quiet as the music slows my body is so peaceful relaxed and makes things that every one of us should have peace of mind a world of joy laughter and of course kindness to all mankind - The world is such a lovely place but the humans have taken all this away from our precious time on Earth

Janet Humphreys

Cosmic

Circling, orbiting in

Open space, travelling at the speed of light

Sun, moon, stars, planets orbiting together in the

Milky way

Interconnected in time and space its

Cosmic

Elizabeth Jury

In all my Night and Day

Bring me sunset in a cup *
That I may drink its pleasure
Taste its sweetness and its fire
And know a love beyond measure

of poppies flocked in golden wheat
In the dying blood of the sun
Bringing me consolation

Bring me the moon on a saucer
That I may lap its treasure
Taste its milky-white delight
And know a love beyond measure

of jasmine entwined in a leafy arbour
Scented 'moonlight of the grove'
Bringing me amiability

Bring me dawn on a silver platter
That I can swallow deep its pleasure
Taste its honey-coloured glow
And know a love beyond measure

of daises in a dew-drenched meadow
Unfurling their petals in burgeoning light
Bringing me 'my eye of the day'

Bring me the sun in a china bowl
That I can sip its promising treasure
Taste its orange-scented heat

And know a love beyond measure
of a single Gerbera on a solitary stem
Corolla of radiant vermilion
Bringing me warmth and happiness

Then let me pour them freely
Into all my night and day
And speak the language of flowers
To know a love beyond all measure

Jan Hedger

** First line taken from an Emily Dickinson poem*

The Sun, the Moon and the Stars

I love the sun and I love the moon. But the moon is the most important. I lie at night and let the light just flow over me. Oh I love the moon.
I can't look at the sun direct but I can watch the moon for hours. I don't like darkness or having the curtains drawn. I love all forms of light.

Marion Alleyne

Time

Turbulent emotions
Boil under a tranquil sky
A solitary star blazes
Giving hope to the lost
A safe pathway home
Strange times indeed
Gates opening to the unknown
Secret dimensions
Realms of darkness
We live in fear

Ashley Jordan

Time of words

I woke up in fear,
The clock showed the time,
There was a glimmer of hope,
But a very strange feel,
The secret was out,
Of my turbulent past,
I could see the stars shining,
Just past the gate,
The path led the way,
But I still felt lost.

Debbie Feltz

Time

Did time begin with the 'Big Bang' or when "Let there be light" was said, from a greater distance back in time?

Is time as ancient as the cosmos? I can but ask questions as my education has been sparse. In the world as we know it, its process is physics (the interaction of matter and energy.)

Where is the position of time?

As time is not a vapour, a liquid, a solid, poison, air or gas. Also time is not used by our senses, we cannot see, taste, hear, smell or touch time.

So in which pigeon hole do we place time?

Using our mind's eye we can mind travel, we allow ourselves to be whoever and whatever we wish to be in, as past, present or forward into the unknown.

Time is where we exist, this nano-second, then time moves on to the next nano-second ad infinitum.

Time cannot move back, only in our mind is this possible. When I ponder time, say in a brown study, my mind often turns to the prayer that ends "As it was in the beginning, it now and forever shall be." That sums up time for me.

These few words make sense about time for my intellect.

Maggie Palmer

TIME

Time stands still when I'm thinking,
Thinking about the fear that awaits me?
It's strange how I see so many paths
criss-crossed in my mind.
Like stars in a dark turbulent night,
I'm lost in a world of unknown secrets.
Longing to escape to another place,
Waiting, standing silently,
plagued by my thoughts,
Where hope doesn't exist,
Where voices don't visit,
A stone gate remains locked forever.

Sue Rabbett

New Moon

Foetal moon
Secure in the womb
Of mother sky
Nurtured by the glamour
Of expectant stars
Proudly waiting
Seductive and sultry
Indigo promise

Ashley Jordan

Journey

Last night I went a long, long way
Lived a lifetime in a single day
Moved in, moved over, on and out
I wonder what that was all about?
The stars streaked past, thin lines of light
A sparkling tube both straight and bright
No matter how I spun and turned
The path ahead most brightly burned
I took a step, and then one more
But how could I be really sure
The path I trod was right to take?
It might all be a big mistake
A voice whispered in my mind
“What you seek is what you find
And where you go is where you are
You have already travelled far
You are just where you're meant to be
You've seen all that you had to see
And heard all that you had to hear
There's nothing left for you to fear
But now you have to make a choice.”
“What should I do?” I asked the voice
“Stay here, return or forward go
It's all the same, you'll learn and grow”
“I'll learn and grow, I'll learn and grow”
It echoes in my mind, just so
Last night I went a long, long way
Lived a lifetime in a single day

Ashley Jordan

The Little Android Boy

Moulded from the blueprint of
Mother Nature's spawn
Human in symmetrical form
Unemotional blue eyes embedded
Within a facial flesh like Substance
The straightened earthy coloured
Hair doth ceased to grow
Stripped of a naming identity
A motherhood deprived
Devoid of an inward scar, the
Non-existent bodily cord
Where feeding lifeblood never flowed
An artificial life without a past
The creeping teenage years that
Never dawn
An age of innocence everlasting

Mark Crittenden

The Cloud-Dweller

I was still getting used to my new state; and yet, I was having a seemingly ordinary conversation with someone the same as me. I wondered how long I would be with him on the cloud. I was being prepared for the next part of my journey.

Even now, I find our conversation remarkable so I shall recount it to you.

“How long will I be here?” I asked.

“Soon, you will be ready.”

“Ready for what?”

“The next part of your journey. You know you will not be returning to Earth, excepting when you will be required to.”

I realized my time on Earth was over, but who would require me to return? Just by asking that question, the answer came. I thought of others who had returned just to be with me. I confided in my new-found friend.

“When I quoted Jesus saying ‘In my Father’s house there are many mansions’ and then gave my explanation my church mocked me.”

“I know.”

”But how? Oh yes! Now I begin to understand.”

“Yes I think you are nearly ready now.”

“What is it like where I am going?”

“It is a beautiful place, where peace and harmony reign. Remember, you chose to return to Earth last time.”

”Yes, I was told that by a great teacher.”

“When she told you that, you said you had changed your mind.” I smiled at my foolishness.

“I’m glad I stayed – I achieved everything, and more of all I wanted to do. This time I got it right.” My friend replied,

“It took you a long time, but you did get it right. Do you miss your body?”

“No, not really. It will be strange not needing to eat or drink, but I’m sure I will adapt.”

“Oh yes, you will adapt. See, your transport has arrived.” In amazement. I looked up to the heavens.

“A spaceship?”

“You are not quite ready to travel on your own, you need help.”

”Where is it from?”

“Your new planet.”

“Are they....like us?”

“Yes, you need not be afraid; sorry, I forgot – you haven’t been afraid for years.”

“I am not afraid now. Tell me, how many more journeys will I have to make?”

“In your Father’s house.....”

Robert Brandon

Flying

You want me to fly.
I am already flying.
Upside down, sideways
and loosing myself
in the deep of the sky.
So dizzy
I do not recognize,
where is the ground.
I am flying, flying
farther from reality,
crashing to the ground
with all bones unbroken.
It was only my mind
swollen like a big balloon
landing in the parking lot
and bouncing
on the sidewalk.
A tune about loneliness,
about solitude,
about unwritten song,
about flying,
is ringing in my ears
without words.

Marie Neumann

The Seaside

I love living by the seaside. Standing on the beach staring out into forever while listening to the ebb and flow of lapping waves and whistling shingle makes me feel as free as the gulls flying above my head...

The sea often mirrors my moods. Listless and shimmering on a hot summers day it is as I basking in the sun skin aglow with perspiration.

Little can be seen peering into the black abyss at night. Yet standing on the shoreline I know my companion is there with me. Constant yet silent it becomes my link with loved ones now passed, who, though masked now from my vision, shadow my every move lighting my path safely as does the moonlight.

The seaside, just these words connect in my mind thoughts of holidays, sunshine and fun! Even when it is grey overhead raining and the ocean is colourless I am full of thoughts of how when summer returns this blank canvass shall once again be used to paint the hopes and dreams of thousands of locals and visitors alike.

Yes, I love living by the seaside.

Antony May

'Til the End of Time

'Til the end of time
We tried to understand the motion
If wasted cannot be reclaimed

Time is habitually punctual when we are called
To hand on our allotted portion
'Til the end of time

Time is primordial, pre-ordained
She along the way invented evolution
So species could be established

When life has been completed
And no-one receives any addition
Every mini-second has been allotted

Time has a secret secreted
To be revealed with the Universe's extinction
'Til the end of time

The judgement cannot be faulted
God's law is perfection
Time is a secret secreted
'Til the end of time

Maggie Palmer

Ode to Dolly

I am a black and tan collie
And they call me Dolly
I'm advanced in years
And not too steady on my feet
My hearing is failing as well
But my vet tells me
I have a shining coat
And a wet nose

I'm not a sad old gal
Because I'm a mascot
To all GROW members and friends
A friendly welcome from me
You can depend
As I flash my long-haired tail
With my bright brown eyes
And a smile
I cannot fail to please

After people have patted
And hugged me
I am at peace
So I lay down at their feet
And go to sleep

Frank Burnham

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