

**Guild Choices for Poetry
Over 14 on 29th Feb 2012**

This is Wendy Cope's view of 'Reading Poetry in a Train' in a sonnet from her book, "Making Cocoa for Kingsley Amis".

Indeed 'tis true. I travel here and there
On British rail a lot. I've often said
That if you haven't got the first-class fare
You really need a book of verse instead.
Then, should you find that all the seats are taken,
Brandish your Edward Thomas, Yeats or Pound,
Your fellow-passengers, severely shaken,
Will almost all be loath to stick around.
Recent research in railway sociology
Shows it's best to read the stuff aloud:
A few choice bits from Motion's new anthology
And you'll be lonelier than any cloud.
This stratagem's a godsend to recluses
And demonstrates that poetry had its uses.

When I Read Shakespeare by D H Lawrence

When I read Shakespeare I am struck with wonder
That such trivial people should muse and thunder
In such lovely language.

Lear, the old buffer, you wonder his daughters
Didn't treat him rougher,
The old chough, the old chuffer!

And Hamlet, how boring, how boring to live with,
So mean and self-conscious, blowing and snoring
His wonderful speeches, full of other folks' whoring!

And Macbeth and his Lady, who should have been
choring,
Such suburban ambition, so messily goring
Old Duncan with daggers!

How boring, how small Shakespeare's people are!
Yet the language so lovely! Like the dyes from gas-tar.

Sonnet 130 by William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go –
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

**Guild choices for Poetry
Under 14 on 29th February 2012**

THE CENTIPEDE by Edith King

I've often watched you, centipede,
And I can't think however
You manage those long rows of feet –
You must be very clever.

You seem to do it all so pat,
Without a slip or jumble;
If I could play my scales like that
Mamma would never grumble.

Compared with you I feel a dunce,
But then, or course, it may be
You did not learn it all at once
When you were but a baby,

So I may hope, dear centipede,
That there's a good day coming,
When I shall play long runs with speed
Instead of slowly strumming.

ANON by J Norbury

In sing-song rhythm,
Sweet and easy rhyme,
The nameless poets
Span the gorge of Time.
Why is it that,
With Laureates' work long gone,
The poems written by 'Anon'
Live on?

Take, then, some comfort,
Poets unrenowned;
Obscurity could prove
Most fertile ground.
Though fickle Fame
Might spurn all you have done,
Posterity may honour you –
Anon.

**ELETELEPHONY
by Laura E Richards**

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephunt—
No! no! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone—
(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)
Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee—
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!)