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# A FEW POEMS

BY

# FRANCES COPSEY

Frances Blodwell née Copsey died last month. Her website  
[www.msplus.pwp.blueyonder.co.uk](http://www.msplus.pwp.blueyonder.co.uk)  
has more of her poems and tells how she came to be writing them  
more than a year after the onset of multiple sclerosis.

In the New Year  
we hope to publish a not-for-sale collection  
of her poems and prayers.

*Advent Adventure*

Adventure is scary and exciting,  
A journey into the unknown.  
What dangers, what discoveries await us  
Wrapped in the folds of the future  
We do not know.  
This Advent adventure is different.  
Something comes towards us  
Through the darkness;  
Our candles are tokens  
That what draws near  
Is unimaginable light.

*God—whatever the word means*

*Not A Good Day*

I know you are angry,  
Says God. Your silence screams.  
So get real,  
Be your hidden self with me,  
The one that is not  
Nice, not nice at all. Don't be embarrassed,  
Bawl if you want to.  
Rage.  
Sulk.  
Kick and pout like a child,  
I like children. Yes,  
Poo, tantrums and all, since you ask  
So when someone says "Let us pray . . ."  
Knot your arms and mutter  
"Shan't!"  
If it helps,  
It's where you are just now,  
And where you are is  
Exactly where I want to be, too.  
With you.

*Hard Times*

(i)

*The Answer*

The answer to the impossible question  
“How are you?”  
Is “Not so bad, thanks.”  
Thus you avoid negativity, duplicity,  
And above all the truth . . .

(ii)

*Life is a Gift*

Life is a gift  
But  
(there’s always a but)  
Sometimes it feels like  
Falling into a combine harvester  
And then  
I want to give it back.

*For Eileen*

Life is not easy, so be gentle with yourself  
And with all living creatures  
Who also bear the burden of being, sometimes  
    brilliantly.  
Think of the joyous leap of dolphins  
Smiling at gravity, celebrating the sacred in play,  
If they are not trapped in inescapable nets—  
And if they are, why, they struggle and thrash as we do,  
And die as we do, too,  
But having known the exultation of the skywards  
    thrust,  
And the homecoming in the breaking wave.

## *Christmas*

There was an old gent called St Nicholas  
Who on Christmas Eve had to go knickerless.  
“I may catch a cough [he said]  
If I leave them off,  
But a sleigh with no loo is ridiculous!”

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