

Poems

ON THE ESTUARY

On a sandbar in the river
Lay a wrecked and rotting hull.
On it's dank and weedy timbers
Sat a little black-backed gull.

Close beneath on shifting tideways,
Dancing up and down and
sideways
Shone a weary mirror image -
Pleading that the stricken craft,
(On a sandbar in the river),
Clasp its cool and watery hand
And cradle deep in silt and sand.

But tell me not, the boat was
soulless,
For the little black-backed gull,
Life and fortune still before it,
Flew away across the mull.

Peter Wheatley 1998.
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Editors Comment

This is a community paper and we are fortunate to live in a community where so very many people are talented in many different ways. Many thanks to Peter Wheatley for being the first to send in some poems. What is unfortunate is that many are also very diffident about sharing their talent with those around them.

Please, use the medium of the Solway Buzz, come out of your shell and let us all appreciate your efforts. The Buzz will be delighted to print more poems, also jokes, cartoons, short stories and anything else from the local community.

If something is happening, don't assume someone else will put it in the Buzz, do it yourself. Don't worry about grammar or spelling, the computer tidies all that up. We have no reporters or photographers, everything you see in this paper is submitted by the community, however, we are aware there is so much more happening than we get to know about.

If there is an event happening, the Buzz does have a camera which we loan out so that we can get photos for the paper and the web site, please ask.

Contact details are on page 2.

SNOWFALL

It's snowing, and the lakes are
dropping
Like cherry blossom from a
thousand orchards.
The air, crystal and breath-clouded
Sharpens with it's stillness
The crisp crunch of footsteps
On the grey-shadowed mantle.
Across the palings, beyond the
glassed pool
The crows perch, spectre-like and
black
Against the misty downward-
moving backdrop.
A handclap rings into the still space
And the birds rise up clustered and
uttering.
But the white petals fall and fall-
Each one to its own haven
On wall, leaf, branch, shoulder and
hat brim.
The countryside sleeps again
As the gentle particled blanket
shrouds it's realms.

Peter Wheatley 1997.
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Retirement Presentations



Two of Spar's long serving employees retired at the end of October and they are pictured above with the owner Mr Stan Foster. On the right, Mrs Margaret Mattinson Who joined Stan when he opened the store over 20 years ago so it was an extra special occasion for both of them. On the left Mrs Evis Davenport who has been a key member of Spar's staff for many years and will be greatly missed by her colleagues and customers alike. Also pictured above is long standing customer Mrs Kath Cornish who presented bouquets to both Evis and Margaret showing the goodwill that exists between customers and staff in this extremely friendly store.

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