

FROM WRITERS AND READERS GROUP MEETINGS

Trust [10.2.16]

Things move on. We never know what is around the next corner. I suppose that is why some turn to crystal balls and cards, Oracles and Cassandras, in the hope that a bit of known will quell and control the panic of the unknown. And then there is the unknowable; that mystery of what is behind it all. What drives the machine of the unfolding.

“Take it as it comes.” Fine, if you can relax enough...trust enough...dare enough...

Does that require us to be prepared, or unprepared? Do things work out alright if we let them be, or do we end up squashed flat on the road of life because we didn't look both ways before crossing?

The Beginning is the Ending [13.4.16]

To share, To care,
Be here and there. Or anywhere?
Anywhere that suits.
Suits the day, Suits the way. Way to where?
To share, To care.

Decisions, Decisions [11.7.16]

Do I choose to do some washing?
Choose to hang it on the line?
Will it dry, or will it wet?
Will I waste my time?
It won't get any wetter
Leaving it indoors and really, really, really...
I do need some clean draws.
Great God Weatherman
Has said that it might rain,
But if it doesn't and my washing's in,
It will be such a pain.
So, I washed, and I hanged, and I walked away...

The day is dull but the day is dry, so I might be fine to say,
“I did choose to do some washing,
Chose to hang it on the line!”

Annie Lloyd

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