

Another World

I don't know how it happened or why I came to be here but here I am and sitting with a bunch of more senior folk than myself.

A jovial lady ascended a few steps and spoke. 'Hello, this is our October's meeting. The good news this month is that we have managed to secure another member for our Prose & Poetry group. As you may remember from our last meeting I spoke about our world being short of poetry for our 'Other World's book'. Well, hopefully with our recruiting temporary members to write us poems we will shortly be able to publish it. Moving on to today, our speaker is 'Mini the Dangerous' and she is giving us an insight to 'Life on Mars'. Welcome Mini."

The talk went on for about half an hour, but I barely took anything in. After the talk I was offered tea and biscuits, which was a nice touch. Then I was greeted by the leader of the P&P as the elderly gentleman liked to call it. He gave me an address to go to at 2 o'clock on the 3rd Tuesday of the month and bring my literacy brain with me.

Until the 3rd Tuesday I stayed with a friendly man who looked very familiar to me. We got on well, but I often thought back to the life I would return to after writing my poem.

I'll tell you a bit about myself. I am 20 years old and getting married next year. We are scrimping and saving to buy our first home. He is the most wonderful person and I will be happy to move out of my parent's home and be a Mrs.

I found the address and was given a warm welcome by the other members of the group. I was told to write a poem about something you have found out this past month.

The elderly gentleman told me not to worry; that I could try at next month's meeting if I had writers block today. 'No way', I thought, If I have a task it must be done.

I went back to the bungalow and the lovely man. He said I could use his computer to write my poem. It resembled a typewriter without having to resort to Tippex. I sat thinking for a while and remembered hearing the people at the meeting and others on the bus trip to Skegness the nice man took me on talking about a 'flu jab to stop them getting ill this winter. This gave me an idea.

My Germs

I sneezed on the bus,
they all made a fuss
As my germs flew by
I didn't know why
they all caught my cold
One man was old, he died,
they all cried.
Some of the others
took to their covers.
Two went to work
they wouldn't shirk.
Blow your nose in a tissue
and you won't cause an issue.

I sat there for a few moments with my thoughts when the nice man came in with a cup of tea. He said, "Have you been daydreaming again dear? You look like you're in another world."

I smiled at my husband. It was our 45th anniversary or to put it another way, 16,436 wonderful days.