

POEMS BY
JEANIE
LIZ
STELLA
PAULINE
PHILLIP
JANET

IN THE GARDEN THEY COME OUT

MEET ME AT THE ALBANY

Welcome to the garden! For six weeks, as winter turned to spring, we met via voice call to take inspiration from gardens and mosses, fruit trees and gnomes. We've preserved some of the things we found as poems to share with you.

Linden McMahan, writing facilitator



The poem speaks for itself and
ourselves

The world is our oyster
as long as we can enjoy every little bit,
the rain,
the wind,
the sunshine

Pauline



My local park is my favourite place
sitting in the café with the green awning
overhead,
and it seems to be laughing and joking
as it flaps and slaps. I can sit there
and imagine things
then I place my order with the boss
who comes out with my tea
and a bacon sandwich.

Janet



Nature would be children,
digging, looking for worms,
talking about the plants,
talking to neighbours over the fence,
because I don't usually see them in the
street
but in the garden they come out
grandchildren picking leaves
and looking for bugs
with magnifying glasses.

Stella



Letter to my tomato

My versatile tomato I am writing this letter to you

Your roots, excuse the pun, originated in South America,

Day after day you add taste to my every dish

You are healthy, colourful, tasty, I could go on and on

You brighten up my salad

add flavour to my sauces

compliment my cheese

in sandwiches

Stuff you with breadcrumbs herbs and cheese,

bake you in the oven, delicious

To add to that you suit most people palette

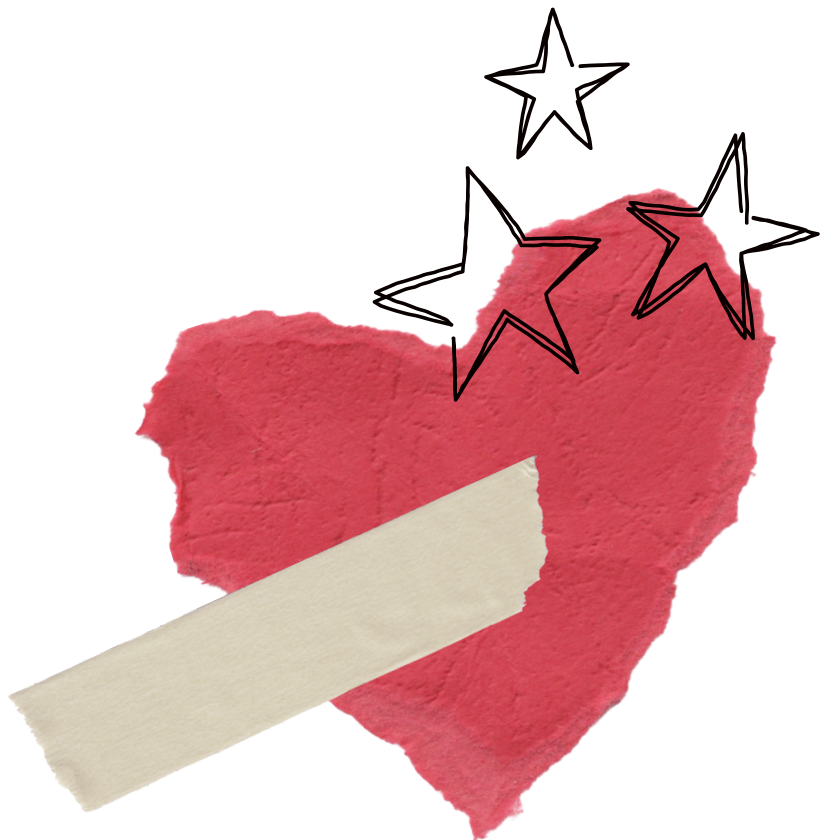
vegetarian, vegan, and carnivores, so you are welcome

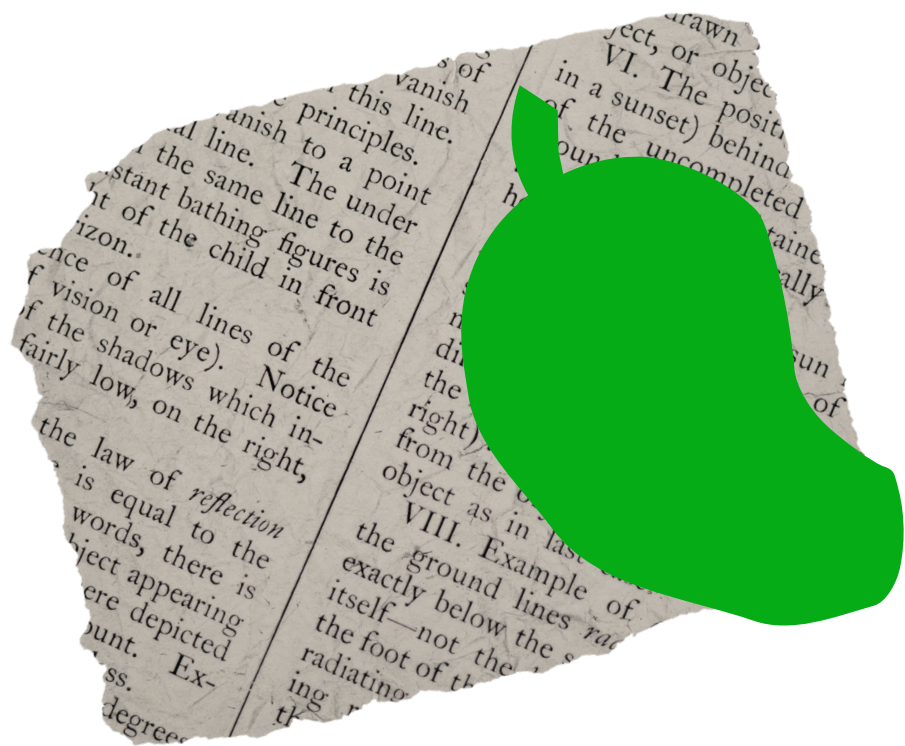
at nearly everyone's dinner party

You are said to be healthy,
avoiding some illnesses and diseases,
good for the skin,
with all these attributes it is no wonder I
love you!

Tom stay on your toes and you will
brighten up my life forever.

Liz

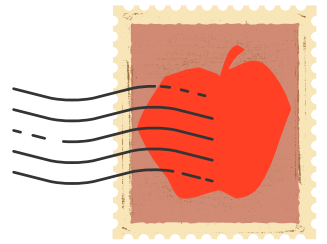




Not ripe it is green
choose the yellow or orange one,
and realise it is rotting inside,
even though it is beautiful outside,
it is not what you thought from the
outside.

Stella

A Little Apple Tree



Dear apple tree,
Hope you are well, in roots, leaves, and everything about you. It has been a long time since you brought laughter onto our grandchildren's faces, they miss you. They miss your fruits, your nice juicy fruits, remember how they surrounded you whenever they visited you in the garden. They loved seeing your beautiful apple fruits and admired you and talked about how small you are yet you produce wonderful juicy apple fruits. We haven't seen any fruit on you for the past 2 years. Your leaves look so sad. Your stem looks the same. You haven't grown in height.

Is there anything we can do to help?

Thank you!

Liz



Potatoes

Potatoes, potatoes what can we do
without you?

You're so reasonable in price and do so
many things.

You can be paired with anything!

Mashed potatoes,

boiled potatoes,

roasted, so important.

Potatoes are chips (which the children
enjoy)

There are such a beautiful things to do
with potatoes.

What could we do without potatoes?

An important part of our lives

and keep us going

and very reasonable too.

We love potatoes in so many ways,

stay as sweet as you are.

Sweet potatoes.

God bless you Potato!

Jeanie

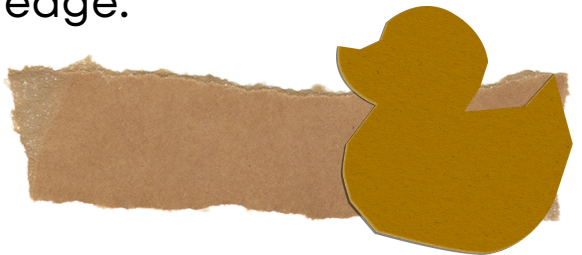
Heron and Ducks

I like to watch Mr Heron & Ducks swimming across the pond. There could be dozens of ducks swimming about. There on the ledge, almost in the middle, sits big Master Heron, watching the ducks having their fun – daddy and mummy ducks amongst them, I counted seven baby ducks following behind them.

With no warning, Master Heron splashes out of his ledge, supposed to show them that he is in control. All the ducks kept quiet, I think in respect of Master Heron. He is much bigger than them all.

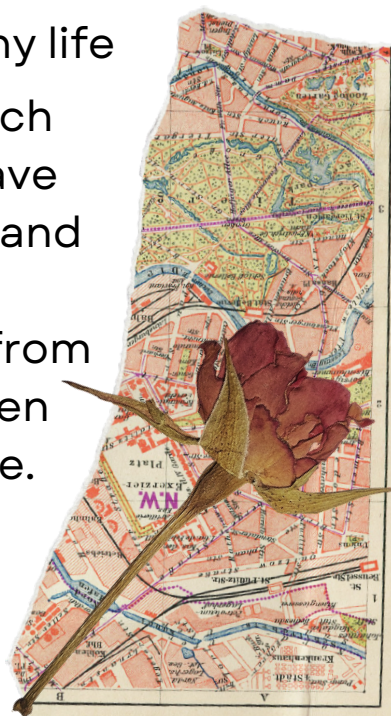
He splashes sounded very loud, it kept them quiet for a while, until he went back to sit on his ledge.

Pauline



My little patch must die if it's to live
Though be cut right back to just above
the soil
And after that what pleasure it will give
Much easier to cope with, not such toil
The giant rose is back to childhood size
Green shoots already forming at the
base
You wonder what will be its final guise
Will it be flowers, or leaves with all this
space
The roses have no flowers, just bits of
twigs,
they do not offer hope of any life
they now are very small which
When rose were big they have
all been cut with secateurs and
knives,
I wonder what the tenants from
before would like what's been
done or think it is an eyesore.

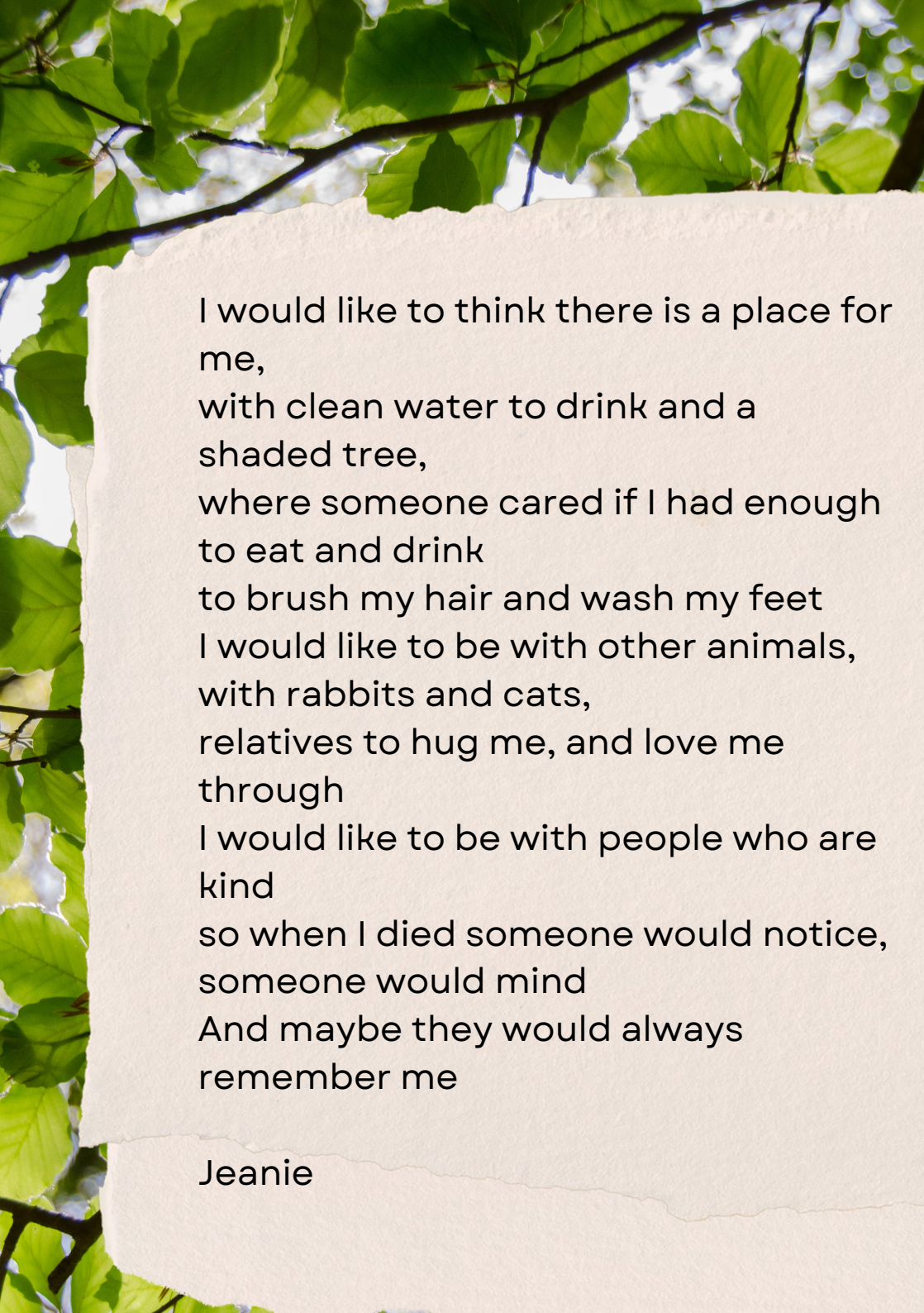
Janet





Rose are red,
Violets are blue,
their textures are so smooth,
smoother than butter are they
Each petal of a rose or violet is
extremely smooth,
I don't know of any flower to compete
with their smoothness.
Their feeling, only velvet can compare to
them

Pauline



I would like to think there is a place for
me,
with clean water to drink and a
shaded tree,
where someone cared if I had enough
to eat and drink
to brush my hair and wash my feet
I would like to be with other animals,
with rabbits and cats,
relatives to hug me, and love me
through
I would like to be with people who are
kind
so when I died someone would notice,
someone would mind
And maybe they would always
remember me

Jeanie

If I was part of a garden
I would like to be a pear tree,
a conference pear tree
Very tasty, juicy and delicious,
when I am harvested
people would enjoy my taste so much
they would always come back for more
The ants and the snails would have to
keep far away
because I would not be entertaining
them
So my fruits could be almost perfect

Pauline



I am Stella the frog
who lives in the pond in the garden
My skin is slimy green
I hop and croak
I jump onto stones
My long tongue licks the air
Two sticky for any bug to bear
My beady little eyes give flies quite the
surprise
My bumpy green skin scrapes against
the rocks
For I am Stella the frog in the garden!

Stella



I am a snail without a tail,
and eat everything in the garden,
yum yum yum!
But the only trouble, my next door but
one
neighbour picks them up and throws
them
on the ground. So maybe
it's not a good idea

Phillip



I am a little weed
I grow here every year
There is rain and sunshine here
and everything I need
Alas after a while
and there is nothing I can do I fear
Someone will come and pull me out
But I will grow again next year

Liz



Each week we took inspiration from a different poem - thank you to the poets. Some of them are available to find online if you're curious.

Wild Geese - Mary Oliver

Dearest Pumpkin - Linden McMahon

Aware - Denise Levertov

Praying - Mary Oliver

Knothole Moss Offers Directions to the Humans - Anna Kisby

Pied Beauty - Gerard Manley Hopkins

Love Poem with Horticulture and Anxiety - Stephanie Burt



Meet Me at the Albany is
an award-winning
programme of creative
and social activities for
over 60s at the Albany and
across Lewisham, with
partners Entelechy Arts.



