

ONE LAST SPRING

A SELECTION OF POEMS

BY

FRANCES LEE

Prologue

Into these poems I will pour my grief and my frustrations,
what I can't express or dare not say in other situations -
loss and anger, outrage and pain,
opinions that might hurt or shock -
too cowardly to take the blame,
I hold my peace and numbly nod
and seek not to explain.

But on this page my feelings flow, my thoughts are freed –
I'll let them go.



Moira Jarvis, m11 www.moirajarvis.co.uk

... cats...

Meg

I should like my gentle girl to have lived just one last Spring –
to take the sun in her favourite bower
and dance and sing in an April shower –

her final fling.



Moira Jarvis, Wicken Fen 1, Indian Ink
and Watercolour, 2017 www.moirajarvis.co.uk

Stray

An uninvited guest in a shabby ginger coat
steals in and takes the scraps
left uneaten by my own choosy pair.
He cowers and fliches as though somebody's hurt him.
His neediness repels me, yet I pity him as well.

Sometimes in the morning I'm aware he's spent the night here
from the tufts of ginger fur he's left behind,
but he's neither loved nor cared for,
gets no treats or creature comforts,
just seeks some warmth and shelter,
so I don't really mind.

One time I let him sit and stay and gazed into his eyes.
Their wistful, amber pleading touched my heart.
I would love this scruffy stranger,
take him in and make him welcome,
let him share our homely pleasures -
but I can't.

...time to stand and stare...

Bus ride

Homeward bound on the 24,
feeling a bit tired and flat,
I notice a baby, about eleven months old,
she's laughing and clapping her hands.

A friendly young couple, seated close by,
have made it their task to amuse her,
by waving and smiling and gesturing,
and she does the same in reply.

The couple get off –
now it's my turn to play
and it makes me feel happy inside,
so when you need a tonic, don't reach for the gin,
let little things brighten your day!



Moira Jarvis, 14, 2010 www.moirajarvis.co.uk

Watchers

A heron on the bank in motionless poise,
gaze fixed on the water with rapt intent.
From the bridge I watch and wait -
your silvery stillness, your elegant shape.
Will you swoop or dive,
spread your wings and take flight?
Shall I see you in action -
a rare and wondrous sight?

But no, unrewarded, I move on, resigned,
thwarted by patience so much greater than mine.

...modern life...

In a Nutshell

A modern pocket genie,
an app for every need –
wisdom at a thumb-swipe,
boredom relieved,
texts and selfies,
twitter and tweets –
Freedom!
Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee dom!!!



Moira Jarvis, oaktree70, 2011
www.moirajarvis.co.uk



Moira Jarvis, Wicken Fen 2, Indian
Ink and Watercolour, 2017
www.moirajarvis.co.uk

Narcissism

Flatteringly backlit,
bump proudly on display –
mark the coyly covered tits,
face arranged as inward daze,
though destined for the public gaze.

Celebrity gestation is the name of the game -
Narcissus made the rule –
but no Echo, only Ego dwells in this shallow pool,
worshipping the image, reflecting back the same.

...Planet Venus...

Hesperos

A new moon and Venus in formal alignment
stark against a winter sky,
the still, frosty twilight enhances their brightness,
no moisture or wind blurs their bold symmetry.

As if by enchantment, suddenly they appear –
the pale yellow crescent, the white evening star
-emblems of the heavens as seen from afar,
reigning in splendour alone at this hour,
no other bodies mar their hemisphere.



Moira Jarvis, The Myth of Arcadia,
Night, 2012 www.moirajarvis.co.uk

Heosphoros (Dawn Bringer)

Outshining other planets but never rising high,
glimpsed in the West at nightfall then reappears in the Eastern sky.
Seeming close though far away,
ephemeral yet eternal, it heralds the break of day.

A beacon to those who long for the dawn
Hail Venus! Star of the morn!



Moira Jarvis, The Myth of Arcadia, Dawn,
2012 www.moirajarvis.co.uk

...Love past...

14 Lines (after John Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn")

In my mind's eye he'll be always sixteen,
half-remembered fragment of a teenage dream –
a love fed in secret, never confessed,
sweeter and purer because unexpressed.

A wish unfulfilled, a pleasure untried,
risks and chances untaken, not denied,
the might-have –been remains the might-still-be,
not to suffer that he should tire of me.

For desire subsides when passion is spent -
the rejected lover's timeless lament.

In memory youth does not fade away
but lingers for an everlasting day –
fleetingly captured, elusive and rare.

Forever will I love and he be fair.

Void

Once the distance between us was a physical space,
now the distance between us is time
but, though separated by time and by place,
I think of you once in a while
and recall your gestures, though we never embraced –
and I still remember your smile.

We weren't ever together so cannot be apart
and yet there's a lingering ache in my heart



Moira Jarvis, 32, 2012 www.moirajarvis.co.uk

...reflection...

There and Back

If you take the road to nowhere
you must go back the way you came,
no sidetracks there or byways –
all distant prospects appear the same.....

no landmarks or topography,
no flora but willow and sedge,
nothing to follow but the onward path
stretching away from the naked eye,
no sound but the wind through the reeds in the marsh,
no other destination but the sky.

Moira Jarvis, Ouse Wash, Indian Ink
and Wash, 2017 www.moirajarvis.co.uk



11TH June 2018

Years slip by

another birthday comes along – gives pause



Moira Jarvis, 1lr, 2010 www.moirajarvis.co.uk

69, no milestone

but I can only look forward or
back –

face bereavement and loss on either
track

and fear, that I might be left alone.

Have hope and longing given way to
dread

of how I will fare in the years ahead

which must bring decline by nature's laws?

Yet I live in the present - this minute, this hour

and treasure life's pleasures, enjoying how
the changing seasons return, expire.

Mid-June – I sit in the late evening light,

the gathering dusk falls soft and slow,

eclipses the dying day's fading glow.

I embrace the darkness, and even now

all is not quiet.

As bats flit soundlessly overhead

voices and laughter drift in from gardens

on the warm summer night.

Epilogue

In the land of lost opportunities
where occasions didn't arise
resides a little part of me,
that part that never dies.
Soul and body, body and soul -
an unrequited spirit that lies
untouched beneath the wide fen skies



Moira Jarvis, Willows at Night,
Original Monoprint, 2017
www.moirajarvis.co.uk

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