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# CONJURED SUNLIGHT

'THESE FRAGMENTS I HAVE SHORED AGAINST MY RUINS'

## WHAT THIS BLOG IS AND HOW TO USE IT

This blog contains poems that have caught my attention over the years. Many of the poems I've discussed and explored with 16 -19 year old students in my capacity as lecturer in English.

Browse the list of poems by scrolling down the page or read the titles of poems or names of poets in the sidebar 'Poem Titles and Poets'. Then click on the title or poet.

FRIDAY, 9 DECEMBER 2011

## Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden by John Betjeman

Miles of pram in the wind and Pam in the gorse track,  
 Coco-nut smell of the broom, and a packet of Weights  
 Press'd in the sand. The thud of a hoof on a horse-track  
 A horse-riding horse for a horse-track  
 Conifer county of Surrey approached  
 Through remarkable wrought-iron gates.

Over your boundary now, I wash my face in a bird-bath,  
 Then which path shall I take? that over there by the pram?  
 Down by the pond! or yes, I will take the slippery third path,  
 Trodden away with gym shoes,  
 Beautiful fir-dry alley that leads  
 To the bountiful body of Pam.

Pam, I adore you, Pam, you great big mountainous sports girl,  
 Whizzing them over the net, full of the strength of five:  
 That old Malvernian brother, you zephyr and khaki shorts girl,  
 Although he's playing for Woking,  
 Can't stand up  
 To your wonderful backhand drive.

See the strength of her arm, as firm and hairy as Hendren's;  
 See the size of her thighs, the pout of her lips as, cross,  
 And full of a pent-up strength, she swipes at the rhododendrons,  
 Lucky the rhododendrons,  
 And flings her arrogant love-lock  
 Back with a petulant toss.

## SUN FLARES COLOURS



## ABOUT ME



DAVID

I'm a follower of Jesus. I'm married with two children. I teach English. I've been writing poetry, short stories and marking student essays forever. I enjoy cycling and camping. I'm disabled, I don't have enough time for blogging. I think I'm fifty eight but I keep forgetting.

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## BRIGHT EDGE