

Roden Hall Poem

Roden Hall that is our name
Caring for the aged, confused and lame
I am handicapped plus plus
But try really hard not to make a fuss
I only have to look round and see
There are lots of others, worse off than me
I aim to help in any way
But all depends on my state that day
I know the carers tall or small
Can't be expected to do it all
It gradually came to me one day
That versifying will pave the way
For me to open up my heart
My thoughts and troubles to in part
To have the ability to think and write
And maybe help some things to become bright
Personal problems off my chest
I feel I can say I have done my best
Now to things of more concern
This bad bad world has a lot to learn
Covid did not just drop by
But was tired of hearing I I I
On its own it will not do
But others have come to join in too
They're very nasty bugs to bear
But hopefully will clear the land and air of those who really do not care
They're just not happy with what they have got
And only want the jolly lot
They may have property, wealth and power
But would love to live in an ivory tower
Avarice is what we call
The reason wanting all all all
Poverty hunger everywhere
They really do not seem to care
For those who really are the cause
The best they can do is to pause
And see the damage that they have done
Not to themselves but to every other one
The operative word just now is love
First shown to us by God above
He gave to us his only son
That through his death our sins are gone
What more is left for us to say
To follow in his footsteps each and every day.

