

Walk With Me By The Water...

Introduction:

Tonight, whilst looking for something totally unrelated (and much more serious), I came across this rhyming piece that I wrote some years ago! I never considered myself particularly skilled in this area but Fred, my late husband, was a brilliant "rhymer." He was a government Librarian (NHW) and an avid reader until his last couple of days. I have written elsewhere about those last few days in Perth ICU and his request for certain books and his reading of one and part of a second of a particular series in those few days. Fred never felt well enough in those last few years to join Probus but as a lifelong public servant, he would have been eligible. He always enjoyed my comments about the meetings and he did come as a guest when I had to introduce myself. It is not often I get to talk about Fred so please forgive me.

The piece is mine alone, written not long after Fred was alive but nevertheless, I believe, reflecting his rhyming influence.



*Walk with me by the water
But watch that you don't fall in!
It's not that you're old and shaky
Or I think you've been hitting the gin!
But this board walk just ain't bricks and mortar
Nor is it as straight as a pin
And the distance 'tween water and water
Is actually pretty darned thin!
Maybe the idea's a bit flaky,
Not suited for folks of our years,
We should really head back to the shoreline
Lest this outing just end up in tears.
I'll turn round and just hold my cane steady,
Your walker will turn on a pin.
So, here goes, I'm all at the ready...
(And that's when they both fell in)!*

Audrey Cole
11-12-2011