

T o w n i e ' s A n t h e m

I like buildings,
I like bricks and mortar, glass and stone,
I love big cities,
The country I can leave alone.

You've seen one Frisian,
You might as well have seen them all,
And as for sheep,
One bleat and they begin to pall.

Green fields and forests
Have never really turned me on
And mountain ranges
Are bleak peaks with no buildings on.

As for the desert,
I see no fun in sand and scrub,
And living there
Is hardly at the social hub.

The rural idyll's
A dream to which my friends aspire,
To me it's just
A way to culturally expire.

No, give me cities,
The theatres, the restaurants,
The lights, the action,
The walking on the wild-side jaunts.

I want museums,
Art Galleries and cinemas,
An artist's quarter,
With street displays and cafe bars.

I want business sections,
Where suits and minds are razor-sharp,
And concert venues,
For raunchy rock to gentle harp.

Give me a shopping centre
Where I'm completely spoiled for choice,
A Parliament
Where I can hear the Nation's voice.

I like the traffic,
I love the bustling City street,
I need to be where
All races, creeds and cultures meet.

I crave excitement,
The energy, the buzz, the fun,
I want a place
Where night life starts when work is done.

I love to be
Somewhere that never goes to sleep,
Because I'm a Townie,
And Country life is yours to keep.

Wishing You Well For 2014

from Lynne, Garrath, Helmut & Helga.

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London's Riverside

© Lynne Joyce 08.04.2013



Londoners with dirty hair
Loaded with pretension
Stomp around the city streets
Exuding hypertension.

Art gallery pretenders
Vie with cafe posers,
Bankers walk alongside tramps,
Winners outpace losers.

Successful women totter
On six inch Jimmy Choos,
Their elevated status
Reflected in their shoes.

Noisy, naughty children
Hurtle unrestrained
By abdicating parents
Whose faces all look strained.

All languages are spoken,
All modes of dress are worn,
Veiled, unveiled, semi naked,
Hair long and short and shorn.

Tourist after tourist
From train and bus alights
They set a frantic pace to see
All the city's sights.

Strutting city slickers
Wear pricey clothes and hats,
Whilst looking down their noses
At non aristocrats.

Pickpockets choose their targets,
Their partners then distract
The careless and unwary
So that the thief can act.

Amid the urban bustle,
Musicians set their pitch
To get paid for their music
By the urban rich.

People wear strange costumes,
Bizarre and often loud,
And hair in dayglo colours
To stand out from the crowd.

These manic melodramas
Have crowd scenes but no star,
While I observe and listen
And record them as they are.

January

M T W T F S S

28	31	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9



Camera In My Hat

If I had a camera in my hat,
I'd take photos of each weirdo, freak and prat
Who perambulates the busy city streets,
Where real life and the bar from Star Wars meets,
Every druggie, every drunk and the insane,
Who make me never want to walk the streets of Leeds again,
And worse than all these odd-balls, I would take
Pictures of the suited city types who leave us in their wake
With bruised shins and battered shoulders as they barge
Between offices and cafes where they charge
Grossly inflated prices to these posers
Who are trying hard to prove that they're not losers
By wearing suits in black and shoes that glisten
To impress the Boss who won't see and won't listen,
Who, having journeyed up the greasy pole,
Won't let some suited, shiny-shoed asshole
Ascend and threaten his hard-earned position,
And so he makes it his personal mission,
To keep these barging, stomping black suits down,
So they take out their frustration in the town
By stomping, trampling people in the streets,
Where real life and the bar from Star Wars meets.
Yes, if I had a camera in my hat,
I'd photograph each weirdo, freak and prat,
And if I had a paint gun in there too,
I'd paint the City black suits every hue
From shrieking scarlet through to violet,
And with my trusty paint gun I would get
Revenge for all the damage that they do
When barging into me and into you,
But if no gun or camera meets my needs,
I think that I just won't go back to Leeds.

Lynne Joyce 19.11.2008

February

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

Lady Lah-Di-Dah at Waitrose

Written after a report of this encounter in a North
London Waitrose by Philip Reilly

Lady Lah-Di-Dah
Has just come from the Spa
If her soggy hair is anything to go by.

She had no time to dress
So her clothes are in a mess
And her shoes are past the date they should be thrown by.

But Lady Lah-Di-Dah
Had to leave the Spa
To do her weekly shopping here at Waitrose .

Here Lady Lah-Di-Dah
Is creating a hoo-hah
For here she's very rude and grandiose.

The staff all squirm and twitch
At this rude and haughty bitch
Who looks too rough to get in Tesco's door.

And the customers nearby
All heave a weary sigh
Because Lady Lah-Di-Dah is such a BORE!

Lynne Joyce 31.03.2012



March

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
24	25	26	27	28	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

London Weirdos

London is a freak show
Full of people who are weird
Be they wearing silly clothing
Or a long and straggly beard.

There are seven million people
In this bustling, busy place,
And there's every variation
Of the crazy human race.

Some are silly, some are funny,
Some are just bizarre and strange,
Some are terminally boring,
So they cover the whole range.

I guess if you live in London
To be noticed is quite tough
So dressing like a weirdo
Might just be enough.

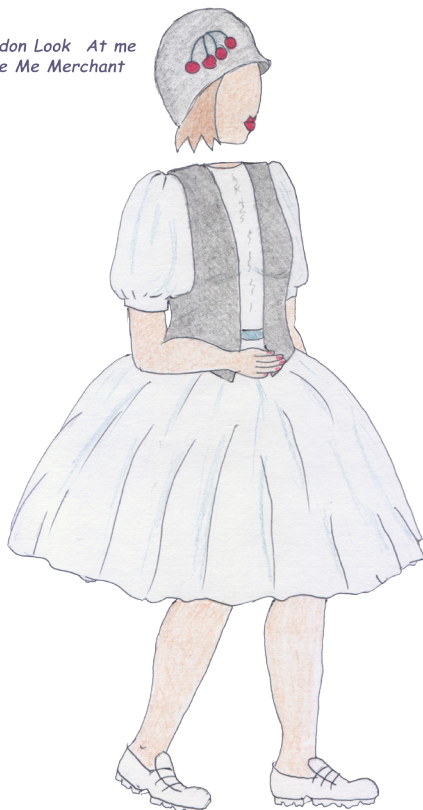
But a grey felt Nazi helmet
With fake cherries on the side
With a fussy frock and trainers
Just invites one to deride.

But looking very closely
At the weirdos hereabout,
They all have one thing in common
And I'd like to point it out.

The cherry-hatted Nazi,
The pink-haired, airhead pain,
The bearded, last chance hippie,
They're all terminally PLAIN.

Lynne Joyce 01.04.2012

*London Look At me
Me Me Merchant*



April

M T W T F S S

31	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4
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City Drama Queens

In every major city
Wherever I have been
There are lots of exhibitionists
And screaming drama queens.

You don't get them in a village,
You don't get them in a town,
But always in the cities
Whenever I'm around.

In a village are they hiding?
In townships do they run
Away from me because I like
To draw them, just for fun?

Do they know that I'm a poet
Who versifies their kind,
And gather in the city
To stimulate my mind?

Whatever, I love cities,
For every time I've been
I've done illustrated verses
About show-off drama queens.

17.05.2013



May

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
28	29	30	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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19	20	21	22	23	24	25
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Art Gallerinas

I love to watch Art Gallerinas
Parading round the gallery
Pontificating on the artworks
Posturing preposterously.

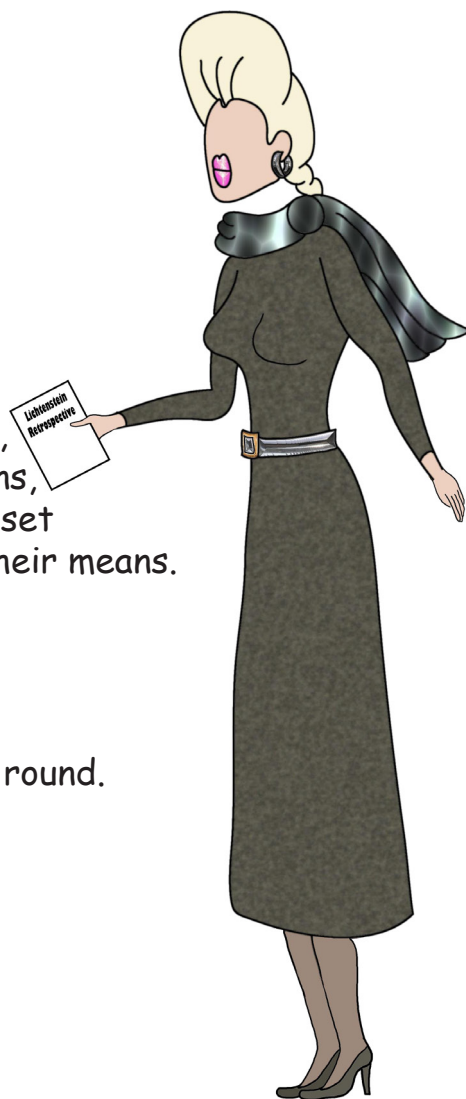
Some are wearing trendy trilbies,
Most are wearing tight black jeans,
Some are members of the smart set
With clothes that clearly show their means.

In galleries no smiles or laughter
Punctuate the murmured sound
Of Gallerinas speculating
On why that shape is square, not round.

Heaven forfend that Gallerinas
Should not be taken seriously,
For Gallerinas have an image
They must protect ferociously.

I love to watch Art Gallerinas
Parading round the gallery
Pontificating on the artworks
Then write about them mirthfully.

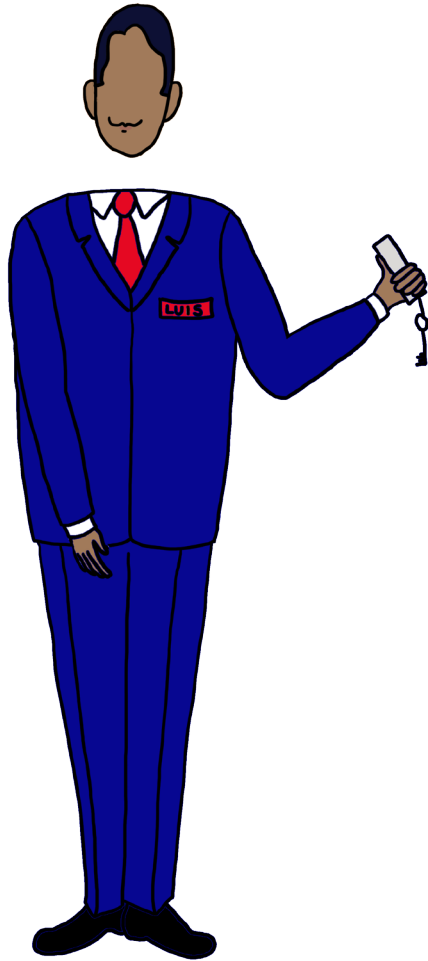
© Lynne Joyce 07.04.2013



June

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

The Hotel Staff Member



Impeccable, invisible,
Disarming and discreet,
Immaculately uniformed,
Perpetually neat.

Armed with all the information
That the guests might need to know,
This member of the hotel staff
Is always on the go.

Regardless of the type of guest,
The pleasant or the vile,
He keeps his equanimity
And always wears a smile.

In the presence of the hotel guests
He always keeps his cool,
He treats everybody equally,
Be they genius or fool.

But once behind the staff's closed doors
This fellow can relax,
And you should hear the names he calls
The guests behind their backs.

Out front he is obsequious,
Out back he swears and curses,
And so I thought I'd celebrate
His duplicity in verses.

© Lynne Joyce 05.09.2011

July

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
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The Lisbon Slapper

You find these ladies everywhere,
Whatever your location,
This one we found in Lisbon
Next to the railway station.

Somewhere around forty five,
Once she was a looker,
But with her tarty mode of dress,
She looked more like a hooker.

All her clothes were much too tight,
Her skirt was much too short,
But if you hang on to lost youth,
That's the style you sport.

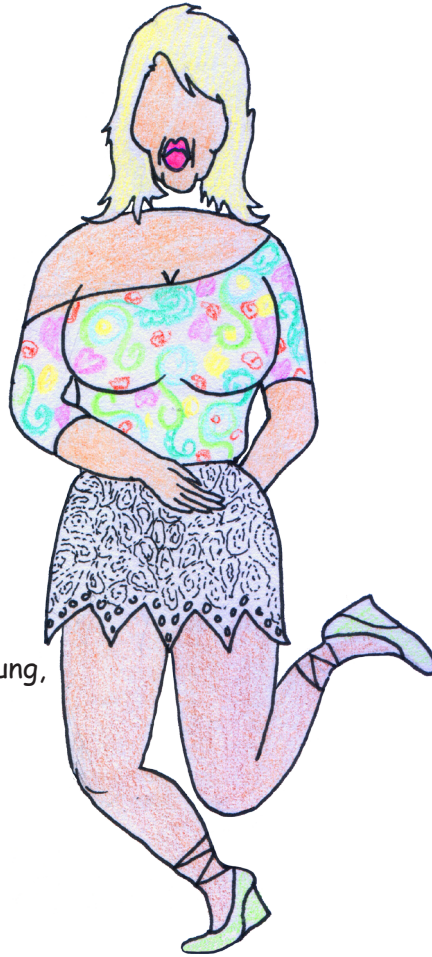
Her middle-aged companions
All knew it was too late
For clothes they wore when they were young,
So they were more sedate.

Maybe she was single still
And trying to attract
A brand new sexual partner
With her hooker act.

Maybe she was a Cougar
And trying to impress
A boyfriend who's much younger
With her slapper mode of dress.

Whatever, she was interesting,
And stood out from the rest,
So here I have immortalised,
Her and the way she dressed.

© Lynne Joyce 10.08.2011



August

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
28	29	30	31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

The Student

Student, hunched, his overcoat
Is obviously second hand
Or ethnic from his gap-year trip
Overland to Samarkhand.

Hair like a curtain hides his face,
Eyes look downward as he walks,
His hesitant and stumbling gait
Matches the mumble when he talks.

He populates the student bar
Much more than the lecture room,
Gets drunk with fellow students then
Goes to bed and sleeps 'til noon.

This young and foolish layabout,
This raggy, baggy specimen,
Will change in ten years time into
A leader among businessmen.

Leeds, © Lynne Joyce April 2009



September

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
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Bucking The Trend In The London Lancaster Hotel

I'm in a very posh hotel
In London for the night
Sitting alone in the bar lounge
Making other occupants uptight.

I'm totally surrounded by
Sharp suited business types,
Loudly spouting bullshit,
Out-hyping super hypes.

They talk of their new products
In pompous, knowing tones,
Then burst into loud laughter,
These programmed business drones.

This masculine bravura
Gets louder by the minute,
But I'm a lonesome woman,
I'm outside while they're in it.

I think that I'm supposed to
Retreat into my room
To make a little more space
For the noisy business boom.

But I'm not into moving,
I'm content to be alone,
And if business types don't like it,
Their brashness has been blown.

I'm in a very posh hotel
In London for the night,
It's yet another rich source
For the trite verse that I write.

© Lynne Joyce, London Lancaster Hotel, 16.10.2012.



October

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
29	30	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9



Homeless Man

A homeless person stumbles through
The City centre shopping streets,
At night a doorway meets his need
For shelter, so that's where he sleeps.

His clothes are dirty and well worn,
Shabby boots protect his feet,
Dirt is ingrained into his skin,
From years of living on the street.

His hair is dirty, matted, long,
As is his untidy beard,
People avoid him, its as if
He is all they've ever feared.

And yet inside this tragic mass
Of dirty hair and clothes and skin,
This testament to our neglect,
A human being lives within.

© Lynne Joyce April 2009

November

M T W T F S S

27 28 29 30 31 1 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

10 11 12 13 14 15 16

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

1 2 3 4 5 6 7



Art Lecture In Lisbon

© Lynne Joyce 16.08.2011

Behold the Lisbon Art teacher,
All elegant and smart
With just enough of the avant garde
To really look the part.

Listen to his rapturous
And animated monologue
About the pretty abstract,
Twenty seven in the catalogue.

Note how, in his lectures,
Without the aid of notes,
Confident and competent,
He litters them with quotes.

See his enraptured audience
Of schoolkids pay attention,
See how well behaved they are,
No rudeness, no dissention.

But this man is in Lisbon
And the pupils Portuguese.
Oh how I wish that we had
Respectful children such as these.

December

M T W T F S S

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

8 9 10 11 12 13 14

15 16 17 18 19 20 21

22 23 24 25 26 27 28

29 30 31 1 2 3 4

5 6 7 8 9 10 11

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