**Poems by Peter Jeffery**

**Chapel Porth Postcard**

Picture a narrow tranquil track
Beside the dancing ringlets of a tumbling stream
Close roofed by a thousand mad maypoles of spring blossom
Then to be fanned as you pass by wild flowers
Each bursting for the attention of a droning throng
That scatter hither and thither
Confused it seems by the heady scent of grass fresh mown
With all things so bright and beautiful
The Sunday school innocence of childhood is pleasantly recalled
And the spirit is lifted in contentment

The valley now broadens to a vast swathe of soft sea washed sand
Beyond the eyes reach
Margined by a looming curtain of mist that veils the mighty surf
But not its mighty roar
A mighty roar echoed by the soaring granite cenotaphs to long gone miners
That sculptured by the elements of time
Rise and rise again as if to touch the sky
It is here you can gambol like a mad March fool
Amongst the dunes with your loved ones
More likely though you will stand transfixed
And gaze and gaze in trepid awe
At the ever changing splendour of nature's imagination
Reflection here will ask about your faith
Did he who made the lamb make this?
Think well before you answer.”

**Poverty**

And I said to the man who now faced me.

It is time to settle the score.

As we both need to know

What your tally will show

On the scale of rich down to poor

First rule is you have to be honest

Don't say what you think I'd like to hear

I will know from the start

If it comes from your heart

With the truth you'll have nothing to fear.

No mansion you say

No grounds to survey.

Such things you couldn't afford

No Limo. No jet. But we've not finished yet.

What else do I need to record?

Your family is great!

You have a great mate!

You care for them all more than things.

And what's surely true, they look out for you

Your record now suddenly sings.

The judgement is easy the verdict so sure.

With riches like these you cannot be poor.

It had brightened my day

So I put the mirror away

My tally of wealth was secure

**Crowborough Rides High**

You need to look up to Crowborough

Despite all its troubles and ills.

Yes, you have to look up to Crowborough.

It's on top of long and steep hills.

I know 'cos I'm a new biker

Decked out in genuine lycra.

Inspired by Gold medals

I'm churning those pedals.

But it's harder than being a hiker.

It's always downhill to begin with.

When you're fresh, energetic, full of vim.

But on the way home

From wherever you roam.

There's a big hill and the prospect is grim.

So, if I'm asked about Crowborough.

Coin a phrase that would sum up the town.

In more ways than one

When all's said and done.

It's always more up than it's down.

**Sussex**

Dear pilgrim will you come with me

Up Bo Peep lane to see the sea.

To see the sky. Oh wondrous place.

The gentle breeze upon your face.

The view, the air, but there's much more

To glorious Sussex we adore.

So east we’ll trek along the Downs

Via Cuckmere Haven we are bound

For Seven Sisters proud and bright.

That symbol of our fight for right.

And if your heart is not yet filled

I'll now transport you through the Weald.

King's Standing, is a place to be.

Wild heath abounds. Just wander, free.

Or take the children to the place

Where like Pooh their sticks can race.

A country pub could end our day.

So many here along way.

It's nothing less. A place complete.

Sussex. Sussex. Holistic treat.