

A photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sky is a mix of deep blue, purple, and pink. The water is calm and reflects the colors of the sky. In the distance, there are several structures on the water, possibly fishing nets or small boats. The overall mood is peaceful and serene.

# A little bit of Lily

Lily Lawson

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Bring me  
your hunger pangs,  
your dry throats,  
your forgotten house plants,  
your neglected housework,  
and I will say  
Hey writer!

Lightning only strikes once, so the insurance companies say. Seems this is not always the case. My brother's holiday apartment building has the scars, and the vacancies, to prove it.

## Bonfire Night

Two years of planning Catesby done,  
to be betrayed by a Yorkshire son.  
By all accounts he put up a fight,  
when captured that November night.

When Parliament opened up its doors,  
there would be fireworks under its floors.  
Johnson found with fuses guarding the wood,  
they knew straight off he was up to no good.

Lord Monteagle had been given the word.  
Rumours of trouble had been heard.  
The plotters intended to murder the King,  
in order Catholic rule to bring.

They wanted to kill his son and heir,  
put a child in charge under their care.  
By the end of November 5,  
all the royal family were still alive.

1605 was the year,  
the gunpowder plot did occur.  
John Johnson's real name was Guy Fawkes,  
the one of whom the country talks.

When captured three of them were shot  
one died in prison. The rest of that lot?  
hung, drawn, and cut in four  
apart from Guy, that was the score

He intended their plan to wreck.  
When he jumped, he broke his neck.  
He achieved notoriety.  
the one we burn in effigy

Each November fifth, a celebration,  
of escape from that situation.  
Fireworks lighting up the sky,  
on a day named after a man called Guy.

Sir Timothy thwarted me being Earl of Sunnymede by marrying Lady Julia for the silliness of love. I've been forced to revisit my sparky app. There must be some loaded lonely I can bear to marry. I'm a catch after all.



## **The killing machine**

The humans struggle,  
they fight and argue in their confinement,  
sometimes erupting  
in their rare public appearances,  
afraid, unsure,  
trying to protect themselves  
and those they care for.  
They wish to storm the barricades,  
to take up arms,  
but the enemy is not human,  
and the weapons they possess  
won't kill this thing.  
This killing machine  
that grants a painful solo end  
to those it hits,  
if they are vulnerable,  
or riddled with the scars,  
of caring for the afflicted.  
Sometimes even the strong  
lie lifeless in its wake.  
Yet many can and will survive.  
The attack may make so little mark  
that even in recovery  
it is unclear if an attack was made.  
The dices roll,  
and some gamble on the outcome,  
betting what they unknowingly  
cannot afford to lose.  
Their gamble may pay off.  
They may in some sense win.  
Some other soul may lose it all.  
Indiscriminate is the nature of the game.  
The unfairness of it all,  
the loss of life,

the battle waged in peace time,  
the warning sirens come in words,  
the mantra repeated,  
stay at home,  
take safe shelter,  
for those who mean you well  
may unknowingly seal your fate  
or the fate of those  
with whom your space is shared.  
One day  
those who survive  
will reminisce.  
Tell stories to those yet to be  
or too young yet  
to fully understand.  
We hope this stands  
as a singular event  
confined to history.  
To be studied and examined,  
taken apart in future years  
and met with disbelief.  
Until this thing is dead,  
or fighting for its life with DNR,  
we carry on.  
The challenges universally shared.  
The lessons we learn daily.  
How to navigate the world  
without the freedoms  
we so long enjoyed.  
The trials that stood in place  
much harder now.  
Support being at a distance  
if it still survives.  
So much is taken  
even from those who have not succumbed.  
Human contact stripped right down.  
Existing in our shelter

or kept at large remove.  
Protection must come first.  
There will be deaths by other means  
recorded at this time.  
The side effects of mental pain.  
The anger turned outward.  
Revenge sought on those who shelter  
with afflicted humans  
or some may seek an end  
to the torture of this situation.  
No other option found.  
The sufferers choosing their own hand  
rather than wait to see if they  
will be the chosen victim of  
the killing machine.

They were picking over her stuff, looking for anything valuable like magpies at dawn. The early birds pocketing the best for themselves. Wiping their crocodile tears, worthy of an Oscar.

## The Environment

It's poetry day and our rhyme's being spent  
talking about the environment.

We use things and throw them away.  
We're destroying the world, that's not okay.

If we could recycle, reuse, reduce  
we could stop this planet running out of juice.  
It will get too hot and way too cold.  
It could stop our children getting old.

Our thinking is we need more stuff.  
Sometimes we have more than enough.  
If you don't know where to begin,  
start putting your rubbish in the right bin.

Maybe you could cut down your waste  
instead of getting rid as a matter of haste.  
With our lifestyle choices we're killing the air  
but we carry on like we just don't care.

Our planet's dying, it's hitting the skids.  
We have to save it for our kids.  
That's why this poetry day's being spent,  
rhyming about the environment.

'Put another log on the fire, George.' Vera huddled in her coat.  
'Let's go indoors. I know you like to re-enact our first date, but February in Kent isn't Australia'.

## **Life**

- 10 Ponytails and parties.
- 20 Suits and stilettos.
- 30 Responsibility and rollercoasters.
- 40 Therapy and takeaways.
- 50 Caring and craziness.
- 60 Action and adventure.
- 70 Gratitude and grandparenting.
- 80 Gardening and glad rags.
- 90 Reflections and randomness.
- 100 Centenarian and celebrations.

The biscuit was undefeated champion of the snacks. His wrapper move had the crisps quaking. The chocolate turned up the heat and slathered him with punches and the biscuit crumbled.



## Landmarks

Structures that held people  
and events that shaped my life,  
destroyed, evolved, or laid to waste.  
Mere shells of what I once knew them to be.  
My past lies littered with them all.

Unnecessary signage,  
proclaiming no returns,  
doors closing behind me as I walk.

Abandoned clothes unfitting  
for the person I'll become,  
through another door  
I have yet to locate,  
stood waiting for me somewhere up ahead.

Gratitude seeps from my every pore,  
for those long gone,  
or yet to grace my life,  
and most of all for those who walk with me.

## About the author

Lily Lawson is a poet and fiction writer living in the UK. She has poetry, short stories, and creative non-fiction published in anthologies and online in addition to her poetry books

[My Fathers Daughter,](#)  
[A Taste of What's to Come,](#)  
and [Rainbow's Red Book of Poetry](#)

and her kids' books  
[Santa's Early Christmas,](#)  
[The Palm Tree Swingers Island Band](#)  
and [If I Were Invisible...](#)

You can find out more about Lily  
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