

*Quintessential  
Christine*

*Poems by Christine*

## Not Fancy

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I do not write with fancy words  
descriptors that will wow,  
instead, my writing's from the heart  
with simple thoughts, I allow.  
Don't get me wrong, I do admire  
those with the flair for prose  
or poems written with finesse  
where rhyme and meter flow.

I like the little things in life  
that are pleasing to my eye,  
like dew that forms upon the grass  
or a bright sun in the sky.  
Smiles from strangers when we pass  
just make my day complete  
I love a hug and kiss received  
from friends I often meet.

I love to read well-written books  
a story with a twist,  
or poetry, freestyle or rhyme  
not many have I missed.  
I like to smell the brisk sea breeze  
as I walk along the beach,  
perhaps collect a shell or two  
I find within my reach.

Enjoy the solitude at night  
when day has met an end,  
relax beside the fireside,  
write poetry to send.

We all have something that we like  
enjoyment that we've found,  
for me it is the simple life  
not hard or too profound.

And so, dear friends, from me to you  
I hope my words when read  
will make you smile, and if you look  
you'll see my heart instead.

## A Busy Mum

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Every day is Mother's Day  
we clean, we cook, we sew  
costumes, for kids' dress-up play  
then out to sport we go.  
Cricket, swimming, basketball,  
gymnastics, ballet too,  
soothe away their tummy aches  
as mums, that's what we do.  
Get up early, pack their lunch  
send them off to school  
spick and span with polished shoes  
to ensure they learn the rules.  
Make their beds, wash their clothes  
sometimes put toys away,  
help them with their maths homework!  
Times tables hear them say.  
Bake birthday cakes, their candles light  
play pass-the-parcel games,  
host sleepovers with friend in tents  
of course, you know their names.  
Then, through the teen years, drop them off  
to parties with their mates,  
buy them clothes to keep in style  
so they look good on dates.

Give them phones to keep in touch,  
but you still foot the bill.  
Give driving lessons in your car!  
Pay for their license thrill.  
Hug them tight when they move out  
and hope they'll pass this test,  
shed tears on their wedding day  
ensure you look your best.  
Nurse their newborn baby child  
delight in all they do,  
proudly look upon your brood  
it's all because of you.  
Yes, Mother's Day never really ends  
each hour a new delight  
I would not swap a single one  
I think I've got it right.

## Sunburnt Country

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I love a sunburnt Aussie bloke with great big muscled arms,  
His rugged well-built shoulders, and face with all its charms.  
I love his thongs and singlet too, and Stubbies shorts, you see,  
With his beer gut proudly hanging out, he is the one for me!  
I love his Aussie greeting, 'G'day mate' when we meet,  
His laugh so loud, make no mistake, you'll know him on  
the street.

I love the Aussie Sheila too; she's really trim and taut  
She'll have long legs, tight skirt, great smile, a real good-  
looking sort.

I love her when she's on the beach, bikini-clad and brown,  
Or when she meets her friends for lunch, all dressed up for  
the town.

I love the friendly way she says 'G'day mate' when we meet  
Her laugh so loud, make no mistake, you'll know her on  
the street.

I love an Aussie BBQ, with chops and snags and steak  
And Big Red sauce, a loaf of bread, the salads that we make.  
I love the Aussie breakfast time with Vegemite on toast  
For Sunday lunch, nothing beats an Aussie dinkum roast.  
I love our wine and spirits too, but best is Aussie beer  
It's Foster's Gold or Tooheys Blue – you won't find soft  
drinks here.

I love our sport, we watch a lot; of course, we are the best,  
We're always fair, we understand, just better than the rest.  
I love the Aussie rules we play – that's football, not ping pong  
And how the crowds call out real loud if the umpie gets it wrong.  
I love the summer tennis too; it's watched by young and old  
Or cricket matches the Aussie way, dressed in green and gold.

I love our patriotic style, the anthem that is sung  
Advance Australia Fair... I think, don't know the words,  
just hum.

I love our multicultural race, from lands quite near and far,  
As a nation proud, we do stand, because that is who we are.  
I love the freedom that we have, our wide brown land to roam  
This place we call Australia; this place we call our home.

## Forget To Remember

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My memory is my biggest flaw,  
it goes on walkabout.  
Forgetting where I've placed my keys,  
this makes me run about.  
Until they're found, I cannot drive  
to where I need to be.  
So, search the house from head to toe,  
when found, I smile with glee.

I put my glasses down a while,  
then wonder where they are.  
I cannot read and get quite mad,  
they couldn't be too far.  
It really wasn't long ago  
I took them off my head.  
Just where I put them, who would know?  
Be careful where I tread.

Sometimes I have a date for lunch  
with friends I love to see.  
But I've been known to stand them up,  
forgetting where to be.  
And if I do remember, then  
I'll hurry into town  
to tell them sorry, please forgive me  
my memory's broken down.



I'll drive down to the grocery store,  
then park my car to shop.  
But when I've got what I came for,  
can't find where I did stop.  
So, I will walk around, around,  
a frown upon my face  
until I come across it parked,  
right in that carpark space.

I lose my sunnies all the time,  
forgot my kids at school.  
Did promise that I'd pick them up,  
how could I be so cruel?  
And all those misdemeanours now,  
they'll not let me forget  
remind me of the grief they felt,  
expect me to regret.

And so, I have a diary now,  
to write the time and date.  
But I'll forget to read that too,  
and so, I'll still be late.  
I am not sure if I'll improve  
on any given day.  
Bad memory is my flaw in life,  
I've always been this way.

## My Cardboard Cut-Out Husband

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I have a brand-new husband  
My real one does not know,  
I cut him out of cardboard  
And have him now for show.

My husband left me months ago  
He's living interstate,  
His work they came a-begging  
And took away my mate.

I've seen him only rarely  
It's been six months or more,  
So, when his work is finished  
I'll greet him, that's for sure.

But meanwhile I've been lonely  
And it started out a joke,  
Yet now my cardboard cut-out man  
Is really a good bloke.

I took him to a party  
I dressed him in a suit,  
My friends thought that was funny  
But told me he was cute.

He sat up at the table  
Took his place amongst us all,  
And never ate or drank too much  
We danced and had a ball.

I sat him in the front seat  
To chat while driving on,  
He never made a comment  
Or told me I was wrong.

At home he does not make a mess  
Or belch or let off wind,  
His clothes they never need a wash  
My real one I may rescind.

When I go out and spend up big  
I know he'll never cry,  
Because he sits there quietly  
When I go out to buy.

The kids they said to me 'Dear Mum  
What have you done to Dad?'  
But they can see the funny side  
Just think that I've gone mad.

So, if my husband stays away  
And never does return,  
When I get sick of cut-out man  
On the fire he will burn.

Then I will make another one  
Create a different style,  
No permanent arrangement now  
Just keep him for a while.

So, to you ladies all out there  
Still single or forlorn,  
Just make a cardboard cut-out  
A new man then reborn.

## Head Talk

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Head talk, head talk, please just go away,  
You come in uninvited and chat with me all day.  
Sometimes I want to listen, yet other times do not.  
But you just take no notice, and ignore you I cannot.

You keep your idle chatter up, which distracting I do find,  
You even interrupt my sleep with thoughts that come to mind.  
Your never-ending conversation can become a bore,  
But if I need to have a pause, you always just want more.

Occasionally, I'll listen too, a wise word you may speak,  
The good advice I'm searching for, from you at times I seek.  
And then I smile and think of you with fondness this one time,  
'Cause I can then rely on you, be glad that you are mine.

But when you get too busy and just rush around my head,  
My temper flares and starts to rise, I'll ignore what you  
    have said.

I know I'll never stop this talk; at times, it's almost quiet,  
But then some days I wonder if you've started up a riot.

My thoughts become quite scrambled, no sense at all  
    they make.

Confusion reigns then in my mind – just what words do I take?  
So, sorting out the good from bad, this does become my quest  
To find out what you're really like and put you to the test.

Ha, ha, you say, the game is on! as if you have not heard.  
I'll challenge you, and then we'll see who'll have the final word.  
I know I should not fight with you, my friend you'll always be  
As I can never get away, because you're really me.

I wonder then if others have a mind that is not still,  
That chats away all day long, to their brain with head talk fill.  
Perhaps I am not all alone, there might be others too  
That I can ask for sound advice, to tell me what to do.

I've heard that meditation can calm a busy mind  
If practiced, daily benefits of stillness I will find.  
But time is of the essence, and I always run the clock.  
'Slow down,' they say, I know I must, these thoughts I'll  
try to block.

But with you, I will always chat, this is a fact of life.  
Yet sometimes when you overtake is when you'll get in strife.  
Then I will say, 'Please stop a while, give me a little time.'  
And thank the Lord that you have found a word to end  
this rhyme!