

## **Poems from St Philip's and elsewhere**

We are grateful to St Philip's church for sending these. Some were in the church newsletter and some published on the Church's Facebook page. Some other's come from Ed's Facebook page or have been sent by various correspondents

### **"MILL ROAD 2018"**

**Dome to steeple,  
Steeple to dome;  
Lots of people,  
But is this home?!**

**Many issues,  
Opinions abound;  
Sometimes there's action,  
Little turning round!**

**Cultures potent,  
Religions fixed;  
Differences latent.  
No trust betwixt!**

**Magic has colour,  
Black or white;  
But with one another,  
Surely the Spectrum's right!**

**Is life here tranquil,  
Or is there strife?  
Do we have serendipity,  
Or a humdrum life?**

**Mill Road is hip,  
I must have missed a trick!  
Is Mill Road fab?  
No, it's just drab!**

**New for old,  
Planners at work,  
Leaves me cold,  
Peering through the murk!**

**People together?  
Seldom, if ever!  
Much endeavour, some  
at the end of their tether!**

**Sense of community?  
You must be mistaken!  
The surface looks smooth,  
But under it's broken!  
What of the future?  
Just more change for change's sake!  
God's will may nurture,  
But perhaps only heartache!**

**Once upon a time in Romsey Town  
People were happy, no one was down;  
Young and old knew how to thrive,  
Everyone seemed glad to be alive.**

**How no more boom,  
Everything's doom and gloom!  
What goes around, comes around so they say;  
So there'll be prosperity again, one day.**

*This Poem from 2019 celebrates The Cornerstone café at St Philip's which was much loved by Ed, and many others.*

**"The Café"**

**It's not the key  
Yet it defines the space.  
A stone of Importance,  
Within the base.**

**Laid with precision,  
Built to last,  
To be built upon,  
Always to hold fast.**

**What's in a name?  
In this case a lot,  
The Cornerstone's back  
And now it's a rock.**

**A rock of ages,  
Beneath a steeple,  
Bringing people to church,  
And church to people**

**A place to refresh  
In times of stress,  
Here to give thanks  
For sustenance.  
Part of a town,  
Within a city,  
Moulding itself  
And the community.**

EJ. 11th May 2019

THE CAFÉ {11<sup>th</sup> MAY, 2019}

IT'S NOT THE KEY,  
YET IT DEFINES THE SPACE,  
A STONE OF IMPORTANCE  
WITHIN THE BASE.

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LAI'D WITH PRECISION,  
INTENDED TO LAST,  
TO BE BUILT UPON,  
ALWAYS TO HOLD FAST.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?  
IN THIS CASE, A LOT;  
THE "CORNERSTONE'S" BACK,  
AND NOW IT'S A ROCK!

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A ROCK OF AGES  
BENEATH A STEEPLE,  
BRINGING PEOPLE TO CHURCH,  
AND CHURCH TO PEOPLE.

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A PLACE TO REFRESH  
IN TIMES OF STRESS,  
HERE TO GIVE THANKS  
FOR SUSTENANCE.

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PART OF A TOWN  
WITHIN A CITY,  
MOULDING ITSELF,  
AND THE COMMUNITY.

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*A companion piece was written in 2022 when the café had closed*

*'Many Mill Road people are missing the Cornerstone Café and wondering what plans are being made about the future use of the 'Cafè Space' in St Philip's. This has led me to reminisce about the Cornerstone in the form of this light hearted piece of poetry. Hope it brings back pleasant memories. EJ'*

**"Reminiscences"**

**Oh. how I miss  
Monday's Eggs, Beans and Chips.  
Tuesday's Eggs On Toast,  
Scrambled or Poached.  
Wednesday's Cottage Pie  
I think of and sigh!  
Thursday was a Roast,  
This I miss the most.  
But what really mattered,  
Was Friday's Peas with Cod Battered.  
Now with our prayers  
May come other fares,  
And another Menu  
In this Cornerstone venue.**

*Ed Jenkins  
(25th July, 2022)*

*I know that I and many of St Philip's Congregation and Community are worried over the persistent nature of the Covid-19 virus and wonder will its effects ever come to an end. With this in mind I've recently found words within me to express our confidence and strength at this time, and I hope you'll enjoy reading them. I know I feel brighter having written them EJ*

**INVASION 'OMICRON' !**

**Out of Africa it apparently came,  
Travelling fast over the mighty main,  
To come by air,  
So difficult to tame!  
Legions of our medical world  
Gathering thoughts profound,  
How to control and subdue  
This variant anew.  
Good in Man shall prevail,  
God's help there to avail,  
No matter what the alien kind,  
In Jesus's love victory we'll find.  
He gave his life for us to see,  
We can all be free and able  
To overcome evil in every form,  
And find peace in any storm.  
One day in due course,  
We'll reach a perfect state,  
Many nightmares like Omicron,  
Only to look back upon.**

EJ 14<sup>th</sup> Jan 2022

**"My Day" 29th January, 2022**

**A trickle to start  
Now a flow,  
Good wishes from people apart  
Beginning to grow.**

**I know them all  
Over the years,  
Now hearing their call  
Dissolves my fears.**

**My thoughts welled up,  
Will they this time  
Fill the cup  
For 'Auld Lang Syne'?**

**All is fine  
Be of good cheer,  
There are messages  
From far and near.**

**Yes, life is worthwhile,  
To strike out again,  
Reach the next milestone,  
Never really alone.**

**I give thanks to my friends  
For more than they think,  
Their support is so good  
It's a vital link.**

**Able to persevere  
And continue the journey,  
That road is long,  
But, I'll keep pressing on.**

EJ 29/01/22

**A day for Dewi**  
*The Saint of Wales,*

**So there's much hwyl  
Across their vales.  
Soup by the bowl,  
Bara menyn a caws,  
Yes it'll be 'cawl'  
Spooned in many a mouth.  
Perhaps 'bara brith',  
Then a welsh cake  
With salted butter,  
Enjoyed for hiraeth's sake.**

*1<sup>st</sup> March 2022*



*In the wake of Eunice, [Storm in 2022]and the demise of a famous tree,]I wrote some poetry in remembrance (with apologies to a certain W. Wordsworth!)*

**So I'm now a powered drone  
Far above the wholesome ground,  
Wandering widely alone,  
No longer tied and earthbound.  
All at once I see below  
A huge majestic fruit tree,  
Now of broken branch and bough,  
Yesterday high and mighty.  
Standing for 'eternity',  
In myth when Newton had thought  
Why did that Apple fall on me?  
Explanation to be sought!  
Now it lies upon the lawn,  
But a clone will yet be grown,  
More apples to still adorn  
Nearby on Botanic loam**

E.L.J.  
(20/02/22)

*Freedom grants humans their basic right to express their opinion, and to speak freely about any matter without government restraint. It's important because it allows for change in a society and the exchange of ideas.*

**Freedom.**

**Free to walk and wander.**

**Free to talk and chatter.**

**Free to travel and savour.**

**Free to read and devour.**

**Free to argue and proclaim.**

**Free to cajole and disdain.**

**Free to lecture and become a sage.**

**Free to err and rearrange.**

**Free to form friendships and belong.**

**Free to have kinship and identity.**

**Free to gather as a throng.**

**Free to practise sensitivity.**

**Free to form ideas anew.**

**Free to argue them through.**

**Free to have one's own belief.**

**Free to understand what 'freedom' means!**

*E.J. (16/03/22)*

*I realise more and more the influence of people in my youth, particularly the charismatic ones, be they great preachers, lecturers or orators. It is with this in mind I put pen to paper and wrote this*

**"The Balance".**

**Pulpit, lectern, soapbox,  
It seems I've stood at all !  
Time changes aims,  
Belief grows and wanes.**

**Each has its good.  
Pulpit; enlightenment,  
Lectern; knowledge,  
Soapbox; reason.**

**But they can be bad.  
Pulpit; fear (retribution),  
Lectern; despair (negativity),  
Soapbox; extremism (fanaticism).**

**Best course of action.  
Preach gentleness,  
Lecture sensibility,  
Argue fallibility.**

*EJ 27<sup>th</sup> March 2022*

*The Jubilee Celebrations were surprising in their extent and in their widespread variety, and displayed the enduring popularity of the Queen, towards the end of her long reign. I, like so many others, enjoyed the prevalent feelings through the 'holiday' period, especially as a welcome break from the burgeoning mood of current World News, and on reflection have written this light hearted poem as a tribute to her surprisingly long and dutiful service to Britain, and its influence through the Commonwealth. EJ*

### **Celebrations!**

**A Jibulee of a Jubilee,  
So much everywhere to see,  
Street Parties all around,  
The one at the Palace to astound.  
There was Liz on the balcony,  
Waving and smiling in her 'Nineties',  
The Lady Protector of our Realm,  
So dependable at the helm.  
A 'New Formation' up on high,  
'Seventy' emblazoned across the sky,  
They're your Air Force Royal Ma'am,  
Meant to protect you from any harm.  
'Stars' from worldwide to be seen,  
Come to sing, dance and allegiance to swear,  
At a 'Platinum' Event so rare,  
God to save 'Lilibet' the Queen.**

*Ed Jenkins 13th June 2022*

**"Helping Nature"**

**Those 'Seeping Lines'  
Showing their worth,  
In these very hard times  
As Sun bakes the earth.**

**Quality soil doing the rest,  
Water held within its grains,  
Chlorophyll let to do its best,  
Photosynthesis without the rains!**

**Plants have grown  
As grass turned brown,  
Many colours formed,  
Most greenery so adorned.**

**Auguring well for the 'Fall',  
Everything full and tall,  
Later insects able to call,  
Invited along to the Pollination Ball'!**

**Nature showing at its best,  
Pleasing all Garden guests,  
Bringing happiness to every being,  
Aided by wonderful 'Garden Scheming'.**

E.L.J. (24+25/07/22)

**A Tribute. (to Queen Elizabeth)**

**A Nation's Mother has died,  
The Head of a Worldwide Family departed,  
We are saddened and feel weakened,  
A guiding light has been extinguished.  
The light burned brightly for so long,  
As her father before her  
She placed her hand in God's  
This trust being better than any other way.  
That smiling face will remain  
In our mind's eye always,  
That humour will stay with us,  
Her joy of life so evident.  
Safe journey to the heavens  
Good person now departed,  
An important life ended.**

*Elizabeth The Great has gone.....  
"Long Live The King"!!*

*EJ: 8<sup>th</sup> September 2022*

**Where did I lunch yesterday? Answer below**

**I relished the thought  
To eat with those taught,  
A skeletal whale beckoned,  
Not 'Moby' I reckoned.  
The fare was potato,  
Baked just so,  
With butter and cheese,  
Salted to please.  
Appetite improved,  
My brain's catching on,  
There are potent vibes here,  
To make tired thoughts strong.  
My meal time enjoyed,  
Young minds surround,  
I leave renewed,  
To my future I bound.**

*Answer: it's the 'Whale Cafè' above the 'Museum of Zoology' in 'the David Attenborough building', Downing Street, Cambridge.*

*A poem of Ed's sent by Fergus McCauseland*

**Threaded together, one hundred in each  
Long days of travel  
Till the railhead is reached  
Arriving at night in fog and mist  
To part with loved ones without a kiss  
Toiling to build in heat and snow  
Starvation diet until one's time to go.**

**Bodies broken, emaciated, disease-riddled,  
Yet sophistication's here in purgatory,  
The written word, theatre, music and poetry  
Drawing, colouring, creating beauty  
And then there's philosophy  
Indomitable hope, building a 'society'**

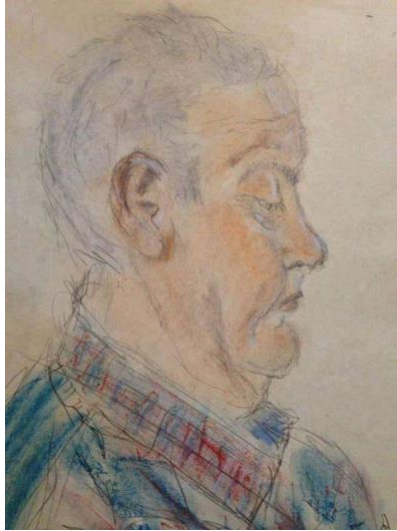
**Auschwitz I, Auschwitz II, Birkenau  
Words engraved, the furrowed brow,  
Lifeless eyes, resigned to fate,  
No emotion, no PTSD, not even hate!  
'Arbeit macht frei' above the gate  
Beyond any 'comfort zone', can we atone?**

**Strangely green now, almost benign  
Grass of a new kind, grown in blood and gore,  
Was this real? Did this happen?  
Tossed like matchsticks into the pit,  
Gassed and burnt to a crisp  
Millions upon thousands, will there ever be more?**

**There's good and evil in each,  
Man can be cruel if unchecked,  
'One-eyed leading blind' has been said.  
Down the generations, clear thought with free speech  
To help prevent those easily led,  
Never again-such depths to reach!**

EJ (undated)





*Ed's self portrait*

*This final poem is not by Ed but was written after his death in tribute by one of his many admirers, Abdul Arain, owner of Al Amin, Mill Road.*

**A Poetic Tribute; In memory of Edward (Ed) Lloyd Jenkins 'A Pillar Strong'**

**On Mill Road, a shadow gently falls,  
A vacant seat in cafes' echo calls.  
Welsh warmth lingers, Ed's presence near,  
He left, his absence, a lingering tear.**

**Boxing Day claimed a friend so kind,  
A soul, memories forever bind.  
Mill Road mourns in hushed refrain,  
Gwydir Street Café echoes with pain.**

**In academia's light, Ed took his stride,  
A physicist's mind, brilliant and bright.  
From Fishguard Grammar to Swansea's shore,  
In teaching and research, wisdom he'd pour.**

**St. Andrews College, a guide so wise,  
With Trinity's grace under Cambridge skies.  
Retirement brought him to Mill Road's embrace,  
A champion, strong, for the community's grace.**

**In campaigns for Mill Road, he'd take a stand,  
Active, passionate, purpose grand.  
Mill Road TV, a visionary quest,  
Ed contributed, a creative light.**

Through health's struggle, he pressed on,  
To every event, even when far from strong.  
The Grand Opening, Gateway's embrace,  
A plaque marked him, "Champion of Mill Road" a dream chased.

In verses penned, he laid his soul bare,  
Critique and love, a poetic pair.  
For Mill Road, despite its flaws,  
Ed championed its independent cause.

Watch 'The Road--The Film' with care,  
Where Mill Road's voices, Ed did share.  
In lines so sweet, the last ones he claimed,  
'It's quite unique; no others the same.'

In February 2024, St. Philip's will see,  
A remembrance service, so free, for Ed.  
His struggles health-wise, a silent fight,  
Ed, unique, his spirit undimmed, brought forth the light.

'My Day,' a rhyme on a January morn,  
Ed's gratitude, and spirit, forever sworn.  
The trickle of wishes, a heartfelt flow,  
Friends from near and far, lifting him so.

As Cafes Grieve, a framed poem stays,  
On Hot Numbers arch, in Ed's honour, it lays.  
A loyal customer, a friend so dear,  
His warmth and stories, we'll always revere.

Yet, amid sorrow, a lesson we find,  
In Ed's legacy, love for humankind.  
His smile, his words, a guiding light,  
For Mill Road's community, forever bright.

Ed, with a smile that warmed the day,  
In our hearts, you'll always stay.  
A patron of independents, true,  
In Mill Road's tapestry, forever a hue.

Farewell, dear Ed, with love we part,  
Your memory etched in every heart.  
In Mill Road's tale, a chapter's closed,  
Your spirit, in our community, forever imposed.

Abdul Arain, January 2024