

*Latest Poems March 2020—©Terry Griffiths, Firebird Writers Group*

## **Not Everyone Calls This Street Home**

I wonder how many times I have strolled  
Through this street with the petrol station, the billboard,  
And my old school.  
It must be that I've seen the same cars whizz by,  
Or stuck,  
                    Steadily stopped in a line.

On journeys, my eyes have crossed  
Numerous streets with petrol stations, billboards, schools,  
But this one shines familiar,  
My house calling to me from around the corner,  
Past the bus stop I wait at most mornings.

One day, I may take a new torch  
For somewhere else to shine the same.  
For, though not everyone calls this street home,  
Anyone could.

## **An Acquaintance**

***After 'The Angel' by William Blake***

I dreamt a dream! – What can it mean! –

And that I spoke to Nevaeh Queen,

Back from days of GCSEs

That sprung to using car keys!

And I spoke to her *en français*,

But she replied *en anglais*.

And I knew she'd passed her driving test,

But she told me she'd lost her zest.

We then set off to our next *cours*,

But she does not attend my school.

I discarded my confusion,

Simply settled in illusion.

Our conversation lost its room

For words and words and modest tune

When to my French class I had to go back,

Since she remarked I'd forgotten *mon sac*.

## **The Teacher of Franglais**

*Sit on the chair blue, if it pleases you,*

*To the side of the table yellow.*

*What age have you,*

*And how do you call yourself?*

*Speak you Franglais,*

*Have you understood or not?*

*You have lived here since how many of years?*

*Is it that you have hot?*

*You are born when?*

*You have the air confused.*

*It falls that I you say*

*That I like well your costume.*

The individual bizarre it has fed up.

In the world, it there has

English American, English Canadian, English Australian,

So why not English French also?

An hour more late, he quits the room, which is plentiful of pupils

Who wait and see that which will pass itself.

Then, Monsieur Franglais calls his little friend,  
And her says that which he comes from doing.  
Shocked, but impressed also,  
She him says that she will him join.

When he returns to theirs, she him gives a hug,  
And he must admit that he feels himself relieved  
That her attitude has not changed of the all,  
And she stays his little friend,  
Who is cowly cute  
And always has the air beautiful.

They make a channel YouTube where they teach the Franglais.  
At the start, they receive some comments horribles  
Which say that their grammar is awful.

But one day, someone comments,

*Monsieur Franglais, it's you!*

*I sit myself on the chair blue*

*To the side of the table yellow.*

*It falls that you return*

*And bring your little friend with you.*

Cowly happy, the couple hesitate not to there go.

When they arrive, they all eat some croissants and chips,

In discussing the horror of Brexit.

Then, the fellow lover of the tongue Franglais

Brings Monsieur to an other room,

Him gives him a pretty hat – half beret, half flat cap.

He tackles (approaches) his love,

The hat behind his back.

On his knees, he holds it close to she, in asking:

*Will you marry yourself with me?*

*I'm wearing the chief of artwork.*

She him responds,

*Oui.*