

I feel inspired



Frank Bangay





HE WAS

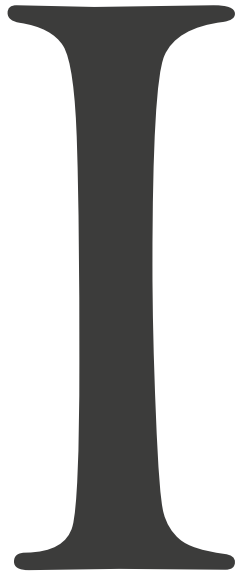
He was a poet
But he wore an unfashionable raincoat
He was a mystic but the grey weather blocked his view,
He was English through and through
He believed in the old traditions
He longed for them to return
He dreamed of pie and mash shops
Reappearing on the high street.

He was a poet
He wrote loads of words
He was a philosopher
He longed to be heard,
He sat in Lyons Tea Houses
Over a cup of tea and a buttered scone
He would express his views
To anyone who would listen.

He is a poet
Some think he's funny in the head
He walks down the high street with his carrier bags,
He talks to himself
Sometimes he finds communication hard
But he believes that one day
The world will hear his words.

A POET

August 2006



Autumn 2002

ALMOST FORGET TO WORRY

The sun is filtering through the trees
Those Edwardian summers had a cool breeze
It's late afternoon and I feel hazy.

The brown suited park keepers are grumpy
It's a couple of hours before the park closes
And they want to go home
It's been a busy day
Such a busy day
Oh such a busy day.

We sit on a bench by the bandstand
Lost in the tranquillity of a leafy afternoon
The city seems so far away
So far far away
Far far away.

The conductor flaps his wings
The band begin to play
Drifting through the trees
Drifting on the breeze
And across the fields
The old folk are dancing.

And they grow young again
As they dance down Memory Lane
That secret place
Where many dreams are sleeping.
"I'll have the last waltz with you

Two lonely people together
I fell in love
The last waltz will last forever“.

Between years of hard graft
And surviving a world war
It's possible a dream could awaken still
Now down Memory Lane
They keep on dancing..

There go Pop and Gran in all their finery
Down Memory Lane they keep on dancing
Pearly Queens and Pearly Kings
Down Memory Lane they keep on dancing.
Down Memory Lane we all keep on dancing .

Dancing
Dancing
Dancing

Forever dancing.

A childlike sun smiles at us
Trees slumber in the afternoon heat
Birds sing in harmony
Here it feels like heaven,
I almost forget to worry about the fact that it might rain.

Two Pigeons In Love





CROCUS

February 2011

With each passing week
A few more minuets of light grace us
But still I hide behind a winter coat,
I don't want the chill to seep through
Though sometimes it does.
The day is either blue and cold
Or overcast and grey
I fear the dusk sky
As the chill sets in.

In the daylight I walk in the park
Across the grass I see a mass of warmth and colour.
Oh crocus flower
You multiply each year
Let hope keep on growing.
With your flowers of mauve and yellow
Blue and white
You give the city a little beauty
A little light.

When Jack Frost prances about at night
That nimble footed villain does what he likes
But he always seems to leave you alone,
Oh brave Crocus.

Now it is not just the cold that knocks at my door
I am touched by love and warmth,
Your love and warmth,
GOD'S love and warmth.

In late summer
The Michaelmas Daisies start flowering
In back gardens
And on waist ground.
This tough old plant giving light
As we fade into autumn,
Soon after the winter berries appear.

But you beautiful crocus
I can tell by your smile
That before too long
Calmer days will be here.



I've put some Flowers in your room
the're in a vase on the dressing table
now the wallpaper is not so harsh
and the twilight is not so Lonely



Do You Love Me
Now That I Can Dance

To see you smile
Is like listening to the birds
Singing in the trees
On a city morning.

A friendly bird
That sings for me
From the branches
Of a friendly tree.

LOVE

July 2008

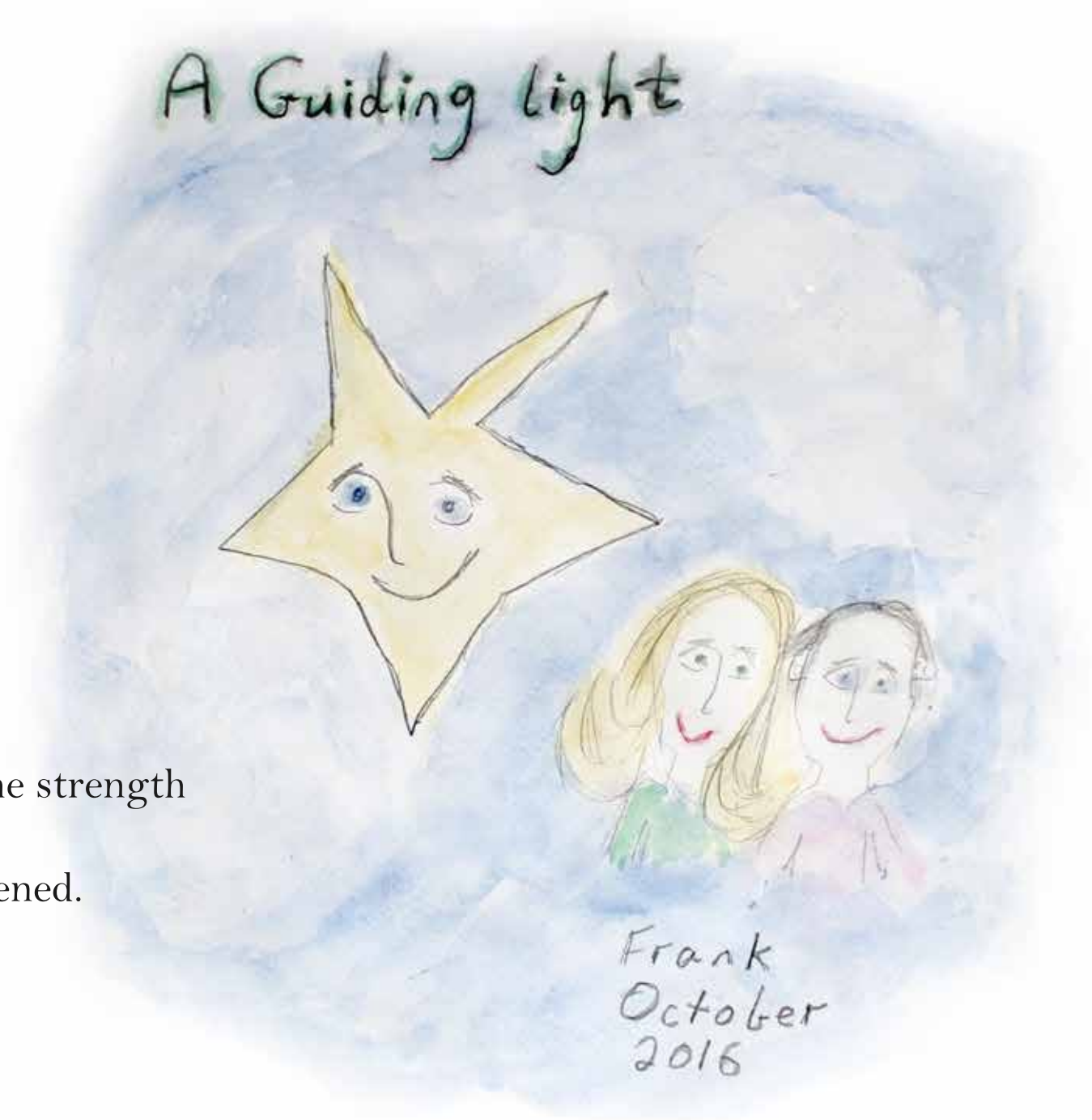
It is early morning
There is a chill in the air
As the morning moves on
The chill will fade.
The day will warm up,
Cars start revving up
The traffic starts to grumble.

If we ever felt unable to smile at each other
If our warmth should turn to coldness
I hope we would be able
To try and find out what went wrong
And see what can be amended.

A Guiding light

If I should see a bird
Whose feet are trapped
Flapping its wings
Desperately trying to fly.
Dear GOD please give me the strength
To rescue that bird
Please don't let me be frightened.

A friendly bird
Sings to us
From a friendly tree.



Frank
October
2016

The evening the aliens landed
I was sitting at home
With my feet up on a stool
It had been a busy day.

The flashing lights on their space craft
Woke up some birds
Who were roosting in a nearby tree
They started chirping loudly.

The aliens were a good natured bunch
Eager to get rid of the alien tag,
“We may look different from you
But GOD created us as well”
Said their main spokes person.

It is true,
They had two pointed ears
Two eyes, a nose, and a mouth,
Two arms and two legs.
They had green and pink hair
“This is not a punk statement
But our natural hair colour.”

PEACE

“Our planet has cities like yours
Mountains and hills
Valleys and forests
Rivers and oceans.
Space mermaids sunbathe on the beaches,
And you should try our tea
Grown on rainy hillsides
It’s up there with Tetley’s
And PG tips.
It is true our trees have pink bark
And blue leaves
But they are still trees“.

The Police were there with guns and riot shields
“They could be dangerous”
said one officer.
“we have come to exchange cultures”
Said the aliens main spokesperson.

AND LOVE

June 2009

The next day the Sun reported
Dangerous aliens land on Hackney Marshes
Two got arrested
Are we safe from these alien invasions.
The Daily Mail reported something similar.

I was sitting in the cafe waiting for
A set no2 breakfast
When I read the news,
These reports weren't true
The Aliens came in peace.

The next time the UFO landed
I was standing outside Tesco's
Waiting for a bus home
A little chill in the air
Had replaced a calm and sunny day.

This time the UFO landed on the Kent marshes
Somewhere to the east of Gravesend.
The aliens brought a barbecue with them
Offering to share some hospitality
With the old bill.

Romance

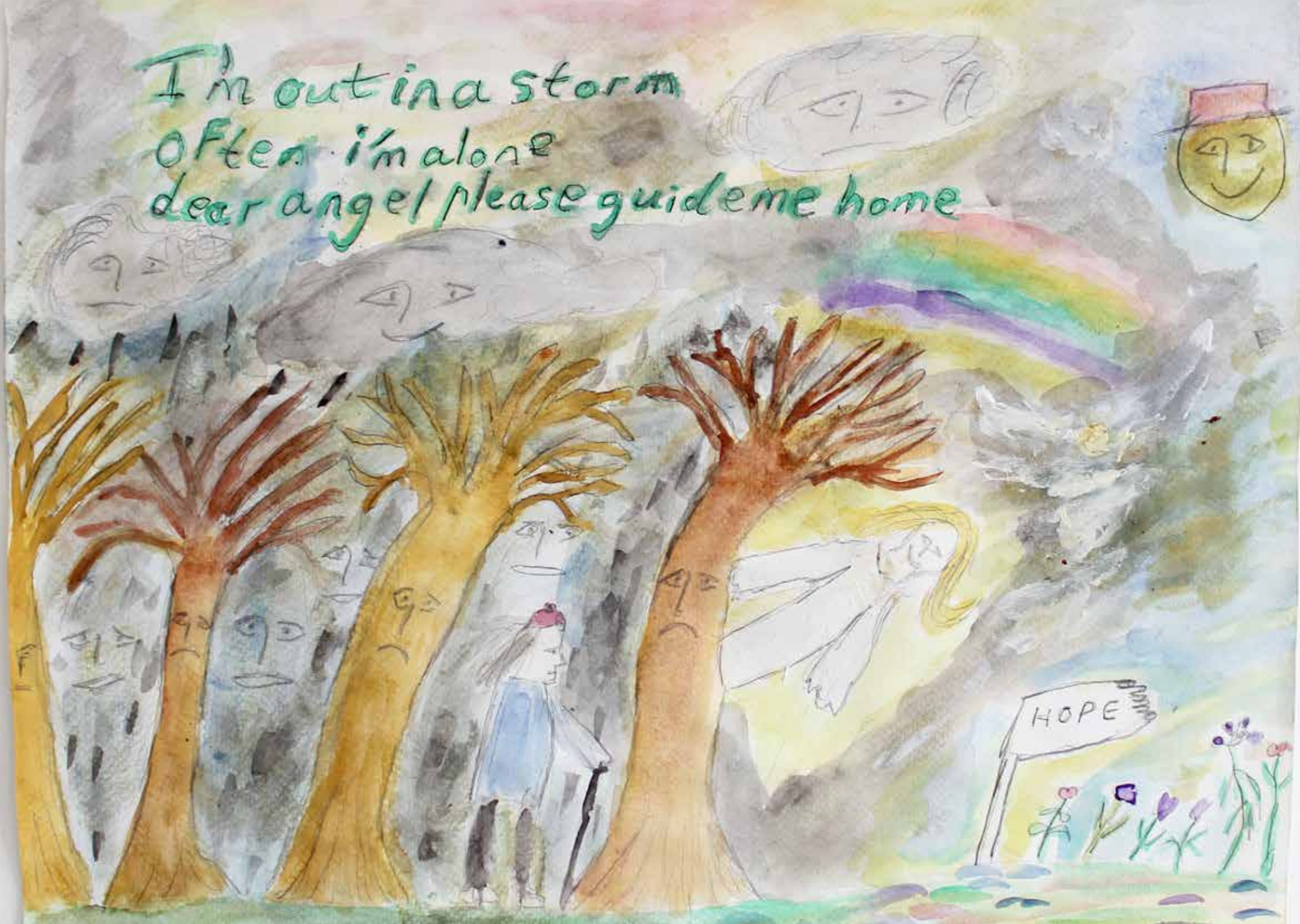


Romance is in the air



Frank
013

I'm out in a storm
often i'm alone
dear angel please guide me home



On the day that my computer smiled
It was cold and grey outside
It was cold and overcast inside my mind.
I went to visit yahoo mail
To see if anyone had written to me
To get there you pass by the latest news of the day.

Recession and pessimism
Wars that rage on
So much worry and fear.
Fears that can grab me
And make me feel anxious,
Make me feel sad,
When my confidence is low
And I struggle to say a prayer.

What do I see
Amongst this news
Winnie the Poo to return to the world of literature.
I wondered
Can he survive
In this often cold world of today?

I see a landscape of post war housing estates
Rain clouds drifting across a grey sky
Washing flapping on washing lines.
Cats prowl about
A restless dog barks,
Pigeons peck at the concrete
Buddleia grows out of walls
It survives,
And flowers,
Plastic bags hang from tree branches
The first blossom of spring.

GOD BLESS POO BEAR



February 2008

But there is a leafy lane somewhere
Leading to One Acre Wood,
Here Tigger Jumps, Rabbit busies himself,
And Piglet plays Poo Sticks with Winnie
The river flows by.
Eeyore worries about the recession
But the others will try to cheer him up.
Eeyore has a stubborn faith
Despite all the knocks
He will soldier on
We will soldier on.

ANGEL

November 2005

Revised May 2007

The night dragged on
Blank walls all around.
It was a desperate night,
A night when I felt alone.
I was in another world
I couldn't communicate
Friends seemed far away.


The dark clouded everything
Obliterating sunshine in the day
In the dark
I found the strength
To get down on my knees and pray.

An angel came
I found hope
The sunlight came back again.

Learning to Fly




Frank
September 2016



I am blessed by the sun
On a February day
I am blessed by the Snowdrops
The Crocus flowers
That light up the way
As we travel towards Spring
Oh Lord I thank you.

I feel blessed by the Cherry Blossom
That glows against a grey March sky
I feel blessed by the birdsong
That drowns out the traffic noise
As we greet the city morning.
Oh Lord their soothing lullabies
In the evening
Are so sweet.

I dread it when my mind looks back into the night
Embracing madness
Embracing wintertime
And the voices start talking.
It seems so hard
Sometimes I think of giving up
But I will keep struggling
I will keep on trying.

A large, soft pink watercolor splash is located on the left side of the page, extending from the top to the bottom. It has a textured, painterly appearance with various shades of pink and white.

I know if I reach out
You will hear my prayer
And put my feet back on the path
Towards springtime,
Lord I thank you.

I feel blessed to see the seasons pass.
Spring in all it's glory
Even the cold months
Have their moments of beauty.

I am blessed that I have the eyesight
To see it all
Ears to hear the melodies
A voice to sing this song.
In praise of life
And all this wonder
All GODS wonder.

The hope you give
To guide me on
I thank you GOD,
I am blessed.

I AM BLESSED

March 2008

Angels Blessing a Friendly Tree



This poem is dedicated to urban parks and gardens.

Come on through the gate
To the place where the flowers smile
Trees and shrubs are abundant
In that paradise on the other side of the wall.

Forget the rooftops and tower blocks
The traffic that rumbles and roars
Here is peace of mind
This paradise on the other side of the wall.

Summer flowers fade
To be replaced by Autumn flowers
Winter foliage is sparse
But there is beauty as nature slumbers.

In Spring there is an awakening
See the city birds going about there day
Butterflies and bees pollinate flowers
In this paradise on the other side of the wall.

Yes I read the newspapers today
And the news troubled me too
There is much madness in this world
It tries to get to me and you.

Come find a little sanity
Amongst the flowers and foliage
I get closer to God
In this paradise on the other side of the wall.

I will sit on this bench a while
And seek some rest.
Thank you God.

PARADISE

September 2006

THE BOAT SAILS

May 2007

I will say farewell my friend
The leaves fall
And blow through an autumn park.
Through life's turbulence
Your boat sets sail for a distant shore.
I know that my boat will sail one day
I hear Blind Willie Johnson singing,
Come And Go With Me To That Land.

I will celebrate your spirit
As the spring blossom opens
And flowers appear in a springtime park.
In the cool breeze
Your boat sails on calm water
My boat will sail too one day,
I hear Blind Willie Johnson singing,
We will meet Jesus in that land.

One day
I will celebrate the memories,
Your personality,
The conversations we had,
The beauty of friendship.

But for now I will shed a tear
As your boat sails to a distant shore
I will believe
That you will meet Jesus there.

I pray that I too will meet Jesus
On the day my boat sets sail
For that distant shore.
GOD Bless
May your soul find rest.

For our friends
that have left us

Come with me to that land
we will meet Jesus in that land
sang Blind Willie Johnson
the boat will sail to heavens shore



Dear Angel Thank you for helping me



DARK CLOUDS, SUNSHINE, AND A LITTLE ZEN

June 2008

It's not always easy being a fighter
When you feel hurt inside,
To be a spokesperson for the people
When you make a mess of your life.

A sunny spring morning
Brings a little optimism
I plan a day
When I can enjoy myself.

There are those who would say
Why should you enjoy yourself
When these times are troubled,
There are many battles to be fought.

But I used to fight a hangover
So that I could fight these battles
Battles of politics
Battles of life,
Fighting battles with myself.

Embracing a beer glass
But never embracing the healing arms of love.

Yes I am still fighting
For equality
For truth
For an end to senseless wars.

But the sun is out
The sky is blue
The birds are singing,
I am going to sit in the park
Look at some flowers
And praise GOD.



When a wind of chaos
Blows through our lives
It pulls meaning apart
In the aftermath
We sit and wonder
How do you mend a broken heart.

A saddened chuckle echoes through the darkness
It's a survival instinct that we know
And we wonder how did we lose sight of our worldview
The ideology we held so close.

Somehow our dreams slipped through shaking hands
How do we fit all the pieces together again
Reaching out for someone
Something special to hold on to.

A madman tries to compose himself
So that he can fit in once more with the crowd.
He tries hard to make the mask fit
But it's not easy keeping a stiff upper lip
When there is so much to express.
So much confusion and bewilderment
At being alone in this hostile world.

A PROUD RHYTHM

Spring 1992

When the medication starts taking control
Things can seem a little strange
Deep in our hearts we know
Things won't be the same again.

A mad person tries to be at one with the crowd
But you can't hide fearful eyes
The years of being singled out.
And you can't hide the worrylines
That run across your face
As you take your place in the competitive day.

But memories haunt in the deep of the night
Leaving a longing
To open up and cry
And to understand the experiences
That changed the meaning of our lives.
But a proud rhythm beats inside,
A proud rhythm beats inside,
A proud rhythm will keep beating inside,
A proud rhythm will keep beating inside,
Yes we will be strong this time.



Keep on climbing up that hill
though your burdens seem heavy
and sometimes they will
be there to get you down
make you feel like a clown,
But keep reaching for your crown.
Keep on climbing.

Climbing climbing
Climbing

Poetry is the rhythm of survival.

Poetry is the rhythm of survival.

I Feel Inspired





Oh dear thought Jack
Spring is on its way
If I am not carefull
I will start to melt
I think I will go to Australia
the land where people walk upside down
then I can play more icy pranks

She sat under a tree
Caressed by the cool breeze
It was a July day in 1963.

Fluffy white clouds passed by in a blue sky
It hadn't rained for a while
Brollys could be left at home today.

It had been a hard winter
It snowed from January to March.
That rascal Jack Frost played many pranks
Before disappearing as springtime came.
"He had a field day round here
He damaged our Pelargoniums
And killed off our Bizzy Lizzys
That we forgot to bring in"

"Ours is a small house
In a terraced street
We don't have room for a conservatory
And factory smells drift across from the Thames".

“But our Stan is a keen gardener
He always gets it looking good in the springtime
And when cousin Alf comes round
They smoke Senior Service
And discuss their plants,
Sometimes they go together to Kew Gardens.”

“Us ladies smoke untipped Players Weights
Sometimes tipped cigarettes
Like Park Drive or Cadets,
Sometimes we join the men
On their trips to Kew Gardens.”

Jack Frost don't seem come around much
In this 21st century,
It's said they slapped an anti social behaviour order on him
For wrecking too many gardens.
Killing off the Begonias and Busy Lizzys
That we forget to bring in
When the autumn chill starts bighting.

JACKS

Some say he's joined the Green Party
To campaign against global warming,
There are rumours that he will return as a hoodie
And seek terrible revenge,
You rascal Jack Frost.

It was a July day in 1963
We sat on a bench on Wandsworth Common
We watched the men play bowls in the bowling green
The Brighton Belle went by
On the Victoria to Brighton railway line
Fluffy white clouds passed by in a blue sky
We left our Brolleys and Rain Macs at home.

BLUES

July 2007

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH



Frank
April
2015

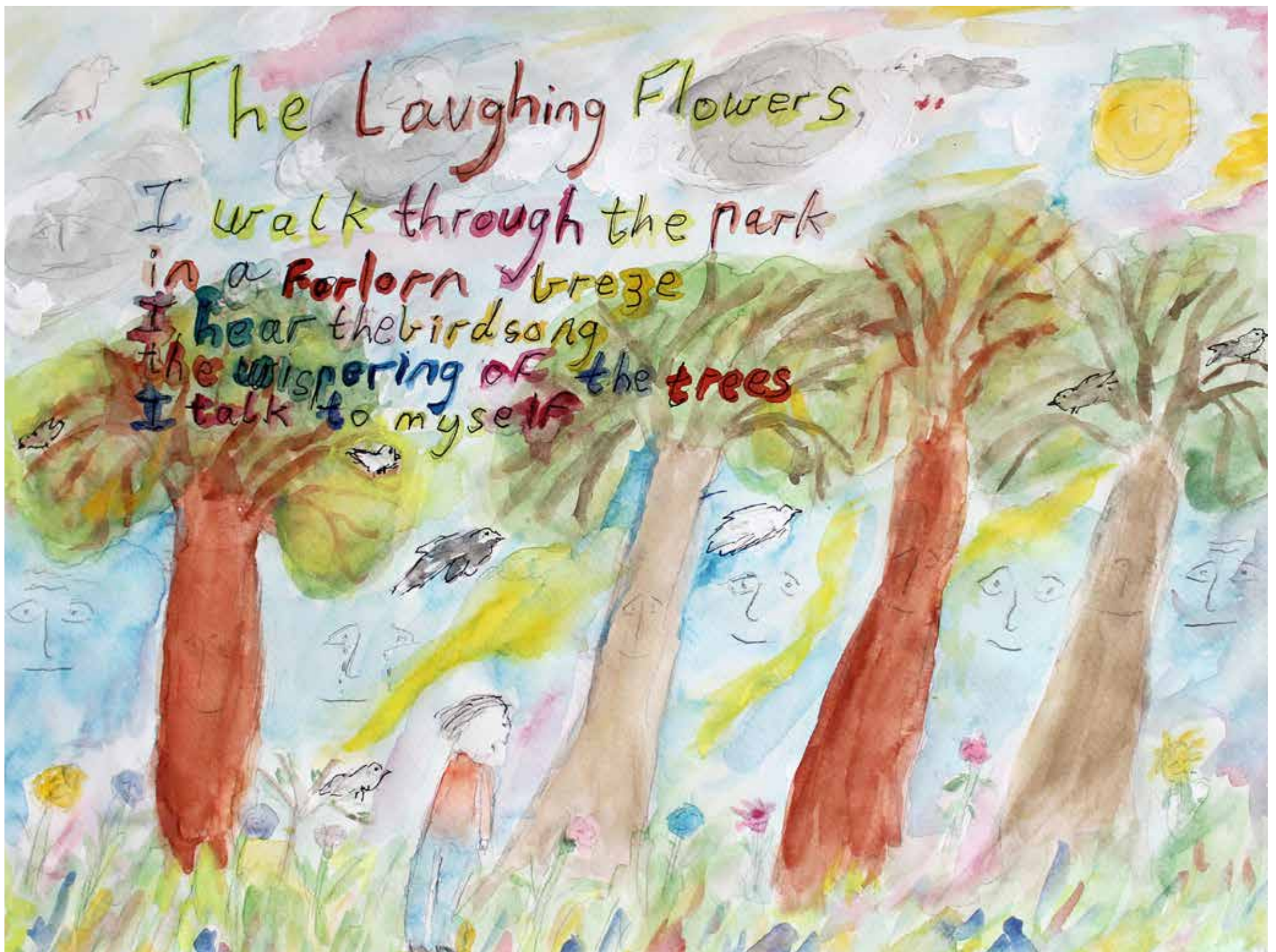
I Wonder Why





The Laughing Flowers,

I walk through the park
in a forlorn breeze
I hear the birdsong
the whispering of the trees
I talk to myself



AND THEY WILL STAY BEAUTIFULL

March 1998

Where Vikings once landed
Now UFOs are spotted
And I like to believe it true.
What was once wild marshland
Has been reclaimed
But history still shows through..

Country plants grow on the riverbank
In spring and summer they tower
Showing beauty in their strength
Flowers pollinated by busy bees.
Butterflies perform a delicate dance
Many different birds sing from trees
A symphony so much sweeter than the urban din.

Trains rumble in the distance
I listen to the far away tune
Amongst the foliage
I nearly forget about the city.

When the conflict of noise and pollution
Gets too much to put up with
And I need space to breathe.
Let me walk amongst the weeping willows
Along the banks of the muddy river
The Lea valley flowing out into Hertfordshire
And beyond,
Let me be at peace.

What once was wild marshland
Has become beautiful again
The past stirs from it's slumbers
Let the beauty keep flourishing.

Hackney Marshes
A little spirituality
In an often soulless world.



Us crusty old pigeons
We spent our day
Down on Mare Street pecking away,
When we flew off
There was a big hole in the concrete.

Us crusty old pigeons
We flew round to TESCOES
Someone was sitting on a bench
Eating a cheese roll
Crumbs were falling to the ground.
Us crusty old pigeons



CRUSTY OLD PIGEONS

January 2014

City life can be tough
Sometimes we get caught up in urban grime
And our feet fall off
But we will keep hopping along
We will keep fighting on.

Us crusty old pigeons
People like to put us down
They say they don't want us around
They call us most horrible names,
But when we get to heaven
We turn into beautiful Doves.

On the edge



With upright green leaves
and delicate white flowers
you survive the winter grey
those cold days when Jack Frost
shows no mercy
brave Snowdrop





THOSE

When Einstein was at school
The teachers thought he was simple
Forever adrift in his foolish dreams,
His parents shook their heads in despair
Dear God please help us
What is to become of our son.

When he grew up
He let the world know his thoughts
Agree with him or not
We started thinking.
He liked to sit in a bath tub
And play his violin.

Things ain't always how they seem to be
Things ain't always how they seem
Don't judge a book before you read it
Things ain't always how they seem.

When the Bash Street Kids were at school
In class 2b
Everyone said Pug was ugly
That mirrors cracked when he looked at them,
His parents wondered how he came to look like that.

Now he is on his first date
And they say she's a real stunner
Pug has turned out to be a winner.

EINSTEIN

BLUES

March 2014

Now we stand here
Without sharing a greeting
We look at each other
Hoping to find faults,

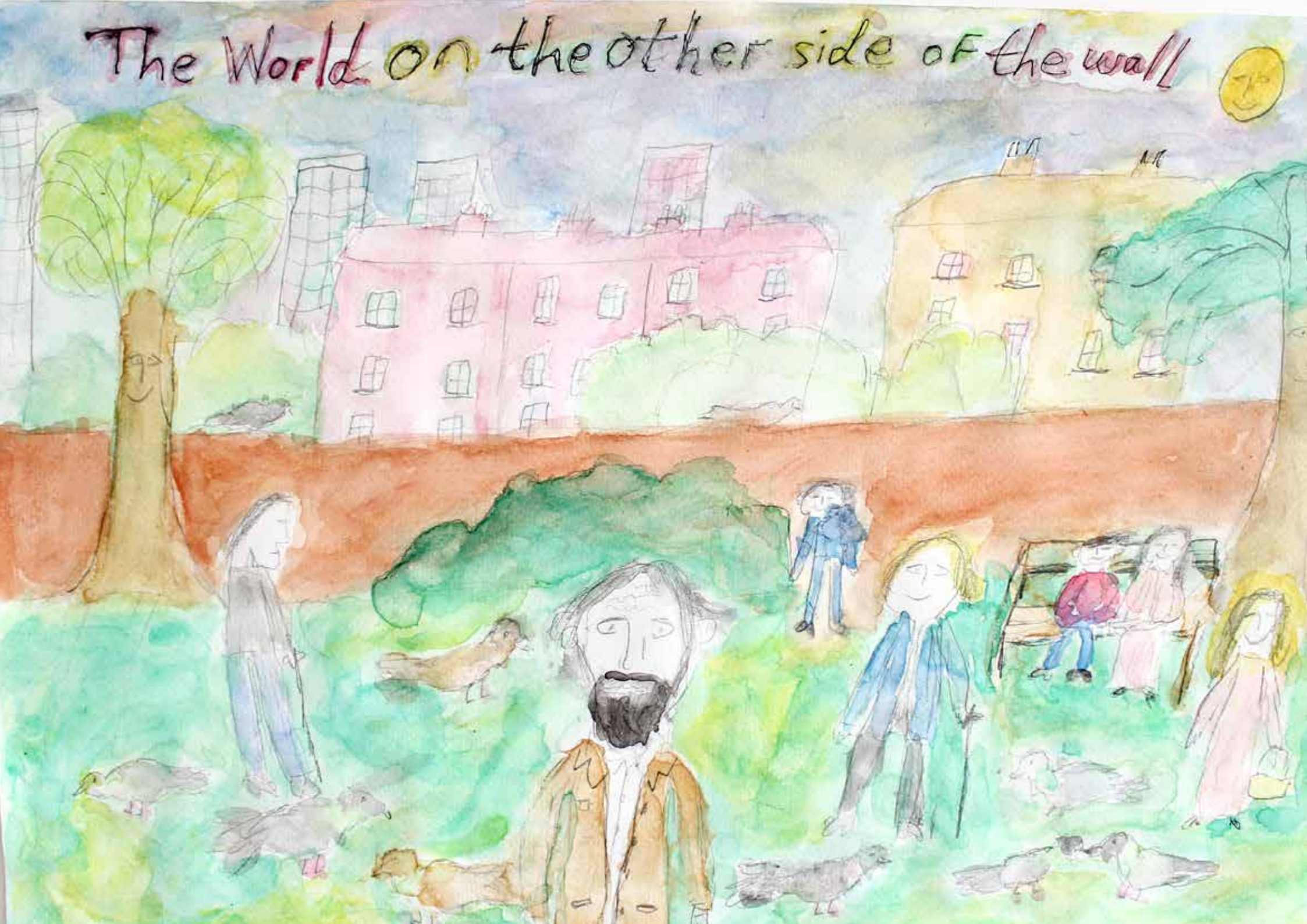
Chorus

The only face value that I want to see
Is the smile in your eyes
The smile on your face
Kind words we say to each other.

My friend, don't let our differences start a war
Let's see what we can share
Let's see what we can relate too.



The World on the other side of the wall





On Barmy Park
In the September sun
We sit on a bench holding hands.
Pigeons peck at the path
Why don't they make more holes?

On Barmy Park
We watch the falling leaves
As another year fades into the mist
Thank GOD we have survived
We pray for those who didn't make it.

Someone plays a transistor radio
Johnny Kidd and the Pirates are Shaking All Over
Gerry and the Pacemakers,
The Swinging Blue Jeans
The Big O sings Only The Lonely
Dark glasses hide his tears
Del Shannon keeps searching for his runaway
He drives on through the pouring rain.

BARMY



PARK

September 2010

On Barmy Park a dog continuously barks
There are lonely people with broken hearts
Searching for a special friend
Someone to stay with until the world ends.

Evening comes to Barmy Park
It starts to get cold as the sky gets dark
An ambulance arrives at the gate
Bringing a new inmate.
Birds roost in the trees
We trudge home wearily,
As a grumpy park keeper locks the gates
On Barmy Park.

THIS BEAUTIFUL

LL NATURE part 1

Autumn 2000

Virginia Creeper climbing over the embankment
By the westbound platform of Homerton train station
Growing amidst the rubbish that gathers there.

Though this rubbish wont fertilize the soil
Still the creeper grows climbing over the fence and railings
Like a vine climbing up a tree in the countryside
Or a vine in a tropical rain forest.
Recently a spyder set up home her
Building it's strong but delicate web
Waiting for any insect
Foolish enough to drop in for a chat.

In the autumn the creeper turns a lovely red
A treat for the tired eyes
And worried minds
Of commuters

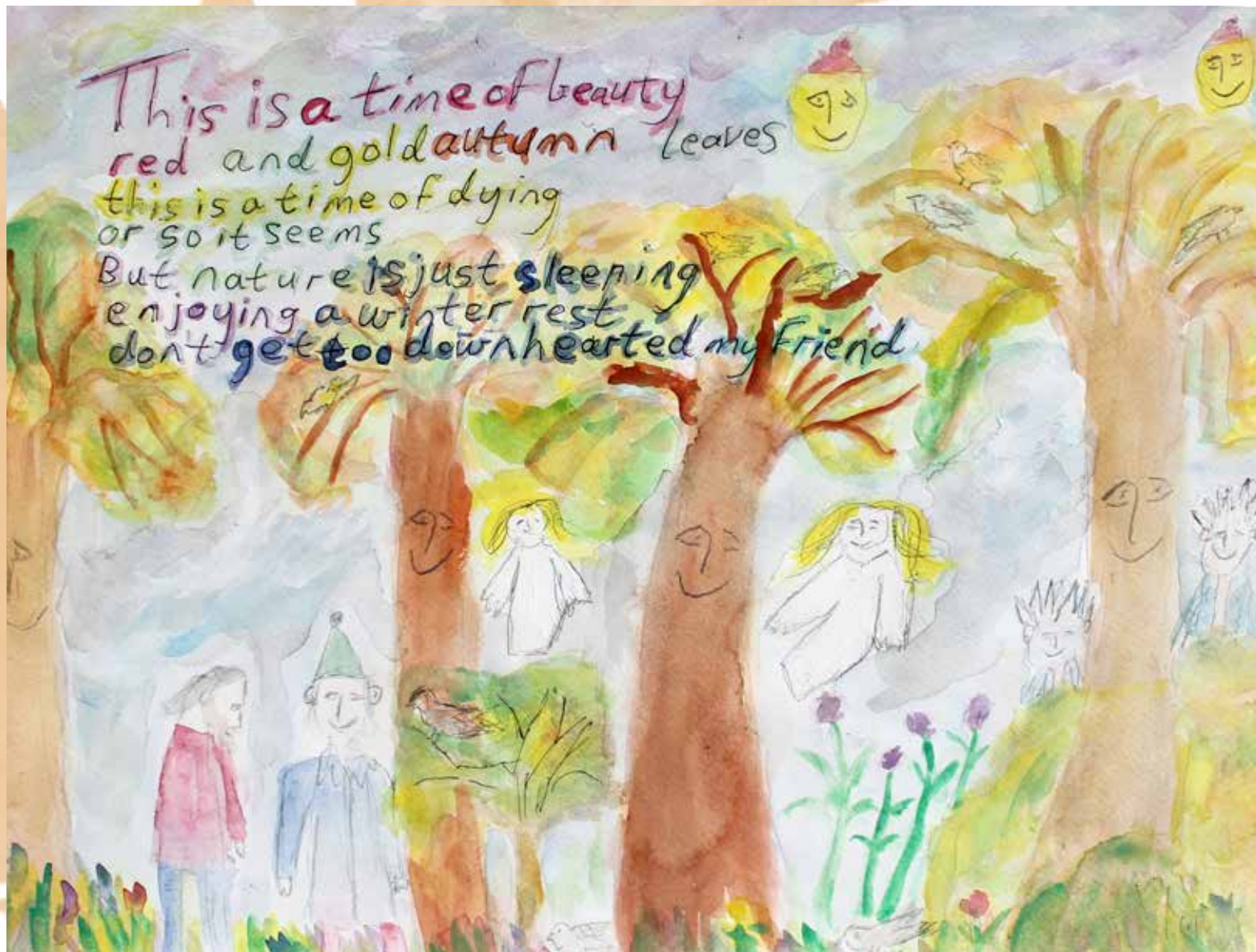
In the winter
The creeper retreats into the ground for a rest
And our spyder friend
Will be forced to find a new home.

Then comes springtime
The creeper awakes with a yawn
And commences on it's journey
Climbing over the fence and railings
And reaching up towards the heavens.

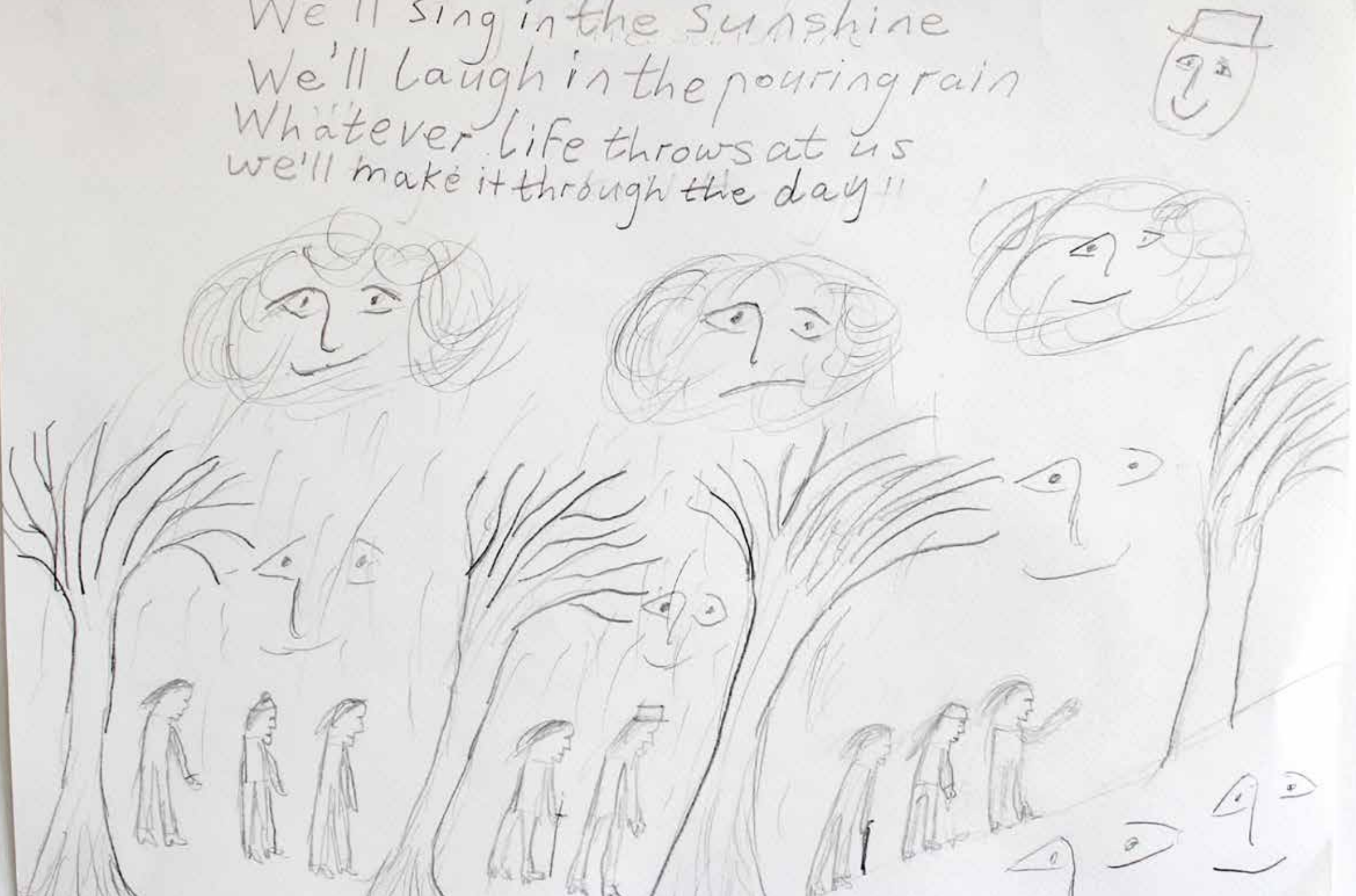
This beautiful nature
This beautiful nature
Flourishing in unexpected places.
And don't let anyone tell you
There aint beauty in Hackney
Because there is.



This is a time of beauty
red and gold autumn leaves
this is a time of dying
or so it seems
But nature is just sleeping
enjoying a winter rest
don't get too downhearted my friend



We'll sing in the sunshine
We'll laugh in the pouring rain
Whatever life throws at us
we'll make it through the day!!



Frank was a gentle and prayerful soul
He gave encouragement and showed kindness to many
He was creative
He was knowledgeable
He was a wordsmith and poet
He was a gardener
He was loved by the family at St Barnabas

Our Friend Frank

Catherine Armstrong 2021

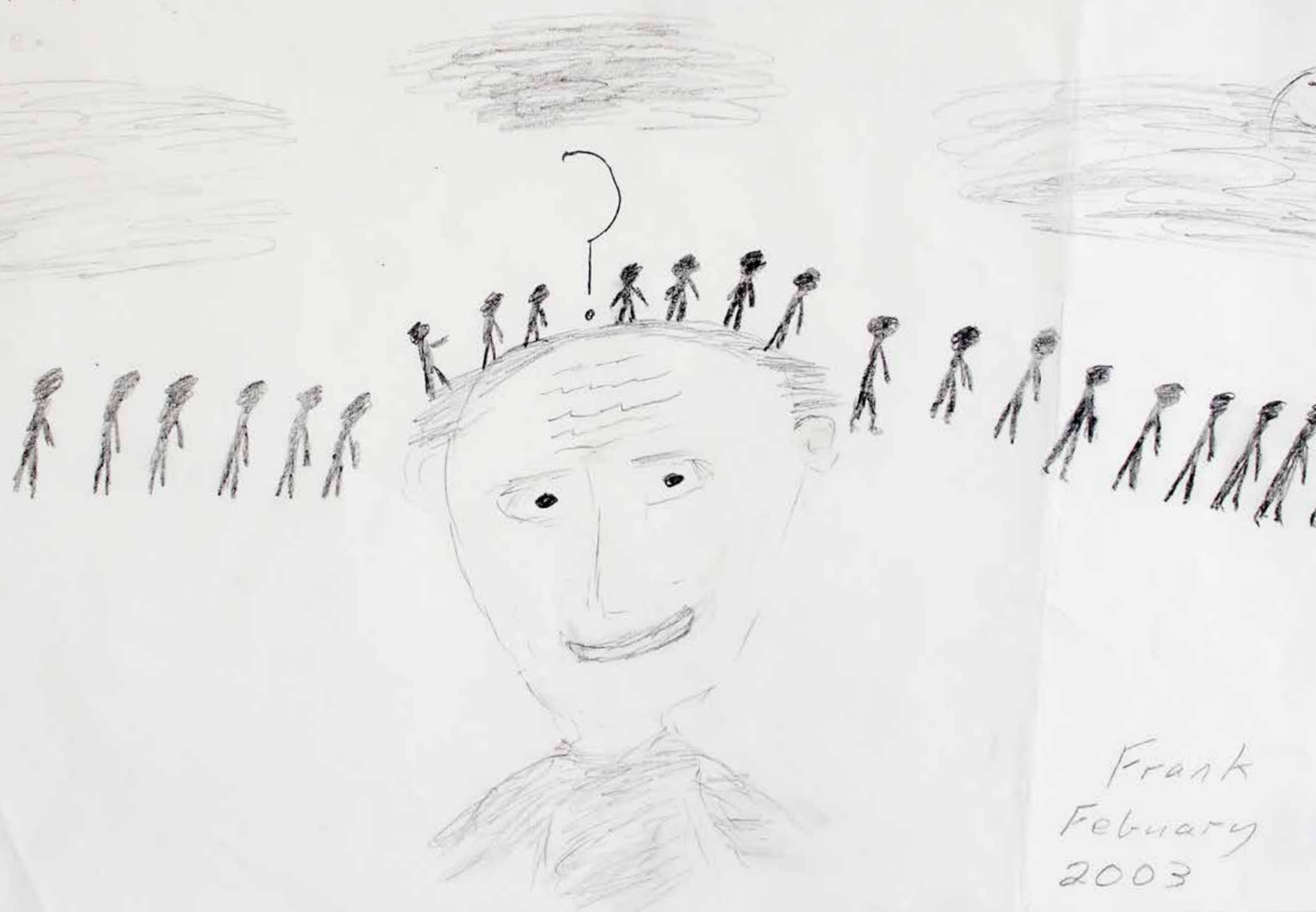
The most memorable gift to our church was of course his poetry. He had the Extraordinary ability to stand at the front of church waving his stick reciting word perfect with exuberance and passion his poetry which was a blessing to us all. Frank was a poet and a gentleman and most of all someone whom many of us are proud to say was our friend. I will finish with some of his words from his poem Angels Blessing a Friendly Tree.

“....Lift off was great
Together we fly
Flapping our wings
we take to the sky
wild is the wind
soft the summer breeze
off to paradise is where we want to be.
Come with me to that land
we will meet Jesus in that land
sang blind Wille Johnson
the boat will sail to heavens shore.”

I Wonder Why



By Frank Bangay



Frank
February
2003

I still feel confused.

But i'm not as confused as I was

I am thinking so far I have no
answers



I am a star

Frank Bangay 1951 – 2021



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I am a star
I want to shine bright
in the gloomy winter night
Let no Fear get you down
I will light the way
as darkness falls down
I will light the way
to holy ground