



# THE BUGLE

**An arts magazine by people with lived experience of homelessness and its surrounding issues.**

**ISSUE 52**

# About The Bugle

The Bugle is our mouthpiece which alerts readers to matters which we feel need attention, and at the same time allows us to explore our creative skills—whether through writing poetry, artwork, cartoons or other means of expression

## Our History

The first edition was let out on an unsuspecting public in November 2005 and at that time it ran to eight pages only, with limited colours. The first edition was sent round the various Bethany units—such as Bethany House in Couper Street, and encouraged people to put their thoughts down on paper. It was sometime later that The Bugle would have its own dedicated slot at the old Learning Centre on Jane Street, a converted church hall right opposite Rikky's Music Shop.

People come and go, depending on what life has to dish out to them, yet it's encouraging to note that for a good while now there have been a dozen or so regular contributors to the magazine. We gratefully acknowledge all the financial help which has come from several sources.

We are always learning new things in order to keep improving. The magazine you now hold in your hands has grown into an impressively colourful and glossy production which we are proud of and which we hope you enjoy.

## Our Mission

We are a creative, welcoming, open-minded and supportive group of people who may have experienced homelessness and are supportive of the issues surrounding homelessness.

We aim to promote free and open communication which connects with others through creative writing, journalism and visual art. We hope to encourage others to think about issues that are often hidden. We produce a magazine which reflects real issues but goes deeper than the current trend for 'reality.'

## Our Reader Agreement

In keeping with our mission, we have developed guidelines to help encourage an innovative and trustworthy environment to publish our material in. We promise to...

- Provide hope, honesty and positivity
- Refrain from making discriminatory comments
- Place warnings on articles that contain adult content

We ask you to...

- Respect other people's viewpoints
- Give us the benefit of the doubt regarding spelling, grammar and writing
- Do not use our images or writing elsewhere. All authors and artist retain copyright of their work
- Credit the artist or author when quoting them



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### Thanks to our Funders

Our Community Development work is made possible thanks to the generous support of many individuals, communities, partner organisations & supporters.

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### Your Feedback

If you would like to know more about the Bugle, comment on what you have read or to submit an article, then please contact us at:

- [bugle.edinburgh@gmail.com](mailto:bugle.edinburgh@gmail.com)
- 0131 454 3119
- The Bugle, 65 Bonnington Rd, Leith, Edinburgh EH6 5JQ

**Front Cover by Rosalind Alexander**

**Back Cover by Monique Van Aalst**

### Disclaimer

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# Articles

## **A Troubled Scottish Boy in Africa by Eddie Watt**

"Stand by your beds!!" came the terrifying command from the Head Boy Prefect as he stood rigidly in his school uniform next to my Boarding School Housemaster Mr Woodhouse. Inspection Time. First of the day. My young 13 year old belly was nervously doing somersaults mainly due to fear of getting a clip round my sticky out ears or taxi door ears or wing nut as my not so kind Rhodesian born racist Army Sargent Major Stepfather took great pleasure in reminding me of on a daily basis. But he was hundreds of miles away and the furthest thing on my mind at the present time. My mind was racing in panic "Oh Eddie, have you polished your shoes enough? Have you tidied your foot locker at the end of your bed perfectly, is your school tie knotted right? Is your bed you've just hurriedly made up to inspection standard? Have you made it with the required correct hospital corners?"

Welcome to the scary, everyday school life of a scared young Scottish Lad in what started as a 5 year old African Adventure to Rhodesia now Zimbabwe to Plumtree High School, a private Boarding School where young children were admonished by both physical and mental abuse deemed as 'character building' on a daily basis but let's not dwell on the negatives of the regular Monday night caning across my tender backside by all too keen for my liking Housemaster Mr. Woodhouse.

Let's go back to the beginning of this journey of the events that moulded and shaped the man I now have grown in to. Friday the 13th of February 1970, Clydebank Scotland. The fateful day when the fun and games of this roller-coaster of many, many highs and admittedly tainted with many low points. But that tale is for another time and place. Let's be honest. Growing up in Africa is fun. Hard, hot, interesting, but the regime of racism has to mentioned. It is abhorrent and it's not a subject for this story and it deserves a better forum than this short story. Having Elephants, Lion's, Baboons and Rhino's as your pets is pretty cool. Okay, okay, maybe not Elephants or Lions. I had a white rat called Micky that kept me company during the school hols and freaked my wee mum Margaret out.

This whole short story writing malarkey is all new to me, I feel it's safe to say that like my new found faith in God it's all a bit fun and exciting. Oh so unlike being forced every Sunday morning to go to Church. That strict colonial style regime was that place that made me detest going. In many ways that teenage boy has found both himself and a new life long friend in Jesus. In life, force something down your throat and you'll end up covered in puke, sick of it. Been there, done that, way too many times. The joys of previous alcohol abuse, eh?



My faith is different now.

This tale is about a scared young Scottish lad on what at the time was a bit of a living on the edge, exciting, terrifying at many times journey of discovery of, fun, adventure, gun's, violence with apartheid & racial discrimination and prejudice in this cauldron of Deepest Darkest Africa.

As it happens I was a right little entrepreneur with all these hair brained schemes to make a couple of dollars of the Zimbabwean kind. Pleading letters posted to Cadbury's and Rowntree's Chocolates, Kelloggs singing their praises & all those famous British Food Brand's that I so very much loved munching on on our yearly trips back to our Motherland Bonnie Scotland. Unfortunately Mr A.G.Barr and Scotland's 2nd famous drink, 'Made From Girders' or in colloquial Scots patter 'A Bottle O' Ginger' Irn Bru decided to give my feeble schoolboy attempts to woo him or his Managing Director's as the letter was more than likely addressed to much heed. I imagine they used to sit round the boardroom table at the annual AGM Meeting and take the proverbial urine out of this 14 year old heid case and his begging letters for their famous bru. 36 years on and some things never change....

Readers, at this point I would like to put my own splash of disgusting schoolboy humour and bravado in to this tale. I'm hoping that you are not sitting down to enjoy a meal or a bite to eat. The things I used to do for attention and to try and be part of the cool gang or the ones who excelled in rugby more than likely. Football or soccer as it was called was looked at as a black man's game. Absolute nonsense. Anyway I digress. There is an insect of which I don't know what the biology name will be but to all and sundry it is a Flying Ant. The locals fry them in a bit of butter and they taste like peanut butter allegedly. They look like a chubby ant/bee hybrid kinda creature with big insect wings. Well my party trick was to pull the wings off & eat them alive. Until one of them decided that it wanted out and started climbing back up my throat. Disgusting. I could probably fill a book with some of my other adventures in Southern Africa. Like life, I have mixed memories of both good and bad times growing up in Zimbabwe. For the record I haven't had a Flying Ant since.. Meal of choice now, when money allows is the first meal my wee Mum kindly made on the first night of my return home for my school holidays. Steak, Fried Egg and Chips made with her usual love and grace for her only son. Only addition today and if may be so bold and a tad arrogant, my Michelin Star worthy Sauce Au Poivre or Black Peppercorn Sauce in layman's terms. The joys of training as a Chef.



To take this to a conclusion and the message that I'm hoping that to convey is that regardless of how, when, where, which religion, if any you were born into or the colour of you, or your children's skin. That's not what defines you. Look at me. I was born with a rare genetic disorder but here I am today. A 50 year old man who only a few months ago has put his trust and future in God's capable hands. I believe that in many cases it's your childhood past that defines your future. I'm not here to preach to anyone. Each to their own. It's a relationship with me and my Heavenly Father. All I'm trying to be is the best I can and when my time comes I trust in God to send the Angels to protect me with their wings and guide me on my final dance to Heaven. God bless you all

## Nostalgia by Tam Laidlaw

I'd like to tell you a story about growing up in the early 60's, when it was safe to do most things, a time when there was a certain degree of innocence. We enjoyed a childhood. When the summer holidays arrived, most of us would have to stay at home, as we couldn't afford to go anywhere. We just accepted that, and made the most of the situation. A typical day during the holidays, would start with having a long lie, then walking along to a



neighbouring school for a free dinners around midday. In the afternoon, we would all end up in a semi-run down bowling green, to discuss what we should do until tea-time. A game of football would always take priority over any other games that were suggested. Sometimes we would play in the bowling green, or the school playground adjacent to it. When it was nearing tea-time, the game would be decided by the first team to score a goal. After tea, if there wasn't a programme on the television we liked, it would end up with us all meeting up in the bowling green again to play more football.

Thursday, being Top of the Pops night, was when we would stay in to watch the highlight of our week first, before going back out to play. Later on, as darkness began to fall, there was a feeling of disappointment in the air, knowing that we would have to stop playing very soon. When play did stop, there would always be excuses made by the losing team for their bad performance. After having to listen to all the post mortems, we would all lie on the grass, resting, drinking juice, some (already smokers) rolling cigarettes, others telling jokes and laughing. After the short break, and we had all cooled down, there would be excitement, and anticipation, in knowing that this was the season for apple picking. The conversation would lead to; which orchard we would raid, who would be going, we would decide what we should do next. We eventually agree to go to the orchards, which were about a mile and a half away, to pick apples, pears and plums.

Most of us were aged around thirteen and fourteen, with the exception of two young men, who were both eighteen. Those men were, Laughing Larry and Borstal Bill. Larry got the name for having the loudest laugh this side of the Forth Bridge. His laugh was a cross between a hyena's, and the laughing policeman's, and, looking back, he resembled the donkey in "Shrek". He had a full round face, his hair was ginger and spiky, he wore a sports jacket which had seen better days, the type with leather sewn onto the elbows for harder wearing. His boots were steel toe capped, which came in handy, for kicking rats high in the air at the chemical factory where he worked. His laugh was so disturbingly loud, that, he was the only man to get barred from the Embassy Picture House in Granton, for laughing. He would wait for a quiet sad scene, when there would be soft violins playing as background music. Only then, would he laugh so loud, he almost took the ceiling away, while one of the cinema ushers would come over and escort him out of the building, still laughing.



Borstal Bill got his name for going in and out of borstal, and in doing so became super fit, due to the strict exercise and fitness programme within the institute. Bill, in contrast with Larry, was a bit of a dandy, with his: long blonde hair parted in the middle, a moustache, candy striped hipsters, buttoned down at the collar checked shirt, brightly coloured cravat, double breasted jacket and black Chelsea boots. He had good looks, charisma, charm and used his athleticism to great advantage when pursued by the police, by vaulting over high fences, scaling walls, climbing trees and being a good sprinter. Unfortunately for him, police dogs are also fast runners and can jump over high fences. At that time, Larry owned a motor bike, and Bill owned a scooter, which they used to transport some of us to the orchard. Bill, being a show off, would demonstrate his fitness and sense of balance, by riding his scooter, standing on the seat with one foot, steering with a rope tied round the handle-bars and screaming "Yee ha." The ones left behind made their way to the orchards on foot.

After walking through the housing scheme, we approach a long lane which was secluded, with a high stone wall on either side. The branches of the apple trees hung over the walls, making the lane darker, less inviting, with the moon being the only source of light available. With autumn approaching, some leaves were already blanketing the small chips on the ground, making it noisy when walked on. At the bottom of the lane, there was a compost bin which we used to get over the wall.

Once we were over, we tucked our jumpers into our trousers, picked some apples and put them down our jumpers in order to carry them home. Meanwhile, in the lane, the older boys with the motor bike and scooter; revved their engines up very loudly, tooted their horns, started laughing hysterically and then sped off down the lane. This brought attention to the nearby neighbours who came out to investigate what all the noise was.



Before we knew it, a torchlight was shining our way, a man shouting "who's there?" in a very stern tone, a dog barking and curtains twitching. The sudden shock of it all had us rooted to the spot. Then, after realising that we had been set up, we offloaded the apples from under our jumpers, made a run for the wall and made our escape. When we arrived back at the safety of the bowling green, we could see the funny side of what happened earlier and forgave the older boys for playing that prank on us. By this time, it must have been around midnight when we heard the sound of one of the boy's mothers calling him up. Just before the rest of us headed home, we bade each other a goodnight, after first, making arrangements for the following day. I don't know about the rest of them, but when I lay in bed, I had to stifle a laugh just thinking about Laughing Larry and Borstal Bill's prank earlier on in the night. After settling down, my thoughts were focused on what might happen the following day and it gave me a feeling of anticipation and contentment. Well, I'm almost drifting off to sleep now, so, until the next escapade, goodnight. I hope you have enjoyed my childhood memories.

# Saint Patrick's Day: Shamrocks and Shenanigans

by Monique Van Aalst

*'Top of the morning' to you readers! To quote a very old-fashioned Irish and hardly used greeting to you. St. Patrick's Day is on the 17th of March, which also happens to be my birthday, so I thought why not write an article about this very popular celebration? Please don't take offense, maybe you are thinking how about Saint Andrew? Fair enough. A few years ago I wrote an article about how us 'Dutchies' celebrate St. Nicholas*



*Day or 'Sinterklaas', which is on 5 December, so Saint Andrew should have his own pages dedicated to him, well instead I will give him an honorary mention below.*

## ***Who was the national apostle and patron saint Patrick?***

*He was actually born in Roman Britain in the Fifth century A.D. He had an eventful life, kidnapped by Irish raiders and held as a slave at the tender age of 16. He managed to escape later, but oddly in a vision it was revealed that the people of Ireland needed to know about Christ. So he returned to Ireland to become a missionary and was credited in bringing Christianity to the '**Emerald Isle**'. Although some sources say that Palladius a bishop from Gaul (France) was sent by the Pope with that very same mission and precedes him around the late 300s or early 400s.*

*According to the mythology surrounding Saint Patrick he became more and more ingrained in the Irish culture and he explained the Holy Trinity (Father, Son and Holy Spirit) using Ireland's native three-leaf clover: the Shamrock. Although never formally canonized Saint Patrick was regarded as equal-to the apostles- venerated as a Saint from the seventh century and his death is believed to have been on 17 March, 461 AD. Saint Patrick's Day started on the anniversary of his death as a religious celebration in 1631 to commemorate his life and the arrival of Christianity in Ireland. It was added to the Catholic breviary (a book of prayers) as the Feast of St. Patrick. By the late 17<sup>th</sup> Century Irish people were celebrating the day by wearing crosses, ribbons or shamrocks.*

*According to the well-known legend Patrick is depicted holding a sword atop the Irish hillside ready to banish all the serpents in Ireland for them to 'slither into the sea'. But there were no real snakes around there as the climate was a lot colder and I reckon it was rather meant symbolically: 'the snakes ' were referring to the Pagan based ideas of the Celts.*



### *Some facts about Saint Patrick's day*

The earliest St. Patrick's Day celebration is on 17 March 1631 marking the anniversary of the death of the patron saint in the 5<sup>th</sup> century. (Well, I suppose better late than never). A very low-key affair that would later evolve- world-wide -in a less secular, cultural, very commercialised celebration with big banners, loud music and rowdy, drunken behaviour by some.

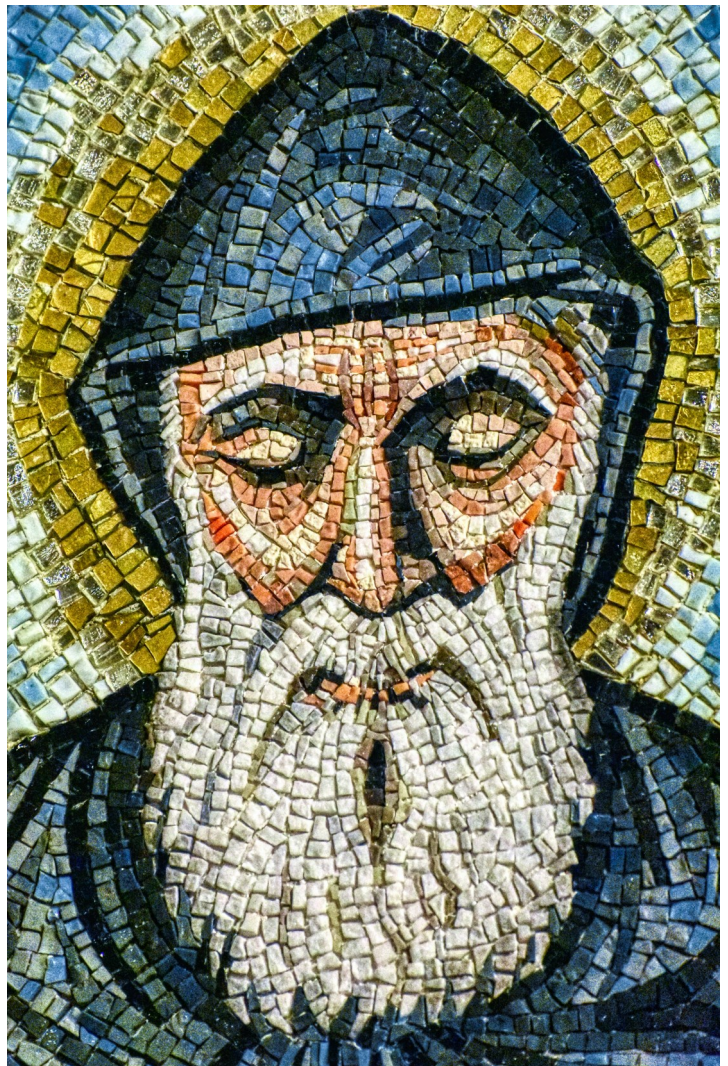
The shamrock, a three leaf clover was considered a sacred plant by The Celts. They called it 'seamroy'. The shamrock had become a symbol of Emerging Irish nationalism by the 17<sup>th</sup> Century.

The first St. Patrick's Day parade was held in America on 17 March 1601 in a Spanish colony which is now called St. Augustine, Florida.

The meal consisting of corned beef and cabbage is seen as a St. Patrick's Day staple across the country but was actually an American invention.

*Besides Shamrocks, Leprechauns also play an important part in the St. Patrick's Day celebration. A leprechaun or in Irish 'lobaircin' means a small-bodied fellow, a red-haired, green clothed, cranky soul, according to the Celtic folklore, responsible for mending the shoes of the other fairies. Although they did get paid handsomely with golden coins. (Nothing to be cranky about methinks) They are often associated with the proverbial pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and are also known for their mischievous trickery. Chasing a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow sounds like leprechauns were targeting the gullible: something impossible to get or achieve.*

*Nowadays the colour green dominates St. Patrick's Day celebrations but why? Although initially the colour blue was associated with Saint Patrick (his blue garments) and appeared on ancient Irish flags. Later on Blue was also seen as the colour of the Oppressor (English rule) and as an act of rebellion the colour green became the popular choice, with the shamrock as a symbol of nationalism. Wearing green was more and more a regular practice and as the story goes to avoid being pinched by a leprechaun during Saint Patrick's Day celebrations.*



*Saint Andrew's day on 30 November is also called the Feast of Saint Andrew or Andermas and is in comparison to Saint Patrick's Day more a low-key event. Besides being the patron saint for Scotland, Russia, Romania, Cyprus and a few more countries. Saint Andrew is the disciple in the New Testament who introduced his brother Peter to Jesus the Messiah. Peter, founder of the Church allowed the Scottish to appeal to the Pope in 1320 (for some of you history buffs: the Declaration of Arbroath). It is also an official flag day in Scotland, The Saltire/ Saint Andrew's Cross shall fly on all its buildings with a flagpole. Saint Andrew's day marks the celebration of Scottish culture, food and music together with Hogmanay and Burns Night. Although I am under the impression that the Scottish prefer celebrating Burn's Night/ Supper more eagerly. The latter held on Robert 'Rabbie' Burns birthday on 25 January, is welcomed by the Scottish Parliament to be a key cultural heritage event. During Burns' supper tribute is being paid to the popular bard, reciting his very apt 'Address to a Haggis', after a wee dram or a soft drink, fine dining on Haggis, Neeps and Tatties, accompanied by traditional Scottish music and a ceilidh.*

### ***Where in the world is St.Patrick's Day celebrated?***

It is widely **celebrated** in the United Kingdom (In Scotland; Glasgow has the largest number of Irish immigrants and in the smaller town of Coatbridge), Canada, United States, Brazil, Argentina, Australia and New Zealand, especially among Irish diaspora. In modern-day Ireland, St. Patrick's Day, traditionally a religious occasion, is officially a National holiday in Ireland. In fact, up until the 1970s, Irish laws mandated that pubs be closed on 17 March. However in 1995, the Irish government began a national campaign to attract tourists on Saint Patrick's day showcasing Ireland and Irish culture to the rest of the world.

### ***Criticism***

As to be expected with popular National days Saint Patrick's Day celebrations have been widely criticised, particularly for the shenanigans displayed by largely drunken crowds. Some critics argue that the festivities have become too commercial, even tacky, nothing to do with commemorating the patron Saint and Irish heritage. Another criticism is that the celebrations are fostering demeaning stereotypes about Ireland and Irish people, referring to the wearing of leprechaun outfits which are based on 19<sup>th</sup> century caricatures of the Irish (in America). They were largely portrayed as scruffy looking people, often drunk and disorderly, a drain to the welfare system. The term 'Plastic Paddyness' has also been mentioned as a misrepresentation of Irish identity and culture.



If you don't mind me I need to hurry to find my own pot of gold, it's my birthday after all.





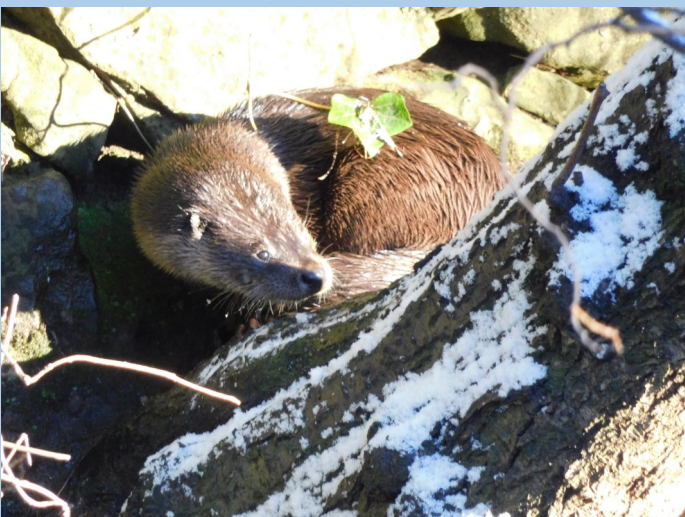
# Artworks

**Above:** Self by Anthony J.  
Holderness





# Winter Wildlife by Rosalind Alexander

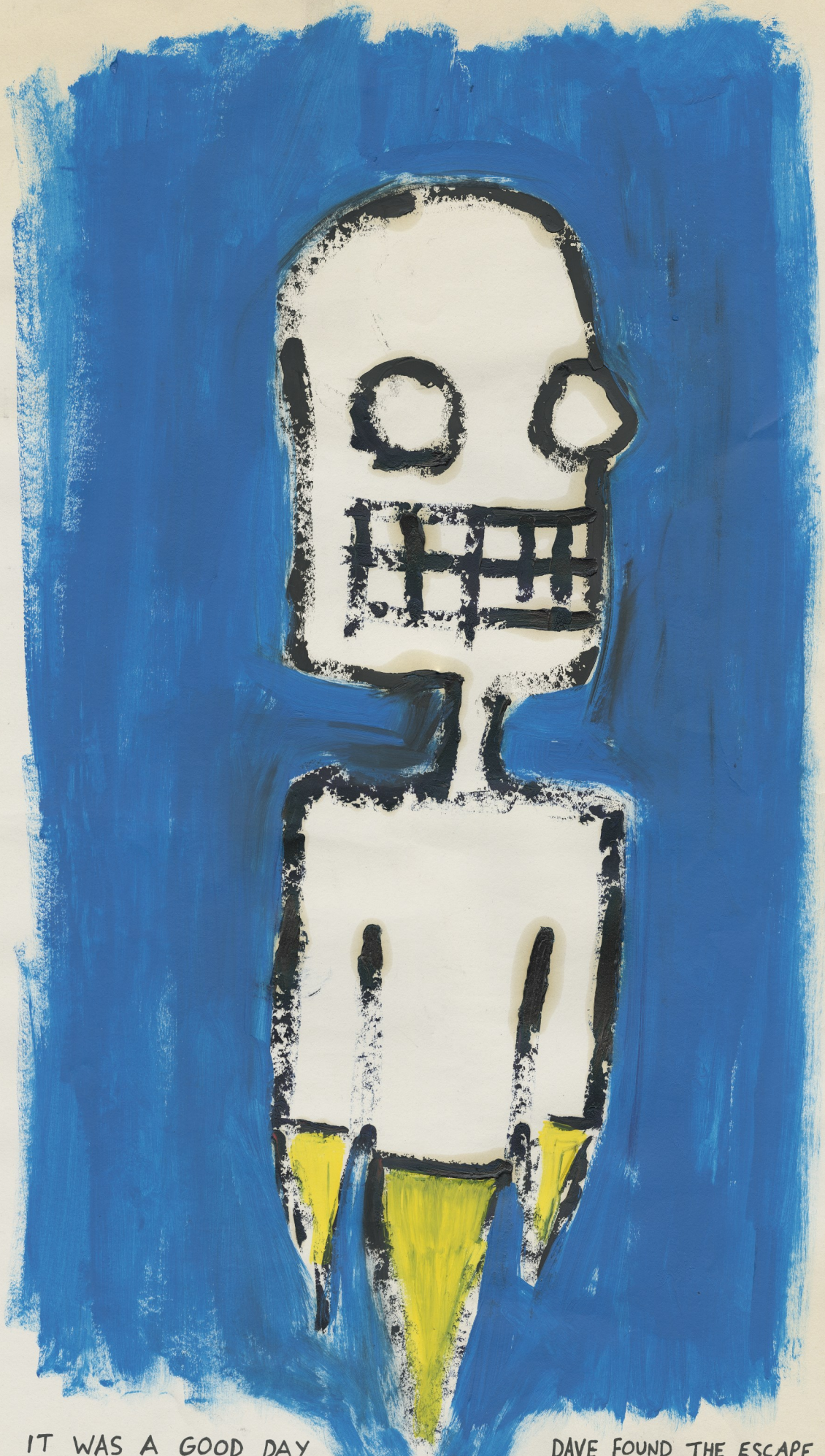




# East Lothian Spring by Rosalind Alexander







IT WAS A GOOD DAY.

DAVE FOUND THE ESCAPE HATCH.



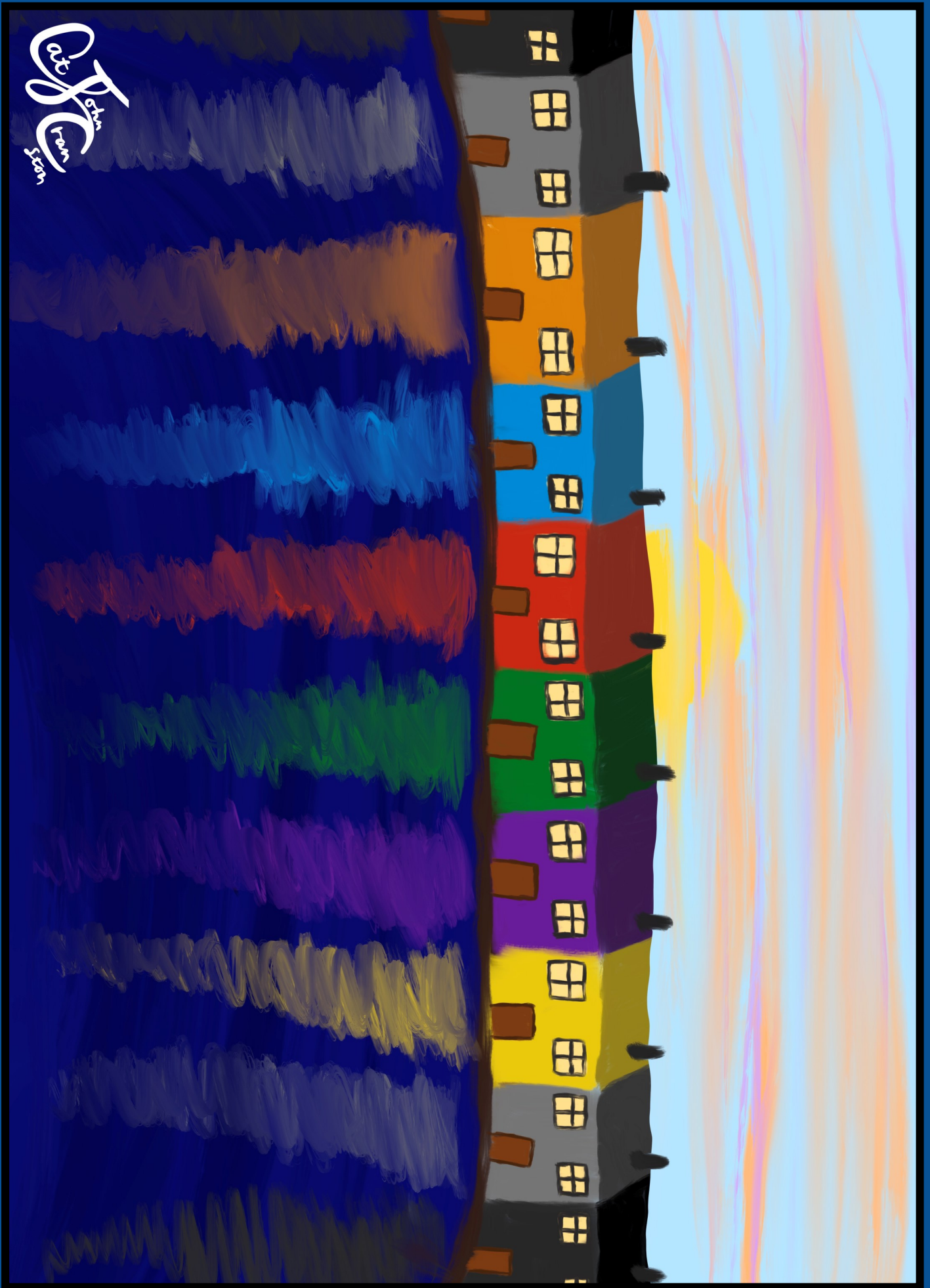
EXCUSE ME,  
IS THIS  
THE LINE  
FOR  
MINDLESS  
OBLIVION?



**Opposite:** Escape Hatch by Mikael  
**Above:** The Line by Mikael

**Overleaf :** Two Digital Paintings  
by Catherine J Cranston













**Above:** Greyfriars Bobby by Monique Van Aalst

**Opposite:** Bandstand by Rosalind Alexander



# Poems

Who I was / Who I am





## Good Old Days by Tam Laindlaw

If I could be young again, for just one day,  
I would hop, skip and jump for joy,  
It wouldn't be long enough to do all the  
things I did when I was a boy.

I would walk round the radical road,  
Then climb Arthur's Seat to have a view of  
the city,  
I'd love to go on a boat once more with my  
older brother Billy  
(They're no longer there, oh, what a pity).

He would sometimes take me to the zoo,  
A walk along Liberton Dams, or have a kick-  
about in the street,  
On a Saturday night our mum would babysit  
for him and Margaret, and he'd give me a  
sixpence, such a treat!

I'd play on the guider that my great dad  
made, roll an old car tyre round the half-  
moon 'til I could no longer run,  
I would play; leap-frog, tig, kick the can, hide  
and seek, tap door run, that was so much fun.

My old black framed bike, with its butterfly  
handle-bars and well sprung saddle, I'd love  
to ride again,  
The air pistol, sheath knife and sling I  
bought from Terry's shop in Granton, were  
my favourites then, and still remain,  
I could play a game of marbles, wade through  
puddles if it rains, play at rounders on the  
Half-Moon, if I don't get a row,  
I'd play football in Royston School, or maybe  
the Bowling Green (but it's replaced with  
sheltered housing now).

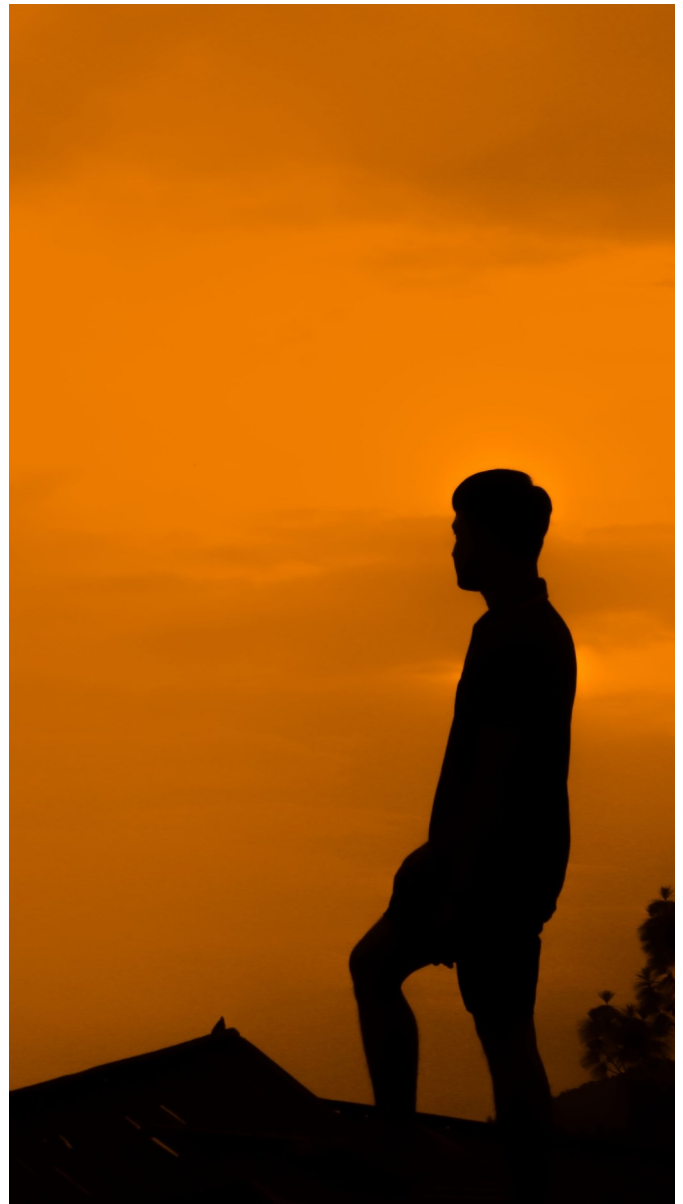
I'd walk down to the beach with a bottle of  
water and a piece on jam, if I had my way,  
Go on the Jungle Ride, if I had the money,  
when the shows come to Gypsy Brae,  
Walk a little further on where the yachts are  
moored, not far from the waterfall on the  
River Almond,  
Take a stroll across the breakwater to a little

island, right next to a village that shares the  
same name "Cramond."

Go back on the ferry that took you to the big  
estate, with its well worn path, leading to the  
Forth Bridges,

On second thoughts, no, I've just  
remembered, I had a very bad experience  
there dealing with the midges,  
By this time, my day would be nearing its  
end, much to my regret, I'd best be homeward  
bound,

I'd walk back home on the harbour road and  
suck on a chunk of ice from the factory, my  
whole day would be just sound!





## The Invigilator by Monique Van Aalst

I remember sitting exams  
Dreading the Invigilator creeping up on me  
That one with the soft gummy shoes  
You would never hear him approaching  
But you could definitely smell  
What he had for breakfast or lunch (Depending on the time of day)

There was no getting away with anything  
No wandering eyes, no suspicious facial expressions  
Like some secret Morse code  
Trying some signalling to your mates  
The Invigilator knew all the tricks in the books.  
X-ray eyes like a hawk.

In my time it was a chilly gym hall  
My fingers frozen, my mouth numb  
Luckily, we were allowed a hot drink (and some water)  
In those days there was no such thing  
As a smart phone or smart watch  
My generation are known by social scientists as  
*'The last of the Innocents'*  
The last ones before the digital era made its entrance  
No computers allowed then and no extra time given either

How times have changed  
I am now that person watching pupils behave during exam time  
I have seen those faces, some with dread,  
Some with looks of concern, some a bit more confident  
How slow an hour or two can feel when you're struggling  
It's a great job if you only have one pupil to invigilate as  
you can do a Sudoku or crossword puzzle, read a book  
or even write a poem (just don't get caught)

Depending on the group size and the level  
This lot keeps you on your toes  
Especially the cheeky chappies  
I am thinking of buying noiseless shoes  
proper 'creepers'



### My Life Now by Prue Fox

my life now is been really weird and difficult at times  
but managed to turn it around so many times and with my pets  
being there for me i wouldn't be able to do the things around the house  
if it wasn't for animals have i would not get up, in the mornings I wouldn't  
be able to do the things I need to do when am in my flat and want I have to do  
with them now we are getting on and we are settled now where we are so there's no point in  
moving at all I've found my ever flat now that's it.  
life can be ridiculous and odd as well plus its weird to  
how can you get passed this episode, how do you go  
about life as it is complicated at the moment right now  
so want do we do and how,

### A Beautiful Rose Broken into Pieces by Rosalind Alexander

A tender loving bluebell  
Shined in all its glory  
With a lightly yellow fragranced  
Buttercup, stood still in the midst  
of a storm. Minutes away a beautiful  
Rose died of lack of affection.  
The red petals of the rose lay  
At the bottom of the burn ready to float  
Away, never to be seen in all its pride  
And glory again.  
It lay there battered bruised and broken.  
Suddenly a fierce wind blew the sweet delicate  
Rose petals far away down the stream  
Until they were no longer seen by the naked eye.  
Sadly the blue bell had lost its sparkle  
And the buttercup lay in the field alone.  
Without the bluebell and the red rose,  
Time swiftly passed and the buttercup  
withered away with pride.  
The field became a graveyard  
Neither the bluebell nor the buttercup nor  
red roses were ever seen again...

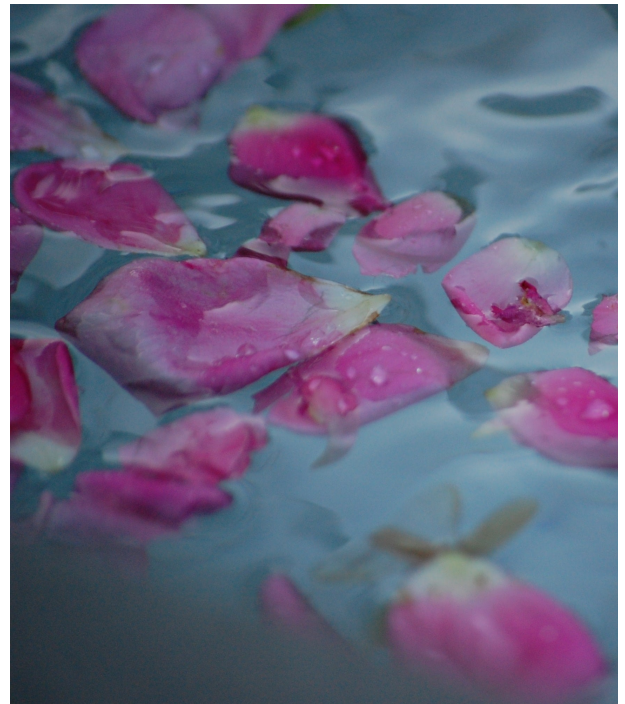


### A Poem for a Poster by Aja

I was, back then...  
Young, hurrying, learning.

I am now...  
Aware, knowing, feeling

But I can still be...  
who I will be, if I give myself  
a chance to wait and see.



### Gnomes by Mikael

Looking back on it,  
All those times sittin outside the record shop,  
Talking to girls,  
I realise we were just garden gnomes without  
knowing it.  
Probably why we never got shooed off  
Even though we barely bought anything,  
We were cheaper than a neon sign,  
We've been pawns all along



Loss by Allan Buchan

This day is the last  
A mourner's bequest  
Imprisoned within hell's fire  
In the bosom of her chest

Her heart starts yearning  
For the pain of grief  
For what loss has inflicted  
Is sorrow's only relief

Music becomes a shadow  
Enhancing her despair  
For the body aches with anguish  
Knowing he is no longer there

Her heavy soul is burdened  
With unfortunate disguise  
A mask upon her sadness  
Around her tortured eyes

There's a photograph upon a shrine  
That leaves no trace of life  
But holds the memory of a warmth  
Then plunges like a knife

Grief shall hold no mercy  
Though it be heaven sent  
It draws the phantoms from the blood  
With unbearable lament

The funeral has been cast aside  
He is gone now from her eyes  
But still in others she sees him  
Only time will fade these lies

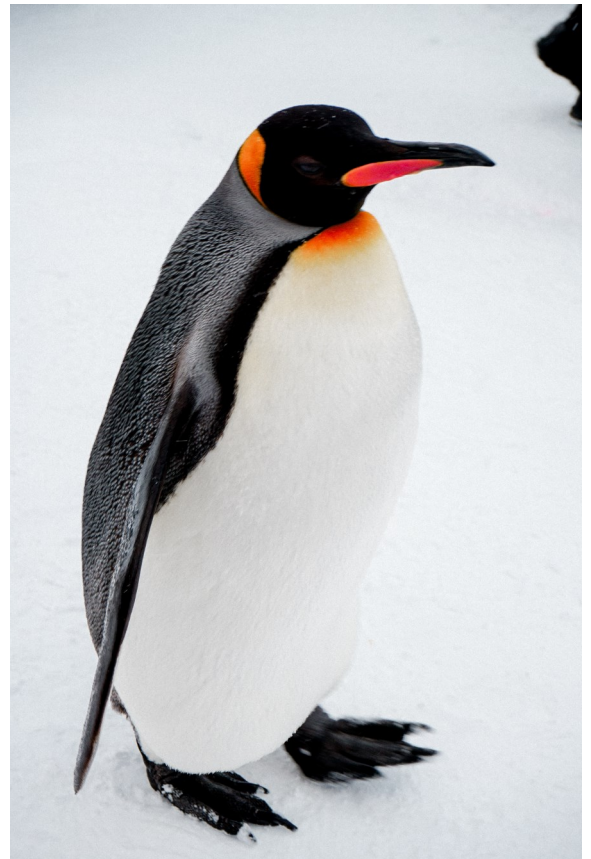
The ocean's swell shall never cease  
And seeds die as they have grown  
And one day she'll smile and tell stories  
Of this man she once had known

The Departed by Graham Forrester

This might comfort you,  
When you read what I am about to say,  
And when you think about  
Your departed loved ones  
And friends.  
I know my departed are still with me  
In special ways, in my heart  
And the good memories I have.  
There is the love that lives on also.  
My departed loved ones and friends,  
They are at peace now,  
But if they could say one thing,  
I'm sure it would be,  
"Stay strong  
Always."

## A Good Day All Round by Aja

Sat in a corner once more all alone  
Needing to hear, is the heart-of-stone.  
The poet spoke about the joy of sharing,  
“Loneliness softens when you are caring,  
So you find somewhere you can belong,  
And being there, get to sing a happy song.”  
“Why not come, feel, and see  
How much better life can be  
If you are belonging instead of just longing.”  
Feeling like this was what he needed,  
The heart-of-stone heeded,  
Thinking, “What have I got to lose by trying.”  
He found himself crying,  
Feeling he was about to be set free,  
And maybe be the best that he could be.  
The poet seeing his woeful huddle,  
Went and offered a friendly cuddle,  
Thinking, “My words reached this lonely heart,  
I hope he now can play his part  
So he can be the man he was meant to be  
And poetry has set another sad soul free.”



## Penguin by Aja

I am who I am,  
Because I lived through yesterday,  
To learn what I needed to know  
To become the me,  
I am now.

But though I am,  
Who I am now,  
I am not all I can be,  
For I am still growing.  
Always, I am about to be me  
Just the future is never now  
Life teaches me  
To learn anew and to accept  
I'm changing

Forever learning and becoming  
I cannot be the completed me  
As long as I am aware,  
Time passes...  
But can you see,  
I am a penguin...?



## The Joker by Allan Buchan

*This poem was first published in The Bugle Issue #51, but due to a misprint is republished here.*

Rain falls like sequins  
Lightning brightens the way  
The clouds are grey and distinguished  
Thunder has the last say  
  
A shelter is leaking and empty  
There's a sign where someone has been  
The sparrows are calling and dancing  
A cat is there but unseen

\*\*\*\*\*

A storm kept people together  
But walls turned light to despair  
Evil had entered the building  
The victims didn't know it was there  
  
A man laid still on the floor  
The carpet was made out of dust  
He was waiting and hoping and dreaming  
While the keys were turning to rust

\*\*\*\*\*

The traffic is speeding and queueing  
Time is condensed to a pill  
The moon bathes us with wonder  
The sun heightens the thrill

Love's a triangular circus  
The joker hides in the pack  
The dealer deals two aces  
But there's always three in the dark

The scales of justice are rocking  
Night time hides bickering owls  
With cruelty disguised as a hero  
Where sin doggedly prowls

There's a box that holds many secrets  
People sing songs of peace  
Grace became stranger than fiction  
When the landlord rewrote the lease



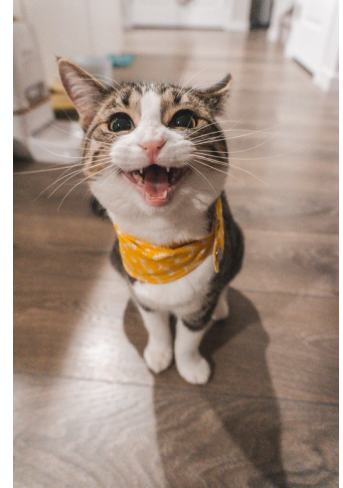
## Rising Storm Within by Rosalind Alexander

Storm clouds  
clear blue skies  
aching hearts  
Speaking words of comfort  
Love soothed my troubled soul  
Arms out stretched God beckoned  
Me along a rocky road .  
Where time stood still  
God longed to flow out his  
Peace  
In my time of grief  
Tears, pain,  
would subside embrace my tears  
I still think of his sweet smile.  
Of beauty and Gods grace.

### Early morning wake up by my cats by Prue Fox

always seems to happen when i've been to the toilet  
(know how when you know have to go)  
most the time i sleep right,  
don't go until in the morning when get up  
and it always seems to be either my eldest one or my male tom  
normally its my mole tom cat  
(cause daylight is breaking so early now)  
and he moans to get me up to feed all the time  
other times they just play so have no choice but to get up  
they are like kids a bit

i wouldn't part with them at all



### Mint by Mikael

I came home from a long day  
Washed clean my face  
Made myself a cup of tea  
With mint  
Grown on my little balcony  
(Lovingly fussed over everyday)  
I drank the mint  
Laced with honey  
And enjoyed allowing some thing I'd care for  
Take its turn helpin take care of me,  
A circle cup of tea,  
And it worked,  
It turned a very long day  
Into a smile of simple bliss.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆  
☆☆ **Some Jokes** by Angus ☆☆☆  
☆☆ What sweet makes you go silly? ☆☆☆  
☆☆ **A Twix Twit** ☆☆☆  
☆☆ What is a dog's favourite part of a build- ☆☆☆  
☆☆ ing? ☆☆☆  
☆☆ **The Woof** ☆☆☆  
☆☆ What coach always makes mistakes? ☆☆☆  
☆☆ **A Blunder-bus** ☆☆☆  
☆☆ What did the white bird say to its young? ☆☆☆  
☆☆ **Stop Swanning About** ☆☆☆  
☆☆ What it s duck's favourite snack? ☆☆☆  
☆☆ **Quackers** ☆☆☆  
☆☆ What Chocolate Treat enjoys outer space? ☆☆☆  
☆☆ **A Star Bar** ☆☆☆  
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆





## Douglas's Eye-On-Edinburgh

Hibs were in the Scottish Cup Final. Last time they won in 2016, fans invaded the pitch. They got beaten by St Johnston 1-0. They didn't get into the game at all!

Edinburgh was like a ghost town during lockdown. Three shops closed down on Prince's Street, including Topman!

RIP Prince Philip. The Queen is heartbroken. We stand with you Ma'am. God Save our Queen!



Welterweight champion Josh Taylor won the boxing, meaning his next fight could be at Easter Road or Edinburgh Castle...

**The Bugle Group** meets every Wednesday 1.30-3.30pm @ Bethany's The Learning Centre in Leith. Sessions involve time to write, share work and encourage each other, occasionally joined by visiting authors and poets.

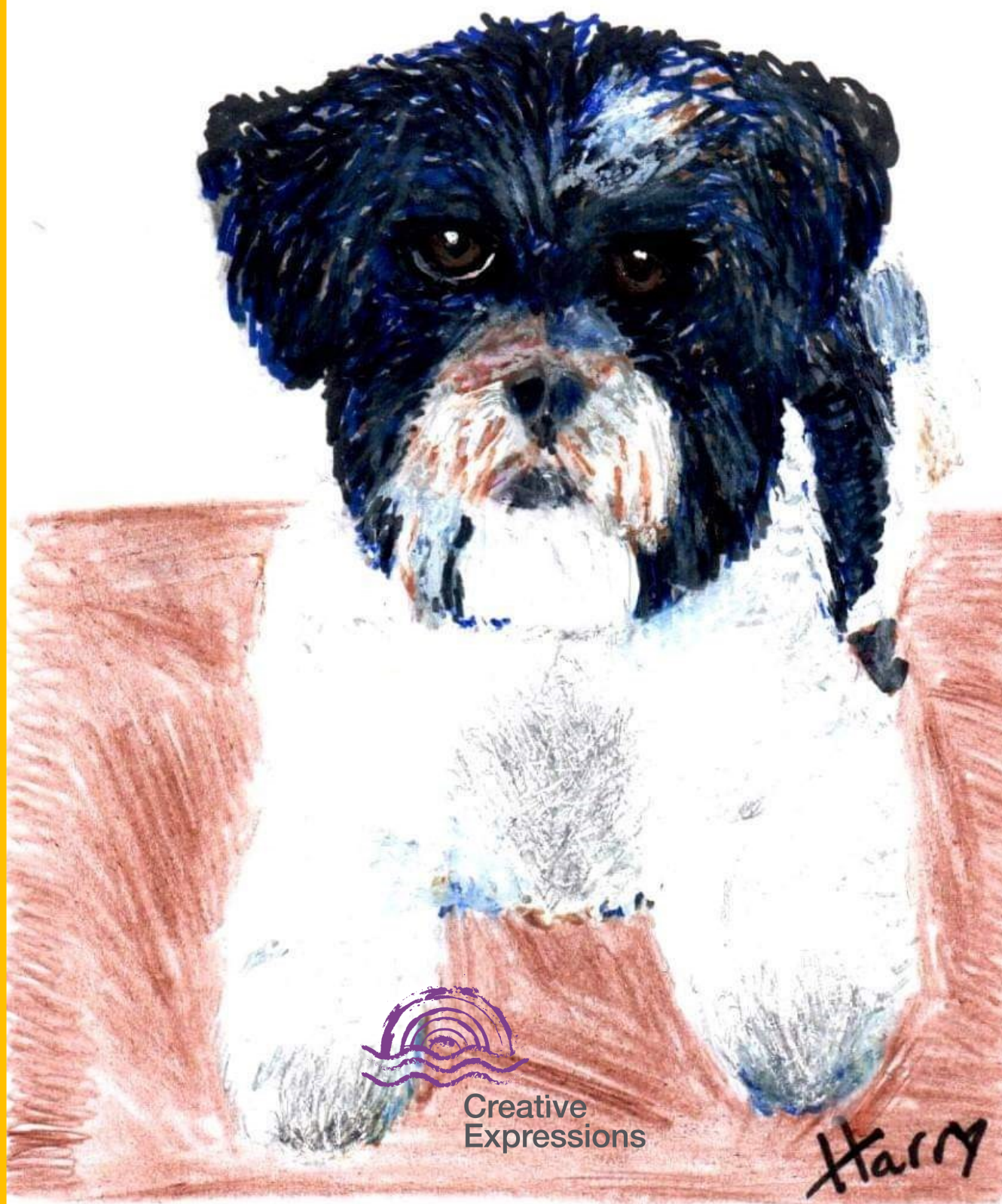
Please email [samrowe@bethanychristiantrust.com](mailto:samrowe@bethanychristiantrust.com) or phone/text 07818 893093 for more information.



### Our Job

God gave each of us a seed.  
Our job is to rummage in our pockets till we find it.  
Nurture it.  
Eventually turning your gift into a tree.

*By Mikael*



Creative  
Expressions

Harry