

THE BUGLE



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

ISSUE 53

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. At that time it ran to eight pages only, with limited colours. The first edition was sent round 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 even while the pandemic has forced us apart from meeting in person, we have maintained nearly a dozen regular contributors. As the reputation of the magazine has grown, people now send in work from all over Scotland as well. We always try to give everyone who submits work the space for their voice to be heard.

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. We gratefully acknowledge all the financial help which has come from several sources.

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
- All authors and artist retain copyright. Do not use our images or writing elsewhere
- 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:

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Cover Image: *West Regent Street* by
Monique Van Aalst

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Tribute

To our much loved Bugle volunteer, Peter Ritchie, who died in December 2021 after a short illness *by Tam Laidlaw*

I first met Peter around four years ago, at the Bugle writing group. My first impression was that he was a quiet and modest man. As I got to know him better I realized that he was very interesting. He told me when he was a young man he was a sailor, just like my father who was also named Peter. As the months went by, we would meet up at Weatherspoon's and the cafe within



the Cameo cinema for a coffee and to discuss the possibility of getting a book published. He planned that it would include many of The Bugle contributing writers' work. I discovered that Peter had been a detective and had written six novels on crime. Unfortunately, Covid struck everybody's lives in early 2020 which meant that the only way forward was Zoom Sessions. Peter was stranded in Ireland during this time, but he still regularly participated. Peter was certainly a family man, he always spoke so fondly of his wife, children and grandchildren. Peter was highly regarded and a well respected within the Bugle group. I attended his funeral on Monday 13th December 2021 alongside another 220 people which just showed what a well liked and admired man he was. He will be sorely missed by all of us.

Tribute to a Dear Friend *by Monique Van Aalst*

Your passing came unexpected
like an unwelcome visitor

A tremendous asset to the Bugle group
A true gentleman, always a kind word to say
We learned a lot from your observations,
constructive feedback and dry comments.

I enjoyed our wee chats about your time in
my native Holland where you spent a couple years
working in The Hague.

You even came to the private launch of my exhibition in 2018.

I very much appreciated that.

Dear Peter, we at the Bugle are all going to miss your presence.
Your legacy will live on in your books and in our hearts and memories.

Thank you for your support, your encouragements,
your contribution as a volunteer for The Bugle and
other charities.

Portrait Courtesy of Jimmy Mack

Articles

I am going to write this from me. I am **Graham Forrester**. My heart has been broken a lot of times, but still I try to find hope and happiness. I may not get everything I want, but I know that what is meant for me will find me. Here are some recent articles that I have written...

They Will Not Look

There are many areas sadly where those in high places don't constructively look at things, like when non-paid carers are doing all they can, against all the odds, to take care of the person they are caring for no matter what.

Some carers do not live in the area or may not even be any place nearby. They have to depend on public transport a lot, but may not always have the money to cover, even more so on trains. Many are them are on benefits. Many have to be called out in sudden emergencies, at all the hours of the night. The list goes on.

Some carers, as well as those that they care for, have not have many loved ones. The loved ones they do have, may not care in thought, word or action for the carer's situation. There is inaction, and little to no help for either the carer or the cared for. It's way beyond time for change. Think of this seriously please.

Reflection on an old war song

There is an old war song of Roy Orbison that I sing at times. The words are not only very moving but they can give us an idea of how people who have loved ones in wars would feel when faced with the loss when they don't come home.

Listen all you people try to understand that you may be a soldier woman child or man.

Now the old folks will remember on that dark and dismal day how their hearts were choked with pride as their children marched away but now the glory is all gone as they are left alone.

Look real closely as the soldier coming at you through the haze he may be the younger brother who ran away so before you kill another listen to what I say

Oh there won't be many yet there may not be any coming home.

*There Won't be Many Coming Home, Roy Orbison
(1967)*



Pavement Chaos!

I was once told that when traffic is coming out of a side street, onto the main road, and people are crossing in front of them, the people have the right of way. If this is true, then why does it not happen most times? I know some people mess about and so on, but that's only one reason.

Then again, pavements are getting just as chaotic as the roads are. Sometimes there are people walking in fours, making it clear that they do no plan to let others past them. People crossing the road, can't even get space on the pavement they're trying to mount, even as they try to get out of the way of being run down by traffic. Some people do not even make was for wheelchair users, or those who with a visual impairment.

People act like nothing is happening, but what's new there? We all know it is like to be in the middle of all that, but that does not mean that we should add to the chaos.



Recognition

I have been on the hospital for a long time now when it comes to being recognised as a carer, but recently that changed. I have been registered since July.

This means that social work and other professionals, who support the friend who I care for, will also be supporting me in ways that are much needed. It will ease the burden on me, as I have mostly been doing it all alone since 2004. They will be doing things for both of us individuals, as well as together. It is now there in writing that I am a carer. It can no longer be denied or overlooked, and soon far more support is coming into

The Acoustic Café

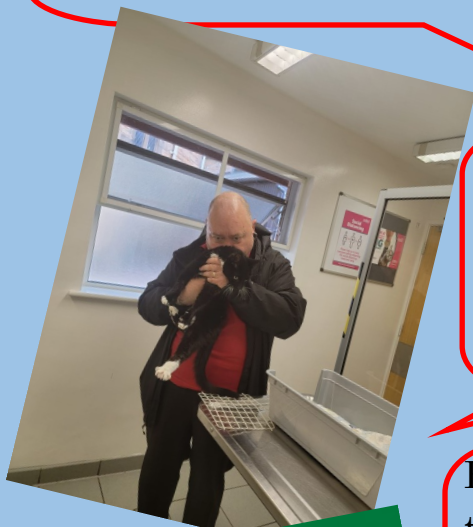
In December, I sang 2 songs as Roy Orbison at the Acoustic Café, one was called *Born to Love Me*. It was a favourite of my late sister's. She would not let anyone talk or anything while she got me to play it for her. As I sang it I said over the microphone, 'This is for you, Carol.' The other song I did was Southbound Jericho Parkway. One that is not so well known. It changes repeatedly from slow to fast.

I talk with others during the interval. It has turned out some of them are going to back me up vocally and instrumentally, with the KD Lang and Roy Orbison song called Crying.

I am really excited about getting this sorted in the new year!

Douglas's Eye On Edinburgh...

Hibs games kept getting cancelled because someone in the team would get Covid. No football all week!

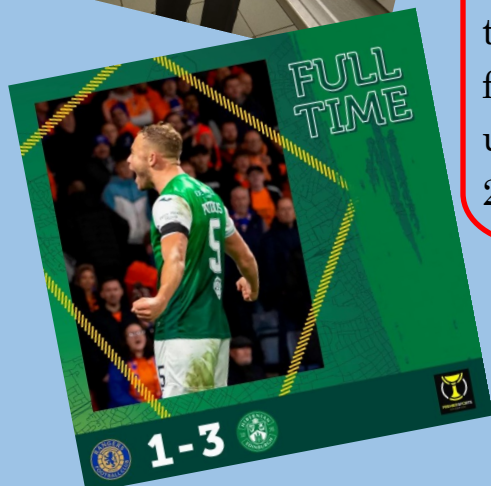


I had to get my cat, Lucky 2, put to sleep. I miss him being with me.



'Sleeping Beauty,' the panto at The Kings Theatre, was great!

Rangers 1—Hibs 3... they got into the final again! Sadly for us Hibs fans, it was 2-1 to Celtic.



HAPPY NEW YEAR...
AND ALL THE BEST
FOR 2022!!!



Joke Corner by Angus

What do you get if you cross a wagon wheel with a banana?

A Wagon Peel

What do you call a man swinging through the jungle with a sweet cake?

Tarzipan

The new crime drama on TV really took the biscuit. **A bandit hit a penguin over the head with a club, tied him up with a yo-yo and made a breakaway in a taxi!**

What did the dull firework say to the bright firework?

Wow, you are a bright spark!





Artworks

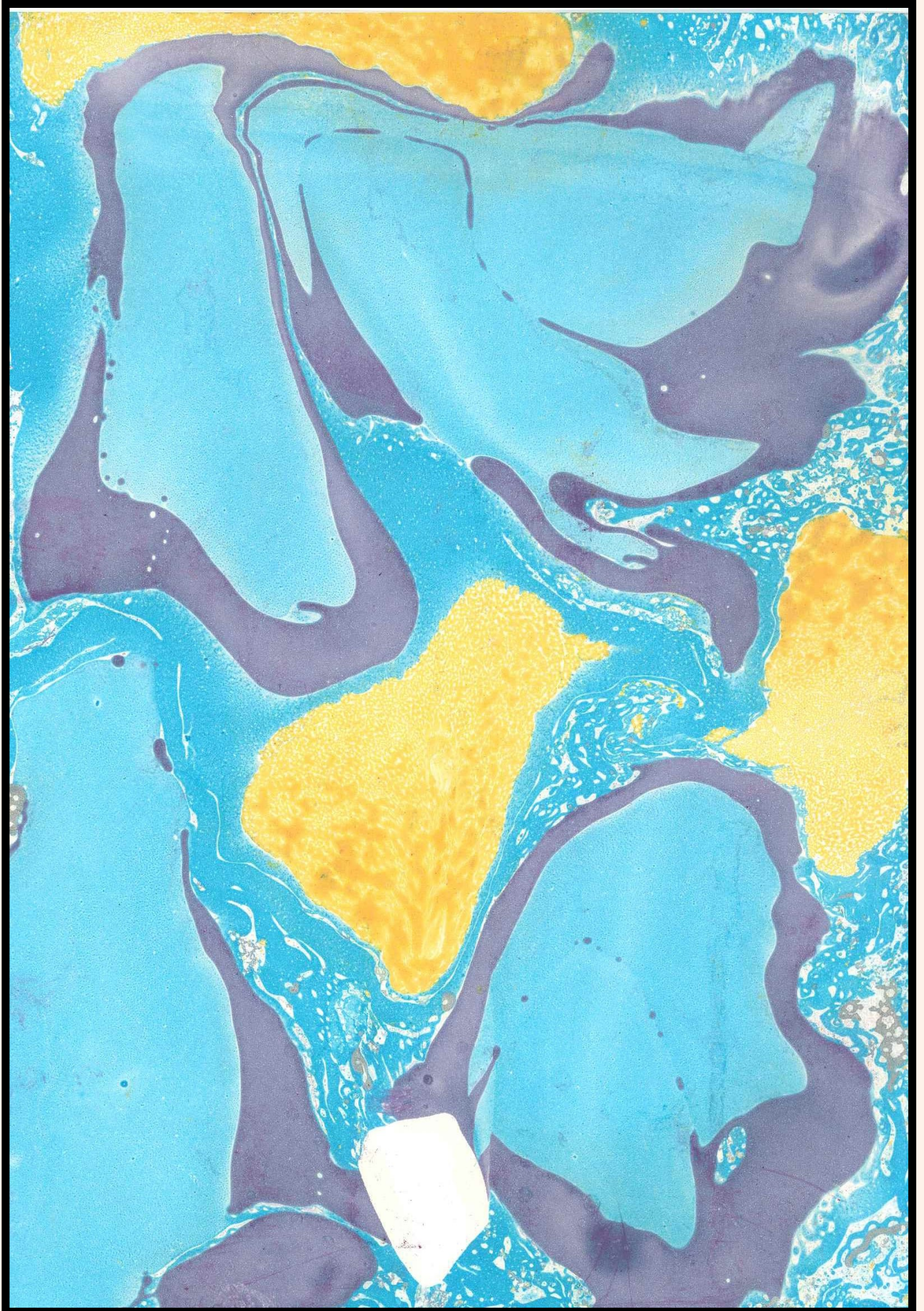
This Page: *Feelings* by P.

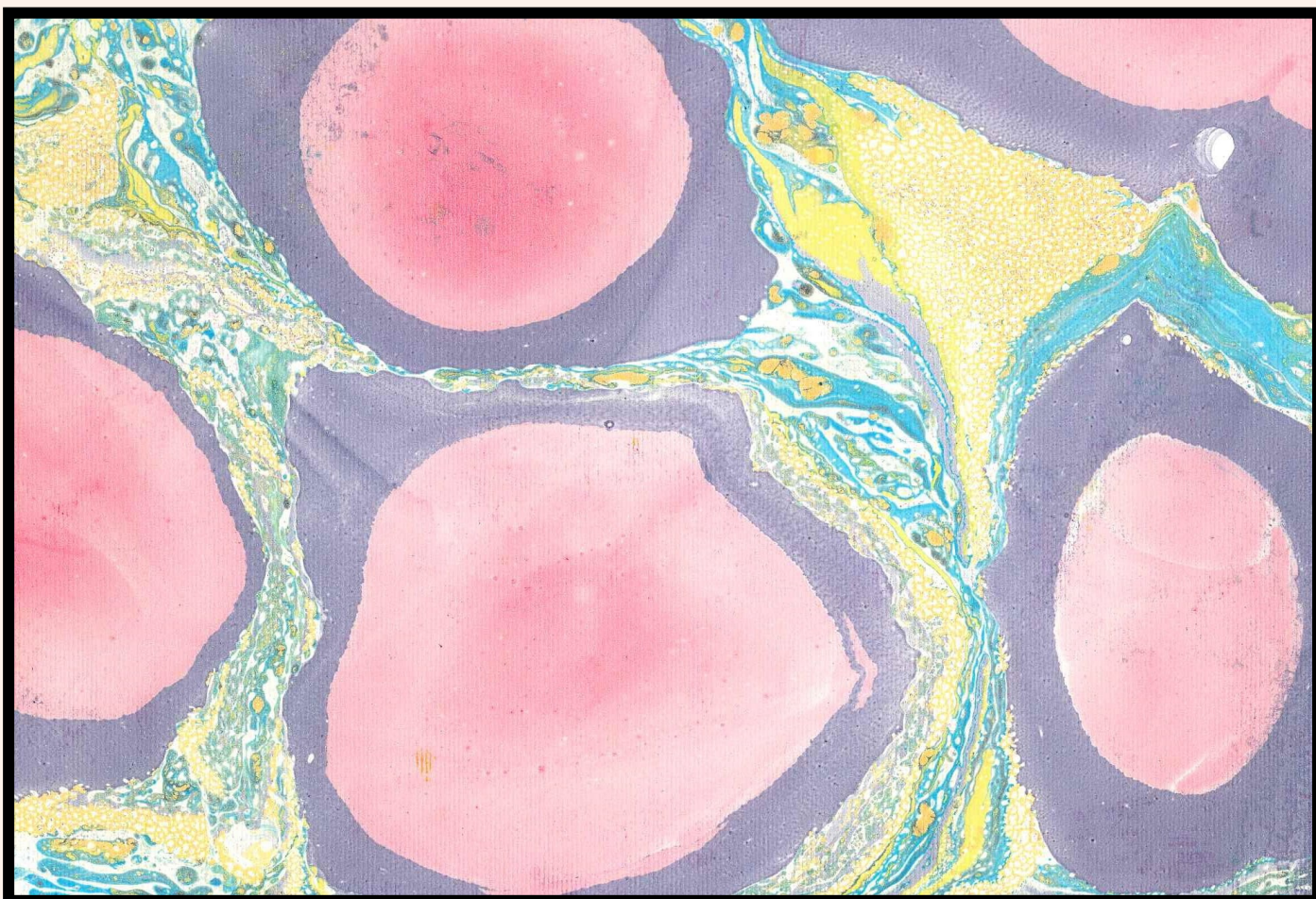
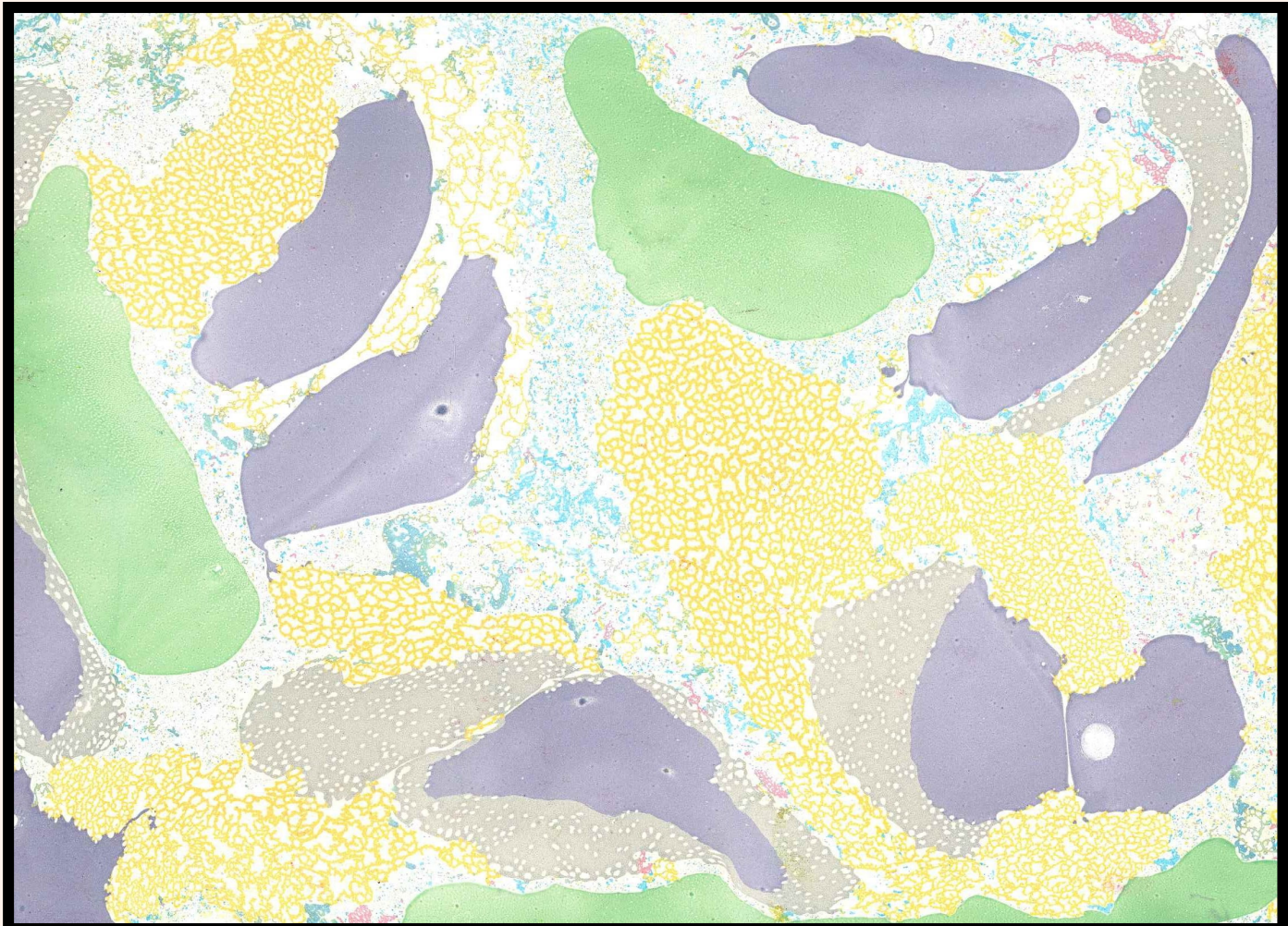
Opposite: *Family Tree* by P.

Overleaf: *Three Marblings* by Rosalind Alexander

Centre Fold: *My Dream* by P.



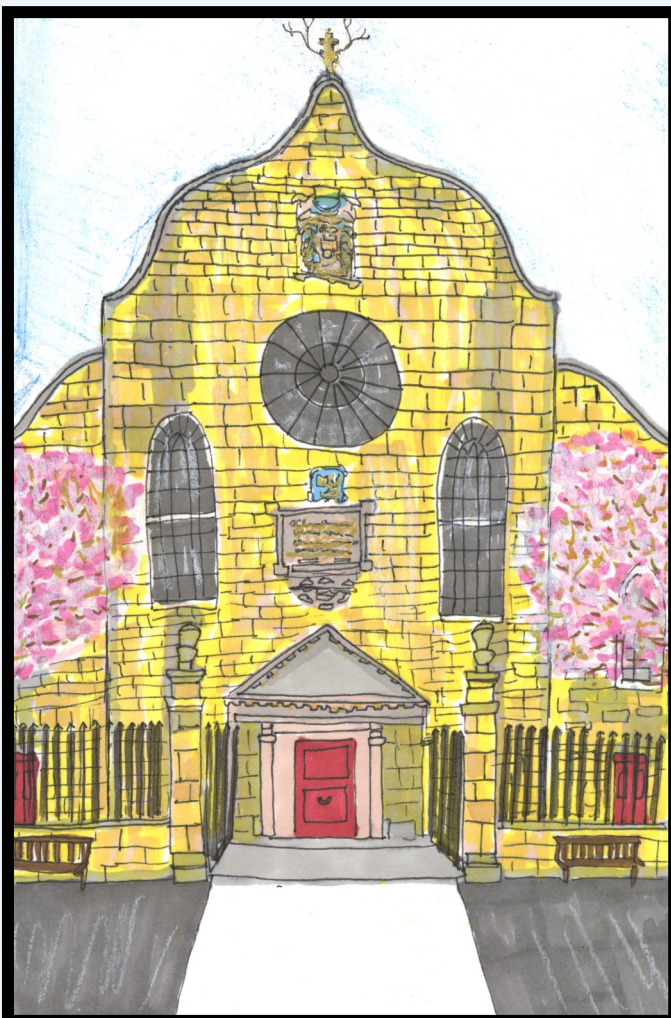




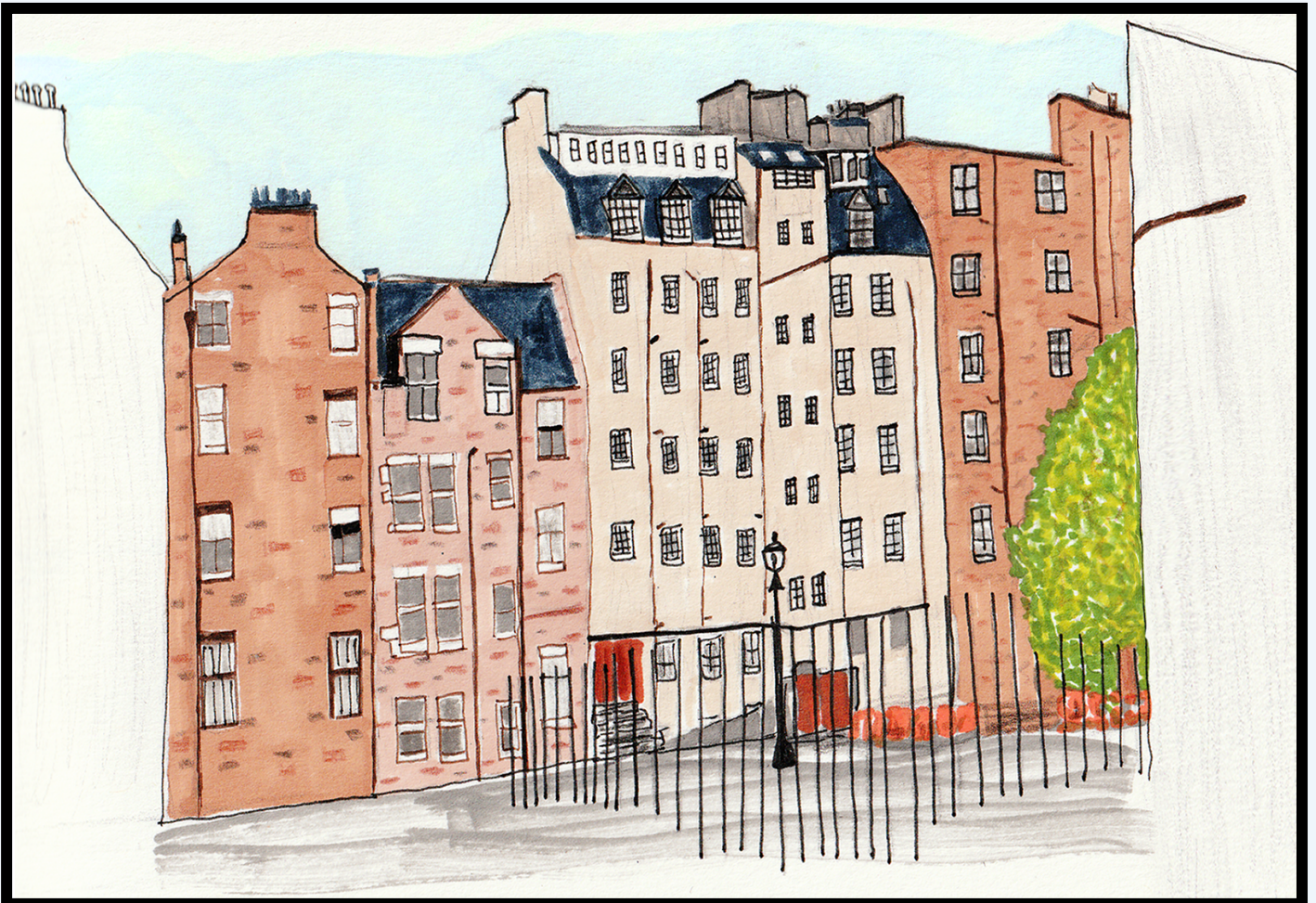


This Page: *John Knox House / The Guildford Arms / Canongate Kirk* by Monique Van Aalst

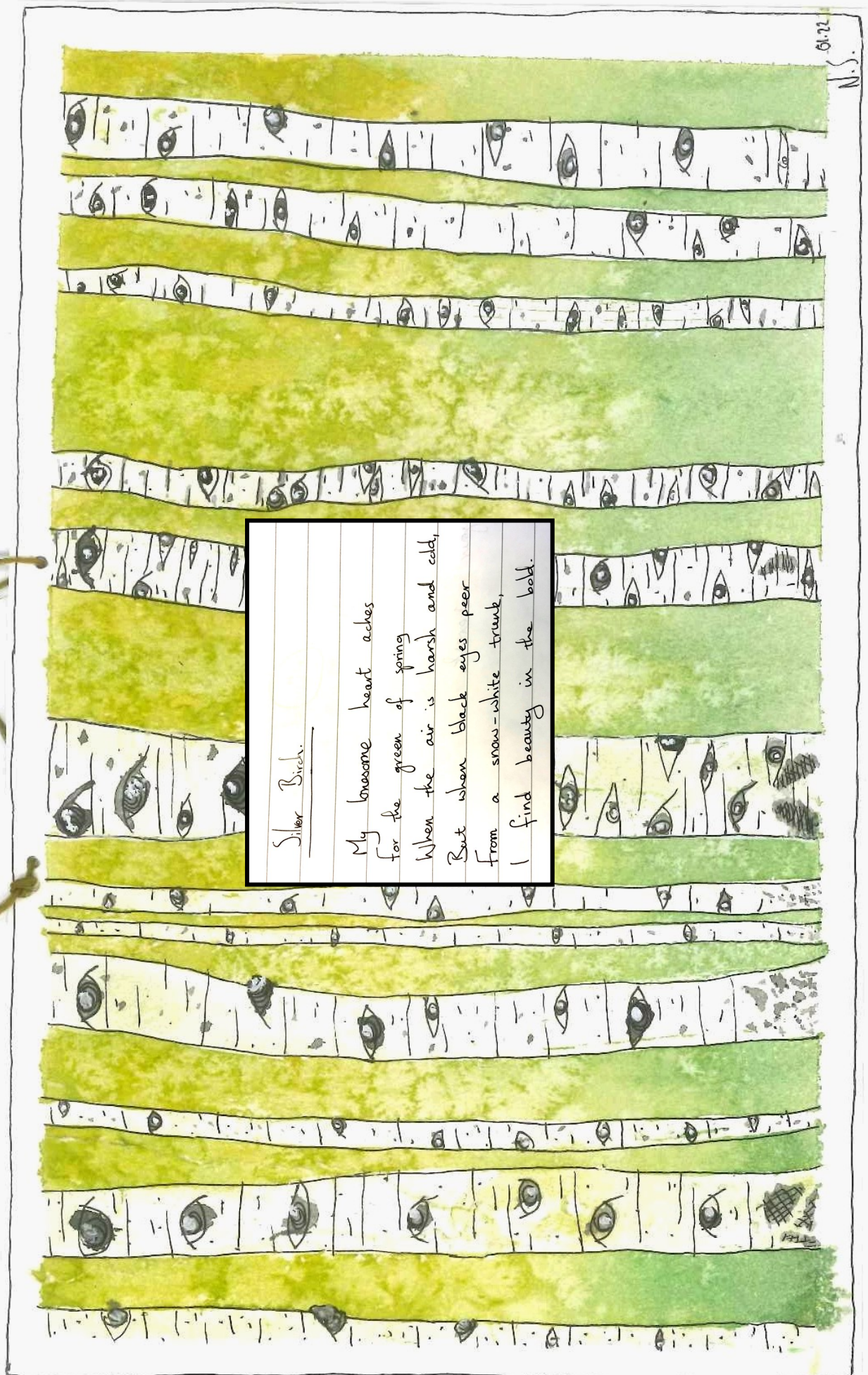
Opposite: *Writers' Museum (Old Town) / Makars' Court (Old Town)* by Monique Van Aalst



Overleaf:
Two Digital Paintings by Cat Cranston
Silver Birch by Nic S.







Silver Birch.

My brosome heart aches
For the green of spring
When the air is harsh and cold,
But when black eyes peer
From a snow-white trunk,
I find beauty in the bold.





Fictions

Light in the Darkness by J.

Just about everything that could go wrong, actually did go wrong with Robert. He couldn't quite catch a break at all.

It began a few years back, when his once successful joinery firm ran into some serious trouble. The sheer stress of trying to keep his head above water and his business afloat, during a particularly bad spell with regards to contract work caused him to turn to drink and drugs. He knew that he was basically treading water and barely surviving. Things deteriorated to the point that he was unable to pay his creditors, as well as getting so badly behind with his mortgage payments that the building society repossessed his luxury bungalow home. By this time, his long suffering wife couldn't cope with things anymore and she'd had enough of him. She left, taking their seven year old daughter with her, while making it clear that she was filing for a divorce.

Robert's alcoholic decline and destruction still continued, eventually seeing him lose his self-respect and self-worth, and sleeping rough in the street; a down and out drunk, who had become homeless and was living in cardboard city.



On one exceptionally cold night he threw a brick straight through the shop window of a jewellery shop, grabbed a handful of necklaces and waited for the police to arrive and arrest him. At least in prison, he thought, he'd be guaranteed a warm bed and three hot meals a day. The drastic outcome of someone with nothing more to lose as far as he was concerned.

In court the presiding judge was unduly harsh in dealing with his case, being far more interested in damage done to property and the theft than giving any real credence to the duty solicitor's story about his client falling on hard times after becoming bankrupt and homeless, stating that his actions stemmed from being a very desperate man in dire circumstances.

The solicitor practically assured Robert that as he was a person of previously good character, and with it being his first offence, then he would probably be dealt with leniently by the court, by either getting a suspended sentence or community service. Both of them were shocked, when the judge sentenced Robert to three years imprisonment.

Eighteen months later, he was being considered for open estate conditions with the view to getting early release. Yet far from prison being the worst thing that could happen to him, ironically it turned out to be an incredible boon instead. Curiously, it was as though a reset button had been pressed for his life to begin again.

Everything changed for him when he started going to the church, while at the same time taking steps to address his alcohol and drug problem by enrolling in a programme of coursework put in place by the prison authority for him. Going back to church after such a lengthy abstinence from religious contact of any kind was daunting, as well as a humbling experience for Robert. He was overcome by the positive influence, along with the Christian fellowship shown. It made him take a long hard look at the sort of man he had turned into.

Having undergone and completed the necessary offending behaviour programmes specific to his needs, Robert began to have a much better understanding of how to manage stress and anxiety, something that had been a significant factor for him in the past.

He also learned that even though he could not control what others might do, he could, however, control the way he responded to handling things better himself. Taking responsibility for his own actions was the beginning, as previously he hadn't learnt to deal with the emotional difficulties involved in relationships. This resulted in his poor choice of coping mechanisms. Now he was full of confidence and hope for the future, as he was in a much better position to deal with troublesome thoughts and feelings.



At one time he had always rejected the very idea of asking for help in any way, shape or form, being far too proud and vain to admit to anyone that he needed it. Things altered with the assistance of the Interfaith Community Group who took Robert under their wing. The team were able to find appropriate and secure housing for him, even arranging for the relevant agencies to help him.

In fact, Robert's life had been turned around by the simple compassion shown by others.

Hanging Gallery *by Allan Buchan*

For a moment from discord, I entered the chamber.

Abound with splendour, the room steeped me in deep rich colours.

Central, stood a long, oak table; polished and reflecting, it demanded that all walk around it even though it served no purpose being there.

The chairs were antiquity, the carpet Asian and the walls stood only to serve classical art.

The secure windows bore no malice of radiation, but dimly performed its purpose.

‘Where do I belong amid history’s salvaged treasures?’

Musty, decadent smells irritated my nostrils as my mind sifted the surrounding masterpieces. The first painting to the last froze me with catchments, idioms and ideas that were lost again in an instant – until I reached a space on the wall where a painting should be.

The clean patch of protected wallpaper told me the object was small and square; its companions either side suggested another portrait. But where had it gone: maybe for cleaning, or sold for the fine palace’s upkeep – the best spoils usually travel well.’

I thought further – The portrait would be, by sequence, a man. He shall be looking directly into the room, unshaven and haunted with disquiet. The frame would not dominate its subject and would be re-hung shortly by an elderly gentleman wearing a leather apron and smelling of white spirit.

I floated for a few moments and looked out of the window, into the sunny empty garden: it was summery and fresh cut, and I considered joining it, that I may enjoy its fragrances before I left the mansion’s grounds.

The door of the gallery creaked as the tradesman, whom I remember from last year, appeared. He pulled behind him a trolley which bore his work and the tools that he required to accomplish the task. Circling the grand table, he stopped beside the waiting space on the wall and quickly secured a hook after establishing precise dimensions – as all good tradesmen do with dexterity. Putting on the white gloves of his profession, he lifted a thinly framed mirror and balanced it on the hook. He considered neither my presence nor my scrutiny of him as he finished and gave the mirror a final shine. Unrushed, he carefully departed the room to continue his day beyond my own.

Alone once more, I approached the new arrival on the wall; then stony faced, I viewed myself.

‘Yes, I am correct.’

Dramas



Serengeti by *Tam Laidlaw*

Shifty Sid the snake meets up with Hilarity the hyena early one hot and clammy morning in a clearing in the Serengeti in Africa. It's an area in South West Africa with an area of around five thousand and seven hundred square miles and one hundred and fifteen miles from Nairobi.

Hilarity: Where have you been hiding all the while?

Sid: I've been abducted and taken to India. There I was being charmed by an Indian Fakir and made some new friends there, Hilarity.

Hilarity: How did you end up in India, Sid?

Sid: Well Hilarity, it's like this. I was lying in the long grass having my usual forty winks when, before I knew it, I was being bungled into a big wicker basket and taken to India where I met other snakes in the same predicament as myself. We were forced to be part of a snake charming act and were treated badly so we decided to organize an escape plan.

Hilarity: How did you manage to escape and get back to Africa, Sid?

Sid: Well it's like this Hilarity, we made friends with a woodpecker who hated any type of animal being locked up and exploited.

Hilarity: But Sid, how could a woodpecker help you to escape?

Sid: Simple Hilarity, when we were all caged for the night, Walter the woodpecker waited until nightfall, then he swooped down to the gate of the cage. He gnawed through the rope which was securing the bamboo gate to the cage, then in the still of the night we made our escape.

Hilarity: But Sid, how did you get from India to Africa?

Sid: Well, I'm glad you asked. Fortunately, the Indian village wasn't too far from a small runway with a twelve seater aeroplane about to take off with its engine running. We didn't know where the plane would take us, but we took our chances anyway.

Hilarity: How did you manage to get on the plane without being noticed, Sid?

Sid: We slid up the hand-rail and into the luggage hold and hid between the cases and bags, Hil.

Hilarity: How long was the flight, Sid?

Sid: It seemed like a very long time as we were stuck in the hold with no light and the heat was tremendous. Enough about me Hil, what have you been up to while I've been away?

Hilarity: Nothing much, same old, same old, been chasing Thomson Gazelles, zebras, hunting dogs and vultures for a laugh on the Serengeti, Sid.

Sid: Well it sure is good to be back Hil, I've missed your infectious laugh and all your jokes.

Hilarity: How about me organizing a welcome home party Sid, I could invite all my relatives and we could have a laugh and a right old knees-up.

Sid: Sounds good, Hil. By the way, all the other snakes didn't make it.

Hilarity: What do you mean Sid, didn't make it?

Sid: Well Hil, as the plane was about to land, the plane's engine was stuttering and stalling and I took my chance to jump, while the others stayed put.

Hilarity: But Sid, what about the passengers, did they survive?

Sid: Yes, Hil, as soon as the pilot made an emergency landing all the passengers managed to scramble off the plane, but unfortunately, I think the snakes were overcome with smoke.

Hilarity: That's so sad Sid, I'll cancel the party as a mark of respect meantime.

Sid: Thanks for that, Hil. I think we should get on with our lives and I think we're very lucky to be free and able to roam the Serengeti!





Poems

Here & Beyond

New Paradise
by Rosalind Alexander

Today my energy
Seeps low
It's not like hands
Of a clock
Chasing time
People float by
My thoughts are captured
Beyond the clouds

Far away over a land
We cannot enter
It's too pure
No-one can enter
Unless sanctified

It's a new heaven
An Earth created with vision
All former things unknown
It's a safe place
Perhaps a secret place
Nothing will spoil it
It's recorded in a scroll
No-one knows
The exact moment
All will be revealed in a
Twilight of an eye

A Place to Be *by Tam Laidlaw*

Down by the river where it runs so slow,
Where the moon reflects the trees with its night-time glow,
Stay a while, let your thoughts run wild,
Go back to when you were an innocent child.

Think back to your youth, please do!
Reminisce about things and the people you knew,
Remember when you first rode a bike,
Remember your first kiss and such-like.

Just go back in time, replay the past,
A time when things weren't quite so fast,
Fast forward to the present, don't despair,
Now look into the future, if you dare!

Between the Seasons *by Allan Buchan*

Between the seasons of autumn and winter
Where fragrant rot
And preservative frost
Mingle with the mist
When the fringes of nocturne sweep
But give time out for last minute preparations
Hibernation yawns comfort
The long rest appeals to some
But for others –
Throaty coughs and sore joints
The transition to lesser light
And the long long night
The winter's voice is hard as crust
And takes the leaves of withered rust
Into the final foray
Yet still the colours hold fast
To deny the inevitable
To deny the decay
Between the seasons
The turning moment of earth's bequest
The ill-gotten stranger
And the turned away guest

Casts Out Fear
By J. Ronay

Norfolk
Is wet with leaves
Dusk is here
And in the village
The curtains are closing
Soon the velvet night
Will cover us.
I found you
In an England
Of water and sky
The flatland to the East
So far away.
Lost in your hair
Your perfume
For you were the one
Like a Neil Diamond song
Intimate and golden

Come Rest In My Care *by Aja*

The life of a chair is seen in waiting
Unmoving and complaint free it stands
Hoping to give you comfort at least once a day
For service is the single purpose of a chair
But doing nothing is just time spent waiting.

Your weight is unimportant to your chair.
It waits, ready, to bear that weight
And hopes its best efforts make you sigh
Refreshed, contented, satisfied
That it was there when you needed it.

You waved a visiting friend into that chair
Knowing it would not let you down
For good service is how it speaks for you
And makes friends want to come again
Hoping for more of that soothing service.

How long since the creator marked you?
The shop sold you, ready to be used?
Wanted for the comfort built into you
And never once has anyone heard you say,
"Come, rest in my Care."



A Stranger Calls *by Monique Van Aalst*

When a stranger appears at your door
Do not ignore their plea
Heat them out
Make them a cup of tea.
They may have been through quite an ordeal
Like being stranded behind the wheel
Of misfortune

We've all had our fair share of that
And just when you think it's all that bad
Think of others who've lost everything
Think about the joy that you can bring
Open your hearts and provide some love
That very stranger may have been sent
From above.



The Empty House Blues

by John Robinson

Well late one night,
We had a big fight
You left, called me a freak,
I ain't seen you in over a week.
I'll admit I liked the peace,
At first it seemed like a release,
No plates thrown at me, no more yelling,
No chores, no DIY, no telling
'No shoes on the table,' 'Wipe your feet,'
No more, 'Don't drop it there, keep things
neat!'
But now this place ain't a home,
I'm sitting here on my own.
Darling, I wish you'd come back,
Without you this place is just a shack.
You ought to come on back to me,
The old place is looking mighty empty.
Please come on home honey,
My clothes smell funny.
I need you my sweet,
There's nothing left to eat.
Sweetheart, I miss you,
We're all out of toilet tissue.
Please honey please,
I'm down on my knees,
Please come on back here,
I'm down to my last beer...

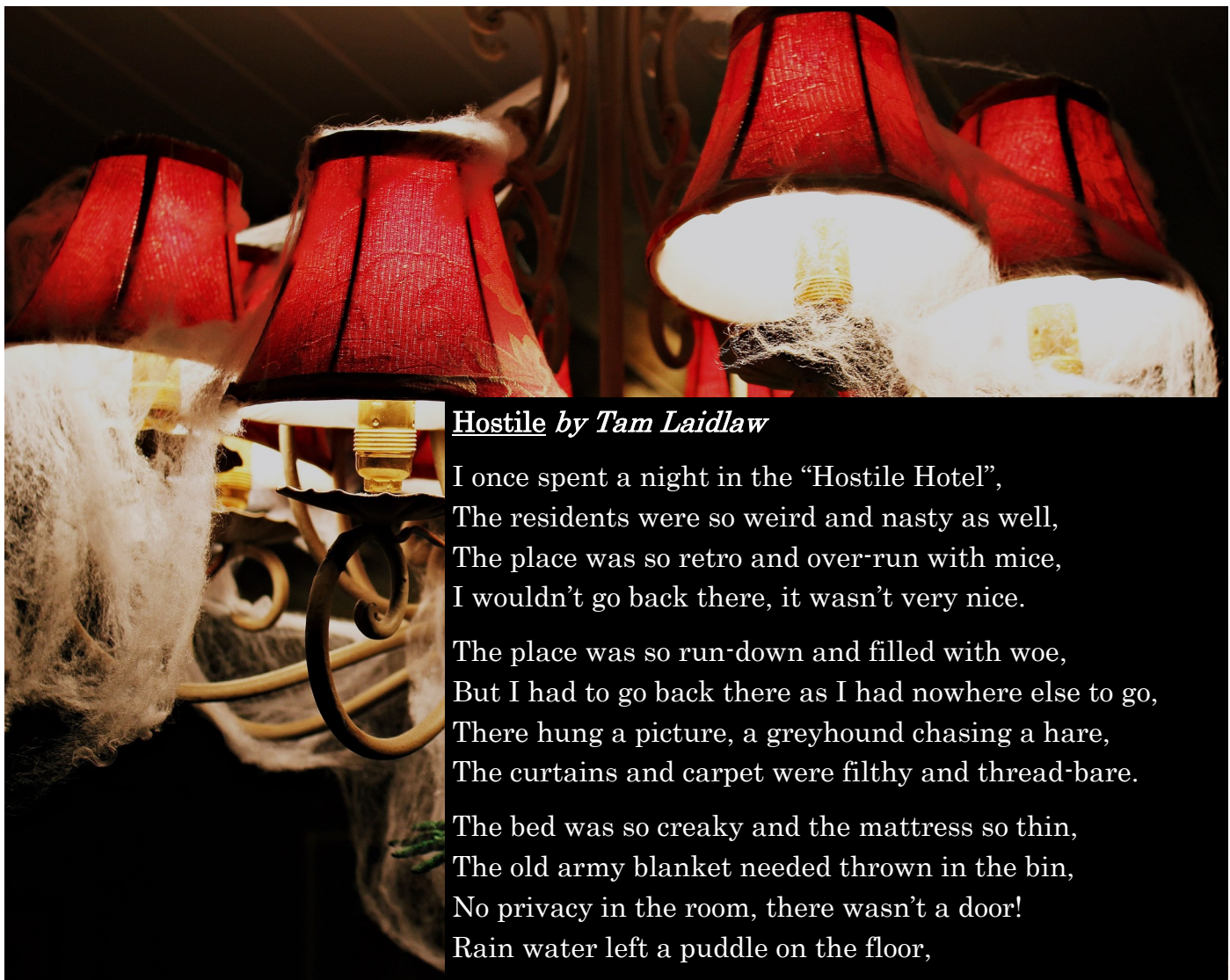
fairy tale by Prue Fox

once upon a time there were a big castle.
king
queen
their daughter, snow white
there was an army on going toward them
there was no way out for them
the king and queen got their army ready to
fight
the other side waited
the other king came out
fronted the other king
they spoke about this and decided not to fight
and discussed a treaty between them both
they both went there separate ways

It's a Shame When You Can't Afford the Rain *by Mikael*

You see,
What the rich don't understand
Is that come Winter -
It's all about the meters
Cold weatherforeverneverending
Like kids in an arcade -
Back in the day,
Scavenged coins chewing up rainy days.
It's a shame when you can't afford the rain.





Hostile by *Tam Laidlaw*

I once spent a night in the “Hostile Hotel”,
The residents were so weird and nasty as well,
The place was so retro and over-run with mice,
I wouldn’t go back there, it wasn’t very nice.

The place was so run-down and filled with woe,
But I had to go back there as I had nowhere else to go,
There hung a picture, a greyhound chasing a hare,
The curtains and carpet were filthy and thread-bare.

The bed was so creaky and the mattress so thin,
The old army blanket needed thrown in the bin,
No privacy in the room, there wasn’t a door!
Rain water left a puddle on the floor,

New Year Start by *Prue Fox*

Another new year has just started .
not all for us some yes not all. anyway I've moved into
a new flat in October last year I've been here now two months
Now I like it. It's quite the area in a cul-de-sac. It's great
I have my own wee garden at the back door too. I have the cats
So I don't open the back door at all now . Anyway I am away
from that other place now which is good, the old place I wasn't
able to get out as much compared to here. I am able to get out now
do my thing and go out all day. I was like a prisoner in a cell in the old place
I couldn't get out apart from mornings, early mornings walk-arounds
and late at nights. I was always looking over my shoulder at the old
Place. I was down in the dumps and I was doing things at night
that I should of not being doing at night especially through the week
so I had to decided and pull myself together and get a move only took this place
and I moved out of Abbeyhill and down to a place where I can get out and about now
and not looking over my shoulder anymore. I've officially moved on now, so have the cats.
They have settled in nicely now. They like it very much so they are happy as well as me now.

Bliss by Tam Laidlaw

One of the nicest things you can ever hear,
Is the sound of a waterfall, far or near,
The rush of the water as it cascades,
Leaves a warm felt memory that never fades.

If you're ever troubled and in need of sedation,
Try a walk along Silverknowes, it's the perfect location,
You'll see yachts moored on the River Almond,
A quaint little cafe in the village of Cramond.

If you walk further on, you'll come to a shaded leafy path,
A welcome sight on a hot summer's day, it aint half,
The sound of running water you'll hear in the distance,
Now that's what I call "BLISS," and that's just one instance.

You Make Me Glad

by Aja

Because you are here
There is a promise of pleasure,
Every cell can cheer.

How can one even fear,
And not this moment treasure
Because you are here?

Dancing, held so near,
I feel and match you measure,
Every cell can cheer.

It feels right to cheer,
Even work can be a pleasure,
Because you are here.

Your eyes are so clear,
I feel strong, and so sure
Every cell can cheer.

Though you stand, in allure,
You are as good as any other 'cure,'
Because you are here,
Every cell can cheer.

Moments (Andalucia)

By J Ronay

Spain
Hot
And shimmering
A profusion
Of flowers
In the dazzling whiteness

Drink your
Iced lemon
And sleep
Dream, my darling
Dream
As the wall-lizards
Dart around
In our garden
Of delight

What happens to a dream deferred?

By Monique Van Aalst

What happens to a dream deferred?
A heartfelt wish unfulfilled
Put on hold like an anticipated phone call
Do you feel defeat and has the hope left you?
Will you shake your fist in anger?
Or will you send a silent prayer?
And keep the dream alive?
Or will you replace it with something more
attainable?

Lost in reverie
Waiting for a sleep that didn't come
Instead bizarre dreams left me
Longing for the good old days
When sleep was deep and undisturbed
Not interrupted by a visit or two to the loo
Wishing dreams to be blissful and vivid
Feeling rested when
Daylight enters the room
Another day awaits



Homebound *by John Robinson*

I've been too long away,
I got lost, so far I did roam,
But some day, some way,
I'll find my way back home.
I'll keep walking down this road,
I've got to follow my heart,
Though I'm carrying a heavy load,
I won't let anything keep us apart.
I'm not sure where my head led me,
But I know I shouldn't have gone
The loneliness was getting deadly,
How did it go so wrong?

And while I am no longer lost,
I'll always be paying the cost.

The Masks We Wear *by Aja*

There we stood, facing each other,
Who would have guessed he was my brother?
Listening to what was being said,
Friendship must sound long time dead
And annoyance be our prime connection.

Without thinking, I gave as good as I got,
And there he stood rooted to the spot,
Anger visible, raging, sporting a fierce frown
That spoke of wanting to slap me down
And only with effort, he held himself in check.

There it was, the curled lip,
Neither of us dared let slip
For then others might get to see
We cared deeply, but needed to be
Hiding safely behind the mask we wore.

It hurt a whole lot, to hide we cared,
Each wondering how the other fared,
But the mask had been long in place,
So none got to see the real caring face
Concealed by the masks of mutual dislike

How many are there, like us?
Seen to be creating a verbal fuss,
But hiding, our respect and caring,
Behind loud, angry swearing,
And, dare I say, love for one another?

A Child's Picture Book

by J. Roway

My distant shore,
My shining Kingdom
From the far-away mountain,
To the dark forest
Between sleep and awaking
And just before dawn
From the woodcutters cottage
To the towering castle
From the lowly kitchen boy
To the thrown and crown
From toil to luxury
From agony to release
Worlds without end
And all to taste
My thrilling adventure
My enchanted tale.

Hope *by D.*

Hope is an exit
When you're stuck in a hole
Hope is a light
Deep down in your soul

Hope is a dream
When you're sleeping away
You wish not to wake
You're enjoying your stay.

Hope is an angel
That you don't want to touch
If she flies away
The pain is too much

So we hide from some hopes
They seem so far away
But my angel of hope
Will come back some day





Everlasting Truth by J.

An assurance of hope, and goodwill for all men,
Voiced through the ages again and again.
A vow of commitment for what is to come,
The everlasting truth in praise of the Son.

*Glory be to the Lord most High
Creator of the Earth, the Sea and the Sky.
Glory be to the Lord most High
Creator of the Earth, the Sea and the Sky.*

A child is born in a time long past.
A promise to the world that forever would last
A pledge of redemption in return for our faith,
An everlasting truth in praise of His Grace

*Glory be to the Lord most High
Creator of the Earth, the Sea and the Sky.
Glory be to the Lord most High
Creator of the Earth, the Sea and the Sky.*

A covenant made with the Saviour of man,
Was always intended as part of the plan
To bring about unity of the mind,
An everlasting truth to give peace to mankind.

*Glory be to the Lord most High
Creator of the Earth, the Sea and the Sky.
Glory be to the Lord most High
Creator of the Earth, the Sea and the Sky.*

Troubled Waters by Rosalind Alexander

Hope is rainbow full of colours
On a dull day, when the skies are grey.
A bright ray of Sunshine
To help us through a stormy day.

Hope is when a friend
Is there to let a hand.
Hope is in prayer
Trusting in God's hand.

Hope is a spring
When the flowers bloom
Bringing happy thoughts
In the season of summertime.

Hope is a promise
Of better things to come
And the when night is lonely
In the morning joy comes.

So if you have lost hope
In your darkest hour
Don't give up
Jesus is holding you
In the palm of His hand

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
or phone/text 07818 893093 for more information.

Waiting Room

by J. Ronay

Here is
Where I came in,
So long ago
I'd almost forgotten.

It was hard,
So much to endure.

I remember now
In a blink
Of an eye
My first breath
And my last
And all
That lay in between.



**Creative
Expressions**