



UMBRELLAS ARE FOR WHIMPS

Words & Illusions by CamTan Ringel

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Second Chance
You may need it next

Dedications

I owe my ability to recognize and adhere to inspiration and creativity to dear friends. My own self and some very admirable projects that are going on around us, Sometimes just there, ticking on in the background.

THE BACKBONES THAT MAKE SENSE
WHEN SENSE SEEM FAR FETCHED

Thank you for being my rock
Thank you for letting me try being a rock to some of you too

Survivors
Crisis
Hillcroft
Tottenham Chances
Second Chance
Vivienne Bornemann
Peter Duncan
Mr P Monty
Paul Byrne
Marta & Kurt Ringel

Everyone involved with RAW poetry events.
Everyone associated with Voodoo CiTi/Rocky Voodoo

WE ALL MAKE A TEAM

Ombrophobia

OMBROPHOBIA = 'The fear of Rain'

Red 'n' Yella - Auntie Ella

Lose your umbrella
to free your writing hand

At a poetry convention in St Andrews, UK, I tried to gather as much advice as a novice possibly could. The one advice that sticks most in my mind was rather simple:

*'Always carry pen and paper'
oh, and use it...*

My title might be confusing. That is not intentional but it is a reflection on how thoughts can spring to mind in any shape or form. My belief is that words have souls and as such they need to be heard, told and considered. Words are not there to be swallowed. They are there to fearlessly open gateways.

However, back to what spooks and speaks under my umbrella:

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We think of demons so much that we ignore the angels

THE LITTLE TROTS OF RAINDROPS

(One night after the break-in)

My window was open to darkness
Stains of greedy fingers remain on the frame
Now rain is pounding - I wish it could wash in
to cleanse my fears away

How calming it falls to the ground
Even the cat sits quiet for once
Not knowing why his gateway will stay closed
My imaginable fence against the unknown

I sit awake waiting - peering passed the glass
Hoping to find wet foot-prints
A head forcing its way through the pane
I picture my hand rise - as I smash it in

There are no alley-cats out when it rains
I rest in my arms - dream of nothing
My world has been grabbed and shattered
It will take time to feel free again

MORNING BLUES

Early they come - early they go
The rucksacks and trolleys of Gray's Inn Road
They wriggle their way at five in the morning
en route to a station or on their way home
I blink in my sleep as I hear them pass by

There is life in the street and I am inside
having nightmares
of being a child in the play-ground watching
other children play
Never asked to leave - never asked to stay
Inside screaming
HELP me
to get out of my self
I rise and waddle to the window
to watch the world go by
as it always does

MY STREET

The man in the shop
Greets me
I buy his product
He asks me
'How are you today?'
I smile and nod
Tongue stuck to the top
of my dry mouth
Get home
Pour a drink
Thinking
I am loved
Recognized
by the workers around me
Accepted and qualified
to live in this street
Wherever I come from



THE CITY

I like the anonymity of the city
Its choice of shops and bars
Some who will remember you
yet never take you for granted

Nobody dare presume
knowing more about you
than what you choose
to put on display

The city is not for getting lost or away
Its riches are there for the taking
Places of green when skies turn grey
A safe corner or an adventurous maze

Choice of madness
A touch of sanity
Some say nothing
Some share happily

The city offers
few hinders
There are as many ways out
as there are ways in

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