

*This is modern day, topical, varied poetry interlaced with the author's narrative. A book to appeal to all ages and covering a multitude of subjects. This diverse book will make you laugh, cry and read again and again.*

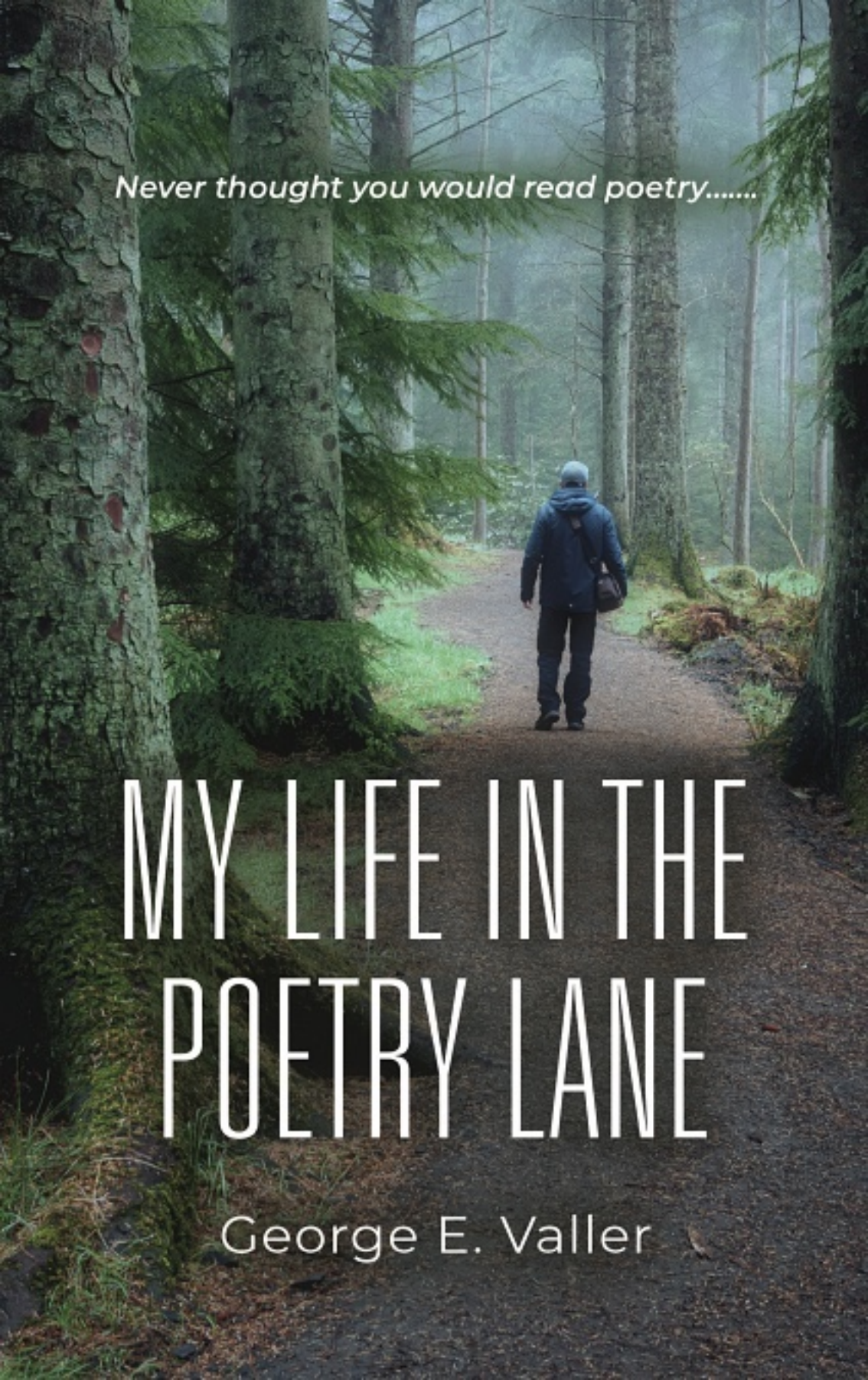
## **My Life in the Poetry Lane**

By George E. Valler

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A person wearing a blue jacket and a grey beanie is walking away from the camera down a dirt path in a dense forest. The path is flanked by large, moss-covered tree trunks and green ferns. The background is misty and filled with tall, thin trees.

*Never thought you would read poetry.....*

# MY LIFE IN THE POETRY LANE

George E. Valler

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# CHAPTER 1

## MY LIFE IN THE POETRY LANE

In the beginning - if you are to come with me on a journey through my poetry book, let us start with a million to one chance that I personally had. Not many, if any, could say they have had a million to one happening.

It all occurred a few years ago, so I thought I should put the whole event into verse.

They say a chance in a million  
for some things you just can't believe  
let's add another few million  
I know that's hard to perceive.

Let's set the scene, its Guy Fawkes,  
an evening of flaming delight  
with the burning of fire and fireworks  
to make the evening burn bright.

Guy Fawkes up high on a wooden pyre  
engulfed now all in flame  
and a pyrotechnic spitting sky  
burns out his claim to fame.

But all too soon the night has closed  
the midnight bell has tolled the day  
and duffle up in furry coats  
we are now on our way.

As we walked the lonely lane,  
the gates of the park now closed  
and darkness clothed, its blanket shroud,  
into the black the night unfolds.

The footbridge stretches out before  
oily river waters flow  
into the distance of the village dark  
is the path that we must go.

The village lost in silent sleep,  
slumber on the night away  
whilst family we, with glowing torch,  
go on into the grey.

Then all at once, so suddenly,  
way out, don't ask me why,  
a lonely rocket, fiery tail,  
burst crystal light into the sky.

A spluttered moment, silence descends,  
the quiet now all around.  
but a lonely rocket fired high,  
can now only come to ground.

The family gathered, the lowly torch,  
as we continued into the night  
unaware as we all were,  
what was to be my plight.

*My Life in The Poetry Lane*

They say that I am accident prone,  
if it happens it will be me,  
and in the blackened stillness night  
a spent rocket falling free.

It couldn't have been a smaller one,  
that spurts flame momentarily.  
It had to be a larger one  
no expense spared, so you see.

The first I knew from out the sky  
and with darkness all around  
my hand reached out, my bleeding head,  
whilst the blaggard fell to ground.

Look out, what's up, don't stop like that.  
that's all that they could stutter  
I said I'm hit upon the head  
and the culprit's in the gutter.

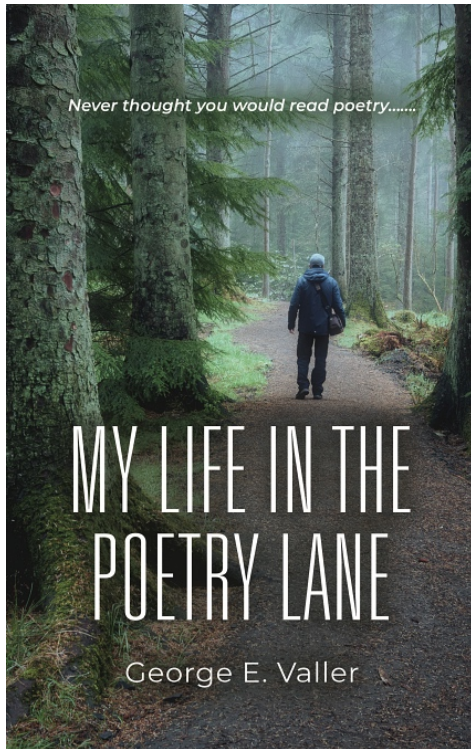
You mean to say in all this black  
a rocket fell from out the sky.  
good job you were not looking up,  
it could have been a 'Harold' in the eye.

What chances are of such a happening  
am I not of accident prone  
let's get that head a looking at,  
get walking, let's get home.

A cold tap and a sodden towel  
now sits nursing on my head,  
and a family grin from ear to ear  
as they all went off to bed.

Sat here in Australia instead of my usual desk at home, I pondered on my writing and what to write about. Then I thought of writing a factual poem instead of fiction. So, although the mishap that I endured was several years ago, I'm still amazed at how it happened and it is still a topic of conversation at some family gatherings.

So, if by a million to one chance you are reading my verse, may I say many a thank you. Fact can be stranger than fiction. If some of you were expecting me to say that we saw Guy Fawkes standing on the footbridge with a barrel of gunpowder, that wouldn't be fact would it - no, no!



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