

Super Mum
60 & bloomin' ... !

fL@ubert duck







with love for Alison

September 20, 2015

60 years a'bloom



60 & Bloomin' ...



From cars to cakes to knitting yarn
And solar panels on the barn.
Or steering a reluctant Board
Through planning battles untoward.

Her sense of style is almost legend
No one else puts such a wedge in.
With great aplomb she has the moxie
To hold strong views 'midst orthodoxy.

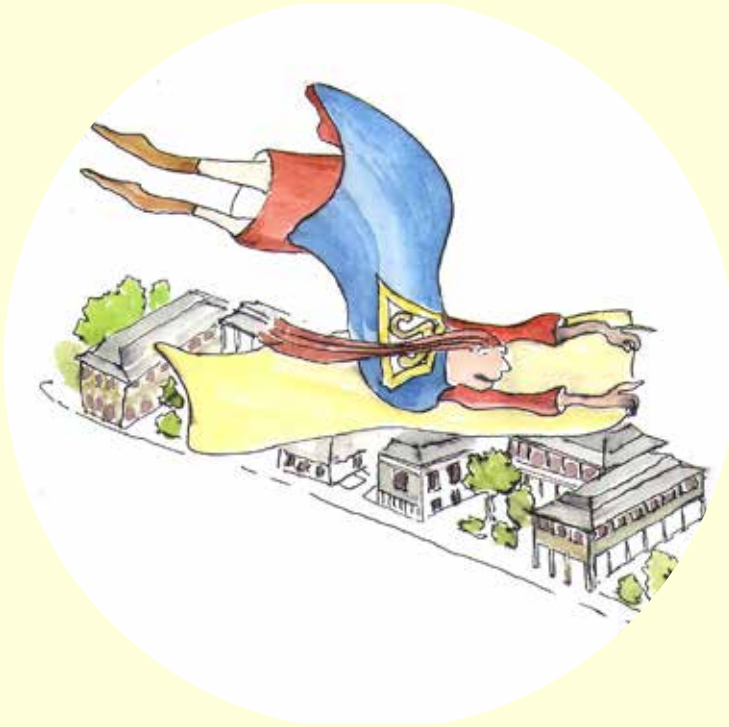


There really is so much to tell.
Legends! talents! Where to dwell?
And now she's crowned with 60 blooms
Yet wholly unabated zooms.

She pots and knits and seams and sews
And organises – on it goes.
The scope's too wide it must be said
For this small glimpse of life well-led.



Super - Mum



Some kids to misfortune do succumb
And cannot boast a SuperMum
Who cooks and jams and pots and sews
Rebuilds your home so far it goes

Who adds some new wings to your school
And makes her bossiness seem cool.
She'll paint your room up in a jiffy
In colours bold but never iffy.



At times she may seem off her rocker
But then she'll help with overlocker.
She sets the benchmark oh so high
Should youth aspire to be so spry.

So we our glasses now will raise
With hearty paeon in her praise.
What if some others raise their eyes
When every day holds such surprise.

The Blue Shed



Some seek grandeur, airs and graces
But great thoughts thrive in smaller places.
Cork lined room or ivory tower
Is vantage point in which thoughts flower

And some know that a Bright Blue Shed
As spot from which great armies led.
A place to perch and muse and ponder
Deficiencies of the world out yonder.



Had Napoleon packed up his blue shed
His troops might have been better led
Montaigne would ditch the ivory tower
If he could choose a shed in bower.

And Antoinette leave Trianon
Until those pesky crowds were gone.
Of life's great moments it is said
That few compare to a Blue Shed.

Avalanche



This danger warning makes some blanch
Dread rumble of an avalanche
This pile of things that all souls crave
All treasures! Ali Baba's cave!

They're deftly woven into pile
Which ever burgeons all the while.
Stretch tights throughout are interlaced
Keep shoes and mittens all well placed.



Here spinster shoe and widowed sock
Can smugly world of couples mock
And here a handy strand of wool
Is binding box of tchochkas full.

Objects teeter on the verge
A joyous tumble is their urge
To join the mayhem ebbs and flows
And keep unwary on their toes.



Pot-latch



No home's complete one must assume
Without pots piled in every room
A throng of pots, in cheerful mêlée
For show, for storage, uses daily.

Propping shelves up while you juggle
Finding new space is a struggle
A treasure trove, Aladdin's stack
All perched up high on groaning rack



Her inspiration comes in phases
Just take a look at these wild glazes!
They're stacked on high to fill a room
That rivals Tutankhamen's tomb.

But all her gifts abate her stash
In Haida spirit of Pot-latch.



Kitchen Gadgets



As highlight of the proud home tour
Some like their kitchens chaste and pure
So guests may bite their lips and brood
At space unsullied by mere food.

But others have a different flare
And thrive in kitchens much less spare.
With calimeter and scale and vial
They choose to collage every style.



With baskets, tipped and overflowing
From which some brave new life is growing.
Sphereoid kettles carefully tuned
To shoot hot water cross the room.

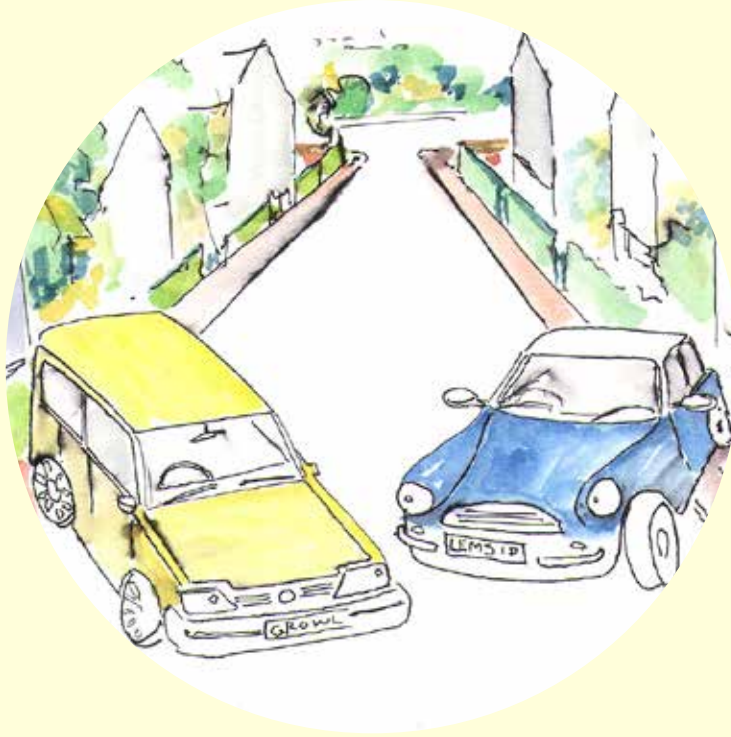
Toasters in a retro style
Will any cuisinière beguile
Here the appetite n'er sappens
For this is where the magic happens.

Spring





Mini and a Panda



The Mini sidled o'er to Panda
Taunting her 'You should be Grander'
'But Pandas all the world below!
And we are Green as trees above!'

Then Mini gagged in some disgust
'Your bamboo shoots would make me rust.'
Full energy is where I'm at
All pep and vigour for a spat.'



The Panda answered O so sweet
'There's little mileage being petite.
But I have headroom, tall and lofty
Yet remain at heart all cute and softy.'

But Mini answered 'Faddy fellow
It's hardly stylish being yellow.
I hold the road with weighty treads
And think you Pandas cute airheads.'

But Panda shook its head quite jaunty
'So typical to be so flaunty
But who would want a visage pouty
Or little ears so sticky-outy"

"I'm sleek and moulded, all solid deals
You're just a big fat box on wheels.
Your serious dearth of chromium
All smacks of Panda-demomium."

Auctions



Manufactured excess pales
'Gainst hand wrought products *Made in Wales*
But many counsel: take great caution
When placing bids in on-line auction.

Alluring prospects when you sight 'em
May score success on every item.
Attracting bounty by the load
Enough to daunt e'en Mister Toad



And multiples may cause chagrin
When all this bounty tumbles in.
The delivery of a crate of kettles
Can test an awful lot of mettles.

Rarely does one meet such boasters
Claiming many four slot toasters
But hand loomed blankets on each bed
Will only add to your Welsh cred.

Going Bananas



The clattering of measuring spoons
The tumble of the pans
Is one of life's melodious tunes,
A cosmic kitchen dance.

The mixing bowl is amply filled
With sugar, butter rich
A banana hand all freshly killed
Vanilla, just a titch.



As house fills up with wafting smells
The domestic goddess trundles on
They lure down those who in it dwells
The lick ups are soon gone

If quantities may seem berserk
Though she's efficient as a blink
It's a double batch for home and work
(Best avert your eyes from sink)



Wales





Those in search of holy grails
Should contemplate a jaunt to Wales
What better way to find your soul.
Than scrabbling deep down mining coal?

High on Skyrid, scaling Bloreng
Sugar Loaf require some courage
A landscape steeped in history Tudor
With life red-blooded, hale and ruder.



All about the lamb-kins gambol
Birds start up before your ramble
The church bells toll their mighty paean
O'er the bustling market scene.

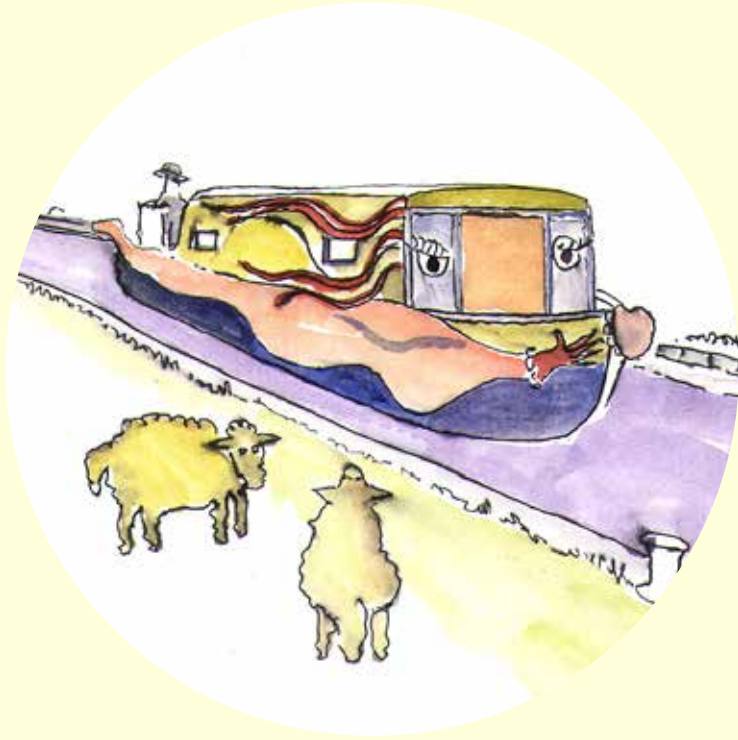
Artists flock from far and wide
Voices raise a jubilant tide
While grimmer nations grind along
The Welsh burst out in joyful song.



Wales

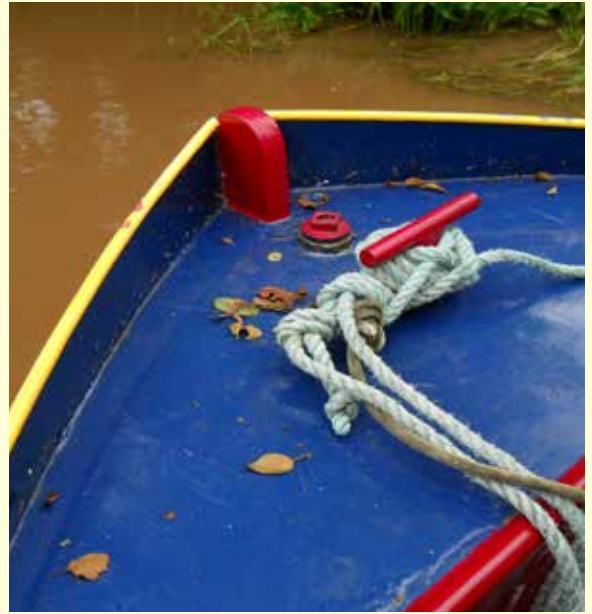


The Painted Lady



This splendid galleon turns all faces
A grande dame full of airs and graces
Who proud disdains all turbid waters
Model to mothers and their daughters.

The arts of maquillage enhance
Resplendent cheeks that so entrance
Her fulsome breast parts all before her
The timid shrink back in some horror.



She purrs along and batts her eyes
All purpose without compromise
All idle gossip's only froth.
She knows the way to cut a swath.

If cosy berth she does espy
Her heart beats like a butterfly
She steers right in with girlish glee
Resplendent, shouting 'Look at me!'

Get with the Plan



On table midst the pots and pans
Are spread out all her latest plans
These jots and drawings when unfurled
Are plotting out a better world.

Reroute the stair, create a dormer
Let's push those planners into corner.
Who look on wanly when she mentions
She's planning *two* new school extensions.



Exposed to broadside they look sore
'What *can* you mean not done before?'
It's quite straightforward you should see
Just take the norm and then times three!"

They stare back gloomy and stay mum
And then at last they all succumb
This building urge with which she's playing
While plotting out her next campaign.

Back Seat Expertise



When helping others drive the auto
Its best restrain your *voce sotto*
It's torture others at the wheel
She itches to make those old tyres squeal

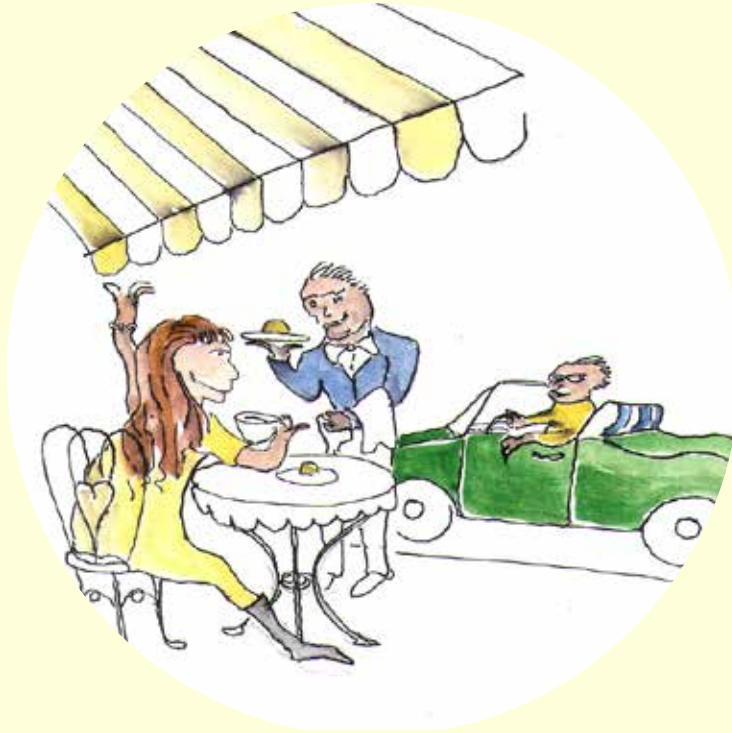
'I think the other lane is faster
Just toot your horn and show who's master'
'Don't stop too quick, the brakes might fail
Surprise that lorry on our tail.'



'Now it's time to take fifth gear,
Just hold my ciggy while I steer'
A foot on gas goes not amiss
'Whew that juggernaut was some near
miss.'

Now hold position it's a knack
Just keep revs up and watch your tach.
Her gasps and wails she rarely stints
But some are reluctant taking hints.

Ciao Belli



Ice cream and serendipity
Oh for the lure of Italy!
Where drivers course by at high speed
And *dolce vita* takes the lead.

Such soulful men lurch in surprise
Red-haired madonnas are a prize.
A racing car and racing heart
In both Italia plays a part



She knows the places you can get a
Latte, choc or spoletto.
So leave those lardy cakes behind
And put clafoutis out of mind

For scenery there is ne'er a
Place compares with Cinque Terra.
The Tuscan landscape *So Ciao Belli*,
Bouncing round on tires Pirelli.

Venice and the grand Veneto
Such *gioia vita esplosivo!*
Amalfi with its plunging coast
Brings out adventurous soul in most.

Sicilia's cooking, ancient temples
Proves the best in life is simple.
Her heart soars heavenwards with brio
Bursts out in singing *O Sole Mio*.

The Great Dovecott Bake-Off



Yotam, Gordon, Marco, Jamie
Celeb chef are all so samey!
But when it comes to 'oat cuisine'
Alison is kitchen queen.

The wistful world can only beg
For cookies à la Ms Maneg
O! let creative juices flow
Through massive batch of cookie dough.



When you toss in nuts and berry
Never stint or be too chary.
Let wafts of gingerbread be rife
Or banana bread the staff of life

They cluster round to eat their fill
No one tries to match her skill
That store bought stuff is just for rookies
No one there could match her cookies.

Summer





Lure of Latte





Grande? Bintey? Skinny? Frothy?
Please don't dawdle; what's your coffee?

To such things we ascribe importance
Whether Starbucks or Tim Hortons
Some there are who often often rail
'Gainst such coffee stress compared to Gail.

Caffeine is a great incitement
Few of us need much invitemment
There's something 'bout the lure of latte,
Extra frothy, whole milk fatty.

Experience will sometimes vary
But decisions lurk to test unwary
With ace barista at the helm
The options may soon overwhelm



Style Versus Fashion



While some are slaves with modish bent
And follow fads with passion
For others style comes heaven sent
With flare they make their fashion.

Her stripes and zigzags, colours bold
A look uncompromising
Catches every eye so bold
This rainbow on horizon.



Avoiding frills and furbelows
The eye is in the detail
The tailor cut to all her clothes
All the better found 'On Sale'

A presence quite the flare
Only cats would dare cat-call her,
With chopsticks in her mane of hair.
She looks the million dollar.



Pharmacopia



Choc o bloc, arranged pell-mell
Are lotions, ointments, unguents
Contributing to heady smell
Metaphysical the pungence.

This pharmacopia o'erflows
What stings is good for sure
Just plunge right in and follow nose
There's nothing she can't cure.



You can't stand up? You're feeling drawn?
Digestion's something rotten?
Just use the vial with skull upon
On second shelf from bottom.

A gaping wound, a missing leg?
She's just the thing for you
Homeoplasmine plus muskeg
Distilled with feverfew.

You've just been mauled by jungle cat?
Assailed by Nature in the raw?
She'll see that off in no time flat
She's fixed that sitch before.

You've lost your sight and skin's gone green
Never mind the smell!
It's just a touch of gangrene
Take five co-codamol.

Autumn





Fruitopia



The Dovecott Garden is hedge fenced
(It's best when Eden is condensed)
Creation here runs wild and free
Enjoying verdant company.

Here's a stagey old Vic plum
With laden branches that succumb
To honey suckle, passionflower
Atangle in a dense grape bower.



With apples jammed in cheek to cheek
The pears and apricot through peek.
In corner hovers nervous fig
In shock at chaos infra dig

And leaning drunk is young pear tree
Whose startled fruits shout "Look at me"
The birds awing all chatter gaily
While Foxy plots his visits daily

And what about this garden's Eve
She's got one Green Thumb up her sleeve
Impossible it is for more to cram
This perfect slew for making jam

A Paradise of treasures hidden
Clearly no life form forbidden
The lowly worm just loses heart
It can't decide quite where to start.

Objet Types



She sees excess as kiss of death
And frills give her the creeps
And seeks the essence underneath
In quest for *objets types*.

Fit for purpose, simple line
In common wisdom steeped
Who needs a Philippe Stark design?
Get back to *objet type*.



Eye for essentials is refined
The basic vision keep
Seek out the nub and bottom line
In quest for *objet type*.

The world too often runs amok
With fashions piled a'heap
But she seeks the foundation block.
Pursuing *objet type*.



A Garden Riot



A mob is battering down the door
And running on a rampage
Proliferating more and more
Seizing their advantage.

The pansies utter strangled 'cheep'
The paths been taken, borders gone
A firm edge line we cannot keep
When geraniums hold hostage throng.

Daisies wrestled to the ground
Euphorbs are breaking pavers
The honey suckles's upward bound
Crococsmia's gone ravers.

The rose is bent in heavy bloom
The pergola o'erwhelmed
Peonies try to snatch some room
Green thumb is at the helm.



The bindweed sheds a dewy tear
It stands by different story
Its dainty root just quake with fear
It see itself morning glory.

This mayhem rages uncontrolled
It's broken into riot
All this is her green thumb extolled
The neighbours want to try it.

Cassoulet

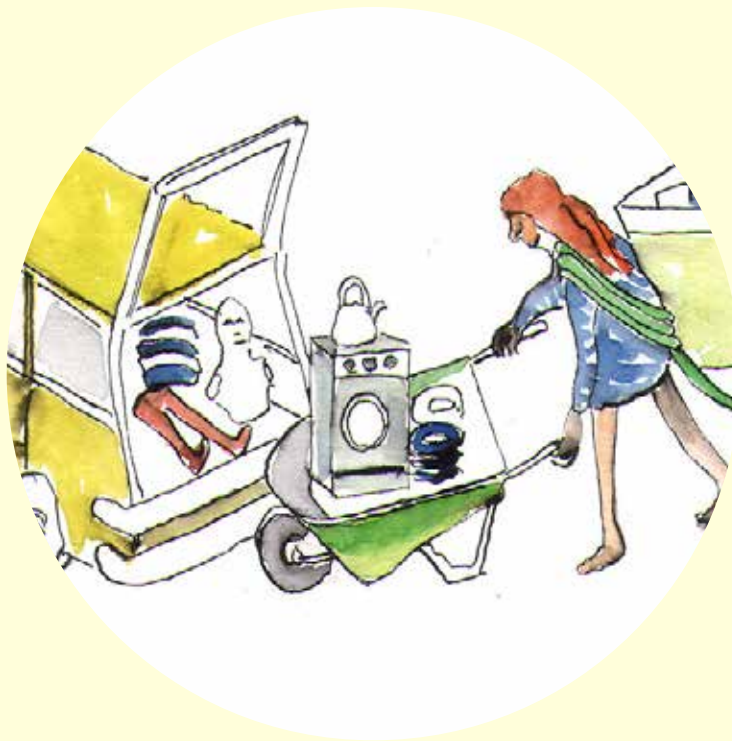


Though Julia Child works hard and long
To make a good boeuf bourguignon
Our expert prefers cassoulet
With prunes and olive thick array

Nutmeg, allspice, cloves and ginger
In liberal doses, be no stinger
Good peasant food in never glum
So toss in loads of cardamom.



More Than a Dump



Some are put into a slump
By thought of visit to the dump
Not so *our heroine*, who thrives
On insights into others' lives.

The dump at best is world of wonders
A trove of other people's blunders
Things looking to get brand new lives
Repainted, purposed, redevise.



Here a barrow, there a sink
Discarded plumbing poignant pink
That broken bench needs love and paint
Old mowers always prove quite quaint.

And here's a length of *perfect* hose
Some broken plates, we'll take all those
To tessellate some splendid projects
A palimpsest of old rejects.

What if the lid's a little skew?
Or tyres are somewhat flat?
That tiny crack just needs some glue!
And who would part with that?

Archaeologists just love a midden
Who knows what treasure's therein hidden?
There's space in shed for goods galore
So let's jaunt down to dump for more!





And so we gather round, her fans
Long let her talents blossom!
Her gifts and verve do all enhance
Alison is awesome!!





