

Mid-Life Muddles

A Collection Of Poems

Inspired By My
Mid-Life Muddles



Susan George

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To my understanding family who live with my mid-life rollercoaster every day.

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Introduction

I used to write poems when I was young and then I forgot all about them.

I started to write them again in 2012 when I saw an advert for a local poetry competition.

To my surprise I was awarded a 'Highly Commended' for my first entry, 'I'm a Teenager' so I decided to continue to express myself in rhyme.

I write poems about my everyday life and the theme running through them is my perspective on life now that I have reached that mid-life stage.

Some of my poems are nostalgic such as '70's School Dinners' and 'Osmond or Cassidy' but most of them are about the joys of my changing lifestyle as mid-life throws everything it has at me.

I have made some of my poems into little videos with the help of my daughter, Philippa's, IT skills. If you would like to have a look at them then please go to our You Tube channel at http://www.youtube.com/channel/UCWSAyhM0kex0Mi613XY_lvw

I hope you will identify with some of the themes and enjoy reading them.

I'm A Teenager

I'm angry, I'm sad,

I'm evil, I'm bad,

I'm happy, I'm loving,

I'm gentle, I'm calming,

I'm frustrated, I'm confused,

I'm troubled, I'm used,

I'm soft, I'm pliable,

I'm kind, I'm reliable,

I'm trapped, I'm caged,

I'm trampled, I'm enraged,

I'm free, I'm creative,

I'm fun, I'm native,

I'm dark, I'm moody,

I'm black, I'm gloomy,

I'm light, I'm sunny,

I'm bright, I'm funny,

I'm spitting, I'm biting,

I'm screaming, I'm fighting,

I'm hugging, I'm kissing,

I'm helpful, I'm giving,

I'm hateful, I'm horrific,

I'm venegful, I'm cathartic,

I'm alive, I'm thriving,

I'm exciting, I'm surviving!

Oh Menopause!

Oh Menopause, Oh Menopause,
just when did you begin?
I used to be so composed,
so cool, so calm, so slim.

Oh Menopause, Oh Menopause,
you took me by surprise.
you stole away my joie de vivre,
my sleep, my sparkling eyes.

Oh Menopause, Oh Menopause,
you gave me belly fat,
you gave me gloomy thoughts,
now I'm as barmy as a bat.

Oh Menopause, Oh Menopause,
me, you will not defeat,
I'm sure I will recover
From the endless nights of heat.

Oh Menopause, Oh Menopause,
just when will you disappear?
I can't wait to return to me,
but when, is not so clear!

I Applaud My Silver Sister

I applaud my silver sister
for her salt and pepper hair.
Fine strands of white and grey,
mingle without a care.

I applaud my silver sister
for showing me the way,
for embracing natural beauty,
for letting her youth lay.

I applaud my silver sister,
I'm ashamed that I'm so vain,
my silver streaks are showing,
I'm buying hair dye again!

Mother, Daughter, Sister, Wife

Mother, daughter, sister, wife,
so many hats in just one life.
Sometimes pressure, tension, stress,
sometimes love, a sweet caress.

At times my life is full of freedom,
at other times, it's boring tedium.
Duty, honour, friendship, sharing,
bags of love and loads of caring.

Female charms and precious wisdom,
I'm thankful for my little kingdom.
Mother, daughter, sister, wife,
a blessing, cherished all my life.

My Poor Husband

My poor husband currently spends his life,
Amidst his hormonal daughter and wife.
By some cruel twist of nature's fate,
The menopause and puberty do create
Two tricky life stages in one home,
his mascerlinity stands alone.

Some good days pass with loving charm,
at other times, he's in danger of harm.
A life of harmony and peace he does seek,
This is no place for a man who is meak.
A careful path he has to tread.
A brave man, who thrives where others dread.

Say Hello to Mrs Yoyo

I'd like you to meet Mrs Yoyo.

Bet I'm not the only one you know.

Please can you keep this a bit quiet,
but I can't stick to any diet.

Yes I follow the rules at the start,
writing my weight loss onto a chart.

I begin with healthy things to eat.
But day by day, I add my own treat.

I try to take the route of fitness
but every time I get bored witless.

I want to be fit, slender and slim
yet my diets become rather grim.

How to keep cake temptation at bay?
Or make healthy choices every day?

I search for the right regime for me.
Is moderation really the key?

So I live with weight high and weight low.
Will I always be Mrs Yoyo?

Motherhood

When I was young, I never understood,
the complex emotions of motherhood.
I was blissfully unaware
of what demons would dwell there.
The joys after birth,
With celebrations and mirth,
First steps and baby tears,
Children's laughter through the years.
From Christmas morning delight,
To teething pains during the night.
Sharing their news at the school gate,
Driving lessons and coming home late.
I never knew as the years were turning,
Just how much I was learning.
Then suddenly, one day it stopped
From the family team, I felt dropped.
I'd never had the time to invest,
In preparations for my empty nest.

Domestic Goddess?

I'm no domestic Goddess!

I'm bored of cooking food.

I'm bored of cleaning windows

I'm bored of my teenager's mood.

I am a domestic Goddess!

I'm blessed with lots to do.

I'm blessed with ageing parents

I'm blessed with in-laws too.

I'm no domestic Goddess!

I'm bored of buying food.

I'm bored of cleaning bathrooms,

I'm bored of being good.

I am a domestic Goddess!

I'm blessed with children, two,

I'm blessed with handy husband,

I'm blessed with my own loo.

I'm no domestic Goddess!

I'm bored of washing linen.

I'm bored of endless ironing,

I'm bored of staying in.

I am a domestic Goddess!

I'm blessed with my own home.

I'm blessed with bundles of love,

I'm blessed with never being alone.

Whatever Happened to Women's Lib?

Whatever happened to women's lib?
When did we females loose our grip?
They promised us equal pay,
shared parenting one idyllic day.
An end to men's sexist remarks
and no more old school tie networks.
Yet there's more pressure on girls than ever
to look and act like they're not clever.
To strive to be thinner and thinner
and never eat a hearty dinner.
To conform to an image that's not real,
our daughter's have got a very raw deal.
Don't even start me on the glass ceiling
or how many top executives are women?
Or how porn star fashion overtook
the natural, healthy, female look?
Whose to blame for losing the fight,
for damping down our women's plight?
It's time to start a whole new fashion,
for women's equality to be our passion.
The early pioneers did us proud,
it's our turn now to shout out loud.
Wake up girls, engage the nation,
strive to reboot women's liberation.

Simple Solution?

If all the people in the world unite
And fully commit to no longer fight.
We could spend the funds on education,
Good food and health for every nation.
They say "That's far too simple a solution.
Someone, somewhere will start a revolution.
You need to pay for your protection".
But we could make war our rejection.
Without the arms maker's greed,
From war and murder, we'd all be freed.
"You are naive, you don't understand"
Says anyone with a gun in their hand.
But if everyone in the world is willing
We could all stop this mindless killing.

Legacy 2012

I'm not normally the sort,
to watch any type of sport.
They announced on the television
the mission: "To Inspire a Generation"
So I took some time to see
what the Olympics could offer me.
Who could have predicted
that I'd become totally addicted!
I'd spend hours and hours untold
observing the majestic games unfold.
I felt honoured to spend each day
watching true champions at play.
I felt bereft when it all ended,
but there was more, which transcended,
all possibilities. My personal highlight
the Paralympics, sheer delight!
So what of their legacy?
A new perspective on disability.
A respect for those so brave.
Such dignity in the way you behave.
Congratulations, Lord Coe, London,
an exceedingly good job, well done!

City Slicker

I used to be a city slicker
my pay packet grew thicker and thicker.
I'd go to work, suited and booted.
It was for the company profits I rooted.
Briefcase in hand and company car,
I stayed in hotels and travelled afar.
As I climbed up the career ladder
inside I was feeling sadder and sadder.
Passing my husband as we swapped shifts,
our marriage in danger of coming adrift.
Kissing my kids in their beds as they slept,
missing their childhood as it speedily swept,
passing me by, as my time was given
to keeping the shareholder value, well driven.
My job left me feeling empty inside,
a nagging little voice constantly cried
Why can't I escape this strange feeling
that I need to add to my life, more meaning?
I craved to find that work life balance.
I longed for the freedom to enhance
my relationships and personal well-being.
But I still needed to earn a living.
So one day I swapped my corporate life
for family time, I became a housewife.
I retrained and carved out a new career
doing the type of work I held dear.
I realised I gained so much enjoyment

from starting my own form of self-employment.
A flexible business that's creative and funds
precious time in my life to share with loved ones.
These days I'm fulfilled and so much fitter.
Happy I'm no longer a city slicker.

Wobbly Days

Some days,

I wake up in a daze.

I call these,

my wobbly days.

Some days,

I wake up in a haze.

All I want to do,

is sit around and laze.

Some days,

I wake up in a craze.

The power of my hormones,

Constantly, does me amaze.

Abandonned

The day I left you at your halls of residence,
A new chapter in our lives did commence.
I thought your room felt like a prison cell.
But you appeared to be coping rather well.
After I had kissed you good-bye.
I sat in my car and began to cry.
I saw a student sobbing in a corridor
Which only added to my sense of horror.
I realised that I had so much to learn,
As you embarked on your new term.
Whilst I drove back to the family home,
It felt like I had left you, all alone.
My tears unchecked, my senses reeling.
I hated this abandonned feeling.

My Empty Nest

Each night, I find myself hovering around your bed.
Remembering all the years where you once laid your head.
I'm overwhelmed by a maternal urge to seek you out.
What on earth are these new sensations all about?
I wander around your old room. I still sense your affection.
I touch the things you left behind, yearning for some connection.
I'm constantly searching for your essence.
Your noise, your chatter, your scent, your presence.
I feel the need to enshrine your room.
No desire to change your bed, it's far too soon.
The dull ache of your departure lingers.
It hurts in my head, my toes, my fingers.
At mealtimes I keep cooking too much food.
My tears flow easily, they don't do me any good.
But I miss you most at night.
Since you left, nothing feels right.
I question my place in the world, my purpose.
It's natural for a mother to feel this way, I suppose.
This change feels painful. My transition's not complete.
As my emotions tumble, my energy does deplete.
I try not to cling to you. I rejoice in your freedom.
I have finished this career and need a distraction.
A fresh life awaits me. I must embrace this opportunity.
Once I have mourned my old role and dealt with my redundancy.

Chocolate Magic

When I'm feeling tragic,
I eat some chocolate magic.
White, milk, cream or dark,
it all gives me back my spark.
I munch quietly on the bench,
chunks of Swiss, Belgian or French.
Is it the texture or is it the taste?
I'm not sure, but nothing goes to waste.

Harvest Twenty Twelve

The wettest summer in one hundred years
has seen many farmers turn to tears.

As I wander around this field
it's easy to see the loss of yield.

The machines fell silent in October
waiting for the rain storms to be over.

At last, the harvest moon delivered
autumn sunshine and a dry period.

Combine harvesters hunt their prey,
frantically working night and day.

Their lights ablaze, constantly bleeping,
cutting the maize whilst I lay sleeping.

Tractors and trailers clang and clatter
along the lane, the corn does scatter.

Hungry pigeons arrive in haste,
ensuring no grain will go to waste.

Vast machines dominate the landscape
as the rural community does co-operate
in the final frenzy of the calender,
grateful for a crop from this damp year.

Hard work and hours untold,
rewarded with piles of edible gold.

Shock

I drove through the night, to be by your side.
My only hope was that you would stay alive.
I was there as you came round, at last!
How could one so fit, fade so fast?
My shock was delayed, a numbness I felt
as the surgeons explained procedures they'd dealt.
I gazed in awe at the machines by your bed.
What was your future? I felt full of dread.
Tubes, air and drips kept you sustained.
Would you ever live a normal life again?
Day after day the infections grew,
no wonder your light almost withdrew.
You rallied, then stumbled, through highs, through lows,
how long would this nightmare fill me with woes?
At last, sometime after your third op,
your temperature finally started to drop.
I sensed that a glimmer of hope had dawned
as the corner to healing you gradually turned.
The whole situation seemed so surreal.
But you came through your dreadful ordeal.

Healing

Now that you are finally well,
to thoughts of healing, I can dwell.
The gift from Father Time for me,
is reflection, gratitude and glee.
As the trauma and shock does pass,
my strength from hope will outlast
all the nightmares, fears and dread
that I felt by your hospital bed.
As I stroked your curly hair,
my thoughts once turned to despair.
But you were saved, dear breath,
from your close brush with death.
With your recuperation complete
your spirit was never in defeat.
Your youth once more does shine.
Relief, relief, relief, is mine.

Ostemat

Before my son became an ostemate.
I did not know what the word meant.
Before, I had no compunction
to consider any bodily function.
Before, I never thought of poo
and it's importance to me and you.
Before, I totally had no notion
that danger lurked inside his colon.
Before, I never even knew,
you could have stomas, two.
At first it was a bit funny,
seeing two holes in his tummy.
But they saved his life,
each time he went under the knife.
But thanks to modern medicine,
my son's strength and discipline.
He found a positive path to healing
and added to my life, new meaning.
It's only temporary, they say.
He can have it reversed one day.
When he is much healthier and stronger,
his ileostomy and colostomy will be no longer.

'70's School Dinners

Rumbling tummies. The lunchtime bell.
Dinner ladies and that school food smell.
The noisy queue and general chatter,
scraping chairs and cutlery clatter.
Busy cook, always in a hurry.
Sometimes chips but never curry.
Peas and carrots every day.
Bullies pushed in along the way.
Bangers and mash, treacle pudding,
something good was always cooking.
Dinner tickets at the ready.
Too much gravy, you go steady!
Jugs of water tasting like metal,
chocolate sponge cake, best of it all.
Rat pie and rabies whip,
that's what my friends called it!
Hearty meals for hungry kids,
all cooked on school premises.
Blissfully unaware of just how near
we were to the end of that golden era.

Osmond or Cassidy?

When I was just an early teen,
my focus moved to the music scene.
Thanks to the Andy Williams show
my Saturday nights began to glow.
With “Puppy Love” you bowled me over.
Whilst “Day Dreamer” made me smoulder.
I remember thinking it was a tragedy
that I had to choose an Osmond or Cassidy.
But my sister bagsied Donny you see,
which left dashing David free for me.
I bought his singles in the record shop
then played them everyday, non-stop.
Their pictures adorned our shared bedroom,
but suddenly it ended, all too soon.
Poor David, our affair was in tatters.
I became a fan of the Bay City Rollers.

That September Feeling

Soft sunshine, harvest moon.

New term. Big school uniform.

School tie. Fresh start.

White shirt, feeling smart.

New timetable. Shoes, uncomfortable.

Sharpened pencils. Crunchy apples.

Friendships rekindled. Cheeks freckled.

Orderly environment. New satchel scent.

Familiar routine. Lunch in the canteen.

Parents high hopes. Jacks and skipping ropes.

Playground hubbub, banned British bulldog.

Handstands, cross country, netball and hockey.

Warm milk each morning. Teacher's slap, without warning.

Every year, in September. My school days, I remember.