

Dear Clive and Pat,

I wrote a poem which I'm hoping you'll enter into the east Anglia paper. It all stemmed from Harry asking me had I been to Ireland, had I been to Scotland?, etc. etc.

So I wrote.

Yes Harry I've been a few place
But none did I ever see
That captured my heart
Like this quaint Hadleigh

I've squandered in Paris
And wandered in Rome
I've sailed in Alaska
And wound up in Nome

Gasping seeing a mountain of ice
Crumbling and tumbling against our advice
I dined Vancouver an elegant place
And danced in Montana a cowboys embrace

Boasted
In Frisco, a trolley I changed for a ride
And bikes in Bermuda but on the left side
Boated in Venice with polls we did move
Then return to Paris to saunter the louvre

In Georgia was where my heart surgery took place
When I asked why the needle was used to extent
The doctor responded "well we like to practice on you Yankees"
In southern accent

Now Hadleigh is a place tucked away in east Anglia
Home of the famed John Constable ~~or~~ yore
Who's are art sketches of Suffolk ~~or~~ ^{of}
Are a joy to explore

It's also a place known for its many pubs
We lived next door to one
Which was more of a club

Clive -
retyped and
Emailed to
Clive Claireaux

4/17/2018 DC

There dad would have his dart game
While mom to the piano would stray
I hid behind that piano
Reminding mom what else to play

In later years to the shove ha'penny board I would move
Each time to see that I did quite improve

Each Saturday we had what we called a ding song
Inviting everyone from the white hart
Mom at the piano would belt out her usual blaze away song

Brother "H" on the sax would be playing
Uncle George on the clarinet would groove
My cousins and I would be singing
While Chassie on drums would improve

So where on this earth can you find me
A spot that reminds me of home
I challenge the best of God's creatures
The rest of this planet to roam

Vickie Claireaux Simon