



The Meaning Of Success
by Newton Park

The word, 'success' is a funny thing indeed;
It may mean something different to you and me.
We are all born unique, we are all born free,
With the ability to achieve anything we please.
Some climb mountains or sail the seven seas,
Others are content in a garden sowing seeds.
Some run around, kick balls and score goals,
Others watch birds, badgers, squirrels and moles.

Some earn millions trading in the city,
Others work at home keeping their house nice and pretty.
Some learn a trade, they build and they fix,
Others entertain through song or magic tricks.
Some join the police or maybe the armed forces,
Others spend time playing different golf courses.
Some train to be a doctor or learn to be a nurse,
Others write stories or poetry or verse.

Some become farmers or maybe school teachers,
Lawyers, accountants, bankers or preachers.
Some work in shops or restaurants or pubs,
Others deliver parcels or connect wireless hubs.
Some work in offices and are really well paid,
While others perform for nothing monthly on a stage.
Some drive lorries, taxi's or trains,
Others ride bikes and fly aeroplanes.

In fact, it's never ending the things you can choose,
All that really matters is you enjoy what you do.
Some judge success by the size of their wealth,
Others are content by keeping good health,
But for me life is about the moment's we spend,
Special moments together with family and friends.

So, while you're busy journeying down life's winding roads,
Remember there's so many ways you can go.
And sometimes when you feel that it's all just too much,
The most important thing to have is a life full of love.

Written in loving memory of my good friend Nigel Dudley.

Woody Woodward
by Newton Park

Hello I'm Woody, you may think I'm not alive.
In fact I am almost two hundred and twenty-five.
I can't talk to you because I am unable to speak,
But I wrote you this letter, it took me many a week.

I can't walk because I haven't any legs to carry me,
But I dance on the breeze, shaking my leaves.
Although I can't speak there's noise all around me,
From the singing of birds to the buzzing of bees.

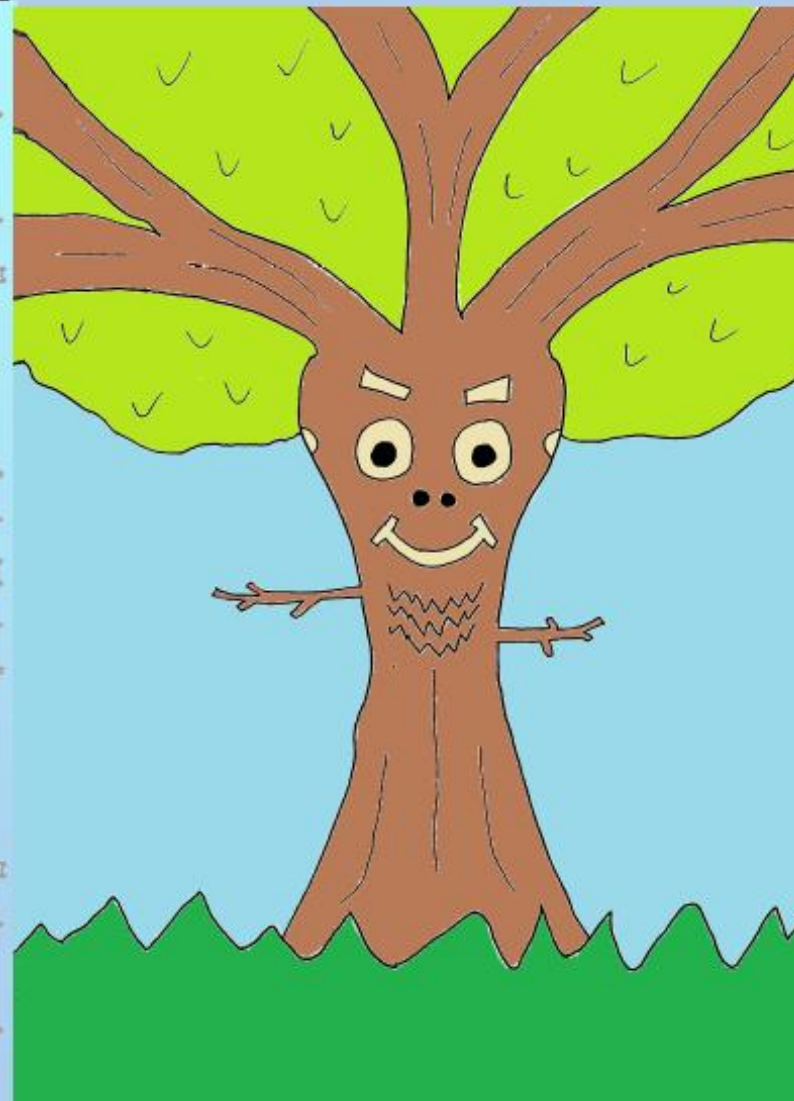
I've been here now, rooted to this spot,
It's been so many years, I've seen an awful lot.
The world is always changing - different people come and go;
My fields turned to housing - how quickly towns can grow.

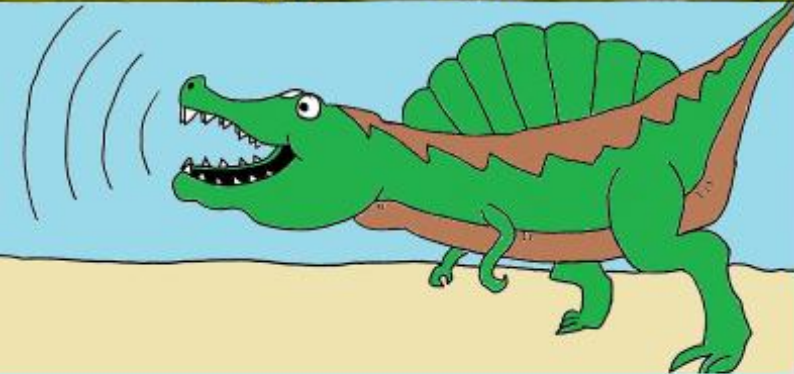
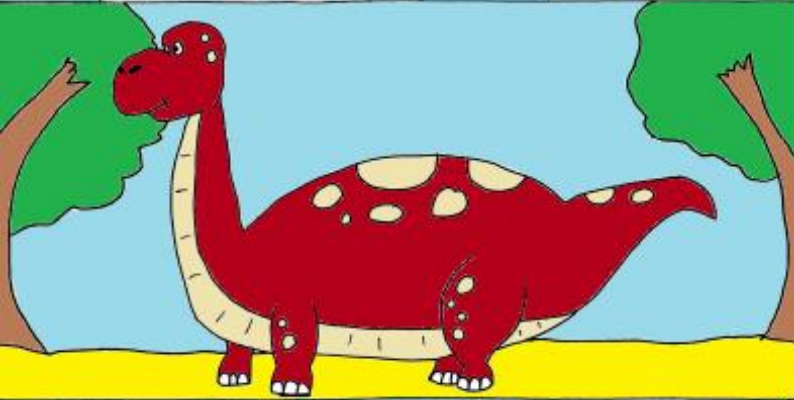
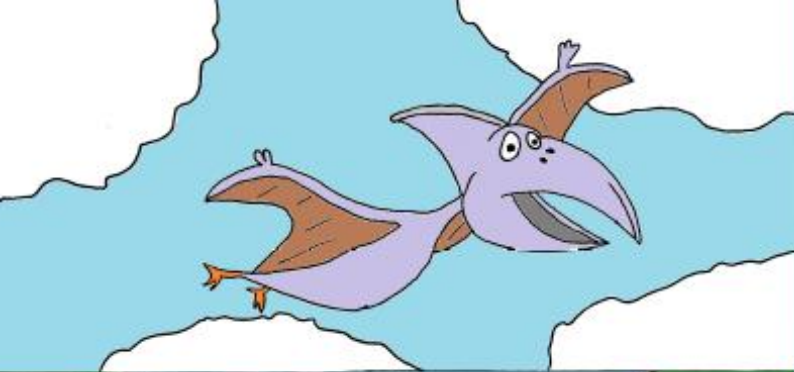
Although I was upset to see my home change,
I got just as much joy from the people who came.
The children climbed me or used me as a post;
To be a part of their games, well I loved that the most.
Those kids all grew up, then new ones came;
Their fashions all changed, but the games were the same.

We all protect the creatures living in the trees,
For their lives are fleeting just like our green leaves.
When they fall in the autumn I'm sad that they've gone,
But I know come the spring bright new ones come along.

So, the next time you look and you see a huge tree,
Remember that it's probably as ancient as me.
We were here before your oldest Grannies and Grandpa's,
We were here before computers, television and cars.
And when you've grown up we'll be here still,
Standing strong, whether in valley or on hill.

You may walk past and ignore the sound of our leaves,
But remember we give you the air that you breathe.
We're excited to be here, together we stand tall.
But if one day we're gone, then together we'll fall.





Roar Like A Dinosaur
by Newton Park

You've got to...
Roar, roar, roar like a dinosaur.
Now soar, soar, soar like a pterosaur.
Then chomp, chomp, chomp like a carnivore.
And stomp, stomp, stomp like a herbivore.

Millions of years before the time of man,
Gigantic creatures roamed the land.
So fearsome and loud they were hard to ignore:
Now roar, roar, roar like a dinosaur.

Some dinosaurs flew across the seas,
Making their nests high in the trees.
They had huge wings and razor sharp claws:
So soar, soar, soar like a pterosaur.

Some ate the flesh of their own kind
Or any other creature they could find.
They had such powerful and deadly jaws:
Now chomp, chomp, chomp like the carnivores.

It's amazing how big some grew to be,
When all they ate were plants and leaves.
Each giant step shook the floor:
So stomp, stomp, stomp like a herbivore.

You've got to...
Roar, roar, roar like a dinosaur.
Now soar, soar, soar like a pterosaur.
Then chomp, chomp, chomp like a carnivore.
And stomp, stomp, stomp like a herbivore.

Out Of The Darkness, Into The Light
by Newton Park

I'm ugly, I'm green, I'm all covered in hair.
I'm tiny, I'm hungry, life just isn't fair.
Moving around takes me ever so long;
I'm tired, I'm sleepy and in no way strong.
I eat because I'm sad, I'm sad so I eat;
I get fatter and fatter with each yummy treat.
I'm not really that useful, all I do is feast,
And make little kids scream as I'm a hideous beast.
Why am I here? Really, what is the reason?
I struggle through each year, season after season.
I spend more time sleeping, well, what else can I do?
I've been told it'll get better, but how can that be true?
I'm empty and sad, not the slightest hint of love,
As I crawl up a tree to the branches above
And there I sit all alone, all I can do is weep,
As I drift helplessly into a long, hopeful sleep.
Perhaps when I wake things won't seem so bad;
Perhaps when I wake I'll make everyone glad.
Maybe, just maybe I'll find a friend I can love;
I hope and I pray to the Lord up above.

Then I wake up to darkness. Fear swarms over me.
I'm scared and still alone, but where could I be?
Suddenly a burst of light blinds my eyes,
Then I can see the warm sun and bright blue skies.
What are these things that are attached to me?
I wave them around and fall out of my tree.
But I'm not falling, I'm flying, I'm gliding with ease,
I'm grinning with glee as I drift on the breeze.
All the jungle creatures look at me and smile,
The snake and the monkeys, even grumpy crocodile.
I hover slowly over the long, winding river,
And I see my reflection then in excitement I quiver.
I look at my wings. I'm colourful and bright!
How quickly life can change, as if over night!
I head back to my tree, as happy as could be;
How wonderful it is to be alive and free.
As night starts to fall I take a moment to breathe.
This life is a complicated journey indeed,
For every time we struggle through the darkest night,
The dawn always comes and there'll always be light.





Be Happy
by Newton Park

Sing songs and dance and be happy!
It's the most important thing to do.
Play games and laugh and be happy!
Don't be afraid of anything new.

Hold that rope - maybe milk a goat.
Don't use soap to clean your throat.
Eat cream pies and dream of fries,
Catching flies that cry outside.
Name a big bear Billy or a wet whale Willy,
Get really chilly - we can all be silly.
Take a balloon to the moon,
Then hum this tune all around your room.

Sing songs and dance and be happy!
It's the most important thing to do.
Play games and laugh and be happy!
Don't be afraid of anything new.

Talk to a cow! I know how.
You might fail, but there's no need to wail.
Grab your bike or take a hike,
Roll a strike if you like.
You will succeed, oh yes indeed!
Take what you need, no need for greed.
Jump on the bus, don't make a fuss,
It's big enough for all of us.

Sing songs and dance and be happy!
It's the most important thing to do.
Play games and laugh and be happy!
Don't be afraid of anything new.

Just be you, do what you do,
Follow things through, always be true.
When you're done and you're race is run,
You'll be the one who had most fun.
You shot that ball and stood up tall,
Experienced it all, not afraid to fall.
Attacked every mile, you swam the Nile,
Passing every trial with a great big smile.

Sing songs and dance and be happy!
It's the most important thing to do.
Play games and laugh and be happy!
Don't be afraid of anything new.

Written in loving memory of the incredibly talented Kelly Morris.

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Parks Poems
Part II

by
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