

Poem 2 for the Raggies

Look at my Beard

Frankly astounding the

Price of a trim

I am a reverse Rapunzel

Oh yes

I am a hairy biker

185 Thursdays

We meet

And take a seat

Fidget and Chat

Once a month

Face the Fascia

We listen

Not always

Laughing

Sometimes crying

Out for help

When we can

We do

Higher planes

Of thought

Are reached

When we

Think together

To help each

Other

Care offered

Is care given

And we leave

As wellbeings

