Sue's News

Sept 2020



Hello everyone,

How are you doing?

I love autumn, but this year I'm irritable, irritated and (according to the Dog Walker) "Sue-per" irritating! I don't have little kids in school, just one big kid teaching but the pandemic is getting to me.

Like many of us I have turned Twitter Doom Scrolling into an art form!

At first getting more and more information seemed responsible, and the more we knew the better our defense. At the Edinburgh Book Festival, author Olivia Laing pointed out that this kind of "paranoid reading" may be a reasonable approach but it's not the only one.

She said that reparative reading is when you choose to gather fragments that are sustaining to you, to others or that disrupt the forces that are not sustaining.

Together these fragments create a "collage of nourishment."

This is exactly what Sue's News tries to be. A collage that is sustaining and sometimes disruptive!



They might not need me; but they might. I'll let my head be just in sight; A smile as small as mine might be Precisely their necessity.

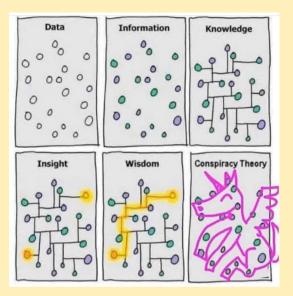
Emily Dickinson

Recently I have been drawn to poetry... Don't panic Dr R.S. there are still the usual cartoons, and, as promised, a page dedicated to the ailurophiles. You know who you are!

Also quite a few, hopefully reparative, poems. Enjoy.







Do read the whole bit of Very British Problems below. So True!



Being extra dramatic while rubbing in the shop's hand

sanitiser, so everyone knows how thoroughly decent you are

9:42 AM · 2020-09-02 · Twitter for iPhone

1,506 Retweets 120 Quote Tweets 10.9K Likes





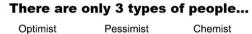
Flamesparrow @flamesparrow · 6h Replying to @SoVeryBritish

I know someone who dramatically rubbed it in, and then got told "you've gotta step on the foot pedal to dispense it, mate"





GasMan NZ



half empty!



The glass is Th

The glass contains: 50% H₂O(I) 39% N₂(g) 10.5% O₂(g) .44% Ar(g) .06% CO₂(g)

And if I speak of Paradise,

then I'm speaking of my grandmother who told me to carry it always on my person, concealed, so no one else would know but me. That way they can't steal it, she'd say. And if life puts you under pressure, trace its ridges in your pocket, smell its piney scent on your handkerchief, hum its anthem under your breath.

Poems on the Underground

And if your stresses are sustained and daily, get yourself to an empty room – be it hotel, hostel or hovel – find a lamp and empty your paradise onto a desk: your white sands, green hills and fresh fish. Shine the lamp on it like the fresh hope of morning, and keep staring at it till you sleep.

Roger Robinson Reprinted by permission of Peepal Tree from A Portable Paradise (2019)

tfl.gov.uk/poems

The Orange

At lunchtime I bought a huge orange— The size of it made us all laugh. I peeled it and shared it with Robert and Dave— They got quarters and I had a half.

And that orange, it made me so happy, As ordinary things often do Just lately. The shopping. A walk in the park. This is peace and contentment. It's new.

The rest of the day was quite easy. I did all the jobs on my list. And enjoyed them and had some time over. I love you. I'm glad I exist.

Wendy Cope



Poetry is the shadow cast by our streetlight imaginations

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

What Good Poems Are For

There is also (though this is more rare) Bob Smiths story about the man in the bar up north, A man in his 50s, taking a poem from a new book Bob showed him Around from table to table, reading it aloud To each group of drinkers because, he kept saying, The poem was about work he did, what he knew about, Written by somebody like himself. But where could he take it Except from table to table, past the Fuck offs And the Hey, that's pretty goods? Over the noise Of the jukebox and the bars TV, Past the silence of the lake, A person is speaking In a world full of people talking. Out of all that is said, these particular words Put down roots in someones mind So that he or she likes to have them here These words no one was paid to write That live with us for a while In a small container On the ledge where the light enters

Tom Wayman



What if dog ancestors discovered belly rubs and that's why they domesticated?

Wolf 1 Guys, guys! You have to try this thing with humans.Wolf 2 Sebastian, you should be ashamed!We are wild! We are free!

2 days later .. Wolf 2: OMG YOU WERE RIGHT!

@bshillace

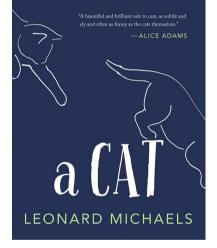


When it comes to loneliness, a cat is excellent company. It is a lonely animal. It understands what you feel. A dog also understands, but it makes such a big deal of being there for you, bumping against you, flopping about at your feet, licking your face. It keeps saying, "Here I am." Your loneliness then seems lugubrious.

A cat will just be, suffering with you in philosophical silence.

Leonard Michaels

Full article discussing a Cat from Maria Popova below. <u>https://www.brainpickings.org/2020/08/04/a-cat-leonard-michaels</u>

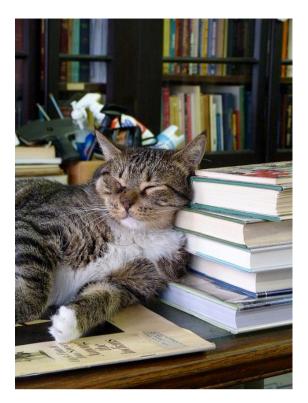




Oh to have the deep, settled serenity of a cat napping in a bookstore.

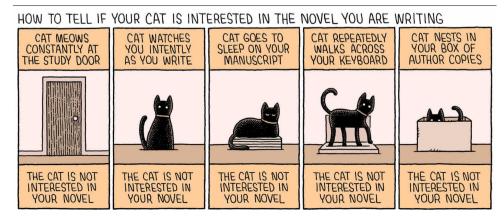
The Library Owl







"But I can say without any doubt that bookstore cats represent the apex of domesticated pets" A lovely article from LitHub below. https://lithub.com/why-do-cats-love-bookstores/





This Is the Time to Be Slow

This is the time to be slow Lie low to the wall Until the bitter weather passes

Try, as best you can, not to let The wire brush of doubt Scrape from your heart All sense of yourself And your hesitant light.

If you remain generous, Time will come good; And you will find your feet Again on fresh pastures of promise, Where the air will be kind And blushed with beginning.



A Poem for Every Autumn Day by Allie Esiri

A beautiful short film from the Edinburgh Book Festival features Helena Bonham Carter, Jamael Westman and Tobias Menzies reading poems from the book. HERE <u>https://youtu.be/TwQqk1Uk-3w</u>

John O'Donohue



I made a new Bumper Sticker! Words to live by IMHO.

Thank you so much for reading,, All good things, Sue

