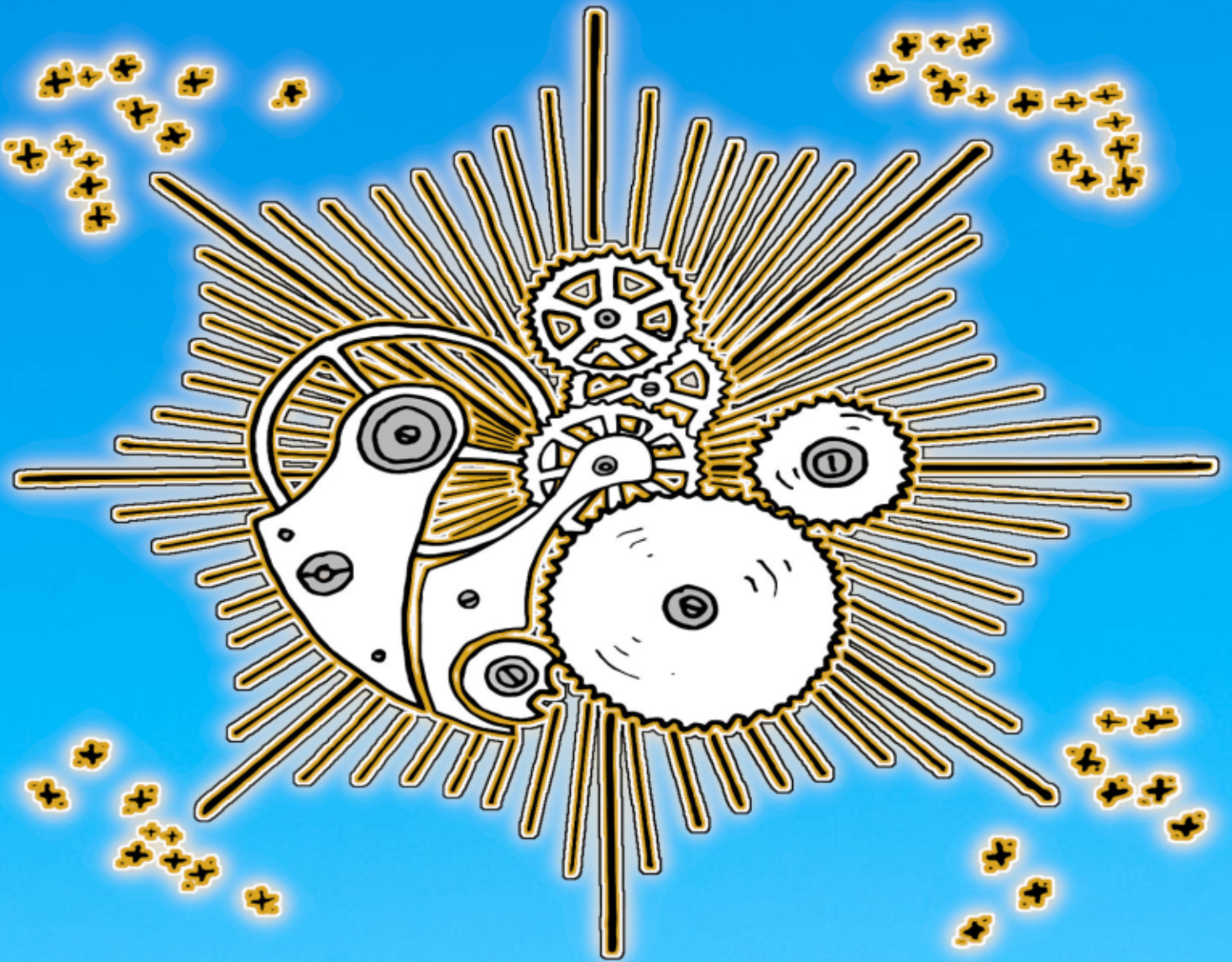


Calendar



Written for the West

Calendar

1st Edition 2025

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Written for the West.

 **Os publishing**

New Year's Day

Thoughts move on from what is now gone,
We think now of what is to come,
A rebirthing has now been done,
Cheers to the year that's just begun,
Night launched rockets on ground lay,
Bottles left from the prior day,
Children relishing the family time,
Rest, recuperate and unwind,
Carried over seasonal cheer,
Savouring all that's now and here,
Feasting to start a fresh new year,
All shared with they whom we hold dear,
Resolutions for days ahead,
Promises to ourselves get said,
Now's for rest and togetherness,
For the new year, wishing the best.



Valentine's Day

A day set aside for romance,
Secret suitors make their advance,
There are arms in which you've a place,
Eyes that smile wide as heartbeats race,
A dream hazed day spent like lovebirds,
Cards exchanged filled with loving words,
Fresh red roses and heart felt gifts,
Statements of love and late night trysts,
On this day that cupid seeds fate,
It is said that birds find their mate,
Whether known or kept secret,
Love's shared, to be smitten with it,
Warm smiles with spirits given lift,
Seeking to find that perfect gift,
Fall in arms with an open heart,
As a new romance chapter starts.



Pancake Day

A breakfast or after meal treat,
Something that's scrumptious to eat,
A nice desert that's oh so sweet,
Milk along with some flour and eggs beat,
Carried on from an older tale,
A customary act done without fail,
back when earth was harder to toil,
Milling seed an arduous ordeal,
Pancakes stacked and then syrup glazed,
Battling to have there enough made,
Sugar dust and lemon drizzled,
Hungry young months not had their fill,
Indulge yourself this pancake day,
clear stores of that of an old date,
Sweet teeth with want to have their sate,
A scrumpy thing sweetened to taste.



St Patrick's Day

Proudly wearing a touch of green,
On streets where there's 40 shades seen,
The town rivers flow with green dye,
Immersed in all the Celtic vibes,
Honour he who drove snakes away,
Our spirit, love, verve, trinity,
On this cherished St Patrick's day,
All doing it the Irish way,
With neighbourhoods coming alive,
All grown of these common roots thrives,
Ale fuels all of the song and dance,
A break from lent observance,
Parades that began in Dublin,
Spread far further than imagined,
With a touch of luck with a shamrock on,
Blessings from a national icon.



Mother's Day

On this day our thoughts turn to you,
Mum to whom there's great gratitude,
Thank-you truly for all that you do,
Mother's day reminds us anew,
Brought and prepared flower bouquets,
Thank-you for all your caring ways,
A warm lingering embrace,
Prized time together on this day,
With selfless care being ever there,
Countless moments and memories shared,
Life giving water guides one's course,
Our branch can grow ode to yours,
With acts saying what can't be said,
By caring hands lovingly led,
Ever present love stays unchanged,
Reverence paid on this mother's day.



April Fool's Day

The jester has reign on this day,
All's pawns to mischievous play,
Sought out fools on the 1st to prey,
Punchline as jokers have their way,
Jokes and trickery and shared laughs,
Cheeky little ones play their parts,
Cautious walking through doors,
Wondering what could be in store,
Being caught off guard yields a laugh,
On guard for what may come to pass,
But the game won't run for long,
Jokes get old when made on and on,
As noon comes so does the last call,
No more pranks as victim to fall,
Joke's on you if you break the rules,
You must wait till next April fools.



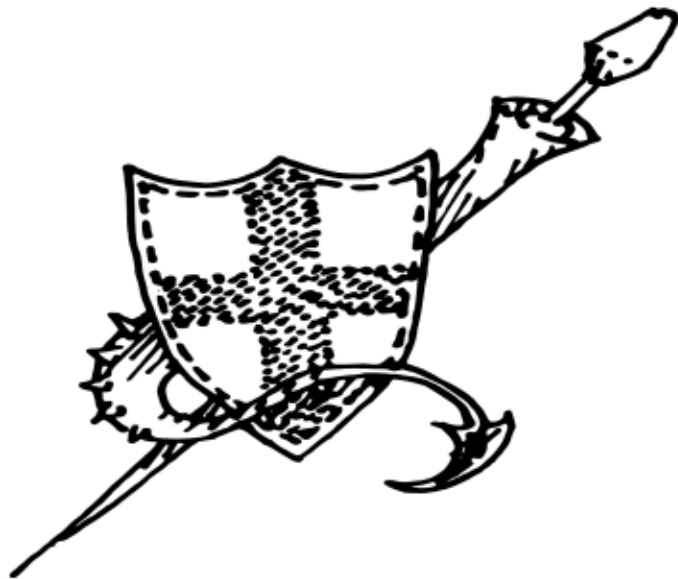
Easter

We await what fruitful months bring,
And celebrate the march of spring,
We honour the resurrection,
Crowning fertility as queen,
Children hunt for their chocolate fix,
Outside one hears the fresh born chicks,
At last it is the end of Lent,
No more in fasting are days spent,
Born again, with fertile blessings,
Young fauna make their beginnings,
Reminded of that which has worth,
Now enveloped by this new birth,
With loved ones for Easter Sunday,
Eggs, flowers chocolate and bunnies,
Off and out on Easter egg hunts,
Felt revived by returned warm months.



St George's Day

Dragons rage when desires grow,
St. George shows the way to follow,
With faith walk steps rightly chose,
For these principles banners rose,
Head the charge to claim holy land,
With valour face evils of man,
With loyal men together band,
The defence of honour commands,
Taming innate beasts we all know,
Step forth now brave purified soul,
The beasts are beaten down bellow,
Down in the depths where none should go,
A warrior saint there to guide,
Embodiment of strength and pride,
When under his banner folk stand,
A patron saint for safer lands.



ay Day, Narrative

The Spring has sprung and sowing starts,
Mayday verve grows to have filled parks,
Dashed colour amidst growing green,
The young sun swells to set the scene,
As light haze lifts from the meadows,
Re-fresh'd maids wash with morning dew,
Eternal youth for those who do,
Youthful beauty revived anew,
With hope to be the May Queen crowned,
Flowers in hair, splendidly gowned,
While paraded around the town,
Idol of these fertile months found,
In the month of the three milkings,
The land sees a replenishing,
Mother nature primed for fruitful giving,
In this time of new beginnings,

With care felled from the nearby wood,
Carved and then in a park soon stood,
An adorned and proud tall maypole,
Raised up to play his central role,
Focal for the lured out town folk,
Reverence for Spring spirits stoked,
All gather around to behold,
May day festivities unfold,
Youth in step while dancing around,
Mirth filled then entwined and wound,
Spiraling ribbon woven down,
A swell of cheers and laughter sound,
The all father now returneth,

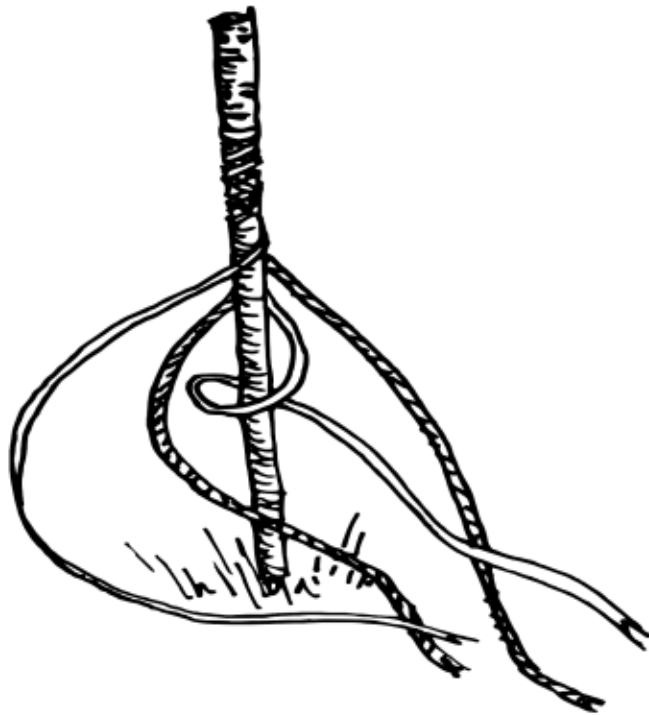
Rightfully with our mother earth,
With all of the fresh buds put forth,
The verve of the land's now rebirthed,

The May Queen's chosen from the crowd,
Mother nature helps pick her out,
The Spring personified is found,
Upon a floral throne sat proud,
With the all father returned home,
Spring's alive in one of our own,
Creating all those about the town,
Paraded, to the crowd she's shown,
In the Spring of her youth she glows,
As her rhyme with the season shows,
Buds of beauty remain not closed,
To bloom's the purpose of the rose,
Down by the woods flowers get picked,
Girls go there in hope of a tryst,
Chased by the boys seeking a kiss,
Away till they start to be missed,

The far reached parade long and grand,
At the front Jack in the green stands,
Dressed in growth from the greening lands,
Man of the wood that feeds his clan,
The green man aids the dull to fade,
Spring's in his step from changes made,
Cheers and smiles light the whole way,
Greetings of mirth in sun blessed may,
Root's taken growing season,
Maypole woven and the parade done,
A communal ceremony,
For nature's renewed harmony,
The closing acts are then to come,
A burn pile forms from the felled pole,
Two halves married off and made whole,
Folk eased all's balanced as should be.

May Day

Placed under one of nature's spells,
Woodland floors coated with Bluebells,
Honour the arrival of Spring,
Usher the month into full swing,
Days promise to be more fruitful,
All is soon to be beautiful,
A quaint and beautiful display,
On the first of the month of May,
There's crowning of a May Queen,
Parading of Jack in the green,
With dancing around a Maypole,
Many a joyous carefree soul,
Fine young maidens wearing garland,
Celebrating across our lands,
Watch for the queen of the fairies,
Conjure springtime blessed memories.



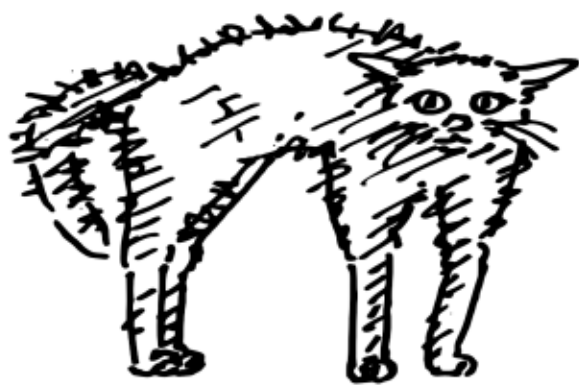
Trooping the Colour

The nation's soul proudly displayed,
Centre piece the standard is raised,
Lined at the sides the folk look on,
Proud of all to which they belong,
In time, regimented brigades,
Salutes made with the colours raised,
The horseback guards out on parade,
Crowds look on with a roaring praise,
A crown procession down the line,
Flanked either side by flags held high,
March and counter march the whole way,
As brass with pomp sound off and play,
A Red, white patriotic sight,
A flaming of the fire to fight,
For folk, land and crown rally round,
Standing among countrymen proud.



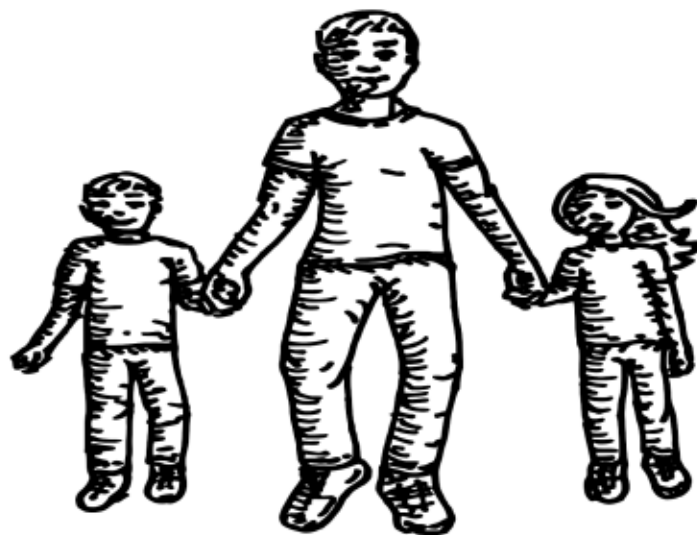
Friday the 13th

What's to take place on this strange day,
When other forces have most sway?
Superstitious thoughts creep on in,
Want not, not wanted happenings,
Deep within a foreboding grows,
Uneasy from all the unknowns,
Gut felt Friday the thirteenth woes,
Fear of missteps, kept on your toes,
Trepidation filled worried state,
More care in all you undertake,
A second look and double take,
Staving off from careless mistakes,
Shadows in the back of the mind,
Distractions of unwelcome'd kinds,
A day full of ominous signs,
Though once the day's through all is fine.



Father's Day

Thank you father on this father's day,
For all the years helping me on my way,
Somehow knowing just what to say,
The rock that's keeping our home safe,
There for should there be needs to fade,
While able to help open gates,
A protector who's there to guide,
Having one's back, taking one's side,
Known of to me how much you mean,
Through acts and gifts let this be seen,
A share of a favourite beer,
Cherishing time spent together,
Thankful knowing that you are here,
Ever willing to lend an ear,
Thank-you again for all you've done,
Ever grateful to share our bond.





Mid Summer's Day, *Narrative*

The sheer might of the summer sun,
Enlightens all in his kingdom,
At rise, earnest day's then begun,
Proof the age of the sun has come,
Sun beats down on the thriving land,
Flora and fauna caught entranced,
Colour with life are intertwined,
As life breathing warmth within shines,
Mists early clear in the clearings,
Prept for the coming gatherings,
From far and wide folk soon arrive,
To be sun kissed feeling alive,
Festivals full of feasts and song,
With mirth and dance the whole day long,
The love of the now tasted in the air,
Lighted by this moment we share,

In woodlands there teems a magic,
Cast by all of the wood spirits,
The man in green on his throne sits,
Sun through leaf canopy lit,
Green man wears proud his crown,
As the sun above beats down,
with the fairy queen by his side,
Over these blessed lands they preside,
New lives and love are to be found,

Scarlet red rose buds open now,
Groups to open space and parks bound,
Basked in the light of the sun crowned,
Dance and cheer, barbecues and beers,
Friends and folk in the now and here,
Fields filled for gatherings and fyres,
Rich mid-summer's day atmosphere,

Light aligns within ancient shrines,
Below was once a lion sign,
In stone circles or by hill mounds,
Where age old track of time is found,
Bringing together of like minds,
A changing within northern skies,
Now sun's past half the star formed signs,
Shadows match last year as light shines,
Kin and friends share this place in time,
Drunk on the air, ale or wine,
Celebrating the delaying of night,
With with timeless pious rites,
The fairy realm touches our own,
It's magic here having been sown,
Gifts are given by the fairy rings,
Thanks for blessings fairy stays bring,

King who over the forests rules,
Spares branches for some fire fuel,
Protected by those Oaks of old,
With who's roots we share in this world,
Come the evening burn piles get lit,
Darkness though delayed beckons it,
Hours after the sun has gone,
The verve of the day lives yet on,
Captured sun rekindled on land,
As man's inner flame's fed and fanned,
By bonfire light stand gathered clans,
Evening's spent on fields or beach sands,

Played out next year, the same again,
An honoring of the sun's reign,
As all is lighted till late, in,
Mid summer's days celebrations.

Mid-Summer's Day

Praise is made as a throne is re-won,
Bonfire flame reflects the high sun,
Such might we find burning within,
Reaped in harvests then following,
With flame in dance below the stars,
We know the gods' favour is ours,
Here in the crux of this season,
Growth potential now revealing,
Apex of the endless cycle,
Jewel like days none can rival,
The reigning fairy kings and queens,
Breathe magic in nigh everything,
The sun lights all the greatness done,
A seed that's set deep within everyone,
This mid-summer celebration,
We celebrate the peak that's come.



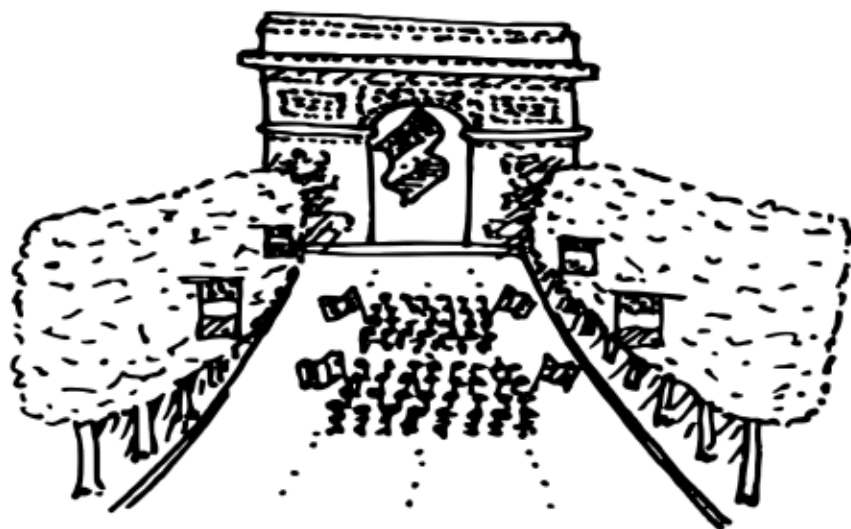
Independence Day

A belief one can own their fate,
Wills liberty tree's thirst to sate,
Dreams of an independent state,
Honoured and revered on this date,
The new guards of security,
To oust king George's lunacy,
Faith of the greatest purity,
Makes liberty their legacy,
Words worth that of any royal,
Proclaim gods see all men as equal,
Ideals to which to be loyal,
Are to London's rule a sequel,
A declaration to degree,
We the people, set destiny,
An annual anniversary,
For those in the land of the free.



Bastille Day

After a costly foreign war,
Injustices angered the poor,
The callous king showed little care,
So calls to rebel filled the air,
Once passions had begun to stir,
Blood spilt so power could transfer,
The status quo began to fear,
Whilst the left felt their day was near,
Fuelled by an unfaltering will,
Revolution dawned closer still,
Brave souls stormed and took the Bastille,
Then celebrated the ordeal,
Hailed were the seeds of the king's fall,
First by few nationals then by all,
The chance to bare one's heart and soul,
Unites the country as a whole.



St. Swithin's Day

On the day that marks St. Swithin,
Watch the sky once the sun's risen,
Should the weather prove to be fine,
There'll be many days of sunshine,
Weather the saint's said to foretell,
Is it to be a rainy spell?
Pray that rain-clouds will go away,
They can come back another day,
Apples are christened if there's rain,
But clouds will be set to remain,
A dreary forty day downpour,
Or a fine summer is in store,
We have want for more days of sun,
Let our summer not yet be done,
Whoever has sway over skies,
Is truly a saint in thine eyes.



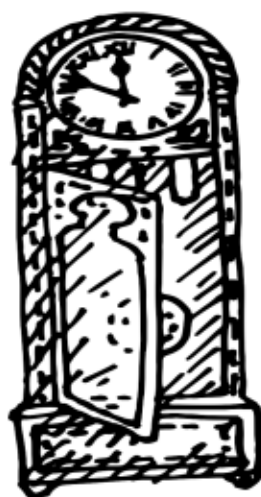
Harvest Festival

Gifted from fertile mother earth,
Sowed seeds now yield a hearty birth,
Spent sweat and toil adds to the worth,
Tilled and spread replenished flesh-dirt,
A loved mother ensures no wants,
More than enough to save for months,
Ripened, redden, freshly picked fruits,
Hearty crisp edible pulled roots,
Market stalls brim with fresh produce,
Autumn flavour make their debut,
Praise the earth and all she gives you,
Revere, prize, protect and tend to,
Gift baskets of the hand picked best,
Garden got greens at their freshest,
Farm delivered plate ready food,
Again next year once land's renewed.



Daylight Savings

Of the change waking eyes glimpse signs,
Things seem to have slipped out of line,
Chasing the hours of sunshine,
Nature and time now better rhyme,
Take out time pieces to rewind,
Slide short hands an hour behind,
Make sure it's not to slip your mind,
Lest there's bother for you to find,
We've to wait longer till daybreak,
Senseless to now so promptly wake,
Some forget the changes to make,
Others preempt actions to take,
Lay in and gain an hour back,
Rather than rise in the pitch black,
Morning gets light it seemed to lack,
Slower the hourglass sands stack.



Mischief Night

Makers of mischief rule the night,
Manifested ruckus filled sights,
Smashes and bangs yield broken things,
Order flanked and left cowering,
Fireworks get cued up to ignite,
All that can, risks catching alight,
Pent up ills seed vandal made blights,
Sirens sound to harsh flashing lights,
The mood turns as skies become dark,
Shops shutter up as troubles lurk,
Streets are not safe from here on in,
Petty vandal and street hoodlums,
Gods of chaos now take the reign,
Cities bleeding, graffiti stained,
It's no big deal, just fun and games,
The next year plays out just the same.





Halloween, Narrative

Gruesome ghouls begin to be seen,
Skies soon grow dark come the evening,
Anticipating Halloween,
Kids excited for frightful scenes,
In muddy fields pumpkin picking,
Seeking ones just right for carving,
Nicely plump and a bright orange,
In time frightful carvings arranged,
Scooping out all the gooey flesh,
Carving up a most awful mess,
Carved out eyes and a toothy grin,
Candles carefully placed within,
Doorsteps graced with jack-o'-lantern,
Smile making more than they frighten,
Make trick-or-treat'ers welcome there,
As all the fun draws ever near,

Before Halloween fun begin,
Picking and crafting scary things,
Busy about decorating,
Bizarre horrors in the making,
Try costumes till the right one's found,
To take out and scare those in town,
Some scary face paints painted on,
Or a gruesome looking mask donned,
Around the town hang skulls on doors,
witches hats, black cats, bats, galore,
Hoping for treats and not a fright,
This playful fun Halloween night,
Through streets for spooky homes to find,
The most treat filled homes kept in mind,

Little monsters of whom we're fond,
Trick-or-treating the evening long,

Chatter and laughter from small crowds,
Aloud sounds the odd scream or howl,
Queued up by a generous house,
Taking all that small hands allows,
Met with smiles as doors open wide,
Though there's a little witch inside,
A cauldron full of treats to try,
Picking out ones that catch the eyes,
Else a creepy hand's there to greet,
Holding fake bugs instead of treats,
A trick rather than treats to eat,
Mirthful kids laugh with kids they meet,
At one last house tonight to call,
With the treat bag now pretty full,
Pretty accomplished with the haul,
For friends and kin, enough for all,

Race on home to see what we've got,
Parents claim there's more than enough,
One or two now, then that's the lot,
Watchful so the sweets don't get scoffed,
There sounds a late knock on the door,
Treats are what the zombie's there for,
A cute attempt to give a scare,
Owed some sweets to with friends to share,
That's enough monsters for today,
Till next year they'll be kept at bay,
Now's time to take down the displays,
Sad to then put it all away,
The mock spiders go to the bins,
The end to playful season,
The pumpkins are taken in,
Halloween has come to an end.

Halloween

Come evening we open the door,
And see quaint sights of blood and gore,
We find the streets are strange to walk,
Tales of horror are all the talk,
For one night all love the bizarre,
Costume is donned as it gets dark,
Gruesome ghouls begin to be seen,
As with children the estate teems,
There's many frights and smiles to see,
As souls seem inhibition free,
Children en masse take to the street,
Whilst seeking a trick or a treat,
The macabre is put on display,
Pumpkins carved in an artful way,
Sweets are scoffed at a shocking rate,
And children stay up far too late.



All Soul's Day

Silent moments of reflection,
Times of smiles and shared connections,
In mind and prayer, they're still right here,
Thoughts fill with they that we hold dear,
Shadows where loved ones used to stand,
Echoes of a touch of a hand,
A place, a name, a photo framed,
A comfort through all that has changed,
A choir sings in a sombre tone,
Candle light fills up darkened rooms,
On this day we pray for all souls,
They we love who have left this world,
Those that have passed in thoughts remain,
A day to be with them again,
both folk we love and our close kin,
Here in flame lit meditation.



Guy Fawkes Night

Light up bonfires to forget not,
The treasonous gunpowder plot,
Fanciful schemes claimed to be thwart,
A fool, guy, bound and burnt when caught,
The fires make the night sky glow,
As spark blooms rain from firework shows,
While effigies that flames consume,
Get dressed up in a Guy Fawkes costume,
Though the house of Lords escaped flames,
And cries sounded long live king James,
Have the fifth of November marked,
For what our foes tried to have sparked,
A few that were fearful of change,
Shamed by what they sought to arrange,
Their country they were to betray,
On what's now known as Guy Fawkes' day.



Remembrance Day

For all the sacrifice of life,
For the orphans and widowed wives,
For all the questions asking why,
For the sorrowful heartfelt cries,
Honour fallen who played their part,
With monuments that stand in hearts,
Honour the brave and show support,
In silence where they fill our thoughts,
For all that past countrymen gave,
For the lives that the brave acts saved,
For all that soldiers overcame,
For the war veterans and those maimed,
Marked by the eleventh hour,
And a sea of poppy flowers,
Marked in the month of November,
By every soul that remembers.



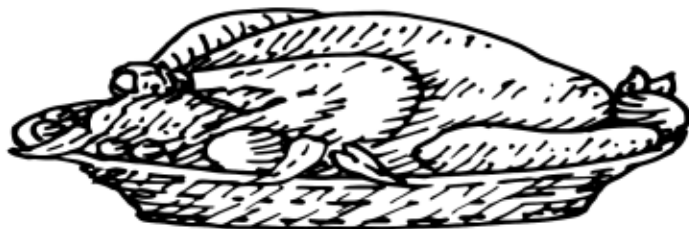
St. Edmund's Day

Defence of ground for folk and crown,
Bravery spoke of grown renowned,
The nation looks back and stands proud,
Banners raised by the rallied crowds,
A banner under which to stand,
Three crowns as one for Angle Land,
The boy king who union'd kingdoms,
Bravely faced the trials destined,
Against grave odds yet standing strong,
St. Edmund's spirit lives yet on,
Ordained the saint of the nation,
He who by the folk was chosen,
A wolf like spirit guardian,
Hallowed remains heal and strengthen,
Standing strong with pure conviction,
There in hearts of all Anglemen.



Thanks Giving

A time that's for a moment's pause,
Toasts reflecting on all that's yours,
As soon the close to Autumn draws,
We sit amidst our feast prept stores,
In mind's all that's passed since last time,
Priorities now re-align,
Kin from far together are brought,
Prized dear moments with such shared thoughts,
Long rides to a long earned rest,
Moments such as these are the best,
This right here is what to cherish,
Open arms to greet warmth filled guests,
All thankful for this thanks giving,
Brought forth, our thanks said with meaning,
Here at our home this season,
Cherished time with loved ones we're seeing.



Christmas Eve

The tree's decked and stockings are hung,
Kids wait for when Santa will come,
The advent count came to a close,
One wonders what the night will host,
Out front lights in a Christmas theme,
Reflect on winter frosted scenes,
The sun's cold but spirits are strong,
Not long till St. Nic comes along,
Wreaths on doors, signs for Santa Claus,
All slows as his arrival draws,
Warm fires and filled up kitchen stores,
Welcomed well earned family spent pause,
Offerings prept by the Christmas tree,
On the mantel is left some treats,
The children with wonder filled eyes,
Sleep early so early to rise.





Christmas, Narrative

As the festive season draws near,
Excitement builds within the air,
Adults and children alike share,
A Warmed spirit and a sense of cheer,
There's hopes a snowfall will occur,
And you see loved ones as planned for,
Surplus from the harvests there were,
Means that there is a feast in store,
As soon as advent has begun,
Days can't pass fast enough for some,
Light candles till the wait is done,
And the awaited shall soon come,
Good will to those that have it tough,
In this season of kindness,
To be with loved ones is enough,
True to the spirit of Christmas,

Make sure preparations are laid,
And you have stocked full the cupboard,
While mixing pudding to be made,
Voice wishes you hope get answered,
Claim the best fir tree there's to find,
Put it up not before one should,
With tradition kept clear in mind,
And Garland fresh gathered from woods,
Dress the house up with evergreen,
Those plants in which spirits remain,
They promise a Spring shall be seen,
Cold and darkness won't always reign,
The tree we take care to adorn,

Shades gifts we're eager to open,
As they cannot wait until dawn,
Glee is seen in eyes of children,

Wishful want a Christmas that's white,
As distant church bells ring out,
A first service done at midnight,
Attended by the most devout,
Faithful kneel to see out advent,
It's said creatures too do this act,
Till sunup time's restlessly spent,
Parents rush to get presents wrapped,
Soon after children come to wake,
And off to the Christmas tree sneak,
While careful of the noise they make,
At their presents they hope to peek,
In stockings or by the tree stacked,
For that which Kris Kringle partook,
Gifting and then receiving back,
Being warmed by a thankful look,

For family dinning gather all,
A choice thoughtful prepared meal,
With rich foods to give us our fill,
Placed crackers there for each to pull,
The pudding's always most special,
For one's fortune it's said to tell,
Silver hidden in a morsel,
Means in the new year you'll do well,
Each festive day should be joyous,
So keep decorations in place,
Up till the twelfth day of Christmas,
Else there will be bad luck to face,
As the season comes to its close,
Time with loved ones valued the most,
Left with memories to cherish,
Blessed by the Christmas well wishes.

Christmas

Fairy lights and worn out tinsel,
All the good will of Kris Kringle,
Children's faces glowing with glee,
Trimnings from fir trees and holly,
Time's given to wish loved ones well,
Greeting cards sent out in the mail,
The tree topped with star or angel,
Re-tellings of Christmas tales,
The smell of freshly baked mince pies,
The warmth from an open fire,
Hanging up of gift crammed stockings,
Rich foods and treats to indulge in,
In the distance ring out church bells,
Down the street sound joyous carols,
A warmth to help the cold to pass,
Upon this blessed day of Christmas.



New Year's Eve

A kiss at midnight with a date,
Song, drinks and dance to fill the wait,
Excitement grows as it gets late,
The year is soon to pass away,
A count down echoes all around,
Smiles and good cheer throughout the crowd,
Your dearest held tight to you side,
Poised to the year to say goodbye,
Booming climax, firework displays,
Thanks to the passing year we pay,
Cheers usher on in the new year,
A flame set spark filled atmosphere,
Splashes of sparks dazzle the eye,
As midnight strikes look to the sky,
All that's been and all to be seen,
The chance to have the board wiped clean.



Thank-you for reading.

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