



CPS Homes are proud to support the 7th anniversary of the local arts festival.
If you have the time, we'd love you to have a quick read of these fantastic poems written by local Cardiffians about our beloved city.

We've donated 200 limited edition canvas shopping bags to this year's festival, with all proceeds going towards sustaining and enhancing Made In Roath.

The bags are available to purchase either inside our office or on the street stalls during the weekend celebrations priced at just 3 each.

At a glance...

Tues 13th Oct, 6-7.30pm: Singing for the Terrified! Ever wanted to give singing a go, but too scared to share your voice? This is the workshop for you!

Sun 18th Oct, 12-4pm: Caroline Deacon - making art by recycling materials.
Join Caroline for her drop-in workshop, where you'll make puppets and toys out of old plastic bottles.

Pick up a programme inside.

EMMA





Lily St. Garden

In the bud, *right in the heart*
ripped through, peeled back
then pulled
as though a child has been here
or a neighbour's cat,
a feral breeze, easy in the yard.

I think of all the hunters
from end to end, birds for bats,
chasers and pouncers, spinners and creepers
looming from the tilt
of the *outhouse*

the sun eats down on the day,
crosses the extension
and starts away.

Kate North



Sunday Afternoon



In the café on Crwys Road
the owner gives me **free baklava**
because once I told his mate,
who slept on the shop floor,
where the housing centre was.

He says other shops **buy baklava**
in from London swamped under
cheap **sugar syrup.** But he makes it,
early morning, **in Cardiff**
with pure honey.

The afternoon turns into a trawl
through **the charities;** you let me pick
the **third of your three** for a pound
paperbacks, **and forgive the squat jug**
I sneak home **because I like the feel of the glaze.**

We eat **the baklava**
in the rose gold rectangle
of our **garden,** I pick apart
the **crisp pastry** layers, swipe
pistachios with **sticky fingers;**
you say you can taste the honey.

Rachel Simons



GOOD THINGS ARE HAPPENING

Today I saw;
a painting on the pavement;
a gang of children ask a stranger to play;
a girl chase a child's picture
as it fluttered like a *butterfly*
down Albany road.

These are the things *you'll see*
if you look.

Because this is *a crucible, a refuge, a lamp,*
lit for *the incomer* and *the outsider*
the tired and the tempest-tossed
the *different* and the *young*

Where *thirteen thousand strangers*
can belong where
good things are happening.

TOM MEAGHAN



Roathed

I've been *Roathed*.

Utterly, stupendously, tremendously
eloped with *the Roath side of me*

the cafes took me

to *the East and deserted* me

with the desserts I've been

veggied in *a yurt out back*

strolled *round the lake* sat oncology benches

swanned off with the *swans*

to *be pooped on* by the gulls

I drank, ate *read poetry* at the Gate

was fleeced by a man

selling *ice cream* from a van

and stopped to *smell the roses*.

I took an oath this day

that come what may

I'll be

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,

Thursday, Friday, Saturday,

Sunday Roathed.

Abeer Ameer



CITY ROAD

Evening on *City road*
and the sky persists with its *slow drizzle*
and the pavement slabs
tip under our feet
soaking them in
grey-ish water

All along the street
the smell *coriander,*
cardamom, and the sizzle
of roasting meat
as *we walk* through
the windows' *yellow light*
and *past the silent, patient gaze*
of the bowling alley.

ROSEY BROWN





Hanging out in Roath

Listen carefully, *can you hear?*
It's the *whirring* of washing machines
reaching crescendo, perfect pitch

in the back
of our corner of Roath.

Tall line posts stand to attention
and first out is Donna pegging along,
top then *bottom lines* filling up.

No more Little Princess covers,
now it's onesies and turquoise bras.

I remember Tom before them,
worked in steel, *just cloths, dusters,*
polythene bags hanging out.

I miss Tom even though
he never had *much of a line*

Now on my top line a new king size cover,
blue and gold, takes off,
flying above the trees, and below
new lace items, *neat and discreet.*

I stand back, *really one* of my finest lines



ANGEL

Abstract, a pure spirit,
you longed to be embodied.
Fate has dealt you a cruel hand,
squeezed all of you
into a thin, thin frame
and left you shivering
where Fair oak meets the Crwys.

But then you turn
to look at me and it dawns on you
I am the reason you are here.
Clearer now
you walk in my direction.
A jolt, then of course.
Invisible threads pull me to my feet,
fling open eyes glued shut
for far too long.

We move southwards, *side by side:*
City Road draws us in,
listens intently, nods
through all its windows, all its shops
at our stumbling stories,
stop-start voices
drifting into one, at our bodies
slowly starting to lumber up.

Birds above
look down, see us erstwhile strangers,
falling, fallen -
but not from grace: lost and found,
now face to face.

valerie hannagan lewis

Great homes are 'Made In Roath'

Looking to sell? We know and understand the Roath property market, and we'll give you honest, accurate viewing feedback within 24 hours of every viewing. We'll also help you stage your home to help you achieve the maximum sale price. For support and advice, look no further! We'd love you to pop in, call or e-mail us.

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