

Reflections on publishing my Poems

In January, 2006, I published a book of 164 poems, being most of my work from 1965 to 2005.

It was a private publication, done mainly for the benefit of my family and friends, for their interest and pleasure.

In fact, this was not the full collection. I omitted several poems for a variety of reasons, including knowing that some people would not like the more personal nature of the words to be made public.

Having brooded over these poems for 40 years, publishing them gave me a sense of loss. It was a little like the “flown nest syndrome” as my little ones finally left home and went into the big wide world to be independent of me.

Emerging from Shadow



Collected poems of
Neil Richardson
1965-2005

As an inveterate tinkerer with my own words, I experienced a severe sense of anxiety about committing them finally to paper in public. I had not anticipated this sense of bereavement, or loss of control of the poems. So, thinking about volume 2, I took up my pen in July and wrote this little poem about my poems.

To an errant child

I'd like to correct you,
my child,
but now you are older
and published,
amenable no more
to my direction.

Your nouns and adjectives
are generally acceptable,
but details of your syntax
I would like to change.

If only
you were still vulnerable
to my influence.

My sense of loss
is now total,
but I delight
in your success,
I suppose.

Neil Richardson