



Cambourne & District u3a

Bulletin February 2026

Issue No. 742 Valentines

**SPECIAL
VALENTINE'S
DAY
· EDITION**

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Like it or not
Here's some poetry for you

One Perfect Rose

*A single flow'r he sent me, since we met.
All tenderly his messenger he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet -
One perfect rose.*

*I knew the language of the floweret;
'My fragile leaves,' it said, 'his heart enclose.'
Love long has taken for his amulet
One perfect rose.*

*Why is it no one ever sent me yet
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get
One perfect rose.*

DOROTHY PARKER



Editorial

This special edition comes as an apology to Lucy for missing her poem out in the previous edition but also as a slightly more serious look at love from the poet's perspective rather than the perspective of the supermarket.

Average spending pp on Valentines day is in excess of £100!

Thanks to Dave Nuttycombe for pointing out that the issue number is wildly wrong. I'll put it right next time! Peter

A Valentine Remembered

If I could see you again
I would wait for hours in the pouring rain
Expect no explanation
And still be glad that you came

And even if you arrived with
Your lover's breath fresh on your tongue
I would smile
And still be glad that you'd come

Or would I?

Lucy Purvey

I wish I could remember that first day,
First hour, first moment of your meeting
me,

If bright or dim the season, it might be
Summer or Winter for aught I can say;
So unrecorded did it slip away,
So blind was I to see and to foresee,
So dull to mark the budding of my tree
That would not blossom yet for many a
May.

If only I could recollect it, such
A day of days! I let it come and go
As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;
It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;
If only now I could recall that touch,
First touch of hand in hand – Did one but
know!

Christina Rossetti

When I Was One-and-Twenty

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
“Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.”
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
“The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.”
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Oscar Wilde

1854 –

1900

A Harmony. [Two verses]

Her ivory hands on the ivory keys
 Strayed in a fitful fantasy,
Like the silver gleam when the poplar trees
 Rustle their pale leaves listlessly,
 Or the drifting foam of a restless sea
When the waves show their teeth in the flying breeze.

Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold
Like the delicate gossamer tangles spun
On the burnished disk of the marigold,
Or the sun-flower turning to meet the sun
When the gloom of the jealous night is done,
And the spear of the lily is aureoled.

GEORGE HERBERT

Love

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lack'd anything.

'A guest,' I answer'd, 'worthy to be here:'

 Love said, 'You shall be he.'

'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,

 I cannot look on Thee.'

Love took my hand and smiling did reply,

 '**Who made the eyes but I?**'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame

 Go where it doth deserve.'

'And know you not,' says Love, 'Who bore the blame?'

 '**My dear, then I will serve.**'

'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my meat.'

 So I did sit and eat.

Encouraged by a fellow member (thanks Paul!) I entered the national U3A short story competition last October. The theme was 'Lost and Found' and I entered a story that came to me as I was enjoying a walk in our country park. It was called A Chance Encounter. It was my first time to enter a writing competition so I was thrilled when, just before Christmas, I learned that my story had been shortlisted. I was then invited to attend (online) the award ceremony which took place on 29th January. I learned that out of 525 stories, 14 had been shortlisted. Sadly I didn't win one of the top three spots. The winner read her polished dystopian tale and I was impressed. I was, however, proud when my name appeared on screen with the heading - Cambourne and District U3A. It was a rewarding experience and one I may well hope to repeat!

Lucy Purvey



Congratulations from the committee and members to our resident poet and published author, Lucy Purvey. As you may see from Lucy's own piece, she was shortlisted for the u3a short story competition. Lucy was one of 14 who were nominated out of 525 submissions.

**Well done Lucy -so well deserved.
Kath**

