

IMAGES & POETRY by
Tom



Just the Mother

Pamela Griffiths

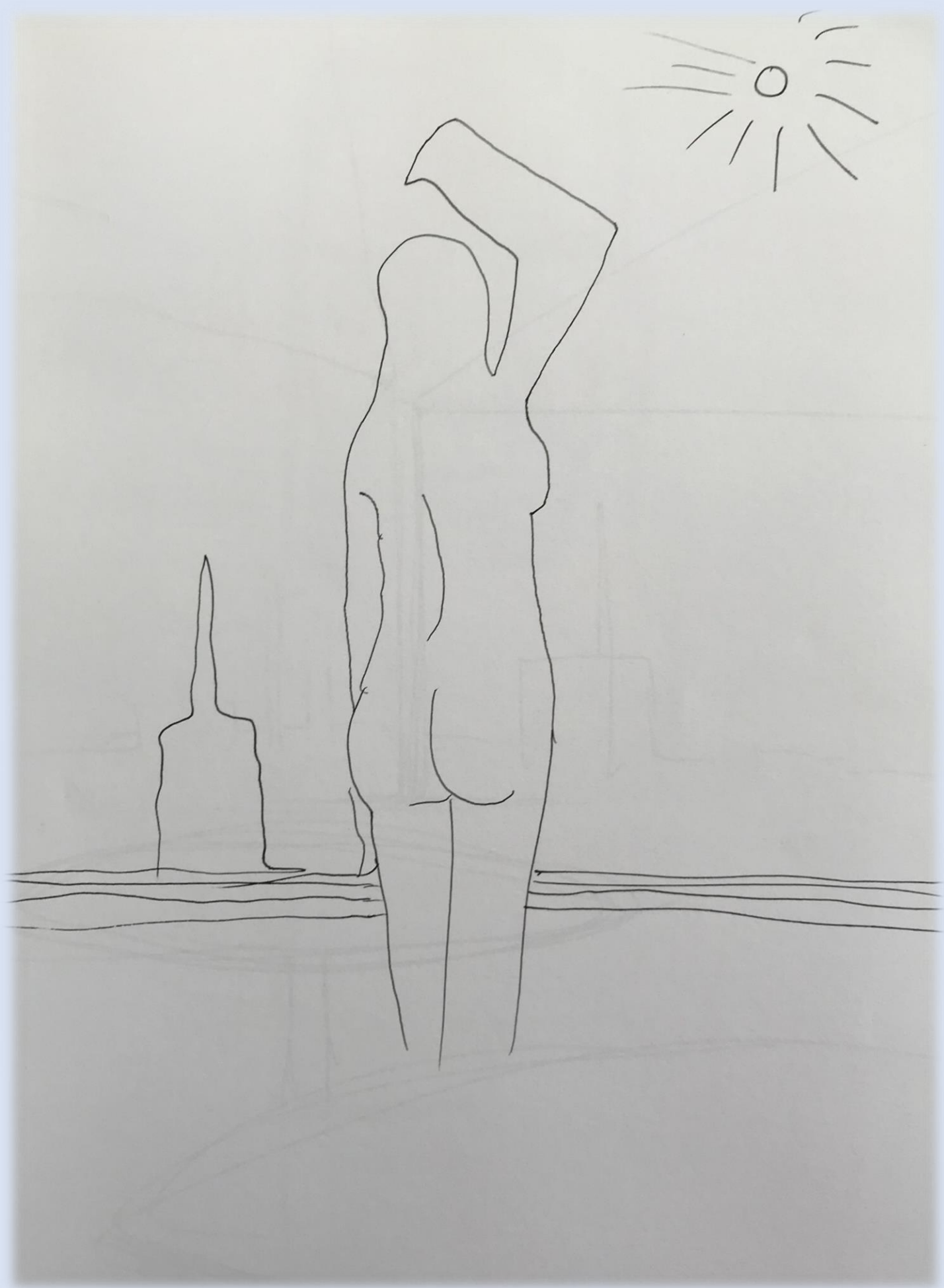


**Portrait of Steve Wise medical photographer RPH
Perth**

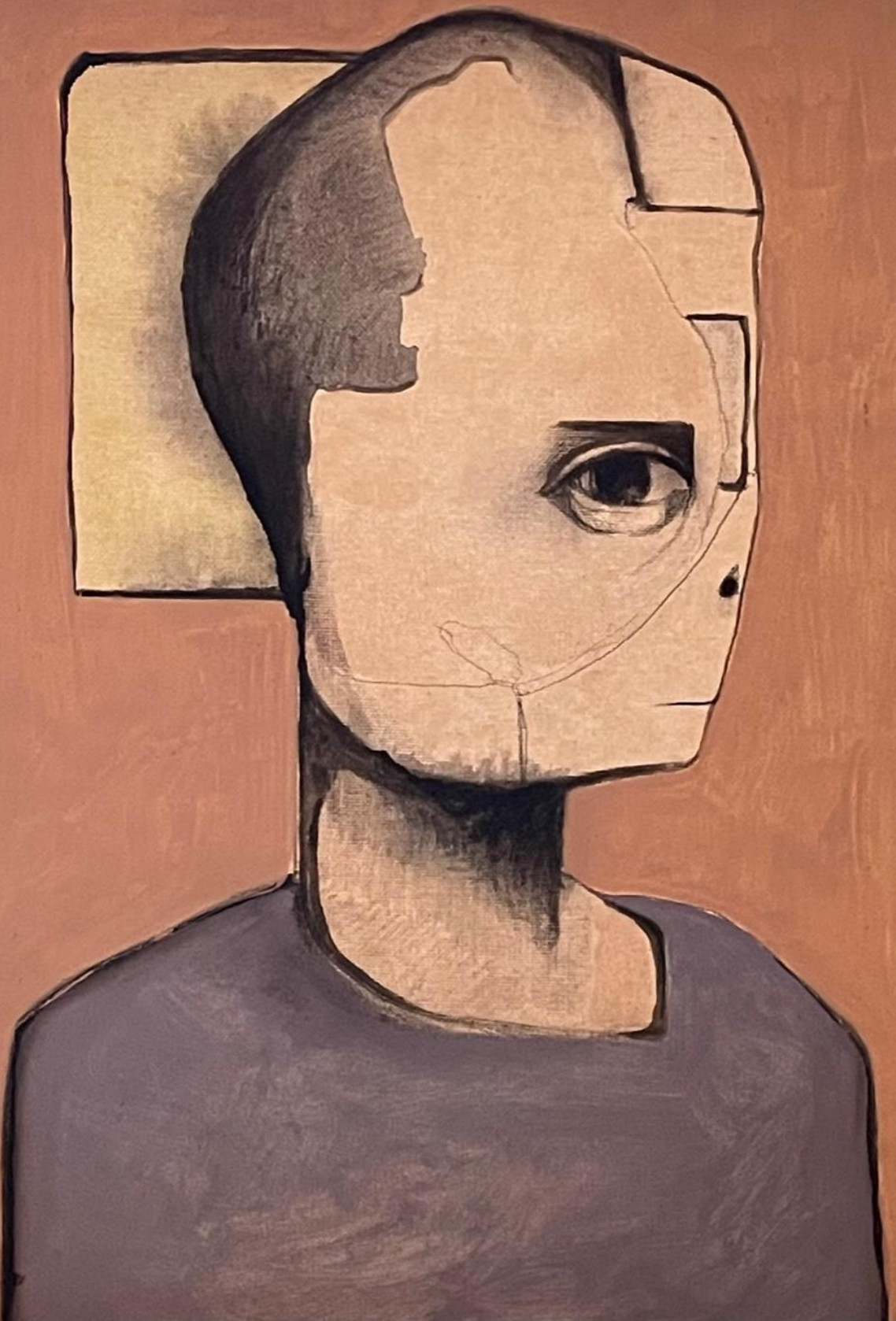
oil on canvas



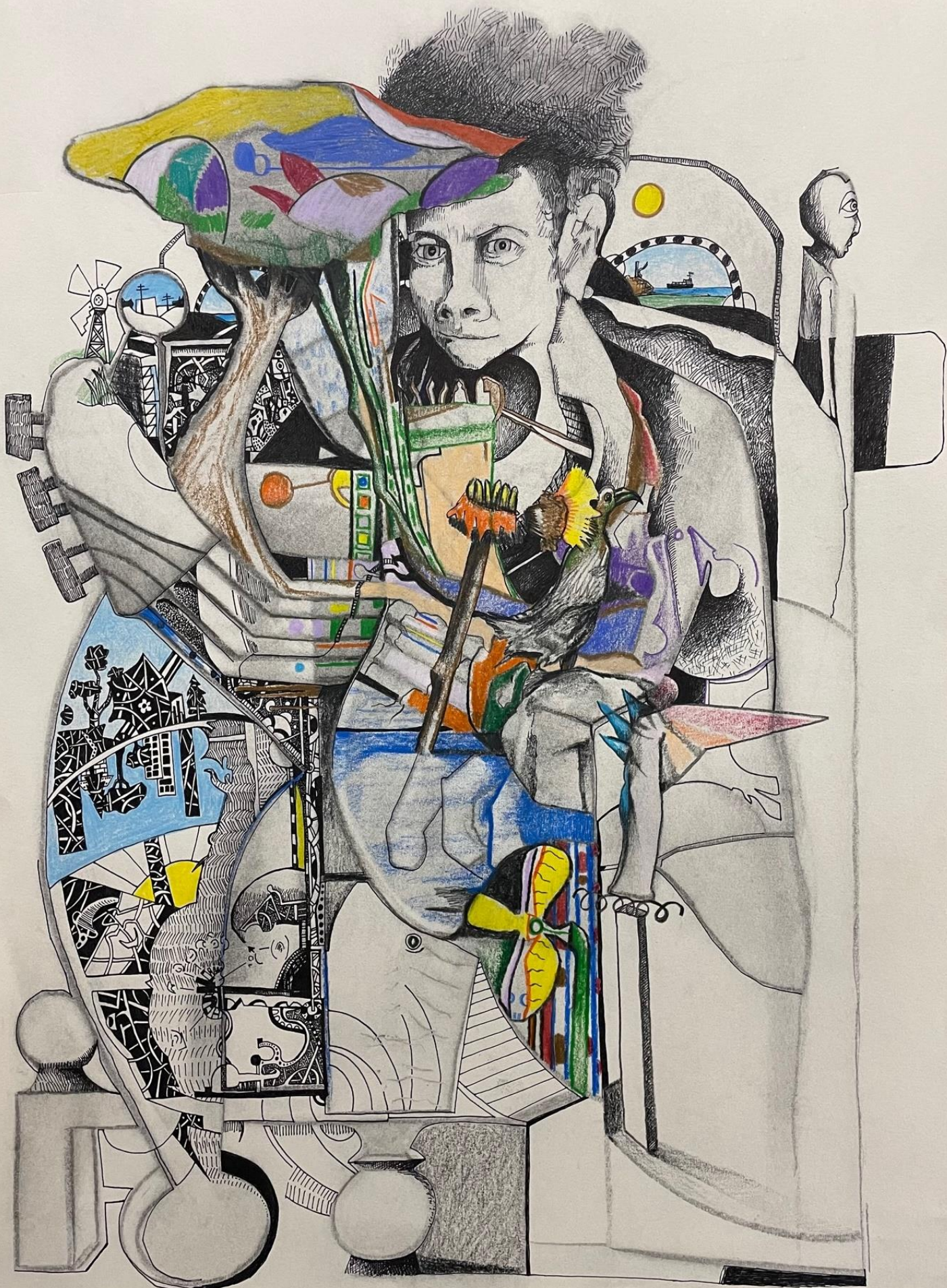
Oil on Canvas



Cottesloe Beach
Black pen on paper



Oil on Canvas



Coloured Pencil and Black pen on paper



Pencil and Water Colour on Paper



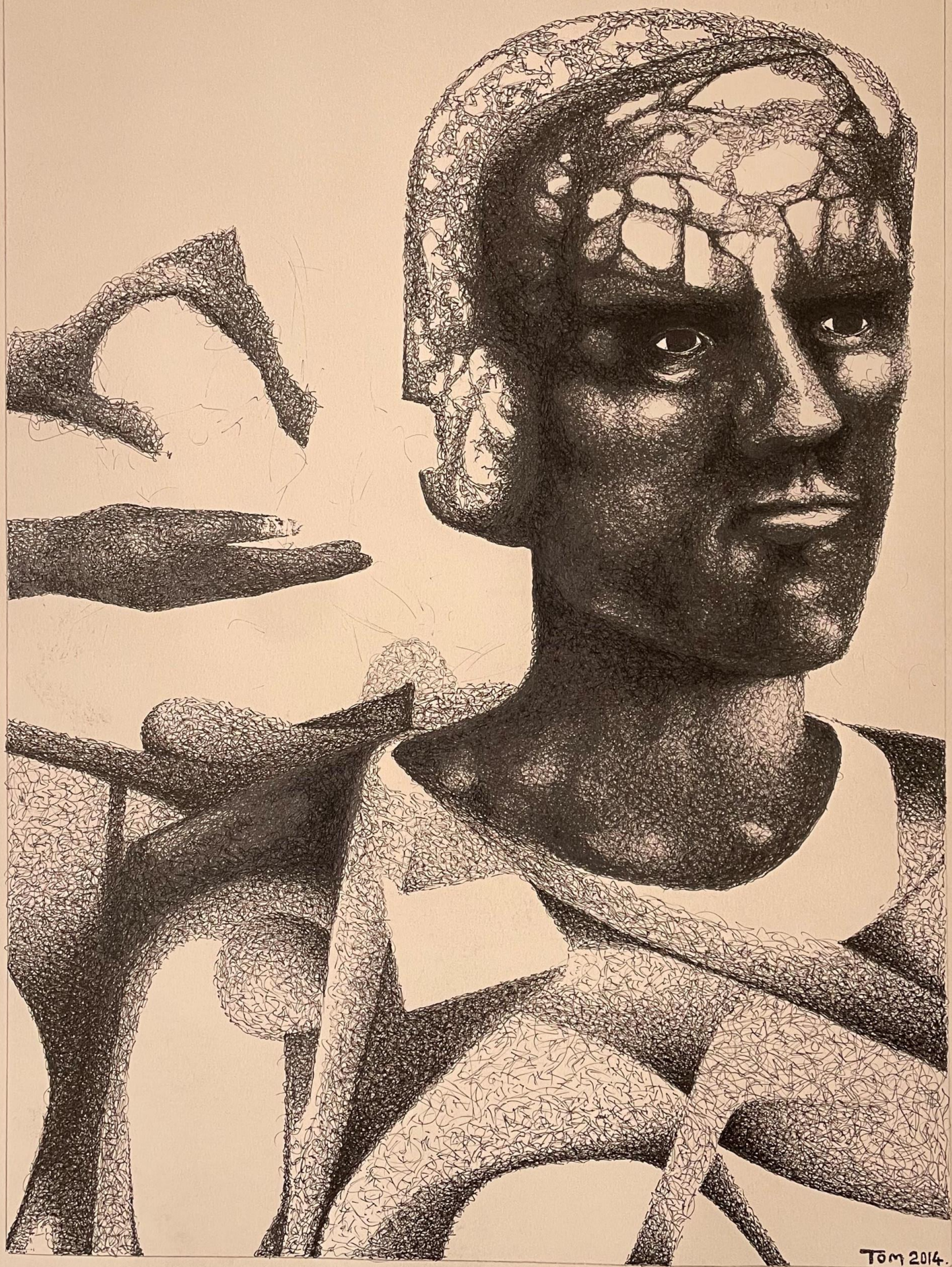
Acrylic on canvas



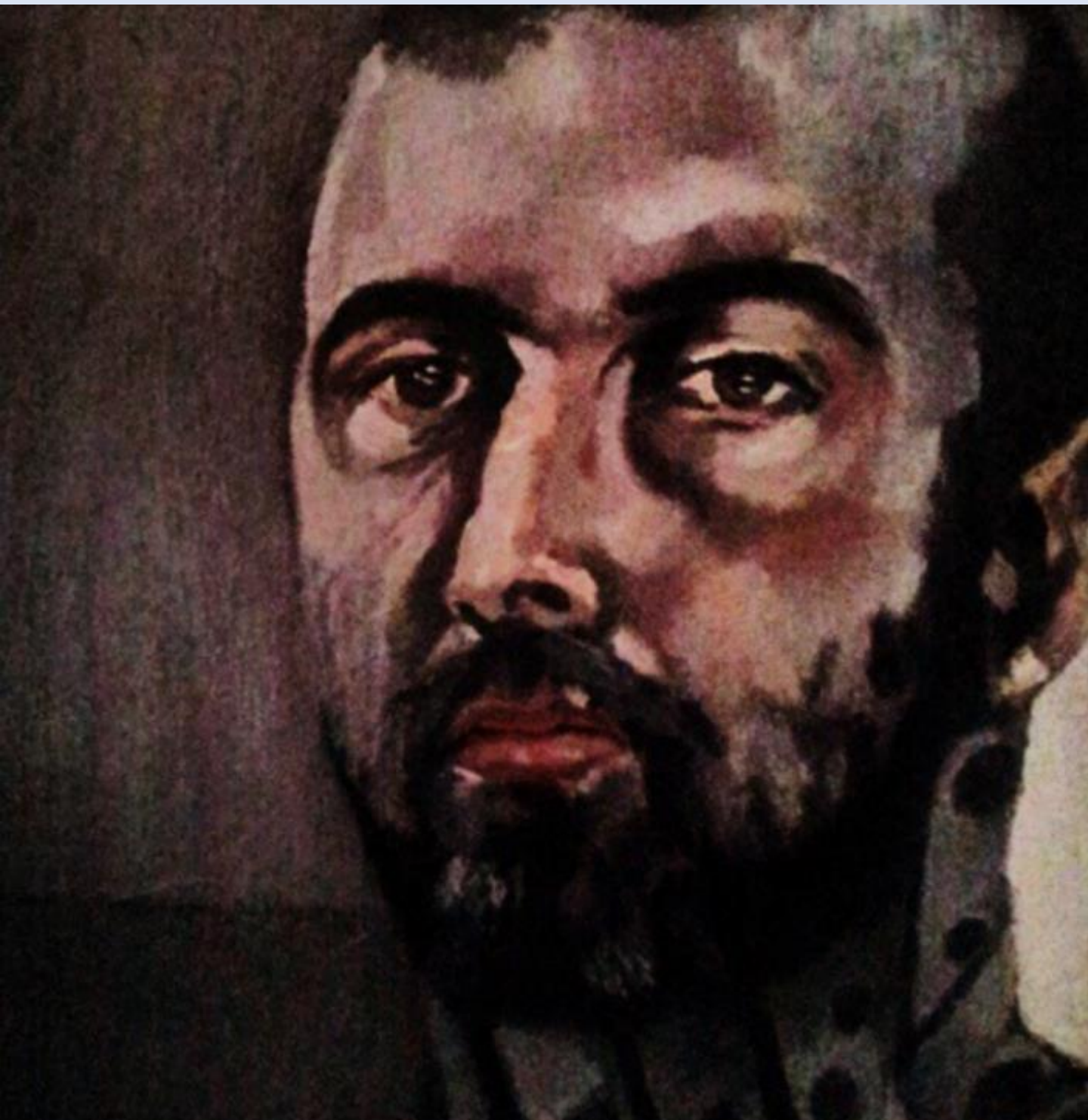
Acrylic on Canvas



iPhone Photograph



Drawing with thread lines
Black Pen on paper



Self Portrait

Oil on Canvas



Drawing
Black Pen on paper



Self Portrait
Oil on Canvas



Acrylic on canvas



Acrylic on canvas



Acrylic on wood



Coloured and Black Pencil

Swift are the days as I dwell far apart
The colossal view of nature and the epic
serious play

They chime like the sound of clocks

Leaving the past almost lost

While revisiting my memories

I discovered a lonely soul

One I knew but far from the one I know

If I've ever felt empathy

If I've considered eternal hurt

While bathing in the new rain

While embraced by dirt

I succumbed to the bitterness

And became more immersed

I became an echo of what I was first

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Pamela-Robin Griffiths

PamelaRobinGriffiths@gmail.com