

The Story of Woody & Johnny



Adventures in Tandem Poetry



Life is never a straight line. A bend in the river, shallows, rapids, maybe a confluence, or a divergence, a fork in the road. We bump along with fellow travellers for a while, or a lifetime.

Woody & Johnny had dreams, plenty of them, just not quite the same dreams at the same time.



This is Woody and Charlie.

Charlie wasn't Woody's hound, but may as well have been, given how much time Charlie kept Woody on a lead.



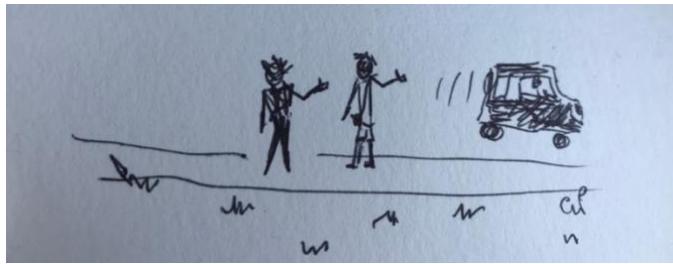
And this is Johnny out exploring the world.

He'd reached a point in life where he decided he'd seen too many ships disappear over the horizon without him. So, he'd set sail.



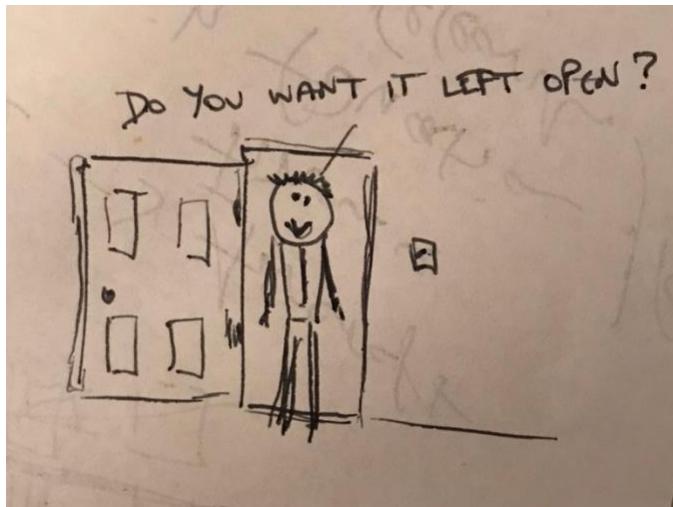
Woody and Johnny hit it off pretty much straight away.

Things got quite steamy for a while, but that's what happens when there's snow falling at an outdoor spa.



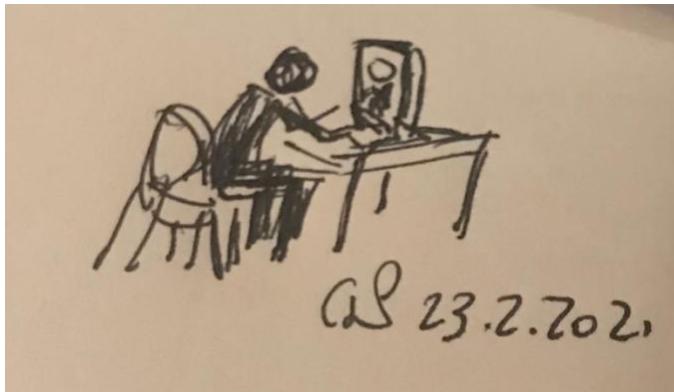
There was plenty of travelling. Planes and trains, an old MPV named after a Cubist painter.

They even went hitch-hiking one day when the Sun was high, the road long and straight and the beach was still a few miles off.

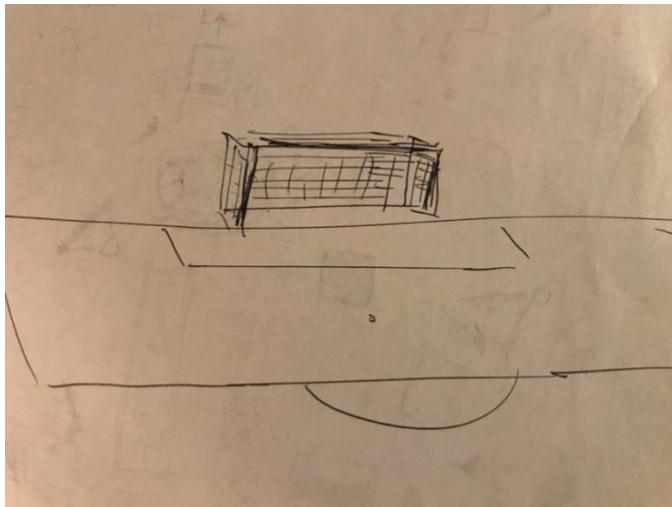


Living in different parts of the world made communication a little difficult at times.

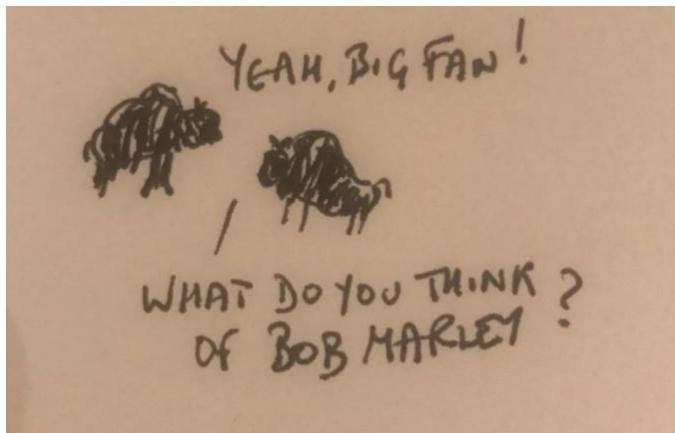
There were comings and goings, occasional upsets due to occasional misunderstandings, but the door was never slammed shut.



Overall, technology helped more than it hindered.



They had things in common, but not football.



They shared a few musical tastes.

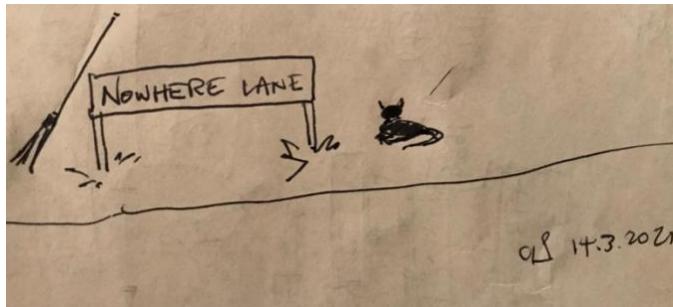


There was talk of a cat, name of Dylan. Or was it, Bob? A ginger tom, who appeared only in fitful imaginings.



They talked a lot. Hours on end, endless hours.

They wrote poetry in pocket notebooks using spidery handwriting.



Where Woody's magical writing came from was always a bit of a mystery. It was said, believed by some, that witchery was the source.

Woody said it came from nowhere.



Johnny lived in the country a few years back,
so was often inspired by nature's wonders.

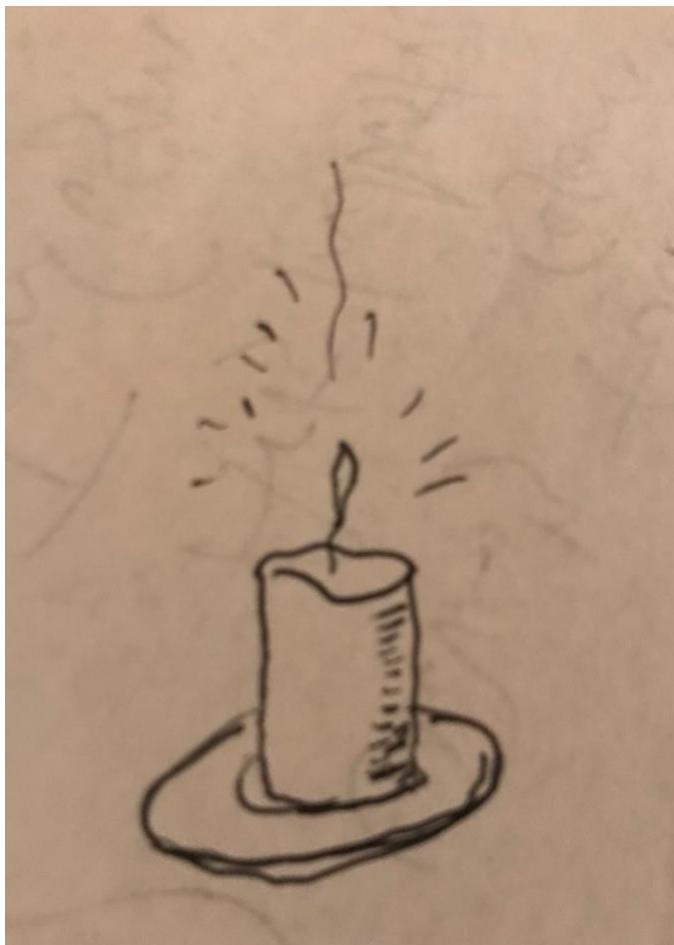


After travelling far and wide, Woody and Johnny eventually found themselves camped out West.

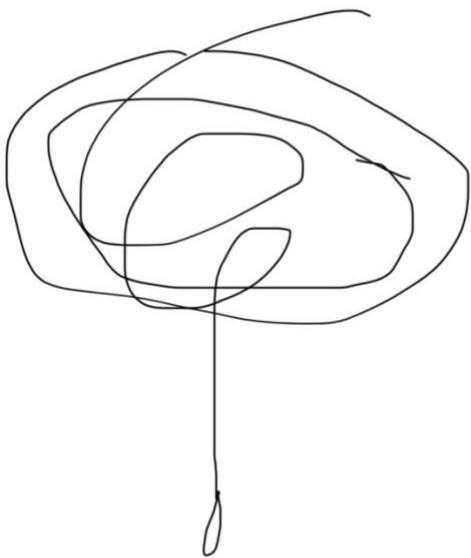


One of the joys of their new, temporary, home was the weather. Not good weather, not bad weather, just lots of weather.

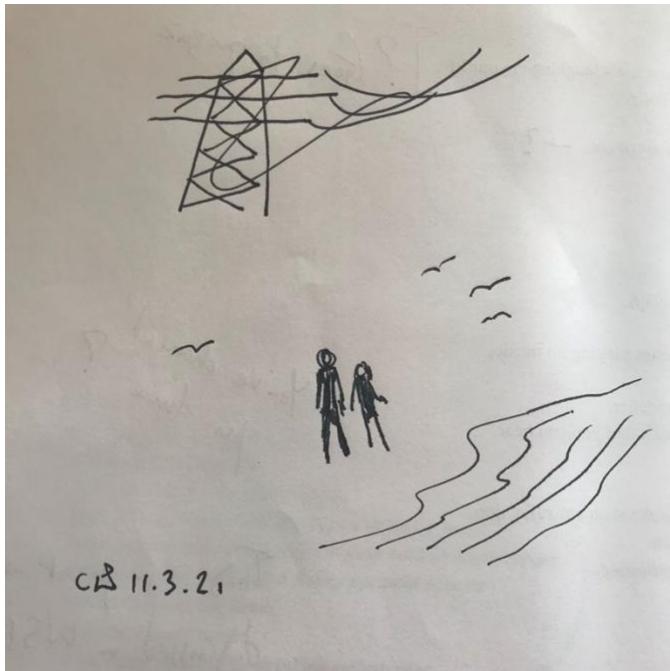
Johnny felt good in weather. Woody was less sanguine about the colder days.



Power was less reliable out West.



Spiders were common and laid increasingly complex traps for the poetic pair.



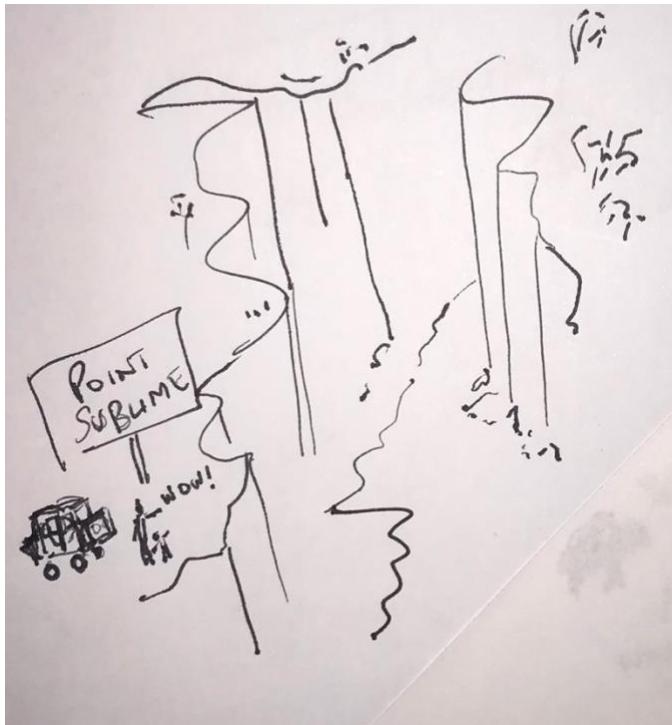
Woody and Johnny explored the local area.

They found seaside to the north and seaside to the south.



The tandem writing became quite a thing.

Woody's and Johnny's poems were widely read.



Somewhere along the road they reached a peak of happiness.

Unfortunately, it was just that and from a peak, whichever way you travel, there is only down.

Cracks between the poetic pair soon became a chasm.



Johnny travelled on.

He kept meeting interesting people, finding inspiration in all sorts of places, even outside a Tesco Express in Leicester one gloomy, very wet afternoon.



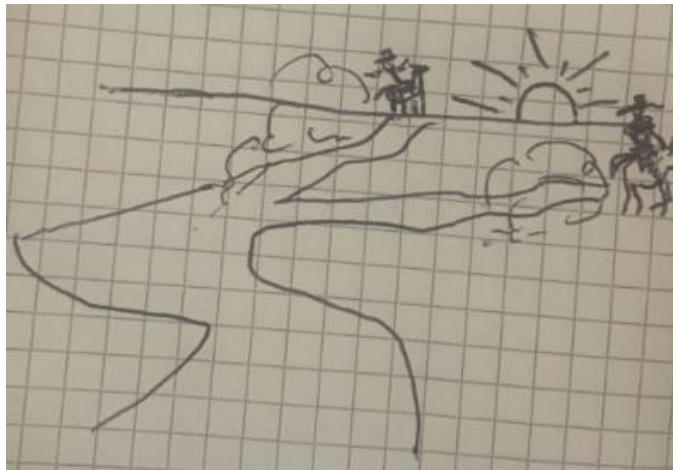
Woody went off on a tangent too. Sometimes sending mixed messages, sometimes messages that got mixed up.

Woody was snow angel.



The fat lady was warming up.

The whole Woody and Johnny opus was reaching a melodramatic finale.



One sad night, both agreed that it was best.



Johnny kept on moving, at first seeking solace in solitude.

Eventually he settled on a place where the Sun throws shadows, not heat.

Woody? Well Woody is still out West. Happy again, it's been said.

The End

Words and pictures by Johnny.

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