

poetry broadsheet

seven – 2021

Blame it on Ian

It's Ian's fault I'm standing here.
Do you write poetry?
he asked one evening.

Ha, I laughed. Me? No.
I don't have anything to say.

Don't be silly, write what you think.
Hmmm, that's risky – maybe not.

Or maybe so ...

I marvel at your metaphors
and your clever play on words.
I listen and appreciate
your wisdom.

But to put myself out there
to rhyme or not to rhyme?
That is a question!

I often wish I had the time
or even a suggestion.

You see, it's more
than just your poems
that I enjoy about this group

It's friends and people
community
sharing of ideas
laying bare the soul.

And standing here in front of you,
I'm sure you realise that I
have some way to go
before I can claim
the name
poet.

So, blame it on Ian for giving me
a shove in this direction.

Maybe I *will* give this another go
despite its imperfection.

VALERIE THOMPSON

shortening of days
sends signals garden prepares
for long winter sleep

DOROTHY WHAREHOKA

WILLIAM JOHN JONES

Bill Jones walked with
a spring in his step,
wiry, with twinkling blue eyes,
a ready wit
and hilarious vocabulary.

To walk up town with Bill
was a privilege of laughter.

No person ever cried.

MARGARET KITT

MARC BOLAN SANG

about life being an elevator ride –
up & down ...

as children, we were taught in church
that *death is an elevator*, too:
up to Heaven
down to Hell.

that's an interesting piece
of emotional training.

whatever you believe,
that stays with you ...

you walk through life,
crossing your fingers.

JEREMY ROBERTS

Fall

No great distance
just two steps up
then a slip.

Gravity reminds me
it is the law.

Falling may be a natural state,
the failure of flight
and for a piece of time
I want it to last.

The floor needs cleaning.

It's a long way back up
to upright
as my feet
review their trust of the floor.

SUSAN WYLIE

summer has a different meaning now

It was a great day
for stealing away,
for sandtingled toes
clean salt air
a warm caress whispered
and a rare and precious tone
that stole unasked
between the words
and soft soft places.

Is there something wrong
with all this wealth
of softness
and gentle tones
and wild imaginings,
this gracious gift
of warmth
and hope
and heart space?

LYNNE FRITH

The Princess

a Queen
of Desolation
Walking herself
Still

to care
How much?
She must show
to the World
where lays
Her line
of country
Red written
in ShadowSongs
and damaged
Soul Blacks
into a deeper
most
Falling
– The Wasteland Princess

MD ROGERS

shiny white velvet
on the top of the mountains
winter's new garment

VALENTINA TECLICI