

poetry broadsheet

five – 2020

jewel

Lunan Bay
Sunlight caressing
a sapphire sea.
Pale sand
jewelled with chalcedony.
Only two of us here —
me and my dog.
Two of us?
Oyster catchers
black-backed gulls
grey shrikes
the wild North wind
the come and go
of waves.
Footsteps in the sand
of those gone before.
And in the far distance
a cave,
where the sun may never have shone.
Come and see.
Come and see.

I walk towards it
then stop in my tracks
and turn to face the light —
the diamond-dancing ocean
the infinite sky
the pearly sand.
This is the moment
some two years on
when I feel glad to be alive.

HILARY SMITH

bottlebrush blossom
a branch knocks on my window
tui's morning greeting

VALENTINA TECLICI

waves play with the sun
sand snuggles between my toes
the sea warms my soul

JUDIE GARDINER

THE PROCESSION

*Prompted by the line –
And step for step they followed dancing,
from the poem 'The Pied Piper' by Robert Browning*

Oh Boy-o-Boy, I hear a band!
Drumming up business I suppose,
Leading folk to a circus or a concert,
More than likely one of those.

Here it comes! A car, the band, and then people,
I was busting with excitement, oh, count me in!
Looks like an open-air event the way we are going,
And step by step I followed, a-dancin' and a-caperin'.

My companions, I noticed, were a pretty dour lot,
But I joyously ignored them all,
For I was at one with the beat, my voice was singing,
This Dixie-type band was an irresistible call.

I was completely carried away,
Excitedly euphoric, in one of those other-world states,
But from that exhilarated mood it was a long way down,
When we turned in at the Cemetery gates!

DAVE SHARP

YOU SAY

Be careful what you say you say
And how you say you say it
And where you say you say you say
So say may heal, so say may love
With kindness please relay it

IAN MCQUILLAN

Today

Today,
this present moment,
is all I need to live.

The trouble starts
when I try living in the future;
focussing on possible outcomes
of action or inaction,
decisions made or not made.

Today,
this present moment,
is all I need –
to live.

JOY MACCORMICK

LOVE CUSTOMS

Won't you
declare to me
the contents
of your heart,
as if I were
the custom's officer
of Love?

When we are
together, up close,
is your heart
carrying the
drug of desire?

Please confess to me
it is Pure Ecstasy!

If so,
I will not
impose prison.
You may pay
the fine
by instalment.
Perhaps for Life!

PENELOPE FOSTER

An Old Man's Darling

Remembering Len.

I remember
late afternoons
in the morning room,
your cigar smoke
layering in the sunlight.

You gave me
your best brandy
and a sense of style.

I gave you pictures
of a brandy-drinking parson
in a red suit,
a corner of my heart,
and a splendid send off.

LYNNE FRITH