

poetry broadsheet

four – 2020

Catastrophe

What cry I?
Take time
Catch a morning sunrise
Watch the setting sun
Slow down
Catastrophe.

What cry I?
Has the world died?
Bush walks
in the pouring rain
as the breeze
ripples through the trees.

What cry I?
Where've ya been?
As that honey-bee finds
peace and harmony
on the pollen-ridden nectar
of the poppy that you've seen.

STEPHEN RYAN

The Pledge

'Wait for me Rose
at the foot of the Gentle Annie.'
Far back in 1941
before a gun showered red
across the dull Khaki.

On her hand his diamond
bright in its time-worn band
placed forty-seven years ago
as they kissed their last Goodbye.

Was there never another?
How could there be?
He said 'Wait for me.
Wait for me Rose
at the foot of the Gentle Annie.'

GAIL BAKER

her garden is small
parsley and sage
but no thyme

SKYLAR

waves surge and retreat
dragging beach shingle through
ever-changing tracks

JENNY PYATT

Cacophony

Four hundred whales swam on to solid sand.
Together they decided this was the way.
It was reported:
'the most whales ever in one mass stranding.'

Out at sea,
one hundred kilometres away,
a giant ship, the Amazon Warrior,
surges through the waves, even now,
firing seismic blasts towards the seabed
every ten seconds, twenty-four hours a day
'like the sound of a jet engine' I'm told.
It's seeking oil and gas.
An underwater cacophony.

If a whale chooses direction in life
from the sounds of its own kind,
underwater cacophony, created by human hands,
might blow its mind.

ANGIE DENBY

TOAST

Over 40 years ago we slept in the Hut
at the back of Auntie Jean's house.
And the red-and-black toast rack
smiled at the honey.

I wished them well each morning,
as they headed for school around the corner.
So sorry things could not have been better.

Toast filled the Hut with energy and warmth,
golden brown, crisp and crunchy

always golden brown, crisp and crunchy.

MARGARET KITT

GhostDawning

Out
of the whirled
Into
The Essential –
Wastelands lie
against
the sleeping
of a borrowed
day's
Dream
Pivoting herself
into better
clichés
She lives –
One life
Then another
Evolving light
Unconscious
Ghost
Loving within
fantastic colours
Defining Shadow
Dead Moon
risen
Heartbeat fallen
She comes to
Living
In a ghost
All of the world
She owns
Accepting tidal
flow
And so, touches
with slow
Beginning
The naked
warnings
of a lost
Raising dawn

MD ROGERS