

poetry broadsheet

six – 2021

rain and haddock

Some people don't know what to say.
They cross the road
or talk about the weather.

Nothing about you.

Afraid
because they might hurt me
and confront the loss that is theirs.

I am willing them to speak about you
remember you.
Don't worry about reminding me of him
I never forget.

But they talk about the rain and the price of fish.

HILARY SMITH

JAZZ AT THE WINERY

summer's heat, blazing sun,
cloudless sky, azure sky

blue-and-white striped umbrellas
white tables and chairs
sparkling glasses gleaming
long stemmed

sophisticated jazz dances the air

people eating, people drinking
people talking, people laughing
tour buses arriving
stretch limousines gliding

sophisticated jazz dances the air

from the kitchen waiters hurry
bringing food to suit all moods
Black Forest gâteaux, whipped
creams and mousses

sophisticated jazz dances the air

the sea is greeted from where
we are seated
a vast blue ocean
which has no end

sophisticated jazz dances the air

MARGARET KITT

Japanese story
we wait anticipating
cherry blossom time

CAROLE A STEWART

You strike

like a python
in the dead of night –
tearing into my dreams,
my nightmares.

I name you 'life',
and one day
I will reclaim you.

I will be reformed
into the person
I was supposed to be –
but am not.

HAYLEY MACCORMICK

Essence and XTC

Flamboyant as a butterfly
Free as a bird
Fast like a cougar
Firm like a rock
Flawless as a morning sunrise
Faultless as an artist's impression
Fragrant as a rose.

Love is a drug, use it – don't
abuse it. Find it in yourself
and you have discovered the
key to the universe. Follow it
and you shall have no need
of any desire. Conquer your
fears, discover your true
self, be not afraid of others.

Believe in yourself
Be true to yourself
Be not afraid of yourself
Discover the great prophets
Follow your instinct
Understand your limits
Believe in your Self.

STEPHEN RYAN

The Great Silence

At the start of the walk where life has been busy
there is silence
the silence of community, beginning to sleep.

At the end of the walk where the evergreens grow
there is silence
the silence of community, forever at rest.

At our end and at our beginning
there is
Great Silence.

ERICE FAIRBROTHER

what can you make out of light?
are we like the light?
where do we go?

JEREMY ROBERTS

The World Stood Still (almost)

The world stood still
almost
I won't say why
I'm tired of that word.

'What have you been doing?' she asked.
I couldn't think of anything to say
Um, bit of baking, phoning, messaging,
dishes – lots of dishes.

But the bellbird called
Clear tones rang out.
I tried to copy,
offering weak whistle sounds.
Occasionally I hit the right notes
I swear we were talking to each other.

Call, to my sister in New York City
where fevers rage, streets are silent,
and beds line hospital corridors
filled with someone's loved-ones gasping.

A daily walk the sanity fix
Strolling, avoiding, smiling
Feeling space, breathing space
Slowing pace.
The world stood still – almost.

ANGIE DENBY