

poetry broadsheet

one – 2020



My Own Space

We've changed houses
and my husband said
"Put your desk here.
This is your space."

but

I move about
and seek a place
where I am me
and comfortable
like
my back resting
against a cane chair
overlooking the sea
or
in the green shelter
of the garden;
larks overhead and
my face to the sky.

CAROLE A STEWART

Recipe

like slapping on whitewash paint –
to cover up blemishes, damage.

you can't always heal, start from scratch,
find something completely new.

sometimes, a clean surface is all you need.
sometimes, you live on the surface of things

JEREMY ROBERTS

pink petals falling
gently waving on the ground
nature's carpet

VALENTINA TECLICI

*metanoia
that daily turning
of the heart
to good
and which in turning
never turns
its back
on anyone*

ERICE FAIRBROTHER

signs: *stone*

The little stone
a hundred million years old
smoothed and shaped by rain and
wind
came from nowhere.

I pulled it from my hair
so tiny
that little stone
holding its story.

There were no trees from which it fell;
no breeze to carry it
no bird dropping it from the sky.
The little stone is safe
in your handkerchief.

A sign of your presence
and my longing
to know that your life goes on
in a way that I don't understand.

HILARY SMITH

mist shrouds distant hills
cocoon all in soft silence
sun unveils the day

DOROTHY WHAREHOKA

the whisperers

Creeping like
daggers
in little ghost
footsteps
The Whisperers
pass by –

Extracting coffins
from their
cemetery yawns
un-nailing crosses
and upsetting the
Laws

Hush, little one
– don't be afraid
May the
woe
fade away
and in their
grass
shall you lay

MD ROGERS