

Nausea

Doctor explained the procedure often not before
The boy's tears fell into the monkey's ~~hands~~ palm
They too know what it's like to see their guts -
splayed open & weighed on busy streets

The duty stuff hide on the backs of Chameleons -
to save paper

Boy & beast on gurneys of clouds, Leave hand n hand

Kate Kerrice

Shotgun Baby

Today a baby was born of a shotgun
It flew so fast it crossed the world
Its cries lasted a thousand years
So loud, they solved the Middle East

Then they sang and danced for the shotgun baby
They erected statues in gold, shared stories foretold
Then fought until the baby grew old.

- N Petronic

The Nuns - Amalia Fish

Living in God's uniform
they sit and pray.
Eyes closed,
forlorn, alone.

A life without sex,
conscience and order.
Surrender to God.
Neat meals are served.

A chill in the air.
Snow on the mountains.
Shy flowers emerge,
crocusses, snowdrops.

Carefully a nun
turns over the
black soil.

And how will we know?

At the end of an anonymous life,
weeds crawl over the sudden earth
lightening shatters the sky.

Endlessly I walk along the path where
a cross stops me in my tracks
eerily the wind dies.

Fragments of a life in pieces
cracked chimney pots falling
into the abyss of canyons.

An ancient dream shudders as
pythagoras becomes unravelled
and Einstein seeks ~~a~~ refuge
in relativity.

When the clocks stop on the chime
of midnight, will I still
be breathing?

Sue Le Mesurier

Cut and Back

gray mass from a distance
true, blue sky and
changeable blue green sea

a lone human shape
stands on the gray mounds
looks out
searching out the secrets
between the two blues

looking down
secrets abandoned
the stones become the focus
sloping to, scoop up the colours
gray is only a small part of
this universe.

Rana Kingsley

Map reading

When you come from a village
of odd-bods

Science doesn't come into it.

Frocks books, fires, flames
words

bring distance together

Spanish cafes and rocks

of Scotland

now make my map.

Kate Fraser

Underneath the piano lid

I come from underneath the piano lid
stained keys

The middle C sharp has a brown
spot on it

Dad's attention makes it sing

My legs dangle over the stool's edge
Warm faded tartan underneath

Lifts us up

Into the Jumbies' seine

I come from underneath the piano lid

Maddie Jardine

Tunneling.

by Sian Doole

I come from the place between her world and his. His, I cannot remember.

That day we ran a bath for the children,

So sweet,

and the sky was swollen

I left.

alone where the path meanders across the eyeball.

Eyes unblinking,

Aware,

a little bit of smoke.

I left.

One more body inside the gap

that leaks.

Caves and caves of us,

Climbing on top of us.

And I stayed.

I came to a place between this world and that

mine

I cannot remember.

OBLIVIOUS

Boy soldiers in Russia

look out from kid-size

camouflage gear

and full sized assault weapons

Sorrow stark eyes accuse me

taunt my naive childhood

why should I be so lucky

blessed I call it

to grow up

oblivious to hatred

and the sound of gunfire

- Barbara Sampson