

What If

“What if I turn
into stardust?” she asked.
“Then you’ll wake up
and realize it was just
a dream” he smiled.

Shloka Shankar

Values

The house was valued today
“three hundred thousand pounds” they said.

I think they got their figures wrong,
to me it isn’t worth a song,
A song that meant the world
to me, the song that was Marie.

Vincent Marmion

A Little Cautionary Tale

Was it the mossy water, that held the draw
or some unspoken promise in its depths.
No swimmer, she learned too late
as the plunge was already taken.

Siobhan Atkins

Oyster Shell

When he found her near his toes
so nearly fragments,

so nearly gone.
He decided to lift her and run
his fingertips along her frilly edge

Laura McKee

Untitled

My ear -
a conch -
lies on your chest.

I smell salt and hear
gentle tides knead the
pebbles on the shore.

I close my eyes,
and drift away.

Clare Robinson

Drifting Away

Waves of sleep, subtly
overcome soft features.

Relaxation of limbs,
letting go of all tension.

Drowsiness of mind -
rest.

Ellie-Rose McKee



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Buddha & Co

Exposure to long winters has erased the face
of the garden Buddha. I shouldn't compare,
but Van Gogh also had most of his teeth pulled.
In the dark subzero hours of early morning,
I have been woken up by yips & squeaks,
coyote pups trying to keep warm. I lie there
and listen, then I am no longer the color of tears.

Howie Good

Point of Departure

She must have loved the ocean,
because one day she went to sea
and didn't come back.
On the beach;
a pair of new shoes,
a pile of folded clothes,
an empty vodka bottle
her point of departure.

David Atkinson

Unfiltered

Her mouth empties marbles;
crashing through the glass plates
you shave into shapes, hot sun bleeding into your eyes.
No excuse;
bruised knuckles hiding each little ball of breath
she tries to suck back into her lungs.
Broken teeth peek from a split frame, too many
colours to contain in such a pure image.

Rachel Hedley

Belly

This body gets softer as the days get longer,
my belly swells; children and cakes are not kind.
Sometimes this gentle mound feels sensuous
and strong, at other times just wrong.

Lara Sunday

Homecoming

A car journey south -
half asleep, head lost
in cloud and rain.

Dead relatives
on the dark side
of the mountain.

Daniel Ryan

Identify

I don't know why
I was the one called,
but I went right away.

I identified my ex's body,
then told the coroner
to buy longer sheets.

Cristine A. Gruber

Connecting

A small boy moves ever closer to me,
tentatively and quietly whispers
"I can see your eyes."
I ask, "what are they doing?"
"Well, they are talking," he adds,
as he lingers, suspended, attempting
to imitate what he sees them do.
Dance... it seems.

Kate O'Shea

Untitled

I unclench the fists of my eyes
as if it was safe to meet yours
with an open gaze

Olive Broderick

Standing

in this room only
horses sleep
trees die
politicians run
guests are up
the poet is out
wise ones under
and though left

to attention
I am still

Annemarie Mullan

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