The gentlest of touches unburdened by the weight of unreachable memories

A brightness of knowing of a question asked and answered of acceptance

In a moment so brief that no words could exist Now I close my eyes and let the darkness in.

John Caulfield

# Familiar Spirit

I hear the tread of my son the exact weight and pace of my father. As he draws water into the sink, I hear those dead hands washing.

Noel Williams

#### monoku

gull crying the length of melancholy

Marion Clarke

## The sequel

Geppetto's ship comes in. Pinocchio hits puberty. A fire breaks out.

Dominic Connell



Like blinking When sneezing While driving

Jill Kerr

Early March.
White trays on a sunken path.
An echoing sluice.
Children sort pond creatures
from silt.

Peter Courtney



#### Low sun hits me from the east

flickering through the bars of a high-set sharp steel fence: stroboscopic flash that blinds and halts me though my wheels whirl onwards. For these moments my brain can process nothing else only the light.

Nancy Graham

### Forget Me Not

Stepping out, I am stilled by the airy blueness of them the ringing gladness of them frail tenderness of them.

Marianne McShane

## Awakening

Is that what forgiveness is? The realisation That sometimes There was no other way?

Alison Ross

honey and onions oh, that smoothy mouth feel of God's spell

Ernest P. Santiago

# Writing

I return to seek the flash of kingfisher blue again and again.

Lucy Beevor

Incessant dry spell – badger droppings at the lough, small, insipid brambles.

Peter Courtney

#### Risen

A bird's nest hangs like a thorny crown in a winter -bare gallow tree The Robin takes flight with bloodied breast - into A golden sun- singing "He is risen"

Thomas Elliott

## Simple

The shadow of the mountainous cloud must mimic the face of the mountain; simple, the laws of interrelation that rule things astral and solid.

Adrian Rice

# Wet Dog

When you can smell the sea and sand has added natural highlights to black fur and she shakes from the end of her tail to the tip of her nose, there is pleasure to be found in a wet dog.

Gaynor Kane

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