

Disappearing Her Again

It happens in war
think Vietnam, Iraq

Afghanistan.
What happened her skin

her heart her hair
happens in conflict

everywhere.

Clare Cotter

Against The Inside Door

I turn to greet you but I'm pushed
against the inside door by a flurry
of cold nose, smooth warm mittens.
Stripped pine against my back
as you undo me
the suede mittens fall
singularly to the floor
P'tum.

Helen Clarke

I gorge on every word

each syllable plumping me up
until I find myself leaning across the table
to taste the softness of your lips,
dipping my tongue into your mouth –
searching out the source.

Tory Campbell

Cat Fight

George was in the wars again.
Another bloody ear.
The vet says he's still winning.
It's the front and not his rear!

Jill Kerr

The Life

All I want is
some sound moth with
hoop earrings
and an accent,
satellite television,
weatherglaze windows,
the occasional stout
and I'd be happy out.

Dane Scott



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You are my selfish thing

I witness the first flake of snow
before the blizzard
the blizzard belongs to me.

Emma McKervey

Dive

On the precipice
of disaster
I tuck my chin
and dive.

Savannah Dodd

Freed from the Fire of the Lie

Freed from the fire of the lie
I glimpse the reality we can't see
because this one burns our wit
and prisoners of it we make our lives.

Fermin de la Osada

Haiku

Mobile phone
vibrating on my pillow
your name in lights

Ciaran Parkes

Travellers

Train travelling through twilight
blue reflection in cabin windows
occasional birds, soon to sleep.

Paddy Murphy

Coming Home

I know bars by toilet graffiti
as much as anything else.
Standing in lab light I find
Comfort in paramilitary slogans.
Yes, this is home.

Chris Jenkins

Haiku

a gull soars over
the surgery and throws me
a crust of the sun

Peter Adair

Wave Function

It's perception
That drives meaning

The space around
The form

Maybe this involves
Time too ...

Below that
... desire

Joey Bocchicchio

Only Imaginary Things

Only imaginary things are fought for
wealth
borders
religion
I fight you for my heart;
I can see it there
trembling in your hand.

Emma McKervey

Cresting

Black mountain rises
like a hump back whale
cresting out of Belfast lough
The twin cranes like Pilot fish
in its wake
The plane hovers-
a lonely seagull

Thomas Elliott

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