

Cobbles

The sea foams at the mouth
and clatters us together
'til we let go of our edges
and round into each other.

Trish Bennett

schoolboys laugh
the three-legged cat
hobbles through the rain

Peter Adair

Melting

Blue

slips
from the skies

drips
from the icebergs

pools
in the oceans.

Juliet Wilson

And what if?

What if the light
goes out before
you reach the end
of the bookcase?

Colin Dardis

Full Moon behind Telephone Wires

Held note. Between the lines
I am, you are, all we encounter
here, and moving as we move, a dancer.

Olive Broderick

A Difficult One

It is harder for a rich man to pass
through the eye of a camel

than it is to find a needle
in the haystack of God.

Dan Eggs

Slow, Blissful, Close.

Tonight, we danced -

Slow,
Blissful,
Close.

And in that moment - I realised -
that I can never dance without you again.

Shannon O'Brien

Ad Infinitum

Walking across the yard, his hand in mine,
a dog to feed in what was once a byre,
flashlamp picks at ghosts of yesteryear:
two figures, hand in hand and cows to milk,
lantern, swinging through a fierce Northwester,
drawing shadows on the flags, and, through the air,
repeated down the years, the same refrain,
Wot's dat, Grandad?, Wot's dat, Grandad?

Mike Gallagher