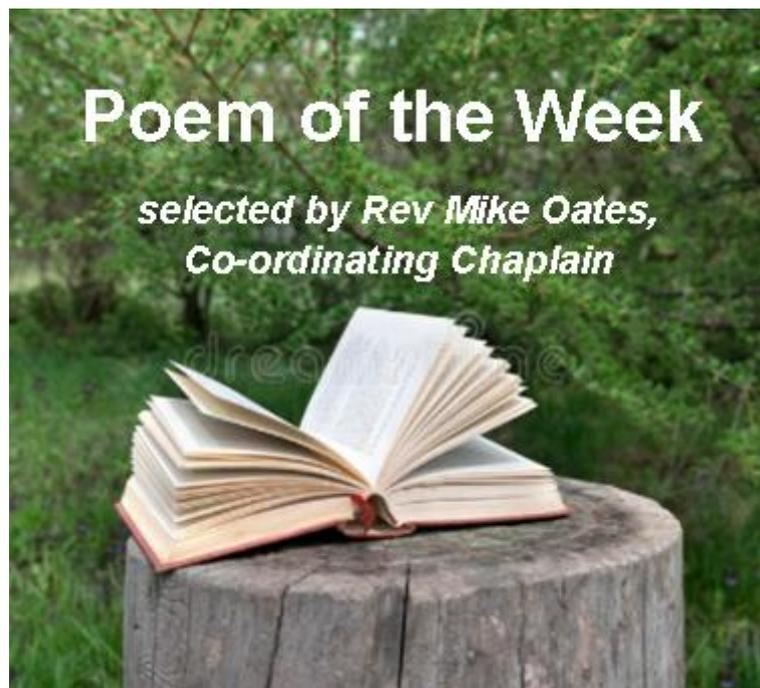


Poetry Library



All your 'Poems of the Week' in one collection

w/c 14.05.20

Atlas

by U.A Fanthorpe

There is a kind of love called maintenance
Which stores the WD40 and knows when to use it;
Which checks the insurance, and doesn't forget
The milkman; which remembers to plant bulbs;
Which answers letters; which knows the way
The money goes; which deals with dentists
And Road Fund Tax and meeting trains,
And postcards to the lonely; which upholds
The permanently rickety elaborate
Structures of living, which is Atlas.
And maintenance is the sensible side of love,
Which knows what time and weather are doing
To my brickwork; insulates my faulty wiring;
Laughs at my dryrotten jokes; remembers
My need for gloss and grouting; which keeps
My suspect edifice upright in air,
As Atlas did the sky.

w/c 21.05.20

This week we've chosen a couple of poems written by Dorset HealthCare colleagues.

The first is by Suzie Thomas after undergoing an operation and she'd like to dedicate it to all the frontline staff who are putting themselves in harms way for the rest of us. The second is by Adele Sales, imagining the world on the other side of the pandemic.

Walking Angels (NHS)

by Suzie Thomas, E-procurement Co-ordinator

If only there were people who toiled and cared for everyone out there?
If only there were people who at our darkest moments of turmoil and fear were there to care?
People who would tuck you in bed with love and compassion
Even though they'd been dashing to another, even though they themselves are crashing.
It's the Rachel's, the Vicki's, the Leah's and the Jacqui's,
Men and women that make this place smashing
You're scared and you're frightened and they appear so enlightened,
Bringing you back from the brink with a bed tuck and a drink
They treat you as though you were family, with that caring hand on me,
With unconditional loving, even when we are screaming and a shoving
Protect what's important about this unique institution?
Standing beside us looking after our constitutions
Even though there is little financial reward for their troubles, they still give their hearts at the double(s)
Day in and day out they are there when we have a clout, that rains true we have no doubt.
When you pull us from the depths of despair to our final discharge and road to repair
My heart and admiration goes out to you guys at the front, as you rush to the next emergency shunt
Oh yes they are there the guys and the gals from NHS, God bless

I am imagining

by Adele Sales, Trainee Psychological Wellbeing Practitioner, Steps 2 Wellbeing (IAPT)

I am imagining
the meetings-again
the warm flickers in eyes
that say, "it's good to see you"

I am imagining
the soft curve of a familiar face
a smile breaking,
hugs held for moments longer

I am imagining
the vibrant hum of a house
stories shared, and glasses
brim-full with sweet wine

I am imagining
the gatherings-again
for shared music and dance
stretched out, long into the night

I am imagining
the liftings of hearts
through strum of guitar
not seen through screen
but heard instead around warm fire

I am imagining
lush grass covered with blankets
sun beams on skin
the buzz of air drenched in summer

I am imagining
the sweet laughter
that causes tears to run
warm streams down faces

I am imagining
the chime of teaspoon
against coffee cup
in cosy café corners

I am imagining
deep sighs taken
when small moments
find deeper roots of gratitude

I am imagining
the remembering of small kindnesses
by neighbour or of stranger
like beams of light
on dark forest floors

I am imagining
the reuniting
the coming-togethers

the re-realising of what is essential
& of great heart value

I am imagining
a re-shifting of focus
a rebalancing of pace
a conscious choice
to live more slow and sweet, always

I am imagining
a collective heart
woven by golden thread
spun through the dark
grown strong, even when separate

I am imagining
a new world
built upon a remembering
that we, are in great need of one another.

that we, in all our smallness
are connected
by great measure.

that we, each day
are showered in blessings
only to be here.

I am imagining a world breathed anew.
I am imagining a world, re-imagined.

w/c 04.06.20

We Are Not Responsible

by Harryette Mullen

We are not responsible for your lost or stolen relatives.
We cannot guarantee your safety if you disobey our instructions.
We do not endorse the causes or claims of people begging for handouts.
We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone.

Your ticket does not guarantee that we will honor your reservations.
In order to facilitate our procedures, please limit your carrying on.
Before taking off, please extinguish all smoldering resentments.

If you cannot understand English, you will be moved out of the way.
In the event of a loss, you'd better look out for yourself.
Your insurance was cancelled because we can no longer handle
your frightful claims. Our handlers lost your luggage and we
are unable to find the key to your legal case.

You were detained for interrogation because you fit the profile.
You are not presumed to be innocent if the police
have reason to suspect you are carrying a concealed wallet.
It's not our fault you were born wearing a gang color.
It is not our obligation to inform you of your rights.

Step aside, please, while our officer inspects your bad attitude.
You have no rights we are bound to respect.
Please remain calm, or we can't be held responsible
for what happens to you.

w/c 11.06.20

A Small Needful Fact

by Rose Gay

Is that Eric Garner worked
for some time for the Parks and Rec.
Horticultural Department, which means,
perhaps, that with his very large hands,
perhaps, in all likelihood,
he put gently into the earth
some plants which, most likely,
some of them, in all likelihood,
continue to grow, continue
to do what such plants do, like house
and feed small and necessary creatures,
like being pleasant to touch and smell,
like converting sunlight
into food, like making it easier
for us to breathe.

w/c 18.06.20

*Jacqueline Stratford, PA to Dorset HealthCare Chair and Chief Executive
submitted this short poem by Walt Whitman:*

Happiness not in another place,
but in this place ...
Not for another hour,
but this hour.

Praise Song for the Day

by Elizabeth Alexander

A Poem for Barack Obama's Presidential Inauguration

Each day we go about our business,
walking past each other, catching each other's
eyes or not, about to speak or speaking.

All about us is noise. All about us is
noise and bramble, thorn and din, each
one of our ancestors on our tongues.

Someone is stitching up a hem, darning
a hole in a uniform, patching a tire,
repairing the things in need of repair.

Someone is trying to make music somewhere,
with a pair of wooden spoons on an oil drum,
with cello, boom box, harmonica, voice.

A woman and her son wait for the bus.
A farmer considers the changing sky.
A teacher says, Take out your pencils. Begin.
We encounter each other in words, words
spiny or smooth, whispered or declaimed,
words to consider, reconsider.

We cross dirt roads and highways that mark
the will of someone and then others, who said
I need to see what's on the other side.

I know there's something better down the road.
We need to find a place where we are safe.
We walk into that which we cannot yet see.

Say it plain: that many have died for this day.
Sing the names of the dead who brought us here,
who laid the train tracks, raised the bridges,

picked the cotton and the lettuce, built
brick by brick the glittering edifices
they would then keep clean and work inside of.

Praise song for struggle, praise song for the day.
Praise song for every hand-lettered sign,
the figuring-it-out at kitchen tables.

Some live by love thy neighbor as thyself,
others by first do no harm or take no more
than you need. What if the mightiest word is love?

Love beyond marital, filial, national,
love that casts a widening pool of light,
love with no need to pre-empt grievance.
In today's sharp sparkle, this winter air,
anything can be made, any sentence begun.
On the brink, on the brim, on the cusp,

praise song for walking forward in that light.

w/c 25.06.20

Barbershop Quartet, East Village Grille

by Sebastian Matthews

Inside the standard lunch hour din they rise, four
seamless voices fused into one, floating somewhere
between a low hum and a vibration, like the sound
of a train rumbling beneath noisy traffic.
The men are hunched around a booth table,
a fire circle of coffee cups and loose fists, leaning in
around the thing they are summoning forth
from inside this suddenly beating four-chambered
heart. I've taken Avery out on a whim, ordered quesadillas
and onion rings, a kiddy milk with three straws.

We're already deep in the meal, extra napkins
and wipes for the grease coating our faces
and hands like mid-summer sweat. And because
we're happy, lost in the small pleasures of father
and son, at first their voices seem to come from inside
us. Who's that boy singing? Avery asks, unable
to see these men wrapped in their act. I let him
keep looking, rapt. And when no one is paying
attention, I put down my fork and take my boy's hand,
and together we dive into the song. Or maybe it pours
into us, and we're the ones brimming with it.

w/c 02.07.20

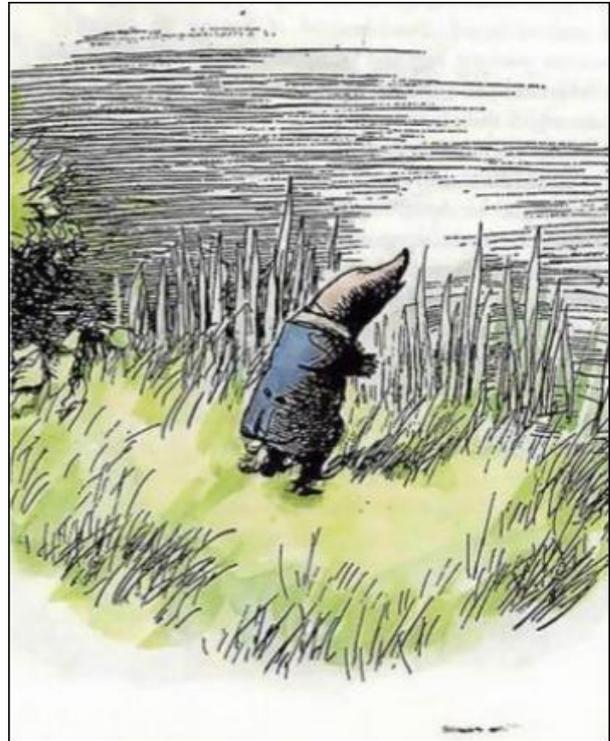
Excerpt from *The Wind in the Willows*

by Kenneth Graham

He thought his happiness was complete when, as he meandered aimlessly along, suddenly he stood by the edge of a full-fed river.

Never in his life had he seen a river before--this sleek, sinuous, full-bodied animal, chasing and chuckling, gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with a laugh, to fling itself on fresh playmates that shook themselves free, and were caught and held again. All was a-shake and a-shiver--glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and swirl, chatter and bubble.

The Mole was bewitched, entranced, fascinated. By the side of the river he trotted as one trots, when very small, by the side of a man who holds one spellbound by exciting stories; and when tired at last, he sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him, a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea.



w/c 09.07.20

Thanks to Hannah Broad for this poem which she wrote in the light the experience of lockdown easing.

We found safety in the shadows

They enveloped us in distance

We exchanged embrace for the clutch of the race

For essentials

We traded carnal connection for zoom and good intentions

But with every day, our hearts pull for more

something else

Masked mouths begin to whisper;

“Is this my future, or is it just winter?”

But hear this, beautiful shadow dwellers, distance keepers and key workers

I have seen the dawn, and it's rising over you

Can you sense the season changing to spring? Can you smell the blooms of your beginning?

Because the shadows are not your forever, and a virus is not your keeper

And I promise, when the garment of locked down darkness

falls off your shoulders and you look upwards,

your gaze will be met, unflinchingly, with the great light of your future

And when we tell the story to our grandchildren, it will not be called the year of the great darkness,

No.

We will tell the story of the great beginning.

w/c 16.07.20

by Donna

As I sat in my car

I looked out the window

And there she was

Sitting on a wooden bench

On this very sunny day

Eating freshly cooked chippy chips

With her plastic face shield

Pushed to one side

And in the precise moment

Life seemed a little normal once again.

w/c 23.07.20

Sweet Darkness

by David Whyte

Listen

When your eyes are tired
the world is tired also.

When your vision has gone,
no part of the world can find you.

Time to go into the dark
where the night has eyes
to recognize its own.

There you can be sure
you are not beyond love.

The dark will be your home
tonight.

The night will give you a horizon
further than you can see.

You must learn one thing.
The world was made to be free in.

Give up all the other worlds
except the one to which you belong.

Sometimes it takes darkness and the sweet
confinement of your aloneness
to learn

anything or anyone
that does not bring you alive

is too small for you.

w/c 30.07.20

"Mother Teresa"

by Sydney Carter

No revolution will come in time
to alter this man's life
except the one
surprise of being loved.

It is too late to talk of Civil Rights,
neo-Marxism
psychiatry
or any kind of sex.

He has only twelve more hours to live.
Forget about
a cure for cancer, smoking, leprosy
or osteo-arthritis.

Over this dead loss to society
you pour your precious ointment,
wash the feet
that will not walk tomorrow.

Mother Teresa, Mary Magdalene,
your love is dangerous, your levity
would contradict
our local gravity.

But if love cannot do it, then I see
no future for this dying man or me.
So blow the world to glory,
crack the clock. Let love be dangerous.

w/c 06.08.20

Homeless and COVID 19

The roads are eerie and silent
Everyone safely in their house
The hidden on the streets defiant
With the only company of a mouse

No handwashing, no wear a mask
All packed into hotels feeling lost
All services working from home and no one to ask
Increasing risk and emotional cost

Irritability, frustration, feeling low
Mental health increasing day by day
No phones with internet increasing woe
One mental health nurse available to their dismay

Urgent phone calls and emails ping up
Distressed hotel workers unsure what to do
Lots of visits to people to check up
But nowhere to take someone for a brew

People bouncing back onto the street
Increasing their health need
Outreach workers continue to meet and greet
The work gets busy and caseloads exceed

Where does the future lie?
For those hidden voices that still need care
A place to call home but have to apply
Many having no choice and more despair

Services still trying to work out a safe plan
How to help those in desperate need
Rough sleepers have a reduced lifespan
More health and social input agreed

Please say hello to someone on the street
The last 5 months have been very tough
Some are feeling sad and downbeat
A smile can just be enough.

w/c 13.08.20

Search for My Tongue

by Sujata Bhatt

You ask me what I mean
by saying I have lost my tongue.
I ask you, what would you do
if you had two tongues in your mouth,
and lost the first one, the mother tongue,
and could not really know the other,
the foreign tongue.
You could not use them both together
Even if you thought that way.
And if you lived in a place you had to
speak a foreign tongue,
your mother tongue would rot,
rot and die in your mouth
until you had to spit it out.
I thought I spit it out
but overnight while I dream,

મને હતું કે આખી જીભ આખી ભાષા,

(munay hutoo kay aakhee jeebh aakhee bhasha)

મેં થૂંકી નાખી છે.

(may thoonky nakhi chay)

પરંતુ રાત્રે સ્વપ્નામાં મારી ભાષા પાછી આવે છે

(parantoo ratray svupnama mari bhasha pachi aavay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(foolnee jaim mari bhasha nmani jeebh)

મોઢામાં ખીલે છે.

(modhama kheelay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(fullnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામાં પાકે છે.

(modhama pakay chay)

it grows back, a stump of a shoot
grows longer, grows moist, grows strong veins
it ties the other tongue in knots,
the bud opens, the bud opens in my mouth,
it pushes the other tongue aside.
Everytime I think I've forgotten,
I think I've lost the mother tongue,
it blossoms out of my mouth.

w/c 20.08.20

Evidence

By Wendy Cope (2012)

“A great deal of anecdotal evidence suggests that we respond positively to birdsong.”
– scientific researcher, *Daily Telegraph*, 8 February 2012

Centuries of English verse
Suggest the selfsame thing:
A negative response is rare
When birds are heard to sing.

What's the use of poetry?
You ask. Well, here's a start:
It's anecdotal evidence
About the human heart.

w/c 17.09.2

You Should Know By The Kindness Of A Dog

by Don Van Vliet

You should know by the kindness of a dog
The way a human should be
You should feel the wet wood heart of the tree
Wood sap pop like a frog's eye
Open to the fly & the blood of the river
When it ripples & clicks like a waterbell
& the elephant in his beautiful grey leather suit
Though he's wrinkled he looks smart as hell
& the turtle's eyes carry bags very well
& the snake's in shape
He rattles like a baby & wears his diamonds
Better than a fine ladies finger
& his fangs are no more dangerous
Than her slow aristocratic poison
And he plays his games on a grass bed
& a monkey never had a guilty situation
& a monkey wouldn't steal another's creation
And the fatman cries thru-out the nation
'cause he's got uh cold
& the icebear dives thru blue zero for a frozen fish
& the eskimo wears his hide & chews his heart
& the beautiful grey whale oils some smoker's lighter
Someday I'll have money & I can frame myself
What a picture - I'll be choppin' down a tree

w/c 24.09.20

Strange Days

– a song by The Struts and Robbie Williams

When you stumble and fall, get yourself off the ground
Play your favourite song and sing it out loud
Take a deep breath and in time you'll begin to smile
Listen to the wind, it's the sweetest of sounds
Smilin' at the stranger on the underground
Every little thing that you do goes a long, long way

But we don't talk about it
But isn't it good to be down here alive?
Something money could never buy
It's worth more than a million roses

Oh, these are strange days
In many strange ways
Science fiction, I believe
Has become reality
Oh, these are strange times
Lost in our minds
We don't know, it's unclear
Where we'll be this time next year

Oh, strange days
Strange days

Girls and boys are rushing to be on show
What's the hurry children? You're forgetting to grow
Make the best of where you begin in this crazy world
So let's talk about it
I know you sometimes hate the way that you feel
Life's rough but that makes you real, oh
It's worth more than a million roses

Oh, these are strange days
In many strange ways
A message to outer space
Send help 'cause we lost our way
Oh, these are strange times
Lost in our minds
We're standing by, we can't grow

Inside of this TV show

Oh, strange days, oh
Strange days

Oh, these are strange days
In many strange ways
Science fiction, I believe
Has become reality
Oh, these are strange times
Lost in our minds
We don't know, it's unclear
Where we'll be this time next year

Oh, strange days, oh
Strange days
Strange days

Source: LyricFind

Songwriters: Adam Slack / Gethin Davies / Jed Elliott / Jon Levine / Luke Spiller

Strange Days lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

w/c 15.10.20

Praise Song for the Day

by Elizabeth Alexander

a poem for Barack Obama's presidential inauguration

Each day we go about our business,
walking past each other, catching each other's
eyes or not, about to speak or speaking.

All about us is noise. All about us is
noise and bramble, thorn and din, each
one of our ancestors on our tongues.

Someone is stitching up a hem, darning
a hole in a uniform, patching a tire,
repairing the things in need of repair.

Someone is trying to make music somewhere,
with a pair of wooden spoons on an oil drum,
with cello, boom box, harmonica, voice.

A woman and her son wait for the bus.
A farmer considers the changing sky.
A teacher says, Take out your pencils. Begin.

We encounter each other in words, words
spiny or smooth, whispered or declaimed,
words to consider, reconsider.

We cross dirt roads and highways that mark
the will of some one and then others, who said
I need to see what's on the other side.

I know there's something better down the road.
We need to find a place where we are safe.
We walk into that which we cannot yet see.

Say it plain: that many have died for this day.
Sing the names of the dead who brought us here,
who laid the train tracks, raised the bridges,

picked the cotton and the lettuce, built

brick by brick the glittering edifices
they would then keep clean and work inside of.

Praise song for struggle, praise song for the day.
Praise song for every hand-lettered sign,
the figuring-it-out at kitchen tables.

Some live by love thy neighbor as thyself,
others by first do no harm or take no more
than you need. What if the mightiest word is love?

Love beyond marital, filial, national,
love that casts a widening pool of light,
love with no need to pre-empt grievance.

In today's sharp sparkle, this winter air,
any thing can be made, any sentence begun.
On the brink, on the brim, on the cusp,

praise song for walking forward in that light.

w/c 22.10.20

And Bob Dylan Too

by Mary Oliver

“Anything worth thinking about is worth singing about.”

Which is why we have
songs of praise, songs of love, songs
of sorrow.

Songs to the gods, who have
so many names.

Songs the shepherds sing, on the
lonely mountains, while the sheep
are honouring the grass, by eating it.

The dance-songs of the bees, to tell
where the flowers, suddenly, in the
morning light, have opened.

A chorus of many, shouting to Heaven,
or at it, or pleading.

Or that greatest of love affairs, a violin
and a human body.

And a composer, maybe hundreds of years dead.

I think of Schubert, scribbling on a cafe
napkin.

Thank you, thank you.

w/c 29.10.20

When Autumn Came

by Faiz Ahmed Faiz

This is the way that autumn came to the trees:
it stripped them down to the skin,
left their ebony bodies naked.
It shook out their hearts, the yellow leaves,
scattered them over the ground.
Anyone could trample them out of shape
undisturbed by a single moan of protest.

The birds that herald dreams
were exiled from their song,
each voice torn out of its throat.
They dropped into the dust
even before the hunter strung his bow.

Oh, God of May have mercy.
Bless these withered bodies
with the passion of your resurrection;
make their dead veins flow with blood again.

Give some tree the gift of green again.
Let one bird sing.

w/c 05.11.20

The Index

by Rena Priest

In the beginning there was darkness,
then a bunch of other stuff—and lots of people.
Some things were said and loosely interpreted,

or maybe things were not communicated clearly.
Regardless—there has always been an index.
That thing about the meek—how we

shall inherit the earth; that was a promise
made in a treaty at the dawn of time
agreed upon in primordial darkness

and documented in the spiritual record.
The nature of the agreement was thus:
The world will seemingly be pushed past capacity.

A new planet will be “discovered” 31 light-years away.
Space travel will advance rapidly,
making the journey feasible. The ice sheets will melt.

Things will get ugly. The only way to leave
will be to buy a ticket. Tickets will be priced at exactly
the amount that can be accrued

by abandoning basic humanity.
The index will show how you came by your fortune:
If you murdered, trafficked or exploited the vulnerable,

stole, embezzled, poisoned, cheated, swindled,
or otherwise subdued nature to come by wealth
great enough to afford passage to the new earth;

if your ancestors did these things and you've done nothing
to benefit from their crimes yet do nothing to atone
through returning inherited wealth to the greater good

you shall be granted passage. It was agreed.
The meek shall stay, the powerful shall leave.
And it all shall start again.

The meek shall inherit the earth,
and what shall we do with it,
but set about putting aside our meekness?

w/c 12.11.20

I am

by Dave Corbin, Equality and Diversity Manager

I've sometimes thought I was an imposter
A voice of knowledge with no substance
That somehow my life experiences
Where nothing but a ride on a roller coaster

Black History Month reminds me that it's been real
Then many faces and places come to mind
They move me to a position of thoughtfulness
When I understand how and why I feel

My soul and body are laid bare
Where people passing can see through me
With no place to hide or shelter for cover
Many see me and say nothing, but glare

The challenge is to find a way to smile
To outwardly display strength and dignity
While all the time you're dying slowly inside
Knowing that you have to go that extra mile

I'm thankful for those who want to rally
Not denying what's happening now or in the past
Wanting to change the modern narrative
And become an anti-racism Ally

w/c 19.11.20

BeheMoth

Mighty Moth
Or is it
Flighty Moth?
I think
You think
You're Stirling Moth.

But I will
Catch You
And
Disptach You:
Clap hands two
And Splat goes You
Full Stop.

Dirty stain upon my palm
I wouldn't cause You any harm.
Your destination
Is reincarnation
You'll re-emerge a
TIGER MOTH!

w/c 25.11.20

In the Time of Quiet

by Philippa Atkin

No one's told the daffodils about the pause to Spring
And no one's told the birds to roost and asked them not to sing
No one's asked the lazy bee to cease his bumbling round
And no one's stopped the bright green shoots emerging through the ground

No one's told the sap to rest, deep within the wood
And stop the sleepy trees from waking, wreathed about in bud
No one's told the sky to douse its brightest shades of blue
And stop the scudding clouds from puffing headlong into view

No one's asked the lambs to still the springs beneath their feet,
To stop their rapid rush and quell each joyful bleat
No one's told the stream to halt its gurgle or its flow
And warned the playful breezes, not to gust and blow
No one's asked the raindrops not to fall upon the earth
And fail to quench the soil in the season of rebirth

No one's locked the sun down, or dimmed the shimmer of the moon
And even in the darkest night, the stars are still immune

Remember what you value, remember who is dear
Close the doors to danger and keep your family near

In the quiet all around us take the time to sit and stare
And wonder at the glory unfurling everywhere

Look towards the future, after the ordeal
And keep faith in Mother Nature's power and will to heal.

w/c 03.12.20

Lost

by Sally Deacon

I have many pairs of glasses
I've reached that awful stage
Where reading is too hard
without them- it's my age

Sadly I can't find them
They travel 'round the flat
Like seaweed on the moving swell
Or tide of books and tat

Suddenly I'll find some pairs
Snuggled, cosy in a nook
Perhaps they're having story-time
From that lost, forgotten book.

I wish I put them somewhere safe
When I turn in for bed
WHY can't I find my glasses?!
Oh... they're on my head!

w/c 10.12.20

Words are Birds

by Francisco X. Alarcón

words
are birds
that arrive
with books
and spring

they
love
clouds
the wind
and trees

some words
are messengers
that come
from far away
from distant lands

for them
there are
no borders
only stars
moon and sun

some words
are familiar
like canaries
others are exotic
like the quetzal bird

some can stand
the cold
others migrate
with the sun
to the south

some words
die
caged—

they're difficult
to translate

and others
build nests
have chicks
warm them
feed them

teach them
how to fly
and one day
they go away
in flocks

the letters
on this page
are the prints
they leave
by the sea

w/c 17.12.20

Isolation

by John Lennon

People say we got it made.
Don't they know we're so afraid?
Isolation.

We're afraid to be alone,
everybody got to have a home.
Isolation.

Just a boy and a little girl,
trying to change the whole wide world.
Isolation.

The world is just a little town,
everybody trying to put us down.
Isolation.

I don't expect you to understand,
after you've caused so much pain.
But then again, you're not to blame.
You're just a human, a victim of the insane.

We're afraid of everyone,
Afraid of the sun.
Isolation

The sun will never disappear,
but the world may not have many years.
Isolation.

Safe Sounds

by Carol Ann Duffy

You like safe sounds:
the dogs lapping at their bowls;
the pop of a cork on a bottle of plonk
as your mother cooks;
the Match of the Day theme tune

and Doctor Who-oo-oo.

Safe sounds:

your name called, two happy syllables
from the bottom to the top of the house;
your daft ring tone; the low gargle
of hot water in bubbles. Half asleep
in the drifting boat of your bed,
you like to hear the big trees

w/c 21.12.20

Da Neigt sich die Stunde und ruhrt mich an

'The hour draws to a close and touches me'

by Rainer Maria Rilke

The hour is striking so close above me,
so clear and sharp,
that all my senses ring with it.
I feel it now: there's a power in me
to grasp and give shape to my world.

I know that nothing has ever been real
without my beholding it.
All becoming has needed me.
My looking ripens things
and they come toward me, to meet and be met.

w/c 30.12.20

A House Called Tomorrow

by Alberto Ríos - 1952-

You are not fifteen, or twelve, or seventeen—
You are a hundred wild centuries

And fifteen, bringing with you
In every breath and in every step

Everyone who has come before you,
All the yous that you have been,

The mothers of your mother,
The fathers of your father.

If someone in your family tree was trouble,
A hundred were not:

The bad do not win—not finally,
No matter how loud they are.

We simply would not be here
If that were so.

You are made, fundamentally, from the good.
With this knowledge, you never march alone.

You are the breaking news of the century.
You are the good who has come forward

Through it all, even if so many days
Feel otherwise. But think:

When you as a child learned to speak,
It's not that you didn't know words—

It's that, from the centuries, you knew so many,
And it's hard to choose the words that will be your own.

From those centuries we human beings bring with us
The simple solutions and songs,
The river bridges and star charts and song harmonies

All in service to a simple idea:

That we can make a house called tomorrow.
What we bring, finally, into the new day, every day,

Is ourselves. And that's all we need
To start. That's everything we require to keep going.

Look back only for as long as you must,
Then go forward into the history you will make.

Be good, then better. Write books. Cure disease.
Make us proud. Make yourself proud.

And those who came before you? When you hear thunder,
Hear it as their applause.

w/c 07.01.21

They said the world was closed today

by Peter D Hehir

They said the world was closed today
So I went to have a look,
I found it with the shutters down
And the phone was off the hook.
So I stood there for a little while
But no one was around,
Then silence came and startled me
With the most alarming sound.
I asked him where the others were,
And why the streets were bare,
He whispered 'Life had ran away
While death was playing there'
'Oh no' I said 'It can't be true
For life is not afraid'
'But no one ever goes' he said
'Where death has ever played.'
I understood and walked away
As Hope was standing there
With Courage in her afterglow
And the sunlight in her hair.
She said 'Go home to those you love
This is no place to be,
For if we walk these streets today
Then no one shall be free'.
She threw her light to lead the way
And showed me where to go,
The very road that life had gone
Where the future flowers grow.
Then death showed me another way
But I didn't want to look,
So I stumbled home in time for tea
And I read another book.
It was called The World is Closed Today
And the streets we shouldn't roam,
The first line said 'Just please be safe'
And the ending - 'Stay at Home' stay safe.

w/c 14.01.21

The long bench

by Jim Carruth

For the times ahead
when we will be

as if at either end
of the long bench

where distance kept
is love's measure
and death dances
the space between

when words alone
are not enough

and queued memories
reach out to touch
let longing be a store
of nut and seed
that grows each day
in strange hibernation

readying for its end –
the sharing of the feast

w/c 21.01.21

Insha'Allah

by Danusha Laméris

I don't know when it slipped into my speech
that soft word meaning, "if God wills it."
Insha'Allah I will see you next summer.
The baby will come in spring, insha'Allah.
Insha'Allah this year we will have enough rain.

So many plans I've laid have unraveled
easily as braids beneath my mother's quick fingers.

Every language must have a word for this. A word
our grandmothers uttered under their breath
as they pinned the whites, soaked in lemon,
hung them to dry in the sun, or peeled potatoes,
dropping the discarded skins into a bowl.

Our sons will return next month, insha'Allah.
Insha'Allah this war will end, soon. Insha'Allah
the rice will be enough to last through winter.

How lightly we learn to hold hope,
as if it were an animal that could turn around
and bite your hand. And still we carry it
the way a mother would, carefully,
from one day to the next.

w/c 28.01.21

The Way It is

by Rosemary Wahtol Trommer

Over and over we break
open, we break and
we break and we open.
For a while, we try to fix
the vessel—as if
to be broken is bad.
As if with glue and tape
and a steady hand we
might bring things to perfect
again. As if they were ever
perfect. As if to be broken is not
also perfect. As if to be open
is not the path toward joy.

The vase that's been shattered
and cracked will never
hold water. Eventually
it will leak. And at some
point, perhaps, we decide
that we're done with picking
our flowers anyway, and no
longer need a place to contain them
We watch them grow just
as wildflowers do—unfenced,
unmanaged, blossoming only
when they're ready—and my,
how beautiful they are amidst
the mounting pile of shards.

w/c 04.02.21

February

by Margaret Atwood

Winter. Time to eat fat
and watch hockey. In the pewter mornings, the cat,
a black fur sausage with yellow
Houdini eyes, jumps up on the bed and tries
to get onto my head. It's his
way of telling whether or not I'm dead.
If I'm not, he wants to be scratched; if I am
He'll think of something. He settles
on my chest, breathing his breath
of burped-up meat and musty sofas,
purring like a washboard. Some other tomcat,
not yet a capon, has been spraying our front door,
declaring war. It's all about sex and territory,
which are what will finish us off
in the long run. Some cat owners around here
should snip a few testicles. If we wise
hominids were sensible, we'd do that too,
or eat our young, like sharks.
But it's love that does us in. Over and over
again, He shoots, he scores! and famine
crouches in the bedsheets, ambushing the pulsing
eiderdown, and the windchill factor hits
thirty below, and pollution pours
out of our chimneys to keep us warm.
February, month of despair,
with a skewered heart in the centre.
I think dire thoughts, and lust for French fries
with a splash of vinegar.
Cat, enough of your greedy whining
and your small pink bumhole.
Off my face! You're the life principle,
more or less, so get going
on a little optimism around here.
Get rid of death. Celebrate increase. Make it be spring

w/c 11.02.21

If Feeling Isn't In It

By John Brehm

Dogs will also lick your face if you let them.
Their bodies will shiver with happiness.
A simple walk in the park is just about
the height of contentment for them, followed
by a bowl of food, a bowl of water,
a place to curl up and sleep. Someone
to scratch them where they can't reach
and smooth their foreheads and talk to them.
Dogs also have a natural dislike of mailmen
and other bringers of bad news and will
bite them on your behalf. Dogs can smell
fear and also love with perfect accuracy.
There is no use pretending with them.
Nor do they pretend. If a dog is happy
or sad or nervous or bored or ashamed
or sunk in contemplation, everybody knows it.
They make no secret of themselves.
You can even tell what they're dreaming about
by the way their legs jerk and try to run
on the slippery ground of sleep.
Nor are they given to pretentious self-importance.
They don't try to impress you with how serious
or sensitive they are. They just feel everything
full blast. Everything is off the charts
with them. More than once I've seen a dog
waiting for its owner outside a café
practically implode with worry. "Oh, God,
what if she doesn't come back this time?
What will I do? Who will take care of me?
I loved her so much and now she's gone
and I'm tied to a post surrounded by people
who don't look or smell or sound like her at all."
And when she does come, what a flurry
of commotion, what a chorus of yelping
and cooing and leaps straight up into the air!
It's almost unbearable, this sudden
fullness after such total loss, to see
the world made whole again by a hand
on the shoulder and a voice like no other.

w/c 25.02.21

One More Time

by Greg Delanty

call the Earth female, as of old.
She needs to be placed pronto
in the recovery position, gently hold

her chin up, bend the left arm at the elbow,
hand above the head, palm facing down
– waving goodbye or hello?

Set the right arm straight and in line
with her side. Quickly tuck the left foot
up against the right knee. Watch for a sign
of breathing. Don't forget to clear out
the mouth, airways. She may need the kiss
of life. She'll recover for sure. Only without
us maybe. Who then will tell her we miss
her? Who then will tell her how dear she is?

w/c 04.03.21

Two poems this week - one from Tony Hollick via Captain Beefheart and one following the sad death of a London peacock called Kevin, caught by the foxes; in its way a tribute to all the actors and entertainers who have kept us ticking over during lockdown.

RIP Kevin

by Bruce Bennett

"Peacock who became a London lockdown symbol of hope is killed by foxes"

—*The Washington Post*

Let's hear it for Kevin, a bird who was cool!
He made things much better for kids at the school.
He preened and he strutted. He knew what to do
To keep people happy. Adults loved him too.
But think of what happens when someone's too good.
Some predator hates him and creeps from some wood
And stalks him and gets him sometime in the night.
Poor creatures like Kevin are not born to fight.
They're born to show off and with feathers galore
Teach love-stricken gawkers what Beauty is for.
Delighting in excess and high on display,
Their every small gesture will brighten one's day,
And that's why they're hated by those who hate joy;
Whose motives are malice; who live to destroy;
Who cannot stand actors who help others cope
And drive away sorrow by giving folks hope!
So, Kevin, please know as you strut in the sky,
We love you and miss you. This isn't Goodbye.
You'll live in our hearts. You will not disappear.
Tail-up and triumphant, you'll always be here!

"The Past Sure Is Tense"

by Don van Vliet

The past sure is tense
They're heading up for the main event
All those people seem to be hell-bent
See those people up on top of the fence
And the man down there
Selling knotholes through the fence

The little shoe generation man
I found your print on a dollar bill
I found your print on an Indian mound
I found your print on the statue at the sound
I found your print on the elephant ground
I found your print in the beautiful mountains
The grass no longer grew around
I found your print in my mind

The past sure is tense
No you got the wrong idea
No you got the wrong intent
The carpenter carpenterized my vent
The only peephole
Where is my dent
The past sure is tense
The past sure is now
I don't see how
See those people that used to
Throw those tents
You can't see them now
They're in past tense
The past sure is tense

w/c 11.03.21

The Laughter Of Women

by Lisel Mueller

The laughter of women sets fire
to the Halls of Injustice
and the false evidence burns
to a beautiful white lightness

It rattles the Chambers of Congress
and forces the windows wide open
so the fatuous speeches can fly out

The laughter of women wipes the mist
from the spectacles of the old;
it infects them with a happy flu
and they laugh as if they were young again

Prisoners held in underground cells
imagine that they see daylight
when they remember the laughter of women

It runs across water that divides,
and reconciles two unfriendly shores
like flares that signal the news to each other

What a language it is, the laughter of women,
high-flying and subversive.
Long before law and scripture
we heard the laughter, we understood freedom.

w/c 18.03.21

'Overwhelmed'

by Marjorie Pizer

When I feel overwhelmed by destruction,
Let me go down to the sea.
Let me sit by the immeasurable ocean
And watch the surf
Beating in and running out all day and all night.
Let me sit by the sea
And have the bitter sea winds
Slap my cheeks with their cold, damp hands
Until I am sensible again.
Let me look at the sky at night
And let the stars tell me
Of limitless horizons and unknown universes
Until I am grown calm and strong once more.



w/c 25.03.21

After the Winter Rain

by Ina Coolbrith

After the winter rain,
Sing, robin! Sing, swallow!
Grasses are in the lane,
Buds and flowers will follow.

Woods shall ring, blithe and gay,
With bird-trill and twitter,
Though the skies weep to-day,
And the winds are bitter.

Though deep call unto deep
As calls the thunder,
And white the billows leap
The tempest under;

Softly the waves shall come
Up the long, bright beaches,
With dainty, flowers of foam
And tenderest speeches...

After the wintry pain,
And the long, long sorrow,
Sing, heart!—for thee again
Joy comes with the morrow.

w/c 01.04.21

Thanks to colleague, Pete Brown, for this poem and his comment below ...

What is life?

It is the flash of a firefly in the night.

It is the breath of a buffalo in the winter time.

It is the little shadow which runs across the grass
and loses itself in the sunset.

It's only a few lines but after reading it I bet the image in your mind is a whole lot more pleasant than face masks, hand sanitiser and grumpy shoppers queuing for toilet rolls!

w/c 08.04.21

Coming

by Philip Larkin

On longer evenings,
Light, chill and yellow,
Bathes the serene
Foreheads of houses.
A thrush sings,
Laurel-surrounded
In the deep bare garden,
Its fresh-peeled voice
Astonishing the brickwork.
It will be spring soon,
It will be spring soon—
And I, whose childhood
Is a forgotten boredom,
Feel like a child
Who comes on a scene
Of adult reconciling,
And can understand nothing
But the unusual laughter,
And starts to be happy.

w/c 15.04.21

Yorkshire Pudding Rules

by Ian McMillan

The tin must not gleam. Must never be new.
If there is dried sweat somewhere in its metal
It must be your mother's. The flour must be strong
And white as the face of Uncle Jack
When he came back from the desert. The eggs
Must come from an allotment. The allotment
Must belong to your father-in-law.
The eggs have to be broken
With one swift movement over the bowl.
If there is dried sweat somewhere in its Pyrex
It must be your mother's. The milk
Must have been delivered by Colin Leech
At 0430. The fork has to be an old one. The wrist
Must, simply must, ache after the mixing.
The flour must introduce itself to the yolk of the egg.
The egg has to be allowed to talk to the flour.
The milk must dance with them both: foxtrot, then quickstep.
The pepper must be scattered, black on off-white.
The oven has to be hotter than ever.
The lard has to come in a tight white pack.
The lard must almost catch fire in the oven.
The oven door must open and you must shout
FLIPPIN' HECK as the heat smacks you in the chops.
Follow these rules
And the puddings will rise to heaven
And far beyond.

This poem was suggested by staff member, Julie Atkin, who says, "... it's about Yorkshire pudding rules. I think it's great fun – we all have our unwritten rules for the best possible results in all sorts of aspects of our lives." (Julie and Mike have changed a phrase in the poem. If you want the original the poem can be found on the web).

w/c 22.04.21

Football at Slack

by Ted Hughes (1977)

Between plunging valleys, on a bareback of hill
Men in bunting colours
Bounced, and their blown ball bounced.

The blown ball jumped, and the merry-coloured men
Spouted like water to head it.
The ball blew away downwind –

The rubbery men bounced after it.
The ball jumped up and out and hung in the wind
Over a gulf of treetops.
Then they all shouted together, and the blown ball blew back.

Winds from fiery holes in heaven
Piled the hills darkening around them
To awe them. The glare light
Mixed its mad oils and threw glooms.
Then the rain lowered a steel press.

Hair plastered, they all just trod water
To puddle glitter. And their shouts bobbed up
Coming fine and thin, washed and happy

While the humped world sank foundering
And the valleys blued unthinkable
Under the depth of Atlantic depression –

But the wingers leapt, they bicycled in air
And the goalie flew horizontal

And once again a golden holocaust
Lifted the cloud's edge, to watch them.

w/c 29.04.21

Wild Geese

by Mary Oliver

You do not have to be good.

You do not have to walk on your knees

For a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.

You only have to let the soft animal of your body

love what it loves.

Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.

Meanwhile the world goes on.

Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain

are moving across the landscapes,

over the prairies and the deep trees,

the mountain and the rivers.

Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,

are heading home again.

Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,

the world offers itself to your imagination,

calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting—

over and over announcing your place

in the family of things.

(sent in by Kerry Pocock, Staff Wellbeing Coach)

w/c 06.05.21

Never trouble trouble

by David Keppel

Never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you,
For you'll only make your trouble
Double trouble when you do
And the trouble – like a bubble
That you're troubling about,
May be nothing but a zero
With its rim rubbed out.

This poem was submitted by staff member, Caroline Tribe, and was given her when she was 10 by Mr Sheppard, Head Teacher of Pokesdown Infant School.

Soundtrack To My Morning

by Heather Emerton (member of staff)

Dawn arises, silence is golden
Birds are starting to wake
The sky so dark erupts in colour
Indigo, violet and pink
Boiler rumbles, then gurgles, then bangs
Settles to a monotonous hum
Hot water and heat...

Phone alarm goes off, want it to stop
"Just 5 more minutes" snooze
Enough's enough, time to get up
Click the switch, too bright light
Groan, the rustle of duvets thrown
"What days today?" "School day" I say
More groans...

Creak of stairs, cat's tail unawares
"YEEOWW" and hiss and spit
The toaster pop, no time to stop
Crunch of teeth on toast
Microwave ping, Ready Brek ready
Cupboard door slam and clink of mugs
Fizz as coffee granules evaporate...

Shower pours, reflecting out of doors
Umbrellas at the ready
Slam of drawers, "Where's my clean shirt?"
Sighs and rolling of eyes
"Get dressed" I say for the hundredth time today
Gentle hum of toothbrushes polishing teeth
And Justin's on the telly.... Again!

w/c 20.05.21

Words are windows (or they're walls)

by Ruth Bebermeyer

I feel so sentenced by your words,
I feel so judged and sent away,
Before I go I've got to know,
Is that what you mean to say?

Before I rise to my defence,
Before I speak in hurt or fear,
Before I build that wall of words,
Tell me, did I really hear?

Words are windows, or they're walls,
They sentence us, or set us free.
When I speak and when I hear,
Let the love light shine through me.

There are things I need to say,
Things that mean so much to me,
If my words don't make me clear,
Will you help me to be free?

If I seemed to put you down,
If you felt I didn't care,
Try to listen through my words,
To the feelings that we share.

This poem was submitted by staff member, Theresa Cochrane, who added, "I've always loved poetry, it seems to be able to evoke awareness of our experiences and emotions in a way that other prose cannot. Here is a poem that reminds me of the importance of our words, judgements and compassion."

Communication is the Key

By Kaz Hammi

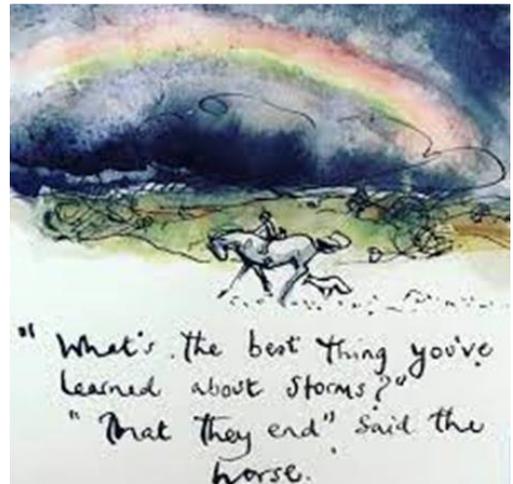
Communication is the key
The answer to all thoughts which flee,
Some try to run and hide away
It's much simpler to think and say

If you're sorry then say you care
Explain your thoughts and why they're there
If you love them then voice your mind;
Communication to be kind

So many words run round our head
Spoken wisely they're put to bed,
So many thoughts bounce mind to heart
Voice them carefully, let them part

Blessed we were with words to say
Blessed to make things feel ok
Blessed to have such precious time
Blessed to voice our wondrous minds

Time seems short in this fast paced life
Waste no time, we've no time for strife
Careful wording could help a lot
To voice those thoughts your mind can't stop



This poem was submitted by Rachel Ings, Business & Service Improvement Support Manager with the Paediatric Speech and Language Therapy Service – after sharing it with her team, who all loved it.

w/c 27.05.21

WE will be Recognised

by Gina Broadbent (member of staff)

WILL YOU RECOGNISE US WHEN THIS IS OVER
NO LONGER HID BEHIND A MASK
EMOTIONS CLEARLY VISIBLE
SHOWING STRAINS OF WHAT HAS PASSED

WILL YOU RECOGNISE US WHEN THIS IS OVER
AS THE ONES WHO HELD YOU'RE HAND
WE TOO WERE SCARED AND FRIGHTENED
AS COVID TOOK COMMAND

WILL YOU RECOGNISE US WHEN THIS IS OVER
FOR ALL THE TIMES WEVE FELT UNSURE
STRUGGLING TO WORK IN FULL PPE
WISHING WE COULD DO MUCH MORE

WILL YOU RECOGNISE US WHEN THIS IS OVER
STAFF EACH AND EVERYONE
MAINTAINING SUCH HIGH STANDARDS
ITS BEEN TOUGH AND NOT MUCH FUN

WILL YOU RECOGNISE US WHEN THIS IS OVER
FOR ALL THAT WE HAVE DONE
TO HELP SUPPORT THE NHS
THIS WAR IS NEARLY WON....

w/c 10.06.21

The British Summer

by Linda Plumley

July came
And so did the rain
We searched for the sun
But in vain.

Each day we hoped
But it was folly
For we ended up
Huddled under a brolly.

We didn't follow the weather forecast
Rain, rain, rain,
We knew it would last.

August came
We woke up surprised
At the colour of the sky.
It was blue and the sun shone through
It took some time to accustomize
To what we saw with our eyes.

Out went the brolly and winter clothes
In came the shorts as the temperature rose
And rose and rose, and rose.

To the beaches we went, to have a swim
Cold drinks, ice cream and everything.
But we got hot so we needed some shade
So a large beach brolley was hailed.

Thus one thing about summer I've thought
You always need brollies of some sort.

My wellbeing day

by Jan O'Donovan, Mental Health Support Worker with West Dorset CAMHS
(member of staff)

What did I do on my wellbeing day?

I went for walk along Wareham way

Past the Old Granary with its red bricks so proud

Stopping for lunch away from the crowd.

Watching the ducks as they floated on by,

Past the swans swimming with heads held high

The trees rustling their leaves in the gentle breeze

The pollen from the flowers making me sneeze

Then on to Corfe Castle the ruins standing tall

On top of the hill making me feel so small

We set off for home, the day was just fun

The memory now made of our day in the sun.



w/c 17.06.21

Freedom

by Olive Runner

Give me the long, straight road before me,
A clear, cold day with a nipping air,
Tall, bare trees to run on beside me,
A heart that is light and free from care.
Then let me go! – I care not whither
My feet may lead, for my spirit shall be
Free as the brook that flows to the river,
Free as the river that flows to the sea.

How to do Absolutely Nothing

By Barbara Kingsolver

Rent a house near the beach, or a cabin
but: Do not take your walking shoes.
Don't take any clothes you'd wear
anyplace anyone would see you.
Don't take your rechargeables.
Take Scrabble if you have to,
but not a dictionary and no
pencils for keeping score.
Don't take a cookbook
or anything to cook.
A fishing pole, ok
but not the line,
hook, sinker,
leave it all.
Find out
what's
left.

(both of the above poems were sent in by staff member, Dorothy McConnell)

w/c 24.06.21

Thistles

by Ted Hughes

Against the rubber tongues of cows and the hoeing hands of men
Thistles spike the summer air
And crackle open under a blue-black pressure.

Every one a revengeful burst
Of resurrection, a grasped fistful
Of splintered weapons and Icelandic frost thrust up

From the underground stain of a decayed Viking.
They are like pale hair and the gutturals of dialects.
Every one manages a plume of blood.

Then they grow grey like men.
Mown down, it is a feud. Their sons appear
Stiff with weapons, fighting back over the same ground.



w/c 01.07.21

Tennis

I want to write a poem about tennis
I have to think in very short spaces
Cos the ball keeps coming back at me
Just when I thought I'd got rid of it

What words could I use?
Court, ball, net
Not there yet
Bounce, thwack!

Bounce, thwack!

Lob, volley, first serve, second serve, dropped serve, Ace!

Love, love-all, set to love, straights sets, strawberries, Andy Murray.

Bounce, thwack!

What rhymes with 'Tennis'?
Dennis. Where does that take me?
Fire Engines . Gnasher.
What rhymes with 'racquet'?
Packet. Whacket – oh here's that ball again.
Smash.
'For mash get smash'.

Tennis begins with a ball and a racquet and ends up
With have Dennis the Menace, in a fire engine eating Cadbury's Smash with Gnasher
his dog, all dressed in white.

I wonder what other people think when they are watching Wimbledon?

(this poem was the fruit of a poetry group at St Ann's Hospital some years back)

w/c 08.07.21

Everything Needs Fixing

by Karla Cordero

in your thirties everything needs fixing. i bought a toolbox
for this. filled it with equipment my father once owned
to keep our home from crumbling. i purchased tools with
names & functions unknown to me. how they sat there
on their shelf in plastic packaging with price tags screaming:
hey lady, you need this! like one day i could give my home
& everything living inside it the gift of immortality, to be
a historical monument the neighbor's would line up
to visit even after i'm gone & shout: damn that's a nice house!
i own a drill now, with hundreds & hundreds of metal pieces
i probably won't use or use in the wrong ways but what
i'm certain of, is still, the uncertainty of which tools repair
the aging dog, the wilting snake plant, the crow's feet
under my eyes, the stiff knee or bad back.
& maybe this is how it is—how parts of our small universe
dissolve like sugar cubes in water—a calling to ask us
to slow our busy breathing so we can marvel
at its magic. because even the best box of nails are capable
of rust. because when i was a child i dropped
a cookie jar in the shape of noah's ark,
a family heirloom that shattered to pieces.
the animals broke free, zebras ran under
the kitchen table, the fractured lion roared by
the front door & out of the tool cabinet
i snagged duck tape & ceramic glue. pieced each beast
back to their intended journey. because that afternoon
when my father returned from work i confessed
& he sat the jar on the counter only to fill it with
pastries. how the cracks of imperfection mended by
my hands laid jagged. chipped paint sliced across a rhino's neck.
every wild animal lined up against the boat—
& a flood of sweet confections waiting inside.

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Instructions For Growing Poetry

by Tony Mitton

Shut your eyes.
Open your mind.
Look inside.
What do you find?
Something funny?
Something sad?
Something beautiful,
mysterious, mad?
Open your ears.
Listen well.
A word or phrase
begins to swell?
Catch its rhythm,
hold its sound.
Gently, slowly
roll it round.
Does it please you?
Does it tease you?
Does it ask
to grow and spread?
Now those little
words are sprouting
poetry
inside your head.