

2017

Softly singing in the shower,
None here to hear each day,
Tried a choir on a zoom call,
Load of rubbish tech delays

A chirping serenade of cheeping voices,
Choir members not quite sure.
Guitars softly strumming as we
sit on smoothies here.

Thoughts of a pencil case
Sitting sharpened in our tin
Waiting for the eager artist
For today's work to begin.
Will it be glue and Sharpies?
Rescued paper from a bin
Oh please pick us blending crayons
Mixed with collage
oh please begin

Collaborative

I am the softness of the unfurling, velvety, lime green beech leaves
my little fuzziness like new born baby hair,
I am the hard grey tarmac, the cracks under shoes
I am the tall hill, with green grass and cows on me,
I am a grumpy old woman with feet hurting, out of breath.
I am two lapwings wheeling over the river, letting out high pitched squeals
I am clear blue sky, with the sun shining through,
children playing in the park, with colourful t shirts, no coats
I am the depth of blue in the sky behind the bare winter trees
I change into a heron flying from its nest on the canal,
a duck chatting garrulously with its neighbour.
I am the splash and gurgle of flowing water
Then I bloom like a crocus or a snowdrop and feel at peace.
i am bench, with lots of heard secrets and conversations
the deep yellow mud trodden in and trodden on

Apple Pies

Apple pies delivered,
Thoughts of my gran,
Deliver half a dozen,
Earn sixpence for each one.
Deliver to a door
Rapping knock knock knock,
Happy smiling faces
Less weight in my bag
Then to the post office toffee counter man
Liquorice and sherbet
And batman bubble gum

2021

So in days of lockdown,
For normality I pray,
Missing happy singing voices.
End soon lock down
For this I pray