

New Poetry Spring 2008



*World Press Contest Prize Winner. Akintunde Akinleye Nigeria, Reuters.  
A man rinses his face after a gas pipeline explosion Dec 26th 2006.*

**Tina speaking past 90**

I know my time is nearly up

(In certain regions above the trees  
the sky is pure mother-of-pearl)

I have found this last part of my life  
the most difficult of my human experience

(I never knew there were so many  
trees in Surrey !)

It has made me realise  
I am not at all holy

And now you see perhaps  
why I get lonely

*Jan 2008*



### **Some Things Mortal**

Blue-bells in a beech wood  
wave upon wave of them  
raise the season to its height

fulfilling in these days  
centuries of creation  
undisturbed, underground.

It partly comforts me to know  
that these high days here  
will be cause for pilgrimage

years after my span  
of witness -  
year upon year upon year.

It's partly comforting to know  
that some things mortal  
will endure.



*"Blind Light" Antony Gormley, Haywood. Photo David Levene/ Guardian*

### **To the Good Nurse Going**

You approach everyone here  
as if each is admirable.  
You tread lightly, you speak low.

You touch everyone here  
as if each is precious  
delicate as a bird.

Everyone here has been struck down  
and lies hurt on the road  
and needs that hand

which cups and is gentle  
and does not fear.  
Yourself now you fly,

with your own harms and history.  
You leave warmth in wounded hearts  
healing in hurt wings.



### **The Isabella Plantation**

is quiet in mid-winter but passing today I  
remembered it holds perhaps our last exchange of  
words.

I had brought you down for the week-end and in my  
garden you had apologised to my sons for your  
lengthening silences

due not, you said (struggling for lucidity), to  
anything they had lightly said or done, but to  
corruption of faculties within.

And then I brought you here, at a time in Spring  
when it is all so glorious that words cannot describe  
the wonder of it.

We were lost for a while in the wonder of it, until  
you said, "It's lovely..."

almost choking, as if you knew that these two words  
were almost the last you'd ever speak and perhaps  
therefore

could have been kept for something else, later.  
Then I drove you home.

*Rogan Wolf*