

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