

'Consequences' Poems compiled during Write Around Fairfield showcase event 19/11/2015

First lines taken from first lines of published authors' poems - see footnotes

The Birds, the Bees and the Mouse

Within the oak a throb of pigeon wings¹
accompanied by the soaring cries of a hundred birds
swirling, singing amongst the shimmering apple blossom.
Bees heavy with pollen and drowsy with the heat of the sun,
help us remember the summers of our early years
and to recall the days with happy tears,
when leaves fell like snow on a still, still day.
Evening stretched its arms and sent the shadows leaping
across Alder Pond, striking the distant castle.
A shaft of sunlight illuminated the hands of the clock
and everything fell silent, nothing stirred,
not even a mouse.

Survival

The wild duck startles like a sudden thought,²
clatters awkwardly skywards, banking over the pond -
relieved of stress of capture by predators,
scattering feathers.
Another victim of Darwin's cold logic.
Only the fit ducks
survive to tell the tale.

Where Lucy Brook Flows

Calm is the landscape when the storm has passed³
But it will take time for the grasses to stand again.
Even though the coaxing sun pours caramel on the wounds;
pouting and stretching, it's never too soon.
Release the soul and reach for the moon!
Let the clear light shine and show us all the way:
along the Long Pads footpath, where Lucy Brook flows.

¹ Twilight in Middle March by Francis Ledwidge

² Autumn Birds by John Clare

³ Peace in the Welsh Hills by Vernon Watkins

Lancaster Weather

*Late August, given heavy rain and sun*⁴
And now November with downpours and gusty wind.
Yet still so mild, how long for?
But wet, wet; endless rain.
All that pain, and rain's the gain!

The World of Colour

*Worship this world of watercolour mood*⁵
With all this rain, the field has flooded again.
Yet a rainbow has just shone through the once-dull sky.
At the end of it, a girl ran with excitement at the brightness of the sky
-and because there was a rainbow in the orchard, another girl came.
She looked up at the apples in the trees,
to see if they were ripe, smooth, red and inviting.
Would they be crunchy and fresh inside?
Yes, they were delicious!

Tea-time Across Fauna

*The low sun leans across the slanting field*⁶
It must be time for supper.
Now then, what will I have?
Forty linnets in a tree!
Clay pipes and small pieces of pottery – Sowerholme.
Earth's stories revealed through history and buried treasures.
Above them: mud, water, rushes, ragwort
And insouciant birds.
The tree roots reach deeper,
comforted by their duvets of earth.

'Practice' Consequences poem compiled at workshop 8/9/2015

Hare

*The low sun leans across the slanting field*⁷
The lynchets loom like giant steps.
The brown hare stares through green blades;
moulding its form, an exciting life but preferring peace,
raising its young, trusting in survival,
alert to the danger above and around.
But how can she check both the sky and the ground
with eyes transfixed on the unfolding scene?

⁴ Blackberry-Picking by Seamus Heaney

⁵ April Aubade by Sylvia Plath

⁶ St Luke's Summer by Norman Nicholson

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