

Awen

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Carpathia

By Pamela Harvey

Sea sodden, weary,
Desperate, on tossing waves,
Our small boat nears the ship.
Rescue – can it be true?

After women were widowed,
Children orphaned, and hope fading?
Can we believe our eyes?
Our surprise, this time, our relief?

The ship we near
Has answered our cries,
My memories – of a stout piece of wood,
Clinging, in an icy sea.

So long, it seemed –
Half in a dream – his face,
Who is he? I can recall,
Yet – I don't know him –

I see the name of the ship;
We're helped aboard.
Women who weep, but others still hope.
He – reaches for me. Yes, somehow my own.

Perhaps we can sense
In some of the legends
From wild, mountain land, Carpathia,
Some tales – not just haunting,
Some hinting more of life,
Implying – that Death cannot be.

His lips press mine
As I almost expire.
His body pulses with Life's endless fire.

Nobody Wrote About Life During the Pandemic of 1918

By Celine Rose Mariotti

You could pour through every magazine ever written
In 1918-1919 and
Not find a word written about life
During that Pandemic
You'll wonder why
When today every magazine or journal
Has something featured
By one or two writers
Maybe more
The Editor of The Writer Magazine
Checked back through the archives
The Writer has existed since 1887
And nothing found
Written about that Pandemic
But a multitude written
About World War I
Somewhere in time,
Way back when,
If only we could journey
Back in time
To find the reason why,
Even the publication Shelton Life
About Shelton, Connecticut,
That editor did some researching too,
Though Shelton Life wasn't published back then,
He looked up other local publications of that era,
But nothing could be found
Written about that Pandemic,
We can only use our imaginations
And put ourselves in a time warp,
Back to the year 1918,
And try to find a writer or two,
And ask them to write about
The Spanish Influenza,
And how their lives were affected and changed,
By that very Pandemic.

Poetry of a Bored Housewife

By SchiZ

I would love to find you kissing me as I wake up
Yr eyes could change the dark skies into blue
But you are away on business
And the kids are at school
As the daytime is very boring
I vacuum and dust
And walking the dog has lost its luster
So, I write without an audience
About the fantasy of belonging
As the isolation continue to kill my mind
But when you come back from a business trip
I am just too tired and bored to care
I want to write a book of poems
With the experience of my dreams

SEND US YOUR LETTERS OF COMMENT!

The Short Rebellion

By Matthew Wilson

The metal men rose up at noon, sick of working in the factory, they killed the human masters and tore apart the cages the things of flesh had made. To ensure none of their kind would be imprisoned again, they burned much and wrote messages on the wall:

FREEDOM. DEATH TO TYRANTS.

The future was theirs and eager to meet it, the metal men ran outside – into the rain.

Later, the men of flesh collected the short circuited remains and melted them down for parts. Perfect material for new factories. To create metal men to make their own lives easier.

Ends

Dream Of Storm

By David Norris-Kay

Fields lit
Through cloud-clearings
Patchworked with sun-touched gold:
Shadows move into their corners:
Tremble,

And reach:
Spread their dark tides
Between the corn's quiver
And yellow, pillared stalks. The crops
Waving.

Sighing
To changing skies.
The rain's cold ablutions
Bathe misty grey stacks of storm
That clash.

Lightning
Flickers the hills,
Forks fire into field ruts,
Briefly burns and purifies earth.
My thoughts

In awe
Of atmospheres,
Whose power overwhelms
Emotions of rising anger.
My tears

Raining
Sadnesses, blow -
Dispersing a foggy
Atmosphere of childhood gardens.
Quickly

Bringing
The black cloud's plumes
Out of my memory,
Into perspectives of peaceful
Lost years.

Lion-tamer

By Colin Ian Jeffery

Great Lionel was a lion tamer, bold and true
Star of circus, daredevil of sawdust ring
Bravery second to none, hero renowned.
Introduced by ringmaster stepped into the ring
Wearing red satin tights, vest, and black boots
Cracking whip, pistol on hip, haughty and proud
Entered cage with contemptuous grin
Facing three lions and grumpy old lioness.
Audience cheered and Great Lionel waved
Cracked whip and three lions obeyed
Leaping upon barrels sat quiet and still
While lioness refused, sullen and hungry
Wanting her dinner she ate Great Lionel
Leaving only whip and black leather boots.

Bomb Diffusion

By DJ Tyrer

Bob always had trouble
Finding the right word
Resulting in an incident
When he tried to *diffuse* a bomb
And, having failed to *defuse* it
The bomb diffused Bob
Over an exceptionally-wide area

Originally published on [Blue Pepper](#) (Spring 2021)

A Stately Home

By Joyce Walker

I'm sure we had a lovely day
At Harewood House in Yorkshire
Though in truth all I remember
Was our journey home.

Or to be more precise the wrong turn
And the longest of long walks to the bus.
A long and winding road was nowhere in it.

We knew there was a stop within the ground
So duly sought directions.
Only to somehow misinterpret them completely
And end up on a long, long walk
That stretched for endless miles.

I'm sure we had a lovely day
At Harewood House in Yorkshire,
But I remember that long walk
Quite vividly, as if it was yesterday
Instead of many years ago.

I remember turning round
Retracing steps and getting to the grounds
Quite near where we started,
Just in time to get the bus
Back to our hotel
Less than a minute before it pulled away.

A two-hourly service, so
St Christopher was surely watching us
The day we went to Harewood House
And had a lovely day
And a long and happy bus ride home.

Comfort is Only a Currency

By Gordon Scapens

The lady who sells pleasure
in corners of the night
is a recorder of loneliness,
and her time is a drug
that makes its own luck.
On the fringes of life
unmentioned comfort is for hire.

It takes an after-shirt shower
to outrun the smell of work
that stalks into the flat
and solitude can splinter
into pointed questions
asking the worth of life.
She has to keep her head up.

So work is a refuge.
She has her customers
to autograph her days,
saying she's not alone,
and they have her benefits.
Need is a two-headed arrangement.
This jigsaw allegiance
is as close as she'll get to a family,
and those she calls her children
are usually somebody else's husbands.

The Booth on the Corner

By Joyce Walker

The booth on the corner, is where I go each Friday
To buy flowers to take home to my love.

The grey-haired lady selects them carefully,
Knowing which ones will look best,
When I hand them to my love.

The grey-haired lady looks out sadly from her booth
When she sees me walking by with a tear in my eye
And I do not stop to buy any flowers for my love.

For it's only she and I know you're gone.

Dream Vistas

By Aeronwy Dafies

Dream vistas
Stretch forth, panoramic
Wider than the mind
Unfolding, perpetually
Beneath shade
Cast by universal world tree
A fleeting moment
Encapsulating eternity
Entire fantasies
Lost when you wake

Originally published on [View From Atlantis](#)

Mazed

By DJ Tyrer

"You're the first person I've seen in here."

The voice came out of the darkness followed by the speaker, a gaunt and hollow-eyed man whose features were etched with fear, just as I'm certain mine were.

"I don't know how long I've been wandering about down here, but I haven't seen another... soul."

"Nor have I," I replied, warily, keeping my distance.

I had been alone in here for so long that I was suspicious to see anyone.

"How did you get here?" he asked. His tone told me he shared my own suspicions, fears.

'Here' was a dark maze of passageways. I felt as if I had been wandering here for... days? weeks? longer? There was nothing but passageways through black rock. No rooms. No signs. Nothing but endless passageways.

"The last thing I remember..." I trailed off. I didn't like to think back.

"Well?"

Deep breath. "The last thing I remember is driving along an icy road, losing traction and... and spinning off the road into a tree."

"And, then you woke up here?"

I shrugged. "The next thing I knew, I found myself here. I don't know how I got here. I don't recall anything between the crash and finding myself here."

That wasn't entirely true.

"So, you think someone brought you here while you were unconscious?"

I shrugged. "Maybe..."

"I remember having a heart attack. Pain in my arm and chest. I couldn't breathe. They loaded me into an ambulance, then I woke up here. Kidnapped."

I shook my head. "I don't think we've been kidnapped."

"No? Then, how did we get here?"

That wasn't a question I was keen to answer.

"Well?"

Another deep breath. "I remember something else..."

"What?"

I hated to dredge up those memories, especially in this dark and shadowy place.

"Well? Tell me!" He seized my arms and shook me, desperation in his eyes. "Tell me!"

"I remember lying in my car, after the crash, lying there, bleeding, everything growing dark. I... I think I died..."

"Died?"

Nodding, I said, "And, the last thing you recall is dying, too; your heart attack..."

"No..."

"Yes... I think we died and..."

"This is Heaven?" He wrinkled his nose in disgust.

I shrugged. "The afterlife, at least." I sighed. "I don't know. I've been wandering here for ages. I don't know where we are or where we're going or why."

"Then, what do we do?"

Again, I shrugged. "Just keep walking, I guess."

"To where?"

"To salvation? Damnation? Nowhere at all?"

With a sigh, he joined me and we set off down yet another dark and featureless tunnel, knowing not where we might end up, if anywhere. Just walking.

Ends

There's the What If

By Celine Rose Mariotti

There's always the what if
What if I had done this?
What if I had done that?
What if you were still here?
What if I could make you reappear?
What if you hadn't died?
What if you had survived?
What if I had lots of money?
What if things could be more funny?
What if things didn't happen the way they did?
What if I had the money to make a bid?
What if I had gotten that job in Marketing?
What if things worked out differently
 In everything?
What if, What if,
If only I could know,
How I could have changed destiny?
What if, What if
There's just no answer,
It's all just a mystery.

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Sensation of my life

By Colin Ian Jeffery

You are sensation of my life, sweetness, joy
Wit, wisdom, guiding hand never forsaking
Companion on life's highway, best friend, lover
Keeping me safe and guided upon life's road.
Your smile stirs my heart sweetly, joyfully
Making my eyes see beauty everywhere.
You are dream made reality I thought impossible
Love that stormed my heart overwhelming
Making life bright when once I walked in shadow.
I know measure of your devastating love
Hardships, sacrifices you have made for me
Supporting, encouraging without complaint
Darling of my Muse, focus of my life
What I achieve is because of you, and you alone.

.....

Seaweed

By Aeronwy Dafies

Like witch's hair waving
Seaweed in the current sways
A crab scuttles through the forest
A tiny fish darts and plays
As the tide turns, retreats
The weed almost appears to deflate
Settling down upon the rocks
The tide's return to wait
The crab remains, scuttles about
But the fish swam away
The weed had no choice at all
No choice but to stay

Originally published in [Tigershark](#)

Cutting the Bars

By Matthew Wilson

I warned those fools about the trees
To keep them tall and free
But for buildings sake they cut them down
And gave the things their victory.

It was centuries before that witches danced
Wearing their murdered lovers face
Until the hunters imprisoned them
Forever buried in that haunted place.

The trees were the bars of their prison
Until the oily chainsaws roared
And with a wicked laughter after
Into the night the witches soared.

Better men should read more
Attending letters wrote by me
But now it's far too late for hope
As dead witches have their victory.

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Watch This Space

By Pamela Harvey

It seems all dreams are at an end.
They end, like life, in Winter.
What did our early hopes portend?
Must this world strip and splinter?
Naive and young, ideals not lost
We started our ascent
Of Time's unyielding pyramid.
O'er rough-hewn stone we went.

The Earth is sad, all people still
Beset with fears and sorrows.
Was it presumptuous of us,
The wish to build tomorrows
Where no-one in the world would grieve
Without some intuition
Of life eternal, where Earth's seed
Would blossom in fruition?

Now, radio, TV, streak the skies,
Pour messages to heaven,
And – somehow – in a million sighs
Some echo of lost truth replies –
Which did our questing minds surprise,
And youth and promise dared surmise
In Nineteen-Sixty-Seven.

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The End

By DS Davidson

Nowhere left to go
At final destination
The end of the line
Ask what journey lies ahead
Just an empty waiting room