

Washday- Alan Morris

I had resolved to win today
To harden up and batten down
To change the way I look at life
To flatten every human fault
And iron it out remove the stain
That's left behind when hearts are broke
Dry clean my eyes where tears have been
And wash the spirit clean of hope
And watch the world so tumble round
That I can't feel or hear the noise
Of adverts that proclaim our lives
In loud and blousy, pretty strains.

I had decided, switch it off
Don't watch don't hear another sound
Another cry another tear that soaks the ground
Another lost expression staring out
Of eyes that never felt the need to diet
Or worry what the neighbours think
Or hurt themselves to gain control

I had proposed to nail it shut
To fix a hinge so it could close
And I could lock it for all time
With bolts and clips and handy screws
Soundproof my heart
So if it feels the pain again
No one else would be disturbed
Their dreams as placid as a pond
Slumbering till morning comes
And they can feel the luxury
Of a new clean shirt.

Solitude (Haiku) - Karine Quillien

Cherished solitude
Time for me
Create, think, laze

Laughter - Sareen McLay

The house is empty
All is calm and peaceful
A feeling of freedom and release
A silent moment of guilty joy

Turn up the radio
Sing along out loud
Dance those crazy moves
Shout to the rooftops

A moment in time
Just for me, unobserved
Carefree and wild I swing
Jump to the music and laugh!

After I am gone - Elvira Levy

Salute to thee my friend
The curtain fell on center stage
My time had come,
I did resist ,flew into a rage

Had not loved enough
My heart so lonely and so cold
Had to endure too much
Too much to hold

Do remember I was here
A listening ear, support for you
To make you laugh
A sister, friend and lover too

After I am gone
Wipe the tears ,don't cry for long
I will be back in thoughts, in stories told
and even in your favourite song

Lavadero – Pauline de Koning

I am on my knees,
Scrubbing the shirt and socks
I wore far past Betanzos.
Soapy swirls of dirt dissolve
in the tranquil reservoir.

I breathe deep to slow
the throbbing in my calves.
The breeze is a silk ribbon
Through my hair. A ray of shade
Touches my cheek as I listen
to the leaves' eulogy.

Faint amongst the rustle
Linger, like lost lovers, the prayers
And stories of pilgrims past
that roam the forest tracks and fields,
and permeate the mossy hills.

I collect them like breadcrumbs.