



Daisychain  
Susan Rowley





To Martin,  
Joining you on the  
shelf ?!

In the spirit of harken,  
love,

Susan

To Whom it may concern  
I am writing to you on the  
subject of things at  
the  
Lawson



# Daisychain

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Susan Rowley has had the privilege  
of being Chairperson of the British  
Haiku Society for the last two years.  
She is also a keen storyteller and a

dabbler in anything creative which  
doesn't involve housework or excessive  
planning. She would like to  
thank her Mum and Dad for showing her

the world and then another world  
to play in. She is a member of the  
Victorian Poetry Society and the  
Church House.

the small, beautiful, leafy  
Ternington St John  
Wisbech

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**Susan Rowley**

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Susan Rowley has had the privilege of being Chairperson of the British Haiku Society for the last two years. She is also a keen storyteller and dabbler in anything creative which doesn't involve housework or excessive physical exertion. She would like to thank her Mum and Dad for showing her the world and then leaving her alone to play in it enough times to develop the love of quietness, stillness and the small, beautiful things which led eventually to haiku.

This is for them.



dawn —

across city gardens

a forest of birdsong

in morning trees  
the mistiness  
of sleep



at the end  
of a single strand of web  
one petal doesn't fall

shadowed porch —  
a warm hay-wind moves  
the unlocked door

kneeling  
she looks sideways to see  
who isn't

short sermon —  
from the choir a rustle  
of sweetpapers



two collared doves  
walk circles  
in the wedding rice

end of term  
a bird swoops skywards  
above the traffic

footsore  
but still dancing  
— a right-hand star

stripping the willow  
elbows of different heights  
swing the room



in the dim  
above the dancers  
a white pigeon roosts

limping home  
from the barn dance;  
the starry sky

in each drop  
on the drenched bush  
moonlight

the pink rosebud  
pressed between yellowed pages  
...suddenly damp



oak three hundred years growing  
this morning — still growing

midday buttercup  
still holding its drop of dew;  
a cuckoo calls

morris dancers  
tread old patterns  
into summer turf

June heat  
even the quaking grass  
is still



rainbow bubbles  
at the wave of a wand;  
a child's laughter

festival days  
so many flowers  
so many faces

seven-fold amen  
the chord fills more  
than this building

dipping for water  
the fly leaves  
gleaming



paddling  
in the summer lake —  
how cold the swan's feet

watervole hole  
silently  
we listen

beneath the alder  
bare feet slow  
on shadowed grass

this year  
through the dying cherry  
so much more sky



the silence after each  
shower gradually filled  
by birds

the rain has stopped  
but from every leaf  
the rain still falls

the open road  
packed with Bank Holiday  
optimists

ice-cream van;  
the daisy-chain necklace  
breaks and falls



sunlit hoverfly  
wings a blurred bow  
inside the hum

treading down  
a young bramble — the old one  
from behind

lake stillness  
startled into ripples by  
the swallow's beak

framed by willows  
across glittering water  
a windsurfer — smacks flat



dandelion seeds  
and dragonflies between  
the kite strings

day without the boys  
a red rose scrambles  
over the gate

council cuts —  
patches on the bowling green  
a coarser turf

mid-year —  
the brittle grasses



fluttering shadows —  
movement within movement  
creeps the day away

only three  
by the dandelion clock —  
moon-rise

between each layer  
of sunset branches  
a different blue

dusk — the spider  
walks patterns  
in thin air



evening wind  
moves the curtains — the lamp  
beside me     unlit

evening wind — the spider  
moves the curtains  
beside me unit  
in thin air













