

whoops

Stewart Metcalfe



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Harry Bower Press

For Eileen and Fred

whoops

winter
a blackbird bathes
in a pool of ice

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shadows of trees
across a carpet
of white

dark nights
the one eyed monster
becomes more attractive

in the lounge
the never ending tick of the clock

trimming my beard a pink patch whoops

mother-in-law's tongue
casts a shadow
on the kitchen wall

cold morning
mist lifts on a patchwork
of green fields

joy amongst the grass a string of daffodils

water shimmering
in sunlight
ducks ride the waves

under the tree a circle of crocuses

water shimmering

in the hide silence a dog barks

ducks ride the waves

modern times
the steeple
peeps over the scaffolding

in the gallery
a twisted face smiles

rainy day
children clamber round a van
and come away
licking their lips

August
kissed by the morning sun
people smile

on a rock
in white water, he stands
for granny's photo

hops hanging
from twisted beams
sister steals my carrot cake

market square
a cascade of bubbles
on the breeze

having a coffee
a squirrel weaves through railings
and takes a bow

evening
gliding through the gardens
like Peter Pan
my shadow races me
and wins

dead of night
hoot of an owl
breaks the silence

clear blue sky
shadows on roofs
a flock of birds glide by

dull day watery sun peeps through cloud

as the breeze plays around my neck I shiver

on a damp path

Cinderella's shoe

suddenly through the drizzle a rainbow

October night
on a damp path
Cinderella's shoe

nightfall
lights go on
windows turn to mirrors

the lamplighter lights the last lamp

the lamp lighter lights the last lamp
the last lamp lights the last lamp
the last lamp lights the last lamp



