

To end all wars

(After the 1919 painting 'Gassed'
by John Singer Sargent)

Broken helpless line of men
lives exploding all about them
War unbearable suffering.

Kindness

Kindness

untold inhumanity.

Broken helpless line of men
stumbling blinded
arms on others' shoulders
following leading.

Kindness

Kindness

War unbearable suffering.
lives exploding all about them
broken helpless line of men

Kindness.

Johann Sebastian Bach

With cerebral skills
works of infinite complexity
constructed and construed
in solitude surely
by more than a mortal
explode into glory
deep in the soul
fusing left and right
earth and heaven.
From a man
with fourteen mouths to feed

THE PK POETS

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet.

The Poetry Kit is a free online resource for poets listing competitions, events, open floor events, online and print magazines. <https://www.poetrykit.org/>

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ABOUT JO SANDERS

Jo Sanders lives in Covent Garden and returned to writing poetry 6 years ago, after a lapse of 70 years since she wrote in purple ink to stay sane as a teen ager. She has appeared in several anthologies and read at the Boulevard theatre in Soho with Live Cannon and been long listed for their international prize.

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For further details, to make comment, or to contact the poet or the publisher please email; info@poetrykit.org

THE PK POETS SECOND SERIES

#12 Jo Sanders



(Picture - Sally Jeans)

Transmutation

After the unwinding and confirmation of the
liturgy
and the miracle of communion
shared and absorbed
the final prayers are said.
Priest and servers re-form their pattern
on the black and white marble
to begin the procession
with cross and candles.

I wait for the unfolding shapes of Bach
his sounds incising the air.
Harmony thickens and intensifies.
the deeper notes absorbing
lightening clusters of crystal.
The music ascends.
A kind of crystal chemistry
the 'symmetrical ordered aggregation
of atoms and molecules '
penetrates my body
to rearrange and disturb.

I am back again practising
in an Oxford chapel.
Nine O'clock in the morning.
Not even reaching the climax
as the shilling on the meter runs out.

Pond

trees stretching upwards
to the sky far below them
in the still water

Lost

Out of the light
down through the blue
stretch up your hand

fingers white-blue
no help at hand
sinking so light.

Who dealt you this hand
denied you the light
touch of kisses that once blew
you alight in the blue hand in hand.

In crimson boots

I stretch,step backwards
crunching pumice
and layers of ash.
I turn around.
The elegant red , stained
grim and grimy.
On the changing ground
toes are fragile
ankle bones coiling .
Boots have shrunk,
their tongues hiss
the eyes flick.
Cranes circle, shrill
in the absence of sound.
Cruelty ripples in the dark.

A circle too far.

It's not that I'm any way anti
as my knowledge is really quite scanty
but the flaming inferno
where the sinners all burn oh
it doesn't endear me to Dante.

Silver seam

I've turned off the star
and gone to bed
he said sounding omnipotent ;
a twinkle star
of silvery wire
and winking lights.

Silver shimmers
and goes beyond colour.
It is a feeling and a sound.
or a silence.

Memory bursts into my mind.
The glint and clatter
of silver scissors in a box
small hands wanting to touch them
savouring their sharp sound.

Silver is the human voice
chanting overtones
pure and lucent
on the way to infinity.

It is a trumpet
piercing the soul ,
the vast silence of the moon.
Or the pieces of silver
thrown down
in remorse.

Time

days stretch endlessly
while time is blowing away
the speeding minutes.