

## Lambing Snows

On the screen her face slumps,  
shadowy, staring from pillows.  
We on our side, brightly lit,  
smile and gaily call her name  
across the internet, waving  
for a sign of recognition.  
Slowly her chin slips down  
below the edge.

A carer has set black headphones  
on her untrimmed hair,  
giving her the air of a crazed DJ.  
Soon there's nothing left to send  
except our love. We say goodbye.  
She whispers, see you soon. I cry.

Today a biting wind blows  
from the north, flurrying thin  
snowflakes round the sun,  
as we take our hour's exercise  
across deserted fields.  
My face aches with cold.

There was a time I'd have phoned  
to let her know, Mum, guess what  
it's snowing here, and she, remembering  
it's April, would reply, that'll be  
the lambing snows.

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## blood moon

we take our walk along the lane  
beneath the gleaming watcher  
eyes drawn to the silver  
of her mottled mirror  
as shadows blacken in wet snow  
beneath the gorse  
tonight we will rise from our warm bed  
to stand at a cold window  
and wait in vain for the blood moon  
mistaken in our timing

## 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 Sheila Lockhart

Sheila Lockhart is a retired social worker and lives on the Black Isle in the Scottish Highlands with her partner and two Icelandic horses, tending her garden and writing poetry.

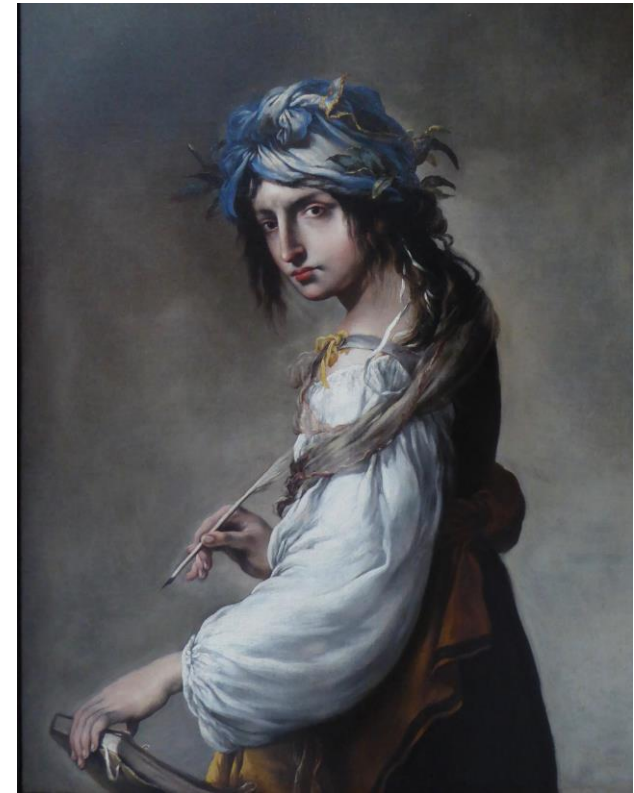
She is a member of Ross-shire Writers and the Moniack Mhor writers' group and has had work published by *Northwords Now*, *Arachne Press*, *Nine Muses Poetry*, *Twelve Rivers (Suffolk Poetry Society)*, the *StAnza Poetry Map of Scotland*, *The Writers' Cafe* and the *Ekphrastic Review*.

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For further details, to make comment, or to contact the poet or the publisher please email; [info@poetrykit.org](mailto:info@poetrykit.org)

# THE PK POETS SECOND SERIES

## # 20 Sheila Lockhart



Published by - Poetry Kit  
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## Sleeper

After Paula Rego

They say  
it's the nature of the beast  
to sniff out the safe place, a master  
who'll share his coat  
keep you close.

At first you snapped and snarled  
bared your teeth

his firm reassuring stroke  
came at a price.

Now you sleep Dog Woman  
released  
from watchfulness, the obedience  
that never meets his eye  
since he provides  
the warm bed  
the hearth you doze by.

You dream  
the remembered smells  
wild whisperings  
long pursuits down forest trails  
you the hunter then  
he the prey.

Your limbs lie curled heavy  
with love's weight  
your wildwood swapped  
for a worn coat  
an empty plate.

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## Two Early Morning Haiku

the radio wakes  
with words of Brexit bullshit  
crows caw from the roof

stuffed up with cold  
coffee kicks through the fug  
feel better now

## Lucrezia as Poetry

After Salvator Rosa

He's torn the poems from your pen,  
hurled them, storm-wrapped,  
at your head, a crown of thorns,  
lightning blue, berry-bruised,  
and spiked with laurels.  
Mouth stained silent.  
Eyes black sloes  
that fix only him.

A cold bed. An empty room.  
He found you  
clothed in shadows,  
trochees leaking from your lips,  
ink dripped from hesitant hand  
onto salvaged sheet. He sees,  
ah yes, Lucrezia as *Poesie*.

Now you must stand,  
murderous,  
to be rearranged, bilious ribbons  
writhing on your sleeve.  
A finger, rapier poised, flicks  
the sharpened quill. One strike,  
one stabbing verse could end it all.

He paints your book closed.

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## Insouciance of Mink Pompoms

The forecast was for snow,  
but still you wore those kitten heels  
with pointy toes and pompoms  
made from real mink.  
When we left the bar that night  
Prague was a fairytale.  
Arms linked, we half-carried,  
half-swept you, laughing,  
through black and silver streets.  
Dazzled by fairy light, we skimmed  
the icy cobbles of Stare Mesto.

## The Last Man (Tarradale 2019)

At first it was a rough ride,  
soil was heaved,  
rocks and earth flung aside.  
I trembled  
as they stripped off the years.

Later a kind of tenderness,  
as they lifted and sifted  
the fine grains of the past.  
Rain seeped in, rinsing clean  
what once had been my flesh.

I heard their voices, familiar  
yet strange, like echoes  
from the day they laid me here  
to rest.

They didn't bring the usual offerings,  
but stood around at dusk,  
hushed and listening, respecting  
the mysteries of the place.  
Their shadows stroked  
what once had been my face.

When they've left I'll sleep again,  
until rain dissolves all trace of me.  
Dream of geese weaving seasons  
through the skies,  
of battle cries and boots and hooves,  
ploughmen's songs,  
furrowed fields, strangers  
at my tomb.

Now night creeps round the sacred hill.  
The last man turns to go,  
weighed down with questioning.  
My silent voice calls out,  
one last sweep will shed my shroud.  
A shadow on sand is all that's left.  
Enough for him.

My sightless eyes gaze up,  
behind his smile wild geese  
still weaving seasons through the skies.