

## A Different Odyssey

The raft's skin is a cradle of ancestors  
buried deep in the cells of children  
cut quick from home in hurried  
whispers and bundled with the hope that spills  
like a child's storybook sunset painted  
red on a sea of siren islands.

Tourists say the Aegean is green  
yet those who are drowning know it's black,  
and she who has rocked herself to sleep  
sucking stones in the huddled dark  
curses the sun's sparkle for merrying  
the many drifting upturned rafts.

A new history is framed in sand  
by shoes and vests as pictograms  
for dissertations on human souls  
and the Siren of Canosa's call  
to sailors racked with hope of home  
long lost in a sea of words.

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## Penitents

They crowd angled to the cold light  
as if the pitiless blow of time  
or bladed rays of the sun will cut  
loose their sins: *nieves penitentes*  
lean for the sword of absolution  
in the Atacaman desert air,  
ice-hooded in frozen prayer.

Semana Santa and penitents  
crowd in flagellating heat,  
snow-white cones crowning  
hooded heads like story ghosts  
with crosses of salvation  
held hard against chests,  
hearts tolling *Ave Marias*.

## 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/>

For information about the PK List a free critique list  
<https://www.poetrykit.org/pkl/index.htm>

## ABOUT GRETA ROSS

Greta Ross was born in Sydney, Australia, where she  
graduated in medicine from Sydney University. She  
travelled widely with her work in health projects and  
now lives in Canterbury in the UK. She is an active  
member of the Canterbury SaveAs Writers group and has  
been published in over 30 anthologies and online  
magazines, as well as a collection 'Facts of Life' (2008).

She has been successful in winning several international  
poetry competitions, and been runner up and commended  
in others, including translations of Federico Garcia Lorca

Apart from poetry, Greta is registered with the Union of  
Composers and Musicians of Romania through her link  
with the jazz-funk group, Jam'Or, in Bucharest, who are  
in the process of setting some of her poems to music.

In 2006 Greta obtained a Master in Education (Lifelong  
Learning) degree. She has produced modules on the  
therapeutic use of poetry and metaphor in the treatment  
of psychological and other problems for the British  
Society of Clinical and Academic Hypnosis. Greta is an  
accredited practitioner in clinical hypnosis, and in 2014  
presented 'Models of Resilience – the Poetic Force' at  
the ESH International Congress in Sorrento, Italy.

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the poet or the publisher please email;  
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# THE PK POETS

## SECOND SERIES

### #3 Greta Ross



original woodcut by the painter and poet John Lyons

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## Life & Times

*(poem created using phrases cut from the 'i' newspaper, April – May 2020)*

1.  
If we could all align our pelvises, wars would stop  
and everything would take its right place.  
If we could get our pelvises in order – anything is  
possible.  
I am inclined to agree. It is about seeing  
your world imaginatively.

As long as we were struggling for our  
survival and we lived from hour to hour,  
we did not entertain any  
thought about the enormity of our loss  
and about our future. All this pagan mayhem  
in the company of like-minded travellers.  
How wrong they were.

2.  
What a sad and disappointing irony it is,  
what should have been the start of a magnificent  
story,  
a vast open-world adventure. Instead,  
some would argue this was his peak,  
an itinerant vagabond existence. Strangers  
bought him clothes. Violently lemon sports jackets.  
Friends gave him necessities.

You may well love Martin,  
his waders and his exuberant love of it all.  
It's taken a good year and a bit to dawn on me  
that it's full of lying sociopaths.

3.  
Window of freedom, using lasers and vibrations,  
it is to the body we turn for release,  
a piece of middle-class clutter, a thing  
that we dragged into the house. Perhaps  
with the comfort of human touch  
it might have been easier.  
Reflective moments in slow-motion  
that catch you unawares.

## KINTSUGI

*Kintsugi ("joining with gold") = making something  
broken beautiful in a new way*

1.  
You cupped your hands  
and gave me spring water  
cold as winter glass

2.  
From fine river clay  
and love a slow roundness grew  
as your flower bowl

3.  
The bowl shares sunlight  
with your face by the window  
smiling at my gift

4.  
When you cracked the bowl  
I said I would mend the break  
with a seam of gold

5.  
It stands proud with blooms  
do not be afraid to touch  
the bowl's shining scar

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## 1940

Sepia light  
dust motes dancing  
above the oak mantelpiece  
with the lone photograph

of the boy with the violin  
looking away  
timelessly  
in the stillness of evening

## Fox and Hound

something just but not quite  
out of sight snagged my breath  
mis-stepped my intent to slip  
through your fine swing door  
to become someone new again

or was it the sound of your shadow  
on a perfumed lawn newly cut  
fronting a fancied home I may  
surprise with the sharp crease of a smile

I slide inside my head to those  
tumbled days of whiskey sweat  
and the shirt off my back for a shilling  
gambled blind in the ghetto streets

as you window-shopped for thrills  
cool with your handbag of dreams  
while I trailed your scent of fox  
like a Laelaps to the stars

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## fragility is the thing that entrances us

for who doesn't crave to stick a hand  
into that something vulnerable

fine tune the body's give and take  
scrape the skin's tension with a thumb

lie sideways to truth  
and let darkness skate the spine

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## Shadowed

by your absence I walk the sunlit park  
licking memories like ice-cream  
and find  
salt within the sweet