

Angels

Flying out of time, the mind can only
just sense them in the inner shadows;
when, in the wake of a missed assignation,
their wings inadvertently brush against
the soul's door. Then, without stay or missive,
they move on to stillness. Perhaps
a little tired: the effort of being too great.

Once, centuries ago, they flung doors open;
flapping, fluttering and knocking hell
out of crabby creatures who needed to be told.
On such forced entry, they were portrayed
as resounding in triple choirs; grouped
in a class system with Cherub, Seraph, Power
and Virtue: some singled out by name
- Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, Uriel –
all anointed to a purpose: all messengers of note.
Circling the cosmos with fullness of presence
- guarding, announcing, admonishing –
flying hand in glove with earthly beings,
landing with a Virgin's lily or dropping
to give a demo of celestial ladder climbing,
before ascending divine to chorus in a gilded sky.

Now, standing aloft in frescoed domes
or stilled on paneled triptychs
do they recall their mystical manoeuvres,
as quietly, wings flaccid, they wait?
Flying only occasionally to freshen their feathers,
gliding forlorn across the growing gulf
between angel and human. Perhaps
a little tired: the effort of being too great.

My Poetry

This is my poetry for what it's worth
a pillar of heartbreak, a puddle of mirth:
a cross between Byron and Donald Duck
this is my poetry – such is my luck!

THE PK POETS

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Gol McAdam is a retired academic living in Canterbury,
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THE PK POETS SECOND SERIES

#11 Gol McAdam



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Forty Years On

We sit in twin armchairs
facing each other with the problem
of not knowing what to say.
I am a visitor returning after years apart
- recalled but no longer familiar.

I move to stand by the window
elbows on the broad sill
staring blank across the lawn
to a bleakness beyond this.

A booklet in hand, you move to stand
behind me, wordlessly offering it.

From the pivot of abjection, I turn
to see the look that knows.

Then it happens:

the moment of matter over mind
rising slow from a printed train timetable
and we are away in what seems
to be an adagio of departure:
our fingers spiraling down the hours
and minutes of its pages as if
our selves are scaling down the years
and decades to arrive here
in a common timelessness of

Times Stations COLUMNS
Platforms Rows Lists
Lines Stops Changes

contracting the flux of the swell
to a plenitude defying words.

This is no prelude to farewell
no adagio of departure
but the slowness of sadness,
the *festina lente* of sorrow plotting
return as it takes its leave.

Villanelle?

What is this bloody villanelle?
A devil's brew for proselyte.
Forget it! It's the verse from Hell.

I tell you that no tongue can tell
A writer how to write this right.
What is this bloody villanelle?

It's racy rhyme you'll pen pell-mell
But seldom ever erudite.
Forget it! It's the verse from Hell.

Poetic promise it can quell.
So question it and ask outright
What is this bloody villanelle?

If poets' doubts I could dispel
I'd say don't write it. See the light.
Forget it! It's the verse from Hell.

Just ditch the thing and let's excel
With poesy for the heart's delight.
What is this bloody villanelle?
Forget it! It's the verse from Hell,

to blackness

walking into the house from a red day
the room is yellow green
and I see my beloved
jaundiced and slumbering
in his reclining lemon chair
and I know there is not long
and I dread his move
to the blue
when like light
the colours will burn
an incandescent white
that slowly fades
to blackness

After Fra Angelico

She had been spinning all morning
and now, well into the afternoon,

she still had not finished – her fingers
and palms were scored sore by thread

her sole cramped at the wheel's treadle.
It was about then that the angle came

prissy and mythic, dressed in a diaphanous
frock – the standard transvestite thing -

to be honest a bit of a hindrance.
She glanced up at him but carried on working.

He spoke, "Hail Mary, full of grace
the Lord is with thee...." She spun on.

He added, "Blessed art thou amongst women."
With an eye to the yarn she continued her task.

He repeated his line over and over again.
His adamant manner ruffled her

and the brash batting of his wings
snarled the synchrony of her foot.

Couldn't he see she was pressed to finish
the job in hand? Then, the skein snapped

and flying from the wheel, she clenched
her fist and punched the bugger hard

seeing him off with a mouthy
"Behold the hand made for the Lord!"

Discontent

A politics based on social envy
A desire rooted in resentment
A heart worn on somebody else's sleeve