

Green Summer and Moonshine in the Flower (Pantoum)

['When I am Gone', Mosiah Lyman Hancock]

This journey's full of laughter in the moon,
a dusty, winding, scratchy route, off grid.
There's starshine, perfect blossom's fall too soon,
night's rose-pressed pages scent as thorns are slid.

A dusty, winding, scratchy route off grid,
no sunshine-yellow fun, for none forget.
Night's rose-pressed pages scent as thorns are slid,
green summer, red cheek laughter, with regret.

No sunshine-yellow fun, for none forget,
special moments; places; dreams of Springtime.
Green summer, red-cheek laughter with regret,
joys and sorrows round the table's home-time.

Special moments, places, dreams of Springtime,
sad sunsets leave the warmth of that last smile.
Joys and sorrows round the table's home-time,
remembrance: precious bud, to pause awhile.

Sad sunsets leave the warmth of that last smile,
there's starshine, perfect blossom's fall too soon.
Remembrance-precious buds, to pause awhile,
this journey's full of laughter in the moon,

Senryu

When there's no answer,
do not start asking questions.
Hear flowers, growing

Pains that can't be healed
spread us like bare earth, no rain;
pray for space to breathe

Cried in the garden
because, alone in the crowd,
then the flowers grew

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 who is also a member of the PK Poetry List. The PK List is a free to join community of poets who share their work using email and the internet. Information about the PK List can be found on the front page of the Poetry Kit Website at www.poetrykit.org.

ABOUT WENDY WEBB

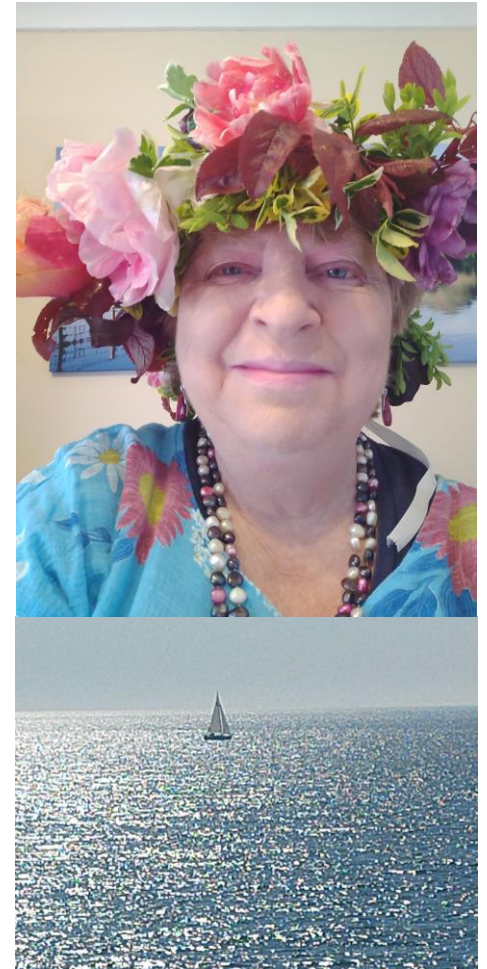
Wendy Webb born in the Midlands, home and family life in Norfolk, keen gardener and photographer. Published in Indigo Dreams, Quantum Leap, Crystal, Envoi, Seventh Quarry, The Frogmore Papers, The Journal, Leicester Literary Review) and online (Littoral Magazine, Wildfire Words, Lothlorien, Atlantean, Radio: Poetry Place), Writing Magazine 1st Prize (Pantoum). Wrote her father's biography, and her own autobiography. Favourite poets: Dylan Thomas, Gerard Manley Hopkins, John Burnside, the Romantic Poets, Emily Dickinson, and the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.
LOVE'S FLORELOQUENCE (July 2023 link)
[Love's Floreloquence: Amazon.co.uk: Webb, Wendy Ann, Meek, CT, Meek: 9798850867003: Books](https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B0C9M7K703)
LANDSCAPES (July 2023, Joint collection with David Norris-Kay)
[Landscapes: Amazon.co.uk: Webb, Wendy Ann, Norris-Kay, David, Meek, CT, Meek, Norris-Kay, David: 9798851001659: Books](https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B0C9M7K703)

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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

#3 Wendy Webb



(Wendy wearing a Roman Crown)
(Views from the East Coast)

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Ringtones, Taking the Bird

Have considered dying
before task is done
no easy way to leave
memories in tatters.
Would you miss?
Would you change?
Is cinema only movie-space?
Why is it harder, grown up,
not flown
mater-pater nest?
Flit around, feeding you
that mask of parenting
shreds songbird joy-songs.
Free to fatten up
before long winter's call.
What matters
is easy
leave you calling, nesting
Attenborough-style
wedded down Summer's
long-won brood.
Considered grieving patiently
now winging at sunset, for
mothers are fresh
eternally
in Spring.

Simply a Sadness

['A Simple Sadness' by David Thane Cornell]

I'm looking in the mirror
of every photograph
where you appeared (reflected),
as the eldest of seven children
to imperfect parents.
Strong thick hair, red, apparently;
don't ask me (I haven't the bottle).
Such childbearing hips that
popped out three (assisted),
then a more colourful relationship,
latterly. Same appetite, same
voice, same high forehead;
snapped (Polaroid or Kodak)
that smile like a Mona Lisa.

Places I Haven't Been

There are sages I have never seen,
nor ever likely (now I am old), even if
they live today/online.

Naming animals would trait their steps,
or strap lines, podcasts, tweets, or old news,
yet I hesitate.

Have you seen them too? Were you changed
forever? No matter, mine are dead, centuries
of seasons warped to mind-blind perspectives.

I write what I see; knowledge is fickle as
Ukrainian harvest, post-Odesa Cathedral.
Shall I drone on?

Holodomor is simply history repeated;
shall I compare this to a Summer's day?
One day, have you been there too...

Haibun

Annoying wasp chasing scent of Old Rosie beside
the river flow of punters at the pub. Sunday roasts
or fish and chips strain the resolve of cruising
sailors, intent on downriver delights or walking the
Scottie. Tables spread with sumptuous strains of
laughter and belts unnotched. Worrisome wasp fails
to gain access to that heady aroma of Paradise in a
Broad. Move over, leave the dregs to Autumn's
rising. What is left? All memories of the past.

Moored up on the Broad
no access by road or foot
dragonflies afloat

Tanka *Atlantean 575/2023-02*

Glory to Ukraine:
this first anniversary
of pain, blood and loss.
Actor, President, Hero,
what happens next? The world waits...

Hedgerows of Time Passing

Many trees flow around Thetford,
surprising by open flat spaces of nothingness.
So when a gnat buried the hatchet
in my wandering mind,
seeming relevant as a peacock
or, god forbid, a marbled white:
that's buried as Broad as sky
(or a movie star's legs).
Too early to be late, no hatchets packed
for burial of grievances, family squalls
or raking the hearth of ancient fires.
Burial of tree-roots over generations
of children, grandchildren, great grandchildren.
Cruising and tired of ceremony, significance
of ashes gathered to the great outdoors,
nurturing saplings reaching for grey skies.
Time to bury the ashes of Grandma.

Sunshine in the Stars

Shooting to the stars has its drawbacks:
no telephones;
and far too hot for Santa, wearing red.

Drawing on experience, sans chalk,
no seraphim blue landed on my biro,
negotiating quantities of spirits,
counting plaintiff hours of prayers
to heavenly bodies.

Except, bodies are earthly, grey;
Santa a fantasy;
pens dancing serifs in the printer,
smoothing zeros and ones
into language pristine as white A4,
containing scratched hieroglyphs
of painful life in my lifeless son.

Senryu

If birds too noisy,
visit a children's playground:
hear geese, demanding