

Life, Love, and Loss

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



summary

Will You

WHITE PAPER

Will You

will you walk in now
will you?
will you walk in with freshly laundered clothes
clean and dry from sun and wind
will you walk in with hair just washed
damp strands clinging to your neck
will you walk in with strong legs and feet
firmly striding across the floor
with that smile
with that beaming smile
that could melt a thousand hard hearts
will you walk in and take me in your arms
and gently pull my head onto your shoulder
so I can weep an ocean of loss
will you walk in now please, my love
will you?

WHITE PAPER

White paper

I cannot fill

My spindly, arthritic pencil hesitates -

considers

and then reclines, corpse-like

on the table

defeated and tidy.

White paper

an endless landscape of snow

a featureless expanse of possibility

so confident in it's right to stay white

so perfect, so unblemished

and yet..

White paper

is not able to tell me a thing

has not loved, has not hurt

will not struggle

will always be the same.

Red rose

bobbing in the window

ignites my brush, my hand

sets fire to my paper

like an autumn sunset

streaking across a tired sky

And in a flash -

I am grabbing green

and releasing red

and blobbing with blue

I'm bringing in brown

singeing with orange

yodelling with yellow

and parading my purples.

With a cracking crimson

I'm adding bold black
I'm loving my lemon
and starting to lose track.
And then, at last
with a flourish of light
I come to realise
My paper's no longer white
So -
I do not mind
the grey stone, the grey sky
The diagonal rain
slanting into gravel and grass
For I know that
the earth will drink the rain forever.