

"HOW TIME HAS TICKED A HEAVEN ROUND THE STARS"



LOVE THE WORDS POETRY ANTHOLOGY 2021

Every year, 'Love the Words' (a quote from Dylan Thomas) asks for contributions to its annual poetry competition as part of International Dylan Thomas Day, 14 May. This year, writers around the world were asked to respond to a line from Dylan's poem *The force that through the green fuse drives the flower* - "how time has ticked a heaven round the stars". Writers were free to interpret this as they wished: all we asked is that poems be in the Japanese haiku form (or some version of this; although we don't specifically say so, we're also open to experimentation!). We were keen, this time round, and after such a challenging year, to leave behind the 'competition' element, and simply to share our ideas, emotions, and experiences, and we imagined that the brevity of haiku might encourage many (who have been discouraged, or put aside their pens, over the pandemic period) to try their hand and join in. All ages were welcome to take part, as usual, and the idea - formulated by Dylan's grand-daughter and creative director of Dylan Day, Hannah Ellis, and poet and former coordinator Mab Jones - was to encapsulate, express, and provide a snapshot of voices, minds, hearts and lives from around the world. With entries from Wales, Scotland, Ireland, England, Russia, USA, Canada, Mexico, Italy, Oman, Luxembourg, Singapore, Australia, Mauritius, Malaysia, Romania, Germany, Dubai, Norway, and Japan, we hope we have done that. Thank you to all who entered and contributed to this trip around the world, around your own individual universes, and also around the stars.

stardust blown by time
form dense interstellar clouds
heaven heaves colour

Kathy Trout, UK

deep space
the pulse of stars
on this gentle night

space dust
pieces of ourselves
find each other again

Tracy Davidson, UK

Stars danced
Heaven blossomed
Time stood still

(in Malay)

Bintang bintang

Rasa sayang

Damai

(English translation)

Stars stars

Feelings of love

Peace

Gloria Keh, Singapore

“How time has ticked a heaven round the stars”

Love, fantasy romance abide,

A lover's path may not be strewn with gold.

Christine Law, UK

star gazing -
basking in the glow
of ancient light

Juliet Wilson, Scotland

suspended time -
the hourglass empties
around the stars

Maria Teresa Sisti, Italy

Luminosity
Even from a dying star
Sense the eternal

Andy Eycott, UK

Pandemic lockdown
Metamorphosis wraps Earth
Enlightened Cosmos

Vatsala Radhakeesoon, Mauritius

The simple duty
Of winding heaven's clock sits
Heavily on me.

I've got your red shirt
It smells of your after shave
I wear it to bed

When the sky's not dark
How can the stars shine bright? Turn
off your bloody lights

Lesley James, Wales

A year in our time
that stopped and stared saw far more
yet needed much less.

Julia Angell, Wales

An asteroid pops out the stars like an AA* battery.
A long legged hare on the moon asks me for the time.
After she trusts me, there is a pause. Her next question is for
directions.

Lana Silver, Wales

pale sky
midnight in the city
hidden stars

Lindsay Oliver, 61, Scotland

swoosh
from one to another
the application file

Devoshruti Mandal, India

Looking up at stars
Time seems to stop for a while
White petals in lap

Christian Ward, UK

Time shaped stars fall
To the sea

wishes drown years
Sink below with me

Marc Scourfield, Wales

As ancient as stars
the light is shedding on dreams.
Ephemeral lives.

Tony Noon, UK

A ringing bike bell
Glitters on the gentle breeze...
Fades... then chimes again.

River's reflection:
Glimmer of the infinite,
Drifting, sun to shade.

Sun warming my skin,
I lay on the earth until
My shadow grows long.

Under dappled light
I watch people cross the bridge;
Each life, a cosmos.

When shadows grow long
Must I leave the river flow
And return to stone?

Gold-bellied seagull
At dusk, I dream and scheme to
Own my time - be free.

Ruth Hogger, UK

Out in the fresh air
Are you uplifted by meditating nature
Aware of the bigger picture

Path, grass, crop, field, trees,
dog, bird, sheep, stream, beach, sea, breeze,
ground, sky, sun, rain, ease,

walk, cycle, slow, speed

seed, leaf, bud, blossom, fruit, seed
thought, talk, silence, freed

bird, sheep, dog, shameless
flower, tree, grass, plant, nameless
sun, cloud, rain, blameless

exercise, fresh, fired
idea, answer, inspired
connection, spark, wired

moa patience, UK

Haiku's nature

Apple trees in rain
Apples swelling
Leaves dripping

Storm clouds darken
Sky's heavy lightening flashes
Thunder rumbles

Tomato plants flowering
Tiny fruits forming
Ripening in the sun

Gemma Jayne Paine, Wales

yellow clocks ticking
wrens' trill-beats sweeten the air
worlds quiver alive

Marie Isabel Matthews-Schlinzig, Scotland

Bodies beg for time
Inexhaustible yearning
For non-stop repeats

If time faced forwards
And could see what was coming
It would run screaming

Susan Downer, UK

My heaven taste of
How silver tastes on the tongue
And cold love on skin

Beatrix Hart, England

The twinkling seconds
'Gainst heaven's blackdrop of time
The Night's starring role

Aaron Alexander Barschak, England

Beginnings

Star explodes.
Human exists.
Swimming Consciousness of Cosmos,
I drown.

Heidi Williams McCloskey, USA

Tribute to Dylan Thomas

This is where my soul shall rest, here under Milk Wood,
far, far beyond the valley of my youth,
leads me to sobriety evermore.

Linda Julia Davidson, UK

New Moon

Its sickle blade nicks
a huge black sky; fingernail
glimpse of endless light.

Wendy Manning, UK

Spring arrives at nature's door,
in the serene and pure
green pastures and trees.

多多, Singapore

Blooming Chandeliers

Pink blossoms dangle from the sky
Spring chandeliers dazzle for names
Cherry, magnolias dance in heaven

Daffodil Smiles

Daffodils sing lining up the street
Yellow glitters thoughts so bright
My dear sweet love, where are you?

Jasmine Woes

Jasmine creeper curves on my terrace
Evening drenched in fragrance sweet
Flower and I, alone together wait for you!

Pankhuri Sinha, India

boundless night sky
beyond space and time
my mind wanders into infinity

Emma Alexander Arthur, Norway

Lillies blossom in good time...
bees thronging for
heaven on Earth

heavenly shooting star flowers...
over the moon
with all my wishes met

blue bellflowers...
pull morning skies down
for a peek of heaven

family, friends, pets
and forebears too many to count--
my starry heaven on Earth

birth, growth, death and decay--

Father time gives and takes
in equal measure

aeons away
i broke away from a star--
now wonderstruck, i gaze

Joe Sebastian, India



Stars, moon pull, tide pull;
our souls unite to bang pans
clap our Health Angels.

Relax silver moon.
Earth has eyes only for Mars,
shine on and say cheese.

Green ancient woodland
slumbered peacefully, awoke
to chainsaws shrieking.

Sunshine, fish n'chips
Deal pier shimmering salty,
gull shriek, gull swoop, gulp

Wild garlic pushes
through frosted spring earth shouting
"Look at me! I'm here!"

Sue Gordon, UK

Palm oil destroys me.
Shampoo, chocolate and crisps
Destroying my home

Alfie Bostelmann, 9, UK

In a bus ticket
A minute bunch of flowers
Wrapped with precision.

Tenderness too far
Outside in the near gloaming
Honey on their tongues.

Julia Ruth Smith

Little Trees

Let's add some happy little trees to the gap in this hollow forest.

Simon Lamb, Scotland

Blue wrapped cosmic light
unreachable suspended
our breath held below

Christine Marshall, UK

Guelder Rose Tree
clustered with five pointed flowers
wafts paradise

Diana Webb, UK

Time
is ticking a heaven -
shooting stars.

Roxana Dávila Peña, México

There always seem less
tomorrows than days gone by.
Now soon vanishes.

Star gazing no point,

didn't plan past to make now
so when is empty.

Jumbled cutouts piled,
solve piecing patchwork puzzle.
Big picture unfolds.

Only what is done
can you grieve. The future is
imminently fresh.

David Burchell, UK

Stars drop through our hands,
Lighting crocuses in grass
Bleach'd, bent and broken.

Meg Nicks, Canada

Ours! A time before

A moment ago
You were here; not far. But you
Now twine with those stars.

And the blue is ours.
Time slows; left ajar for that
Sun, some while ago.

Phoebe Holmes-Simeon, 17, UK

A Poet Describes

A poet describes
the origin of the cosmos –
a tick, not a bang.

Philip Howard, UK

The earth circulates
Wildly in the wilderness
Of that opaque night

A map of the world's
Shimmering trajectory
Shines endlessly bright
Into that dark night

We search for spiritual
Fulfilment and Love

Suzanne Hydes, England

Four Seasons of Haiku

Awaken

Bluebells are blooming
Birds are laying chocolate eggs
Pay more attention!

Hot Air

Sea Salt in our hair
Seagulls stealing fish and chips
I like the memories

Burstful Colours

Red, orange and brown
Leaves, crisp, crunch under your feet

Blank trees howl at night

Snow Fall

Cold air says hello
flour falling from the sky
in the oven, bread

Questions of the world
Fossils hidden for ages
Mine to discover

Ava John, 11, Wales

Above and beyond
feather on a dove
verbena scented

Stop the clock!
Listen to the fizz of stars

in the shimmer of minnows!

Dream through all this Gravity;
Gravity alone
will not be our only end

Vanessa Neat, England

The circle of life
From time immemorial
Chaos theory tamed

Steve McCarthy-Grunwald, UK

Drags, then hurtles on
Snakes its silk thread round the day
Jerks free, and we fall.

Dee Cooke, UK

Ill in bed, outside
spring green oak catkins falling
silent shooting stars

Micha Bandini, Italy

Unrequited Love

Like warm Summer rain
My tears fall to your skin
But they never soak in

Ronnie Howells, England

s u m m e r
circular labyrinth centre a glistening cairn
s h o w e r

Michael Dudley, Canada

Starlight is the past
catching up with the future.
Stardust takes longer.

Paul Cotton

From timeless nothing
Big Bang - atoms fuse, life forms
Time starts ticking

In Time, star-born worlds
grow conscious of themselves
as Heaven waits

Lonely traveller
the stars are lamps hung in heaven
to guide you home

Act not as masters
the Earth chants, dance to my tune
and one with me be

Eyeing up the sun
Galileo lost his sight
so now
all of us can see

The light of reason
Till an unsolar wind blows
Alternative facts

Candle guttering
As encroaching darkness
Threatens extinction

Peter Gaskell, Wales

A Star-Spangled Tussle

Comets and moons dance
In a star-spangled tussle
Scattering starlets.

Angie Davies, Wales

twilight
mayflies turn
to stars

Helen Buckingham, UK

Light everlasting,
I will remember the sun
Shining in your eyes.

Kathryn Sadakierski, USA

The fingers of Time
froze the autumn's pond
for snowdrops to bloom

Death is autumn's end
Fallen leaves meet the rising snow
let there be snowdrops

Khalish Jiwarey Bin Khairul Anwar, 17, Malaysia

Droplet falls, time slows
sinking into the surface –
green water lily

Freya Leech, 13, UK

star bathing
in a lockdown night
the pine bug

Ernesto P. Santiago, Greece



soft lullaby
wrinkled hand, chubby hand tight
greet the first blossoms

years pile up
a few wrinkles
morning dew on the rose

Marie Therese Truong, Luxembourg

as the sun breaks down
an outward breath wish upon
dandelion stars

with each evening tide
sand slips through the hourglass
into that good night

Janette Ostle, UK

dingle stars
between them
it's all possible

childhood
I remember
more stars

slipping gently
into the night
ghost moon

Tim Gardiner, UK

In an endless loop,
Life and death walk hand in hand
Trapped by time and space.

Susan Andrews

Space Race 2021

Rocket launch countdown
A starship thrust into space
Descending too fast!

Fiona Hall, Scotland

A Leaf of May

Tumbledown library,
Spring rain forges fresh volumes-
Pages bloom on shelves.

The Winter's Haiku

Lost in a forest.
A dream tangled on branches,
Folded wood - book closed.

Milton Rookwood, England

warmth of morning –
some fledglings try
their little wings

autumn night . . .
who we are to fathom
the stars

sumi-e art –
on the tip of a brush
foggy mountains

Milan Rajkumar, India

Best loved Swansea son
Oh you mad lush lyricist
New York saw you cede

Terri Poole, UK

northern wind blowing
protecting the blossoms-
the rows of bamboo

crossing the ocean
on a sweater neatly packed
lost cherry blossom

white-haired and tired,
the old poet remembers,
a lifetime ago

the blossoms are gone
the large crowds and buses too.
alone in the shade

Peter MacIntosh, Japan

weeping
cherry blossoms
mother in my dreams

Christina Chin, Malaysia

MOON CALENDAR HAIKU

Midnight is looming

Bells tolling at a distance -

January wolf moon

February snow moon

Pendulum swings in the clock -

A trail to Heaven

Clouds in windy night

March worm moon heralds spring back -

A clock's humming noise

Bright April pink moon

Sand running through an hourglass -

Peach flowers in bloom

Sweet May flower moon

A cuckoo clock strikes the hours -

Stars and roses on the way

Slow passage of time

Grains of sand in the hourglass -

June strawberry moon

Buck moon in July

Summer nights are mild and short -

Tower bells strike midnight

August sturgeon moon

Smell of sea salt in the air-

I hear bells tolling

September corn moon

Sundials with lights and shadows -

Leaves in windy sky

Hunter's veiled full moon

Foggy, dark October nights –

Time passes slowly

Winter is not far

Pale November beaver moon -

Minutes last like hours

December cold moon

Gentle flakes fall on snowy paths -

Far chimes resonate

Blue celestial spheres

Luminous trail to Heaven

Sand through hourglasses

Sparkling stars above us

Enameled way to Heaven

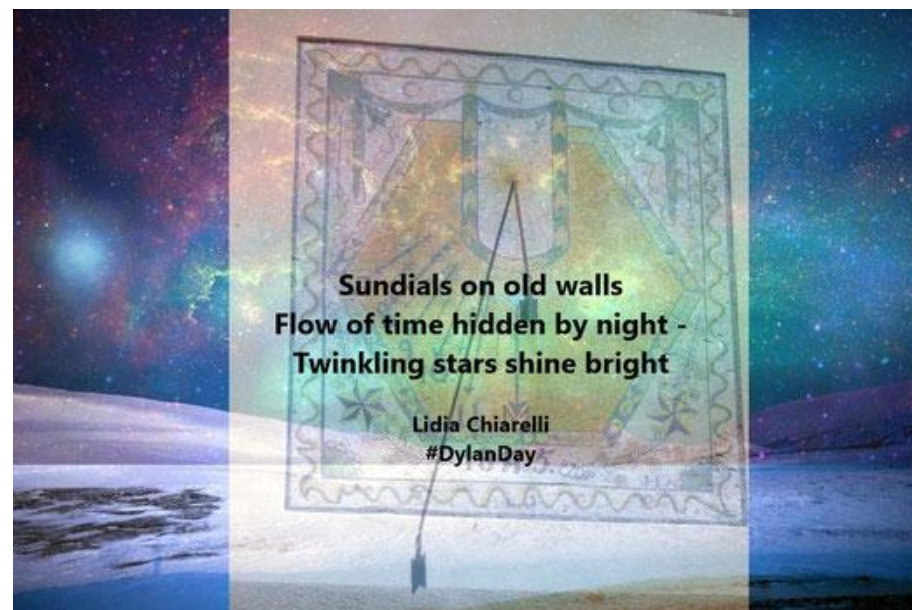
Distant bells tolling

Sundials on old walls

Flow of time hidden by night

Twinkling stars shine bright

Lidia Chiarelli, Italy



Golden in the heydays of his eyes

Gold wildflower days

Bonfire nights lit my eyes

Houses grow there now

Amy B. Moreno, Scotland

I

Tiny white snowdrop

sprinkled with diamond dew –

winter forgotten

faces turn to spring's sunshine

bare feet on freshly mown grass.

II

On shimmering pond

cormorant dances alone –

nesting swan hisses

chases and bites passing goose

heron dips and glides on breeze.

III

Willow reaches down

gently strokes angry water –

a meditation

at sunset in deep forest

light echoes on green lichen.

IV

Rustling bamboo grass

temple bells in winter's wind –

time to plant spring bulbs

as geese gather on marshland

prepare for season's solstice.

Liz Neal, UK

Time will beat our flesh

racked rimmed with amity

till heaven greets us

Adaeze Onwuelo, UK

Whenever the stars
make a beauty of my tears
I know it's time to go

Adele Winston, UK

Twinkling bible black
The Infinite roof unknown
an Elysium

Nicola Duncan

bookmark--
in the pages of memory
the pole star

Pravat Kumar Padhy, India

Horizons draw in
From summits I saw buzzards
On the bench now ducks

Windswept Severn Bridge
Waltzes a private party
Closed to all traffic

I sketch leaf patterns
Wait for news of my brother
Good or bad

Sara Hayes, Wales

Wilkins Haiku

We lay lawn, strung out
Fields bathed gold, plucked
Of our innocence.

Joe Brown, England

Crunching underfoot.
Death falls from sepia stained
Skies. Beautiful loss.

Megan Enfys Jones, Wales

Polar Star
and around it
the Garden of Haven

lone on an island...
but full connected
with the whole world

pack of wolves-
the wind takes over the howl and
returns it to the woods

Vasile V. Moldovan, Romania

at night, the curtains
in my sick-room open to
a theatre of stars

KM Dunn, Scotland

See a spark of light,
know it died aeons ago.
It still shines brightly.

Lisa Clarkson, England

your sad eyes
how else can other
stars gleam?

Richa Sharma, India

starry sky
I throw the fishhook
into the void

plucked flower
the dewdrops
on my sleeve

singing
under my breath
the first butterfly

cliffs
on the other side of the river
my village

old oak
stretching my legs
between roots

daisies
I see the spots
on the day moon

starry sky
where are you from
the snowflakes?

Nikolay Grankin, Russia

The Word

The Word breathes speaks knows
A weather's wind The Word blows
The Word tells and shows

B. T. S. Agnomen, USA



Day, Tick

One more wane day done.

One more line carved on the wall,
into my mind, my past.

Day, Tock

One more ebb day done,
awaiting a distant surge,
which surely arrives.

Thomas J. Clarke, UK

stardust from the skies
on wings of paper butterflies
flies time back to you

Kellassandra Ferrara, USA

So time stole the fruit,
left the tree grey and grieving -
But blossom appears.

Abiy Orr, Scotland

spring noon -
the relentless buzzing
of bees

summer river -
on the back of the fishes
the sun's sets

summer wind -
nearby
a lullaby

sap's sound -
time for
breastfeeding

deforestation -
on the horns of a deer
the whole sky

my mood
gets colored...
blue dragonflies

Mirela Brăilean, România

Certainty of death
lived through myriad millennia –
stays unknowable

Ken Waldie, Wales

Starlight creeps across
darkness of millennia
diamonding the night

Chameleon ceiling
sequined black or living blue
time turns to heaven

Time draws down the stars
old hands reach for a brittle
radiant moment

Pat Sutherland, Scotland

Lovers of Valdaro

Ancient lovers entwined,
stems vining through their bones
love ever blooming.

Hannah Baxter, Ireland

Sanguine

Inferno the sky

Crimson with the break of dusk

Golden age ignites

Rachel Astall, UK

Defiant finger

Of a derelict church spire

Thrust toward heaven

Simon Williams, UK

World is miracle!

My parents taught me wisdom.

Wish the world would hear.

People once believed

Star souls circle ancient tor

Magic ruled the world.

Cathy Rozel Farnworth, Cornwall

Time is Falling

I'll pull down the night sky

wrap it around me

as a blanket and sleep

Adele Winston, Wales

Writing Love

You begin phrases

Writing words is your haven

Expressing your love

Keira Schaefer, 13, USA

Why look at the clock?
Look up – the stars and moon track
our generations.

Ruth Yates, England

A clock ticks, rocks form
Stars on fire are infinite
Time makes Paradise.

Jane King, UK

Night opens an eye,
The heavens winks in splendour,
Beyond weathers wind,

Sun moves overhead,
Its hands count the hours,
Its fingers the days,

Birth drives the new day,
Heaven swings its pendulum,
Age ends a lifetime,

Stephen J Holden, UK

Tawny headed boy
With magic words about stars
Red bow lips sound out

Helen Thomas, UK



3 haikus for spring

Apple tree falling
Children toddle along trunk
Hooded buds wobble

The apple tree falls
Such fruit no longer for sale
Time for us to graft

Quickly, find glasses
Live performance is starting
Blossom theatre

Barbara Saunders, England

Changing tides

With haste, I tie my
Heart safely to the ship. I
Must prepare for change.

A moment
Time drips through the trees,
as memories pool upon
dew kissed grass below.

Indee Watson, England

Life is like a star
No matter how great, we are -
Still nought but a speck

Fabio Salvo, Italy

Prisms of light in
a cathedral of darkness;
dawn rises, singing

Mark Lewis, Wales

How time has ticked a heaven round the stars

Belts, buckles and bears

Trace patterns in the cosmos,

Order out of chaos

Laughing down at me

Venus, the goddess of love,

Always out of reach

Lyra, the harp star

Becalming the underworld

With her strumming strings

Fair Andromeda,

Two million years distant,

Dances in her chains

Mighty Orion

Unbuckles his starry belt

To chastise the moon

The Big Dipper ploughs

a furrow through the darkness

Stars bloom in his wake

Eris, queen of strife,

Eccentric in her orbit,

Glitterballs the sky

Sirius, the Great Dog

Bays incessantly at stars

He can never catch

Mars, the god of war,

Winks his one bloodshot eye,

Dreaming of destruction

Becky Lowe, Wales

HIDE

Winter's icy hand
Reaches out and drags me down.
Ice distorts my view.

HOPE

Awaiting Summer.
The season without which we
Would curl up and die.

Haiku for Tommi

Black as midnight silk,
Needles in velvet cushions
She left us too soon.

Virginia Betts, UK

between sky and earth
a halo surrounds in death
the sun rests in peace

fetters of life rust
like a spring dandelion
i pick and move on

Iona Mandal, 14, UK

I grab at the stars
and shove light in my toy mouth.
Swallowed like nova.

Sophia Joy Simoni, 17, Dubai, U.A.E.

Forever Gone, Ever Here

I burn and rave with a silent scream

I yell to stop but no one listens

No one hears

And time, it merely ticks and it tocks

Ever forward, towards the light.

No more double, triple checking all is well.

It always was

Words and actions capsuled in a treasure chest

Hidden in love and sealed with memories

Ever there to give strength for those who find it.

And the heavens have a new star.

So brightly shining over his domain. Yet,

There too soon.

But he's MY star. My guiding light.

And my path feels uncertain as clouds hide my way.

A father

A son

A husband

A brother

A friend

The world should know, no rose tinted glasses

You are my inspiration

You are my hero

You are my brother

And I love you

How time has ticked a heaven round the stars

And the people tok'd of its wonders down below

Kerry Frater, UK

Still on frosted night

The pulsar, light years away,

Measures out our lives.

Leslie Sheills, UK

Father

I miss you

Four years have gone

Rest now please

Claire Fearon, UK

Our world is peaceful,

in harmony we shall be

Peace, humanity

Trees grow in the wild;

their branches are full of glee;

they only want to be free

A flower blooms to

let out the inside beauty

it will never hide

Birds sing joyful hymns;

they awake our true spirits

in the morning light

Darkness be my guide

and through the night I will ride

be true by my side

I shall think of you

and the stars shall come closer

and my heart feel peace.

Antonia Petrone, Italy

Cwtching bobbins wind

‘Friend or two in love at hand

Lifejoys cristallos

Michael Combest, USA

midnight sky ripples
star-spotted spotted blue handkerchief
an old god's farewell

time tightens taut legs
light meanders from the Sun
frogs leap tired beams

bowing to no one
sunflowers are struck matches
igniting vast fields

Oz Hardwick, UK

Ancient sun, scorched skin,
Skies roar, and drown the landscape,
Hope fades on the tide.

Celestial Turmoil,
Fluctuates night in lockdown,
Grips the end of days.

Floods isolate as,
Fire's boom, evacuate,
Lock down, vaccinate.

Daniella (Nell) Jones, Australia

"How time has ticked a heaven round the stars"

after the portrait
before the ink had dried
the sitter was gone

how did he know
the poet with his pile of words
what was hidden there

i gag in crying
for the child's night spun down
Swansea boys running

do you think we ought
to linger on his shadow
and kidnap a word

what stirs the damp wind
that the apple blossom snows
upon winter's death

times past
when the poet's pen is raised
be sure you listen

poet's hermitage
pilgrims looking for clues
are clueless

Jim Young, Wales

Tick tock, tick tock runs the clock,
On velvet skies, shiny jewels rise,
Birds to nests flock, tick tock, tick tock.

Stars gaze from heavens,
Marvel at the fireflies dotting the fields,
The night bejeweled by mini-lanterns.

Amita Sanghavi, Oman

May waterfalls blow
Dandelion clocks of light
Through starry Powys.

Richard Hawtree, England

Colorful dreams dance,
the canvas awaits its fate;
still life or life still?

A lazy wind blows,
a stack of leaves in circles
I procrastinate.

Daily toils beckon,
but I'm enjoying coffee—
admiring the dawn.

Atop sycamores,
the shy gold-dust moon peeks through
playing hide and seek.

Grab moments of peace,
in this busy concrete world
connect with nature.

I still search for you,
a love duet in concert

but I walked away.

Speckled luna moth,
powdered wings on velvet night
caressed by starlight.

Virtual declined,
my feet can't trod the cool grass
or briars pierce my skin.

Frail saplings tremble,
the gale stalks tender green shoots,
red blossoms take flight.

Sweet satisfaction,
a colorful harvest grows
let's share dreams and eat.

I've tried to move on
and slam the door to the past
but memories haunt.

The March lion roars
chimes sound among rustling leaves,
a clear peal of spring.

Tender seedlings rise,
warmth encourages their growth
hope, too springs anew.

Look beyond life's woes,
be thankful—wind, rain or shine
gratitude heals hearts.

Connie Biskamp, USA



Ti cingo i fianchi-
anche ora in vecchiaia
per me fanciulla.

L'isola madre-
biancolatte un tepore
come d'infanzia.

Rami protesi-
i tuoi occhi fioriti
svelano il cuore.
Tre righe sole-
per entrare nel battito
dell'altrui cuore.

Brina sui vetri-
un ikebana gentile
porge il suo fuoco.

Donatella Nardin, Italy

Frantic,
A wasps hum,
Around the circumference of a cell not seen...

With diamond tipped tail,
Through this Mermaid life not chosen,
They will dance on both land and sea.

The feminine divine with fist clenched,
Raised to power
Under half of the sky.

The blossom on the tree,
Yeah ok I agree,
That is something I would love to be able to see...

Under Llanrhidian hill,
The marsh ponies consider their way,
Past the witching stone...

Imagination is all that's left,
They can't take that

When they take my last breath.

Beneath Pompey's statue,
Ambition fell
And turned the tides of tyranny's spell.

As I sat cross legged
On the sea front wall,
I watched the mermaid burn.

When my time arrives to greet the dead
Take me to where I longed to be born.
Scatter my dust from Mumbles Head.

Fish scale, Silent Whale, Tired Eyes
Unusually pale, Ocean rises above the sail,
Seaweed lungs, Watery Jail.

As night arrives in its feathered sea
In ever decreasing shades
It leans upon this earth.

The second hand has stopped
Upon the ancient clock
But something is still ticking in the room

Though I can't see the ocean,
I can still feel the breeze,
That's a picture that I will always carry with me.

Lloyd P Richards, UK

Beating of my heart

you are the bearing of my heart
the light that clears my way
you never let my tears stream
or let thee down
you are beautiful beyond imagination
my life and soul, my sweet sweet wife.

Dave Begley, Wales

Notion of heaven
Maybe time is on standstill
For stars to arise

Notion of heaven
Maybe time is on standstill
For stars to arise

Is ticked or tickled
Time's measure around the night
For stars to shine bright

Andrew H Omuna, Uganda

long match of morning
melting the wax of the moon
with her sparking sun

Mary Senier, Wales

A crooked woman
selling yellowed carpet rags
made of time and stars

Pengwing, Germany

A stopped clock
Rescinding heaven
Silencing stars

In between worlds
Of starlight
And moonbeams

Tonight — the dripp'd stars
Tick and tock their heaven time
Calming my dumbled blood

Green fuse
Becoming lit
Time ticks

The passage of time
Scribed by the stars in the sky
What's not to believe

Why — this clock face weeps
Tears of old fashioned heavens
And bible black skies

Turning this moment
Usually unnoticed
Into a rainbow

Each star in the sky
A reminder — the cold light
Of brief existence

Pools of boundless time
Are forming within the space
Of these shared moments

Hearts and memories
Travelling down drifting streams

Long forgotten ways

That song

A memory

Of you

Sidereal drive

Turning the constellations

As heaven ticks past

A lone daffodil

Standing tall — trying not to

Be something special

Stars dripping

With thoughts

Lost time

Eat and drink

As much poetry

As you dare

Chasing away

An eternity of

Of cold dreams

Time leeches

Our waking songs

Ticking

Splines of heaven

Dissecting this moment

And the next

The moon and the stars

Holding the means of raising

My spirits higher

Joe F, UK

Maytime is ticking -
the heavenly colour
of bluebell woods

Jan Harris, UK

dingle stars
between them
it's all possible

childhood
I remember
more stars

slipping gently
into the night
ghost moon

Tim Gardiner, England

dizzy in dull corners
hardy midges slow bite in
dipping temperatures

Lemon light dazzles –
winter tide ebbs and dogs
fly in the sunset

Ann Matthews, UK

Something fills the gaps;
Ether here, Dark Matter there;
Heaven, if you will...

Girlband Sort

trodden green pathway
bluebells painting orange gorse
Madron Carn springtime

indigo water
River Hayle at St Erth
still by moving reeds

St Keverne square
war memorial's shadow
cloaks the pensioner

Ronnie Goodyer, UK

autumn
first to flower is
first to fade

skeletal copse
hardened arteries
faint of life

exposed
a time weathered face
slate grey

Steven Stokes, Wales

look skywards with hope;
what was once will be once more,
as the world-wheel turns

even when it's tough,
with faith and love we keep the
clock of heaven wound

Terrance Marshman-Edwards, Wales

In my locked world, I
listen to others' voices,
longing for a Spring.

Sandstone prison walls
endure brute force, yet crumble
to the soft caress.

Peter A Waller, Wales

When the bubble bursts,
Fugue states drifts, slow winter plumes;
Calling after life.

Jamie Woods, Wales

On Stackpole Time

From Stackpole, stars fuse
round as minutes through the hedge
you've fallen in, too.

George Sandifer-Smith, Wales

O was an in we care,

for a life of moments without where we will not know which minute we were	O was	time in
the one before the one when hands ticked heavens in the seconding	three hundred thousanding lightyears through before light became the natural	round stars
and still we steer by moon and stars at by day guide by the sun and	in the hour's minute eternity	space rule of thumb
waypastfastpraywaiting watch drive forwards towards the beings' care,	we	night mare
		racefacing
		time's car being done with

Richard Baker, UK

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