

Migration

Geese fill a flat sky
in wide threads
insistent cries
ebb and flow
ploughing familiar grooves
celestial song-lines
homeward

Amidst a decaying redbrick propriety
that was once my home
good Victorian values
quietly doze
in geriatric dream

The seafront bracing
as I sit on the proud new municipal wall
legs dangling
I gaze across sandy mudflats
to a distant tide

Wheelchairs are wheeled
as the retired take their daily promenade
hand in hand
in neat polyester car coats
while a thousand geese
pass unnoticeably above

Childhood memories enthralled
at the Autumn spectacle
and the unspoken longing
to be with them
on their wild way

- Rachael Clyne

Cape Cornwall

On the path, a man lies buried
nearby the grave of a dog
empty leash
coiled grass snake

A bleak promontory rises
uncompromising death's head
topped by crematoria chimney
memorial to tin plunder

Crossing a narrow rock bridge
Charybdis fumes below
black rock teeth bite into a savage sea
they cast our friend's bones
to wind and wave
here at the edge
where wild meets wild

You sit reluctant
on the threshold
as sinister waves
suck at your soul
unready yet to embrace the stark rage
of other deaths looming

A rowboat, silhouette black
bobs in the distance

Yet there is healing here
embracing the edge
where wild meets wild

- *Rachael Clyne*

Islets Of Langerhan

(a diabetic lament)

Paint me a sky
rose and gold
exotic paradise with sleepy lagoon
cry of parakeet winging over treetops
on steamy mountain slopes

I dream of a sweet archipelago
where honey blossom drowns the senses
and chocolate pools are fringed with meringue

But these mysterious isles
remain forever out of reach
a horizon fantasy
for this small vessel is becalmed
as a sugary undertow
crystallises the bows
and I starve in a sea of plenty

- *Rachael Clyne*