

STOLEN LIGHT

*In the summer the sun shines through the
Windows and onto painting and sculptures
And you can see them in different guises
In the the darkness of winter can you
Appreciate the qualities of stolen light*

The way out of here

to my world is through that painting,
The one over there it's just behind you.
(Oh no it isn't!)
I actually love the way we let ourselves in through
the back door, just as if we were coming home.
If I could I would jump into colours, wrap them
Around me like a shawl I'd become a bird of paradise,
Or a parrot with green feathers.
Yes, it's like a new dawn trumpeted by an ordinary
brown bird with a stunning voice- the nightingale
perhaps, because it symbolises night and day.

(One flew over the cuckoo's nest!)

The views of the countryside draw you into the paint
Where you cannot escape; a riot of birdsong in your head.
An escape pod to a place I'd rather be.
Thank goodness we got here!

A gallery full of pictures

And time on my hands. He's not coming after all.
But then maybe that's just as well
Just thinking about what he did to me all those years ago
when he sold my picture that I loved so much and
thought he was doing me a favour getting
the asking price but that's why I priced it
so high because I never meant to sell it. Ever.
FOUL. It was of a windowsill and a jar of flowers.
A watercolour from my cottage on the islands
a souvenir of those years, the happiest and saddest years of my life.
We went to the Sunday school outing with five shillings
half a crown to spend on fish and chips. Ice cream.
The saddest time was coming home again.
Memories drip slowly like falling rain each
Picture opening another door into yesterday,
Where we have been
or where we would like to be.