



JACLR

*Journal of Artistic
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Research*

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"Six poems"

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Lynn **WHITE**

English Language

Times change and language changes with them.
Lost now is the singularity of the second person,
recognisably archaic and unmourned in our time,
but controversial and contested as it declined.
Many heads were shaken at this innovation
in communication.

Words change in meaning, and in emphasis
so extreme obscenities become modest curses,
part of everyday speech and then positive adjectives
as time passes.

Sentences can now begin with 'and' and 'but'
and no longer need to have a verb inside them.
So, new devices for emphasis and meaning form
as language and literature renews themselves,
clearly legible.

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Commas can come before 'and' and

confusing apostrophes are dying out.
 Colons and semi-colons are under threat.
 They have lost their way with new generations.
 The dustbin of history is open for them
 to enter.
 There they will join the 'thous', 'alacks' and 'gazooks'
 of our past, to be only remembered by scholars.
 But relax, chill, German has already lost it's future.
 English may be next,
 and these losses will also be mourned
 by no one in our future.

Every Breath

It's interesting to consider that
 every breath I take
 has already been breathed by
 someone else,
 another person or creature.
 Been part of their breath.
 Perhaps that dog over there,
 smelly and hairy,
 licking it's own arse.

I would prefer not to have
 molecules of oxygen from it's breath
 entering my blood stream,
 giving me life.
 But there's nothing
 I can do about it.
 Have to take what comes.
 Breath the air that's there
 wherever it's been before.
 Rebellion is not an option.

Excuse Me

The bus didn't come.
 The dog ate the cat.
 The bath overflowed.
 The egg exploded
 in the pan.
 It's too hot to go out,
 or too cold.
 I've a pain in my head,
 or my arse,

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or my nose.

Excuses.
 Excuses.
 Please,
 no more
 excuses.
 You don't like your work,
 or your spouse,
 or your life.
 But
 no more excuses,
 please no more
 excuses.
 You can
 change all or some.
 refocus what's left.
 But,
 no more
 excuses.
 Please
 no more
 excuses,
 excuses.
 excuses.

Sunshine and Shadows

There are black clouds lingering over me.
 Casting shadows.
 Even though
 there's a big red sun above
 shining down on me.
 Warming my face.
 Caressing me.
 reminding me of other sunshine days
 when the rays beamed more sweetly.

The clouds make today too close,
 too hot,
 yesterday too far away.
 And the rays are stabbing me sharply.
 Hurting me.
 No longer warm and sweet
 but hot and sour.
 Piercing me.
 Cutting me like icy splinters.
 Because there's cold there as well,
 coming from somewhere.

This sun is too bright for me to see clearly,

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too red and swollen,

like my eyes feel now.

Heavy.

Black with shadows.

So I'm waiting for the rain to fall.

Fall away.

Drop by drop until they're empty and cold.

And I'm waiting for more cold days to come.

And I'm waiting for the empty clouds to pass

and the sun to shine again

and warm me

if it can.

May Queen

They crowned her the queen of May,
 the little girl.

Chose her for her purity.

Pure and white and smiling.

Unblooded.

Golden curls

held by red ribbons,

and entwined with flowers

topped with sweet smelling may.

Spring is here,

you see.

New shoots springing into life,

so we're ready to be

reborn and ready to play

the game.

Ready for the circle.

Ready to go

round and round again.

Like the dancers she watches

weaving their ribbons round

the maypole.

The maypole phallus they've planted

in the ground and

bedecked with ribbons.

Red and white.

Red and white ribbons of menstrual blood

and semen.

Round and round

She watches from her throne.

Round and round.

Then come the Morris Men.

Bells jangling their presence.

Sticks clashing with their power.

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Flags waving

to announce
their virility.
They crowned her the queen of May,
the little girl.
A crown of sweet blossom
and hidden thorns.

Barcelona Sandals

Standing in the Andorra snow
shivering in our Barcelona sandals.
Glad of a lift down to Foix
as darkness was falling.
And the driver knew a hotel,
Hotel du Centre.
Very grand
and full
of people looking down
long noses.
But the driver knew the owner
who was a kind man,
a nice man.
So we shouldn't worry
about the cost, he said.

A lovely room
and in the morning,
breakfast!
We must eat
the owner said.
Warm bread and jam.
Coffee with hot milk
which tasted sour.
But I don't like
the taste of milk,
anyway,
so most likely
it was sweet.

And then the bill.
But there was no bill.
Save it for the journey,
the owner said.
A kind man,
a nice man,
who believed
the driver's story,
whatever it was.

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A few years later,

we returned to Foix
and went to find
Hotel du Centre.
But it wasn't there.
No one knew it.
It didn't exist.
Did it ever exist?
Did any of it happen?
Or did we somehow
share
a memory
from our
imaginations.

Bioprofile of the author: Lynn White lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy and reality. Her poem 'A Rose For Gaza' was shortlisted for the Theatre Cloud 'War Poetry for Today' competition 2014. This and many other poems, have been published in recent anthologies including - Stacey Savage's 'We Are Poetry, an Anthology of Love poems'; Community Arts Ink's 'Reclaiming Our Voices'; Vagabond Press's, 'The Border Crossed Us'; 'Degenerates - Voices For Peace', 'Civilised Beasts' and 'Vagabonds: Anthology of the Mad Ones' from Weasel Press; 'Alice In Wonderland' by Silver Birch Press, and many rather excellent on line and print journals. lynnwhitepoetry.blogspot.com

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