

Welcombe Mouth

We walk out of the back door
call the dog to follow us across the fields
through the first gate over the bridge
over uneven planks slippery with moss
past the area mown ready for the children,
all cousins, who will come tomorrow,
unload bicycles, tents, build a fire pit
put bottles of wine in the stream to cool.
On past the pond with its island
through a five-bar gate onto the road.
Here we can choose our way
turn left along the road
past the house of fabled orgies
and blackberries in autumn
or cross straight over the foot bridge
into the woods
walk the damp path beside the stream
rushing now in joyful anticipation of the sea
across stepping-stones
past a few cars with wetsuits drying
and down to the stony beach
where we open our bottle of champagne
as the sun sets.

New day

Another night
a small boat at sea
sails through shipping lanes
unseen hazards best not seen.

The merest lightening of the sky
stars fade imperceptibly
then the red sun
breaches the horizon's curve.

THE PK POETS

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet.

The Poetry Kit is a free online resource for poets listing competitions, events, open floor events, online and print magazines. <https://www.poetrykit.org/>

For information about the PK List a free critique list <https://www.poetrykit.org/pkl/index.htm>

ABOUT CLAIR CHILVERS

Clair Chilvers was a cancer scientist, and latterly worked for the UK National Health Service. She divides her time between writing and running the charity Mental Health Research UK. She lives in Gloucestershire, UK.

She started writing poetry after she retired and has found inspiration from an Arvon Course and Poetry Kit online courses. She spent a happy two years attending the Oxford Poets' Workshop led by Dr Edward Clarke and studying with Angela France at Gloucestershire University. She is a member of a number of Cheltenham writing groups led by Anna Saunders.

She has had poems published in Agenda, Allegro, Amaryliss, Artemis, Atrium, the Ekphrastic Review, Impspired, Ink Sweat and Tears, the Poetry Atlas, Sarasvati and Snakeskin. Her poems have been longlisted or commended in the Cinnamon Press Pamphlet Prize 2020, and Poetry Kit Competition 2020.

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For further details, to make comment, or to contact the poet or the publisher please email; info@poetrykit.org

THE PK POETS SECOND SERIES

#10 Clair Chilvers



(WELCOMBE MOUTH)

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Late cold snap

The vines stand ready
the end of a long hot summer
grapes gradually filled out and ripened.
The rose at each row-end has shed its petals
the soil dry and stony.
The family come from far to pick –
everything prepared
to celebrate the vintage.

Next morning a chill in the air
unexpected, alarming,
the prospect of frost
ravaging the crop.
We assemble, a council of war,
candles our only weapons.

No wind that evening,
a still cloudless night.
The temperature starts to fall
we pick up our candles,
a box of matches each,
and fan out along the field by torchlight.

We stand together in a circle;
the vines, lit up,
cast flickering shadows.

The Barn Owl

It was autumn in the fens
twilight, misty
we stopped beside the road
waited quietly

it was there flying low
looking for prey
white against the grey of the sky,
the darker grey of the evening fields

it quartered the field
then focused, dived, missed
recovered and started to hunt again.

Heatwave

A bird shivers
in the watersplash

feels the water
on his wing feathers

after the dryness
of the earth, the sunburnt grass

Taking the Plunge

They thought I had a bit missing,
the girl with the band,
saving money to get a boat,
earnings from advances.

Imagine it,
too tired to applaud any more,
rude, embittered,
not noticing the warning from the boss.

Time to leave
change the name
ring the number
set free.

Stones

The fields of Menec, Kermari, Kerlescan
are full of stones
planted there for centuries.
They stand in lines, ten thousand of them,
stretch to the horizon.
Legend says a Roman legion
turned to stone by Pope Cornelius.

Stand and gaze along the lines;
walk among them in late afternoon
and see the shadows.
Birdsong breaks the silence
there are unicorns in the woods.

Banksy to Gormley

You put your manselves on the beach
watched them appear as the tide ebbs
in the distance wind turbines
rising like fearful monsters from the deep.
You hung yourself iron-clad
from the Academy ceiling
dared us to walk beneath you
the ubiquitous man-figure.

I worked fast at night
driven underground
before the cops appeared
just for hell of it
ephemera they buy for \$millions
here today, gone tomorrow.

Have a nice day

Every day the sea of plastic grows
polar bears die on the ice floes
villages fall into the sea
storms from El Niño fell forests
the Nile is dammed, farms dry out
famine widespread
oilmen plant robots in the Amazon
the rainforest cut down for cattle
one-child-families distort
the demography of generations
private planes whisk the rich to playgrounds
we plant vineyards, enjoy warm summers.

Mobile phones and cigarettes
will not feed the children.
Give thanks, have a nice day....

The Storm

South-westerly gale
rollers crash against grey cliffs
spray blown from wave-tops