

BRAQUE'S BIRDS

It's hard to paint air,
to show a creature
breathing it, living it

but he did, bird by
bird, blue on black,
white on blue, black

on pink, no feathers,
no trill, no hint of
horizon or heaven.

Birds. Flattened,
arrow-straight and
nest-heading, turning,

weaving, solo up-
tumbling, in medley
or pairs – these were

not swans or doves
of peace, no ravens
as prophets nor eagles

of flight. His birds are
not symbols. His birds
are real as paint.

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 MANDY PANNETT

Mandy Pannett lives in West Sussex where she works freelance as a creative writing tutor.

Her poetry collections are:

<i>Bee Purple</i>	Oversteps Books 2002
<i>Frost Hollow</i>	Oversteps Books 2006
<i>Allotments in the Orbital</i>	Searle Publishing 2009
<i>All the Invisibles</i>	SPM Publications 2012
<i>Jongleur in the Courtyard</i>	Indigo Dreams Press
<i>Ladders of Glass</i>	Integral Contemporary Literature Press 2017

She has also published two novellas:

<i>The Onion Stone</i>	Pewter Rose Press 2011
<i>The Wulf Enigma</i>	Circaidy Gregory Press 2019

A new poetry collection *Crossing the Hinge* is due to be published autumn 2020 by KFS Press

Mandy Pannett worked for several years as poetry editor for Sentinel Literary Quarterly. She has edited several anthologies for Sentinel and for Earlyworks Press.

Mandy has won or been placed in many national competitions and has acted as adjudicator for others.

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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

#4 Mandy Pannett



'Refugees are welcome here' demonstration in London.

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BRAQUE AND THE SQUIRREL

Picasso insisted there was
a squirrel in Braque's canvas.
'Rubbish!' cried Braque, 'I can't
see a anything like a squirrel.'

But then he did. Once mentioned
it was in his mind. Alive.
Furry and breathing.

Every day he fought that squirrel.
Changed light and shadows.
Always the squirrel returned.

And it's still coming back –
Not cubist but bushy and red,
tail flaring and swishing,
claws unsheathed, pugilistic
with the urge to survive.

The outcome? No catalogue
mentions a squirrel so Braque
must have won.

On the surface at least.

So it wasn't. Then it was.
Now it isn't but is. Pass it on.

BRAQUES'S SHAPES

No way was he just
a Sunday artist

Exploder of perspective
he'd lift the line of the high horizon

higher and higher still
off the canvas and out of the frame

A cube for a house, ten cubes
for a hill, slabs of crimson, planes of gold

A sumptuous pageant of shape

BRAQUE SAYS

I have my own light.

I don't mean light that's fixed
in a pin-prick, limited
as breath.

Let's call it
buoyancy, joy
in a canvas of cubes –

one for a house without a window,
ten for a tumbling cliff.

Facet, feature, shift –
they are all one.

Grant me a cube
but let it come hurtling out of a hexagon
into a thousand bits

then lay it out
to display all the arteries
and the sweetness of its guts.

BRAQUE'S SKY

His bedroom window faces east. First light
for him is extra precious now. He loves
January light, the clear coldness of it.
He pushes the window open, leans out
disturbing the crows. Grass on the lawn
is a deep, wet green. Seagulls fly up, swim
with outstretched wings in the watery air.

Soon time to pack up, leave Varengeville
to its quiet winter months. There is work
waiting for him in Paris. Yet he'll miss,
as he always does, the green and ochre
skies of this place, long, salty beaches
of starfish and crabs, rugged white cliffs,
the fishing boats and tangles of blue nets.

*'Braque Says' and 'Braque's Sky' have been previously
published in Agenda Magazine*