

The Music Of Life

Do you hear the music
of the showers,
see the dance of summer
raindrops as they rebound
on Earth's dusty floor?
Listen to the percussive beats,
their tap and drum
on man's panes
metal and slate.

They bring refreshment
to parched soil
baked in sun's incessant heat,
their melody of growth,
the need to fatten, nurture
seed to its prime
before the drear of autumnal
decomposition takes its toll
in death and buried hope
to end another year
of burgeoning increase
with the Reaper's scythe

Street Sailing

The City cruises global currents
of commerce, where a million
white masts or more
stand their ground as they point
skyward, shaping transmission's sails,
tackle high on rooftops, fingered
hands offer the gift of connection,
temples to G4 and G5
to which most pray
daily, their primer thermo plastic
boxes of their surfboards
to carry them across continents.

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 who is also a member of the PK Poetry List. The PK List is a free to join community of poets who share their work using email and the internet. Information about the PK List can be found on the front page of the Poetry Kit Website at www.poetrykit.org.

ABOUT Joy Lebof

Joy Lebof (aka Simcha Lebovitch) is a London born poet temporarily living in West Yorkshire, UK. A teaching assistant of long practice, her poetry began as an aid to help her pupils understand phonics.

She is a regular contributor to TopTweetTuesday's weekly challenge and has contributed to Joseph Fasano's prompts.

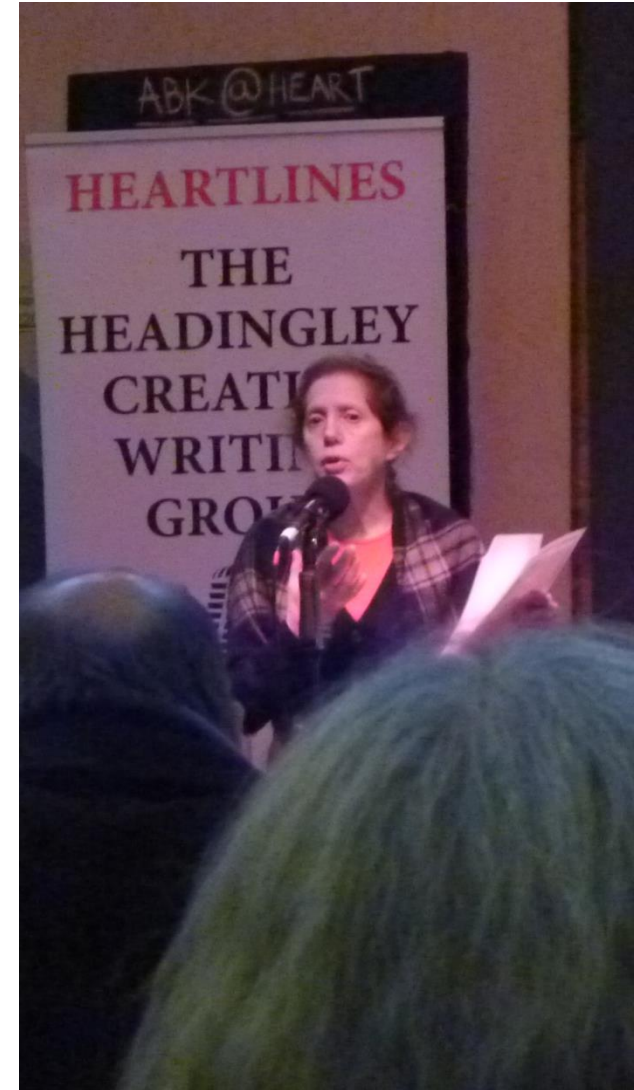
Joy has had work published on Poetry Super Highway and for Poetry Kit's Lunch. Her poem Life's Candle received a highly commended accolade at Kit Poetry in 2022, and her 2023 entry for Kit's Spring Competition was shortlisted.

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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

#4: Joy Lebof



(Picture; Joy Lebof)

Dunkirk

The waves on the seashore
Gently come and go
They hide a desperate story
of how Britain faced her foe

To evacuate the beaches
Getting our army off France's shore
Carrying the army home safely
Before returning to France once more.

Operation dynamo was enacted
To bring the British Army home
With many soldiers waiting to be rescued
From The Mole and Dunkirk's foam.

The Royal Navy was charged with the task
Of peril and desperate need
The German Luftwaffe bombed from above
Yet their evil task *others* did impede.

Hundreds of civilian boats played their part
In the courageous acts each day
The civilian crews piloting them
With bravery their part did play.

Defying the enemy's explosives
British boats made it into the bay
To rescue the trapped soldiers
AND in danger's teeth, made their getaway.

Up in the skies above
The RAF were involved in the fray
Although many inexperienced and outnumbered
Like lions they fought the enemy to stay.

Yet not all the courageous made it back
Both military and civilians too
Some died in those French waters
Both passengers and crew

But their sacrifice was not in vain
For Operation Dynamo's teamwork
Brought about a great success
The Miracle of Dunkirk.

Lunar Light

(Constraint poem avoiding the letter o)

Her surface pitted
with crater basins
each nugget's impact
with lunar landscape
displays strike's size.
She presents scarred
appearance, embattled.

Night sights gaze
yearning her bright, dusty face
watch her shape change
nightly, waxing and waning
exerting her influence
with Earth's tides
as she marks selenic time.

Her activity is stage lit
by her star's blazing brilliance
ever partners
even if he's
half a planet away.

Drunk On Duty

Bathed by the warmth
of a sunny summer's eve
lavender wafts
scent on the breeze
Social bees busily forage
community to be fed
Those drunk on the delights
of ethanol's brew
weave a tipsy flight-path home
but drunkards are debarred

Met Prediction?

For all the computing power
of Met's Office
this Island's fickle weather
is whipped up by the wilful
winds of change who
whirl hand in hand
Poles cold, Tropics swelter
no cert for any given
expectations upended

So weather pronouncements
are based on shaky stilts
too often akin to fortune
telling blown off course
by unexpected gusts
like 'Ophelia, the 'breeze'
in 1987
which left Mr Fish sinking
in the sea of his denial
or a long range forecast
of barbecue summer,
in 2009
where coals were slicked
by downpours' licks
and May Bank Holiday
in 2018
when foretold rain
of false prophets
led to stay-at-home
but reality raised
hands to bless
a warm and sunny day

Treasure

sparkle of raindrops
scattered among summer's leaves
jewels beyond price