

A Little Night Music

After the rain the silence.
Slowly the skin adjusts
to heat. In the night
the darkness growls.
I hear the *pic pic pic* of your breath
as you dream of dancing?
watch your hands conduct
your invisible orchestra
run a finger down your spine
lick the salt
from the base of your throat.
Mozart never tasted this good.

Breakfast is a time for reckoning.
The slow pull of the tide
sunlight long-fingering shadows
from last night's dreams.
You smoke a cigarette
take a noisy shower
dress in a clean white shirt
and navy slacks.
I open a window
drink bitter coffee
anticipate a lazy bath
the silence of an empty bed.

There's a probability of rain.
Afternoon — somewhere between
today and tomorrow
warm as honeyed milk.
I am alone. You watch
at an open window
wait for evening to arrive.
Darkness edges towards completion.
Come midnight I watch
a shower of meteorites
the Great Bear the Milky Way.
In the silence the stars sing.

Pyromancy

I see it in the fire your future and your past.
Let me tell you how or when or who or what.
Outcomes guaranteed. No unsatisfied customers.
Testimonials available from 'beyond'. **Text 666**

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 DAPHNE MILNE

Daphne Milne lives in Fremantle, Western Australia having moved there from Cornwall in 2017. As well as poems she writes short stories, prose poetry, flash fiction. She is currently working on a flash novella and a series of short stories.

Her work has appeared in print and on line in magazines including Artemis, Acumen, Mslexia, Sarasvati, Antipodean SF, Poetry Superhighway.

She was interviewed twice by Peter Jeffreys OAM for Kalamunda radio in 2019. A recent broadcast for Fremantle radio can be heard here: <https://fremantleshoppingnews.com.au/2020/07/07/poets-paddock-daphne-milne/>

Her pamphlet The Blue Boob Club published by Indigo Dreams Press was PK book of the month for July 2019 <https://www.indigodreams.co.uk/daphne-milne/4594486684>

Copies of this poetry leaflet can be downloaded and distributed free of charge provided no change is made to the content. Copyright of the contents remains with the writer.

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

THE PK POETS

SECOND SERIES

6 : Daphne Milne



After hours in the Rialto Market
photo by D. Milne

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In the night the stars sing

You are naked a silhouette
of light against the darkness

My bones ache for you echo
the saxophone's lonely song

in the shadows before dawn
I will kiss your dreams

Your longing for a child shivers
over your skin as a moth

circles a lamp its dusty wings
beating against destiny

Tomorrow is time enough
the flower of mourning is still in bud

Mum Says

Mummy tells me that I should
play with Granda in the wood

Granda's on his own all day
he's lonely since Gran passed away

We play snap and if I win
I get to raid the biscuit tin

Other times we just play horses
I don't like that 'cos he forces

me to sit upon his knee —
I'm the flower and he's the bee

Mum says that I must never say
what games my Granddad has us play

Beware the gift horse
with good teeth. Sweet danger in
the bite of the mare.

Encountering the Numinous On the Way to Hexham Show.

Just past dawn along Hadrian's Wall
early mist obscures the risen sun
skeins of colour lie along the horizon
like layers of glaze on a smoke fired pot.

I am alone but for a solitary sheep.
We contemplate each other
the greening fells, the brightening sky -
a photograph coming into colour.

The ewe sneezes, a staccato bark
turns her back, begins to munch.
I hear her crunching, her mumbling
jaw, the sharp squeak of pulled grass.

The shades of Roman soldiers
crowd round me, tenuous as time.
Scents of dew, sheepshit, cold stone
seep through the car window into my soul.

I know that this one morning
the world is good.

January 1994

Barcelona, an unknown city
as instantly familiar as my hand
where I learned not to be
afraid, to take my chance at bargaining.
Here the devil on my shoulder slept.
"You can't do this" became
"I did."

I lived on jamon and sunshine
bought bread and one
blue bead from the centre of a necklace
gazed at Gaudi's wonderments
stored up the scent
of seven kinds of oranges
against a cold, grey, English future.

Rite

She will lie down in the shade of the yew
her linen shift white against the earth

ash from her bonfire drifts to darkness
soon there will nothing left of his

the sweet smell of tobacco flowers
surrounds her as a benediction.

Rialto Market 2016

My love sits plumply on his drawing stool
ignores the black shadowed girl doing handstands
against the flower seller's pillar.

Behind him rosy Sicilian prawns
gleam blood red on the fish stall slabs
as half drawn blinds keep out the sun.

The flower seller's buckets are full of colour
zinnias, lilies, night scented stocks
bright as the pans in my lover's paintbox.

I buy lemons, capsicums, aubergines, zucchini
take them home to place in the blue bowl.
Both of us lay out our paints.

After dinner, when the market's gone
the handstand girl returns alone
an exclamation mark walking upside down.

We watch and sip our evening Aperol
its dangerous orange the only brightness
in a monochrome world.

Crepuscular 8

Owl light that gentle fading into night
when shadows lengthen the dance is done

The day's slow turning sings the darkness
silences the solitude