

## The clock struck every 15 minutes

from my bedroom window I heard  
one quarter half hour three quarters  
I was 14 life in summer was slow

the sounds thumped through the trees  
I could even see the dial of the clock  
if I tried there up the tower

long hot unending hours  
I would read the window open  
the clock reminding me of life passing every 15  
minutes

mother kept lives of saints stories of  
saint Theresa of Lisieux  
suffering the drops of dirty washing other nuns  
inadvertently splashed on her face

a prisoner a monk a patient in a hospital bed  
a man in death row  
also heard 15 30 45 minutes

then I hadn't yet heard of prisoners  
or women in death row for that matter  
but I knew I was one of them

## 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](http://www.poetrykit.org).

### ABOUT G Almeida R

After leaving Oxford, I embarked on a life framed by professional deadlines and commitments. I worked in Lisbon, London, Washington D.C. and elsewhere.

I can finally afford the time (and the money) to play. This is my first ever endeavour at writing poetry. Celeste, my VW Camper Van, is my beach resort.

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For further details, to make comment, or to contact the poet or the publisher please email;  
[info@poetrykit.org](mailto:info@poetrykit.org)

# THE PK POETS

## #6 G ALMEIDA R



(Picture; G Almeida R)

## **The Enthronement of the Sacred Heart of Jesus**

Our sitting room was large and airy  
Wooden floors and windows opening into an  
ocean of light  
Probably Spring or early Summer  
It was so clear.

The priest arrived all dressed in black  
Except for a tight white collar  
Holding in his hands this statue of  
Jesus Christ

The figure of Christ was set in white plaster  
Adorned with golden curlicues  
A paradox against the dark attire of the priest.  
I remember it well.

The cassock flowing  
The image hardened in stiff clay  
Blood gushing from Christ's open heart  
Like sparks from a submachine gun.

Mother knelt devotedly.  
I was surprised to see father there  
Can't recall if he was kneeling  
I only remember  
The smile or rather the grimace on his baffled  
face.

I also knelt down  
Hoping  
The sacred heart would do the trick  
Peace would come to our home to our family  
Now and for ever.

On day 50 the war was still raging  
The opaque smile on Christ's face  
Was still hanging over us  
Like Putin's face  
Overseeing his Victory Parade.

Some postures had been abandoned  
Retreats had been made  
Now fight was concentrated on logistic sites  
Money always a strategic target  
Whether in love or at war.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus  
What could he have done? What did he do?  
For the fight and the screams went on unabated  
While the statue unimpressed gathered dust  
Somewhere in a long forgotten corner of our  
living room.

### **When I grow up**

I want to be a tennis player  
Wear white miniskirts  
And bandeaux on my hair

I want to see the ball  
Fly and swirl in the air  
Like the dreams I hold now  
To have passionate affairs

Maybe a ball is not a need  
To hit the other side  
I just need to believe  
And dreams will be alive

Life is an illusion  
Like the tennis game I play  
Ball or no ball  
It's just an image  
I hold on to in my way

## **Seventeen**

At seventeen I was ready  
To leave my country, family, my people's law,  
Everything was waiting for me.

My new country was pretty  
Like the chocolate boxes and postcards I saw  
At seventeen I was ready.

To face raclette, kirsch, birchermuesli,  
The strange, the cool, other people's law  
For everything was waiting for me.

Les garçons du village were gritty  
And we danced in the Tea Room, 'pour cause',  
For at seventeen I was ready:

Not to settle or to marry  
But to kiss and to pause  
Everything was waiting for me.

I also confessed to the priest  
We danced so close  
At seventeen I was ready  
Everything is waiting for me.

### **My Linen Sheets**

I dive, feet first  
It's cool, grainy, smooth  
I rub myself in this improbable stream  
Hermes hops from stone to stone  
Calling me from chaos to the land of the gods.