

There are no hummingbirds where I live

They don't migrate this far.
If they would, we'd open our gardens,
our windows, plant daffodils on every sill.
Our pigeons, crows, and magpies
would form a powerline chorus,
watch the hummingbirds concerting
their merry whirr from flower to flower
with rapid wings all summer long.
They'd sip nectar from honeysuckle,
the rosemary bush on the sidewalk.
They'd flirt and flutter with weebills,
thornbills and fairy wren, be the talk
of our town 'till it's time to fly home—
backwards, taking our summer with them.

The Empty Room

when you have gone
stagnant drain water
no blackbirds

your chair empty
I sit and rest awhile

in your life
sensible sparse
but sunshine enters

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 MARTHA LANDMAN

Martha writes in Adelaide, South Australia on Kaurna land. Her work appears in anthologies and journals in the UK, US, Australia, and South Africa. Her chapbook, *Between Us*, was published by Ginninderra Press, 2019. She was shortlisted for Emerging Older Voices in Queensland, 2021. Her first single collection, *Like Scavenger Birds*, was published by ICOE press, June 2023.

Some of the poems in this pamphlet were previously published by Adelaide anthologies. *There are no hummingbirds where I live* was published by Visual Verse.

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

#7: Martha Landman



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A Rocking Pendulum

It's a circus out there.
Children and adults alike
absorbed and arrested
in mystical night air.
Clowns laugh, acrobats fly.

Dare devils juggle precisely
troupes throw paste, squirt water
my little brother squeals in fear —
It's a circus out there.

Yes, a lyrical affair!
Where wishes are horses
and weirdest, wildest, fastest
allow a small window of error
a rocking pendulum —
the circus out there.

deoxidated

Autumn Rhythm
(Number 30) 1950 Jackson Pollock

a broken peace-sign far off to the left
doll-like figures to the right, in ancient garb

the land is burnt, trees infused with anger
pour their grief across the horizon

this forest should've been green
not strewn with dead birds

kangaroo faces, a large peacock covered in ash
there's no untangling of this mess

make of it what you want
it's all painted, the colour of despair

Five Crows Foraging in Wittunga Park

their stomachs full
they take off
en masse
swoop the air
their caw-cawcophony
murders the Sunday
silence

Blackbird

After my daughter left home at eighteen
her dogs, Diesel and Pepsi, were buried
with Little Cat under palm trees in the
backyard—
tropical smell of Queensland soil.
I still hear their footfall in the dark.

Leonardo, the lorikeet, escaped
three years earlier. He and Kushi,
the Maine
road.

Restless, I moved south with
the leftover cats,
They got cremated two years apart.
Their ashes live on the mantelpiece
where I tell them: *no more pets*.

Today I found a young blackbird
dead on the lawn.

Learning Trust

The weatherman promised sun today.
Sheets in the machine in morning dark,
now there's rain on the roof. An hour
later a hint of clearing clouds.
I practise trust – hang the washing out,
open the curtains of the writing room.

The large apple I nursed for weeks
down on the soggy lawn. Last year
the lorikeets got all four. This time
wind and rain brought it down.
And there it lays, fat red cheek
like a blushing child's. Magpies mock.

There are mouths to feed, mopping to do.
A cup of tea for these daily catastrophes,
mother's favourite words.
But I'd much rather be in the Serengeti
or run up and down the Spanish Steps
than follow the to-do list
in this miserable winter wet.

On the Metro

they flock to see Australia
vs India in Adelaide
I squeeze into half a spot
stand all the way
into the city
under an old man's
coffee breath