

Formica and Fortune

A pattern of grasses and autumnal seed
clammers across the sunburst Formica table
in the centre of our dining room.
Six matching chairs, six chatter and eat.

Beatles croon 'Yeah, Yeah, Yeah',
the Berlin Wall rises, segregating
families, East and West.
We children build Lego houses
as the kids next door speak Welsh.

Nuclear protestors storm London,
train robbers scoop 2.6 million,
and President, JFK, is shot in Dallas –
but the Beatles and Dewi from next door,
just wanna hold my hand.

Our Parents squabble —it's Dr No
not 'Love me do', the big freeze of '63,
our home an igloo, the air cut by ice-pick.
Six people eat a silent lunch at the table,
as a chimp called Ham shoots to space.

After a plateau of debt and niggles,
a hot-iron hole in the cheery formica,
Dad scores his winning goal,
a new job, finances secure, smiles.
over Shepherd's pie and sparkling Shlöer.

Now, sixty years later
with a reconditioned sunburst top
and cobalt-blue legs, my childhood
table stands defiant next to my easel.
I paint inspired by time-carved memories.

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 FRANCESCA HUNT

Francesca has had many poems published in magazines, online and in anthologies. She has been shortlisted and won competitions, and also been shortlisted for a debut collection. She is a Chemistry teacher who came to writing after retirement.

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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

#8 FRANCESCA HUNT



(Picture; Francesca Hunt)

Vita Poetica

To write
a poem that's
unique to me, not like
ones done before is difficult
to do.

To do
a syllabic
piece, finding rhythmical
words which carry my voice in truth
takes time.

Take time
to strive and sing
from sheer delight beyond
mere mortal sight; a poet sees
from heart.

From heart
to throat— I pour
another cup of tea
procrastination, blank pages
no words.

No words,
ears deaf, no muse
to guide the spirit's flow,
flask empty, pencil sharp, I wait
to write.

No Questions Left

I peer through city-smoke windows,
a one-person-boil-in-the-bag stew
adds condensation to dank resolve.

Yesterday I was a pinstriped robot,
now I watch a child bounce his ball
on concrete. Colour drains like waves
on gurgling pebbles, dead fish
entangled in plastic www. web,
inner silence cuts the nothing in half.

Three Hundred and Sixty One Degrees

I could write a poem about the Seasons,
how worm-casts pepper spring's dew-fed lawns
and pirate gulls swipe cones from tear-jerk kids
as summer evenings recede from sunflower play.

Or — a poem charged with autumn fire,
windswept fury dragging twigs,
bulbous pumpkins growing lantern-teeth,
before winter's icicled swan-lake dance.

My blood-sweat tee-shirt has worn thin,
Thesaurus pages grimed, note-books creak
with razor genius, but ideas vapourise, phut,
before black ink scrolls. Nothing shouts Me.

I could write a poem about me writing a poem
about the quest for original voice, threads weaved
through layers of honey stacked waffles
I could write a poem about the Seasons...

He cannot Blow the Wind Untaught

My brother cannot see the road untraveled,
his yellow skin tinted with liver-liquor,
ankles swollen with excess fluid,
eyes blind to the ancient song of pine.

He doesn't hear the wind howl loud at night
or its sea-wave rustle through green-clad tree
as morning birds greet the waking sky.
He hears only micro-chip and underground clank

as steel-worm carries him under London streets
to office, astrophysics and research papers.
I ask the impossible — that he may taste life
before death steals his breath of life.

In March 2014

low morning light, a yellow wash of hope
*early sunshine peeped over the Carneddau
to play on green oak buds bursting promise*

noise, a thud, a churn of tractor tyres
on pot-holed lanes, a distant gull echoes the sea
Of course, I knew I didn't need confirmation,

the dog, one ear cocked in readiness,
three years ago the Master left a scribbled note
under the pepper-mill, *devastated prognosis poor*

he would return, but only afterwards.
*Part of me thought, this glow, this morning kiss
may trumpet hope.* If only she had spoken

that night, conveyed understanding,
*I took those moments alone, fed on gold
disowning pyrites, today would be the start...*

Letters leach through the letter box
Oncologist's all clear,
there won't be one from him

(interweave of Edward Hopper and personal health)

Aberdaron

a touch of feather
as moon-gloss wrinkles sea
dark shadows swallow night

a piccolo of song
morning blossom trickles
seagulls clunk milk cart clicks
I hold my breath

as shadows return
and gravestones mark centuries
looking out to sea