

THE PK POETS

Thorny Mire

way above the Thorny Mire
where Boggarts Roaring Holes are gaping
looms the Ruddle, flust with gimmer
forked and ready for the snapping

little Floses unaware
stickle in the Nettlestone
Sappy Moss Weed hovers o'er them
longing for the Scriddle Bone

twice ritted is the Riddle Down
with Drummaldrace and Rottenstone
and in the Lousegill Wold it mutters
"away Woofstones and stand alone!"

key bitted are the Shout Stones
they ibbeth peril in the Cosh
stoved forked are they no longer
black sails they take up with the Flosh

"Great shunner!" say the Moss Hags
"let Skyrakes take them one by one!"
and with the Cauldron Spout ablazing
hush gutter now, the day is done

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. We are grateful to acknowledge that this series is inspired by "The Bards" leaflet series from Atlantean Publishing.

ABOUT DENISE NARDONE

Denise Nardone lives in the North West of England, UK

As well as being a member of the PK List, Denise has had work published in several issues of Obsessed with Pipework, as well as in various electronic publications such as Transparent Words and Tintern Abbey. She recently received a special commendation in the Belmont Poetry Competition for her children's poem, Thorny Mire.

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

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#4: Denise Nardone



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Garden Song

You potter in the garden
trimming back the giant poppies
cutting away the hop
that died last year

I, sunning my toes
sip pink grapefruit juice
and scribble frantically
to capture the mood

Waterfall

excited
by the forceful energy
of frantic water
that flings itself
like hysterical lemmings
over timeless rocks
I rush towards the falls
eager for you to follow

you remind me
that standing between
us and the chilling thrill
of stealing a kiss
under the tumbling water
is a dry stone wall
and the country code

Confusion

one or two of your leaves
have turned their coats
a sure sign that autumn is just around the corner

sad brown autumn
wet like a salty cheek
windy like confusion

Pot of herbs

pineapple mint
lingers
on your fingers
you linger
on mine

we return home
bundle of herbs
terracotta pot
to put them in

discovering
new fragrances
take me back
to our beginnings

Dependency

you are a drug, a daily fix.
without you I sweat, hyperventilate
quake like broken earth
split in two, wanting
not wanting
needing
not needing

with you, I laugh hysterically
cry happily, hanging on each word
every syllable, hounding
for the next joint.
panic simmering beneath the surface
anticipating
the next eruption.

we are dangerous
chemically imbalanced
hormonal paradoxes

Chores

she flicks the dirt under the carpet
hoping no one will see the mountain of dust
that gathers and gets bigger by the week

she shoves it under and forgets
I've watched the mound slowly growing
and now I trip over it each time I pass
it is beginning to get in the way

I sit, sifting through relics and photos
through past happenings
in search of that complete moment when we
laughed

I rewind and fast forward a video hoping
to find the one still that captures the perfect frame
video stills are always hazy

she looks across at me
as she sweeps the dirt under the carpet

January

buttoned up against annual flood warnings
I stand, head down
on the cold crematorium steps
waiting for an old friend to arrive

all that comes to mind
are the peace lillies
on Diana's coffin
and a joke that someone told me
about stiffs