

THE PK POETS

I will give you my uncle

The day the pilot dropped the bomb
with the playful name
that destroyed Hiroshima,
my uncle was present in the East,

a young Colonial in post
as Governor of the Solomon Islands,
shown in a glance at the globe
as near by air as anywhere to there.

First European in the stricken city.
How could his team report?
If they used words, did they scream
it's very bad down crackling cables?

How did they fare, compared
with those who died or survived
that worst cataclysm? It brought him
a lifelong problem of drink,

the great Pacific under his plane
and a spirit revived only by spirits.
It cost him his fight to stay human,
though he never gave up, he had family,

a strong wife, a good enough job,
and the antipodean destruction
was blotted by silence and wine,
bravado and brandy.

He never made capital of it,
he knew we had sinned -
he is gone now, where everyone goes.
I will give you my uncle.

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 Sally Evans

Sally Evans' poetry books include *Looking for Scotland* (Salzburg), *Bewick Walks to Scotland* (Arrowhead), *Millennial* (diehard), and *The Great North Road* (windfall chapbook). She has read and performed at many festivals and locations throughout the UK. A long poem, *The Bees: A Satirical Fantasy of the Bees* and an *Elephant Artist* in the Scottish Highlands, is due out from diehard in Spring 2008. Her work has appeared in many magazines and webzines.

Sally (widely known as SallyE) is the Editor of Poetry Scotland, a broadsheet with a well known website run by her colleague Colin Will. She lives in Callander, Central Scotland, where she and her husband Ian King host the annual Callander Poetry Weekend. In 2005 Sally received the Ted Slade Award for service to poetry.

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;
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#5: Sally Evans



[Cover picture: Echinops (globe thistles) in Sally's Callander garden.
Photo: Mike Penney.]

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Blaeberries

Let's go pick blaeberries,
strong, dark, sweet blaeberries

that lie in lairs
as though they understand
the country's dangerous.

They hide dark wine-blue hue
among mild red-green leaves,
on slopes that stalk the sun.

Let's stay an hour or so,
pretend we live like this
always, provisioning

this fruit we breakfast on,
freeze down, consume as pies,
juice thickened by heat,

sweetened with honey. High
on shy braes in July,
blaeberries, earthy.

Let's go pick blaeberries.
Let's go seek, let's go early.

Self Limerick

A poet from Stockton-on-Tees
wrote a very long poem for a wheeze.
Her subjects, no worse
than love, death and verse,
were an elephant artist, and bees.

Brampton

from the sequence Bewick Walks to Scotland

A country there was no room for
compressed into a town
of sophisticated music,
the magic violin -
where Scottish spirit
and English craftsmanship
collide, give life to
a box that wants to sing,
wood that trembles
as these deciduous hills.
I feel the country change, law change.
Language, as always, is debatable.

1935 Outside my Castle

from A Burrell Tapestry, a sequence about William Burrell

Outside my castle I have flower beds.
Not trees or lakes.
Trees don't last long enough for me
and lakes remind too much of shipping,
of death by water.

My gardener is a good man,
he tends his flowerbeds quietly
a tapestry of begonias
forget-me-nots and tulips over green -
and my wife, Constance, likes him.

Anyone who fills a space
with flair, efficiency and grace
does all a helpless human can -
we wish too much of our lifespan.

Highland Games at the Bookshop

The parade starts by the bookshop.
Tourists and groups of kids,
home-grown Pipe Band.

A vintage bus runs punters
out of town to the Games.
Wind buffets the hanging baskets.

A book-hunter nurses a secret want.
Restaurants dice vegetables.
Flower petals fall.

At the back door a retired printer
is telling the bookseller things he already knows
about paper, about watermarks.

We've run out of collectable car books,
and I'm expecting a visit
from one of my friends.

Daizan, Zen poet,
whom I met on the internet
before he went to Japan,

has walked three hundred miles
through flooded England -
his goal, remote Cape Wrath.

Kilts are in order. Light fades,
pubs pulse like passing radios.
Between our open doors, a breeze.

haiku (cover illustration)

stand of globe thistles:
microphones for the garden
poetry reading