

7 more poems in the time of Corona Virus Lockdown

- Anne Powell

Blue

the blues are small
songs for big sorrows
potato crop blight
meatworks close
purse empties
candle ends

lessening of love
petals on table
loss of job
falling of tears
the blues are small
songs for big sorrows.



Horizons

Morning star
let there be light.

Between the leaves
let there be light.

Children's faces
let there be light.

On the horizon
let there be light.

Arc of rainbow
let there be light.

Candle at window
let there be light.



Moments

In moments of loss and pain
sit quietly among green of fern
and remember
all is cyclical.

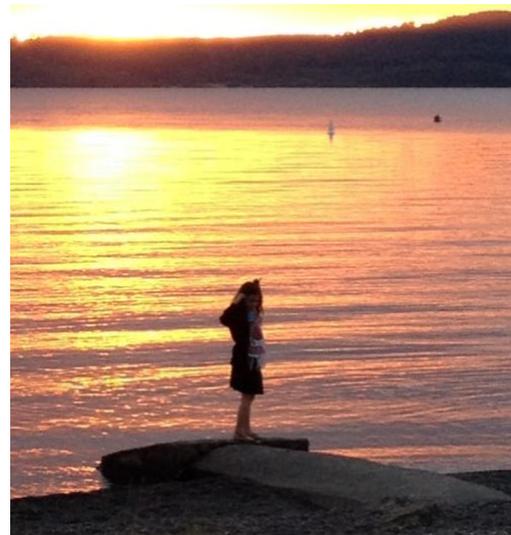


Time for a change

We are targets of time
racing through supermarkets
captured by meals-in-a- moment.

We are targets of time
hurrying on highways
arriving dead on time.

We are targets of time
possessed of longing for solitude
yearning for stillness of air.



Land pictures

The land is power
pulling our souls
in under hills
deep into caves of no light
and glimmers of light like glow-worms.

The land is mother
holding our grief
in tears of rivers
and our cries
in open arms of bays.

The land is grandparent
rocking our childhood
in hollows of hiding
and hillsides for sliding
and plains as open as pikelets.



To hear trees speak

Water
earth
air
fire birthing God.

Dark
moon
sun
light birthing God.

Stars
woman
man
humans being bare enough to hear trees speak.

Now our love of owning
and of burning trees deafens us
to all but our own voice.



Litany

Solemnity of mountain
Crescent of moon
Wand of star
Fall of leaf
Circle of love
Horizon of hope

strengthen us
shield us.
guide us.
teach us.
companion us.
console us.

