

Poetry Series

Sally Plumb Plumb
- poems -

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Sally Plumb Plumb(23 9 1940)

I have 2 children and 2 tion - school ay 15 to work on a production line.
University of life.

1957

Swank back,
swing arse
girls of glass.
Don't pass them
in the street,
stilletoes feet...
three neat,
kohl-eyed,
black lashed
Saturday morning spenders
for the jive dive
swinging rhyme
gin and lime,
drink sublime
hot time
in the old town tonight.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

6 P.M.

How cautious is the wind
when it carries
outspoken sounds
across the vast plains
of my thought?

Your debris of the day
blasts me full on
with its rhetoric,
leaving me breathless.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

A Boy And A Frog (Kids Stuff)

The great, green gob
was opened wide
and a wriggling worm
was fed inside.

The boy said, 'Mum,
the frog he comes
and sees me every day,
but a grass snake lurks
and slyly works
his slithers by the way'.

Then the snake, like lightning,
makes a strike.
The boy he quickly starts
and jaws around
the great, green gob
are gently eased apart.

Now frog and snake
their freedom take
from the boy
with a pounding heart.

Sally Plumb Plumb

A Dark Fire

Say we can meet
in the astral place,
then I can travel
deaths dark corridoor
with some dignity
and grace.
If your bright light shines
fore or aft,
I'll know I'm safe in spirit
and night will pass
into beams of brightness.

And yours will be
the might I see
when I wander eternity.
Then if your own
sweet chariot should pass me
with its wheels of flame,
I shall be warmed,
and then I'll live again.

Sally Plumb Plumb

A Humorous Death

Distance stretches
to the horizon,
over the edge
is the distance down.
I am over
Falling slow as a feather.

My past passes me,
painfully.
It is a long way,
the bottom.
In the mortuary of mind
lay my ancestors
arms open and calling.
The dying left in me
will not speed its entirety
towards the inevitable.

>> <<

My ancestors are laughing now.
Applauding joyfully,
glad that I am released
from the restrictions of being.

Sally Plumb Plumb

A Question Of God

Is that the time?
Has it passed by
so suddenly
without reason or with rhyme?
Has hair transformed
from black to white,
and life flown by
like day in flight?

Will God bequeath an amnesty
for conflict and for death?
Forgive the constant murders,
the constant theft of breath?

Whose rights are wrongs
and wrongs are rights,
turning night to day,
then day to night?

When the desolate eyes
of war are shut,
and the injured earth
appears as dust,
will mixed opinion still remain
and fight for all the others gain?

Sally Plumb

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A Slow Smoke

She could hear the piano
playing as slow
as his seductive fingers.
The lingering sound
of 'Smoke Gets In
Your Eyes'
wafted out of
an open window
into the heady fragrance
of roses and the light
of bright stars
above the dark horizon -
prompting a feline
to stalk the shadows
of her thoughts
as she lit a cigarette,
gently
closed her eyes,
floating in her memories.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

After

The sky creaked
with relief
when the storm abated,

she released sunbeams
and laid back
the black clouds
of anger...

birds owned
their place again
and flew in happiness...

seeing the cleansed earth.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Angels

Kitty blue dress,
princess of sorrow,
died today,
will live tomorrow
in her heaven of known belief
all her life. Sad time's a thief.

Angels are crossing
the light of night.
Soon they will settle
on a naked bed,
two white bodies
with feathered arms
come to secure their passive dead.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Anger

Anger threatens
and bursts through fast.
The swelling breast
stretches the sinews
of all being.
With strife the builds
of some betrayal clings
to mind, a length
of memory springs
bringing into combat
all focuses of strength.

Restrained the sighing heart
descends the peak,
resting uneasily
and declaring weak.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb

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Annie May

Grandmother,
your bed was
soft and feathery,
a nest of flowers
and perfume.
You were a dove.

I usually slept
with crows
on horsehair.

Sally Plumb

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Annoyance

Please remove your
thunder brow,
black despatched glares,
and how
annoying I am
is understood
by both of us.
Why the fuss?

Sally Plumb

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Another Shade Of Blue

I've forgotten
how to dream.
Seems the future
holds another shade
of blue.

True as the folds
of night fall
memory was pleasant
way back in the light.

Hark to my heart,
it beats tight
as a drum...
and I am tired.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Apple Tree

Your sunny cheeks
are as red
as the autumn apple
and as shiny
as the sun that glows
in my heart
when I look at you
in happiness,
my child,
the fruit of lifes tree.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Aunt Summer Rose (Kids Stuff)

Home cooked fancies
filled with jam,
shining teapot, sugar
topped basin.
A delicious tea time treat
for kids and neighbours calling by.

Talk and chatter
of the nattering
down the road knowalls,
hold all brains
of untold secrets...
saying rain's about
we need a fall.

We still await
our special guest,
Aunt Rose do hurry
you're the best.
You're like the tiny
furry field mouse,
come to visit,
come to our house.

Sally Plumb

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Bad Rivers

It is January
and the moon cracks
with frost.
I light a candle
to thaw my thoughts.
They run in bad rivers
and I am caught
in a net of sorrow.

I'll cry tomorrow
when sunrise breaks
slowly
through the dark
to ask questions.

Sally Plumb

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Barn Owl

Night flyer...you preen yourself
with moonlight
and enfold the stars
beneath your wings.

Your eyes are coloured
rapier cold
as you partake
of the delicate and old.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Be Kind Be Sweet

Let his eyes net,
net her,
his sweet sweat,
sweat her,
without threat
take her
into a place of light.

With golden light
face her,
in silver light
lace her,
never, never trace her
into the darkness
of the grave
she craves.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Bebe

Whatever I have
done...
was right...
because it has
led me to you,
O master of my universe,
O giver of my light,
O ruler of my race.

The cells of my body
are filled with nectar,
they expand with affection,
and soon
they will burst open
with love.

Sally Plumb

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Betrayel

It walks by your hanging head,
transparent shame,
unholy bed.

There in your mind
the thoughts they turn...
what lies will form,
what blame be fed?

Then one sweet grasp at sanity,
a quiet repose...
till lying dread,
all cautions of the burning dread
that follows through
with words unsaid
into a mind of secrecy.

'Twill lend no ear
to silent sounds
for ever distant sighs abound...

the guilt of lust.

Self can't release
to love,
the peace,
the former trust.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Beyond

He was forever,
like space,
even before time began
and long past eternity,
as a bringer of love,
a giver of pain.
Part of the timeless nothingness
of plains before
her spirit was.

Sally Plumb

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Birth

The face in your eyes
is mine.

The face in my eyes
is yours.

The pain in your face
is mine.

The pain in my face
is yours.

The cause of your pain
is me.

The cause of my pain
is you.

The face in our eyes
brings smiles
when a shining new life
beguiles.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Bitter Beginning

I am beginning
to feel bitter.
It is Christmas
and there is
no word from him.

My mind is littered
with loves memories,
scattered, little bits
of warm information
that I had forgot.

Not wanting to
dissipate these thoughts
I listen to good music
as I select my weapon.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Breakdown

In madness

stoking the fires of Hell
my father, was, in truth,
unwell.

In watching, I too,

felt the same,
felt the hurt
of some devils game.

An overtaking, unexplained,

of mental torment,
unsustained by reality,
yet living proof
of the power of mind
and the search for truth.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Breakfast

Life at the moment
is like weak tea,
unimpressive
and strained like me.

I've tried it with sugar,
I've tried it without,
both are insipid
and lend no clout.

Give me some whisky
to top it up.
I'll toast the days bite
with the strength in my cup.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Breathing

Where are you?
You, who are a halo
around my senses,
a wreath of summer flowers
around my heart.

I inhale the perfume
of nights desire,
breathing you in deeply
as the darkness exhales
its stars..

Sally Plumb

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Calling Wind

I thought I heard your voice
somewhere in the wind...
I followed it by choice
until its calling thinned.

When completely dissappeared
'twas nothing left to hear,
I turned around in dread
crying many silent tear.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Cats

Running cats
scratching black
night evil
tangled hair
knotted
screeching cries
in dark marked
shattered dreams
with felines howling
prowling divinely
into dawn.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Changeover

Your heart
has a mark -
not mine.
We are beating
apart.

Your mind's
redesigned.
Unkind.

Your thought
has been caught -
Elsewhere.

Now a change
has been arranged.
No care.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Choice

Cross my palm
with hell
and spell indifference,
close the world
to suffering -
write caput.

Say goodbye
to sudden provocation.
Take two steps back
and take another look.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Chores

I'm sitting here,
in my usual place,
wondering how
I'm gonna face
another day
of total disgrace
doin' nothin'.

I stare into
the space
of an untidy room.
No impetus to sort
the must do this...
move the drunk, ringed
books
and magazines,
orange peel,
tea-stained cups,
three pairs of specs
and the strangled necks
of hand cream tubes.

I grab my medication,
a valid excuse
for lack of sensation.
I'm out of the race
in case anyone asks.
Can't keep pace anymore
with domestic tasks.

Sally Plumb

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Christmas Day

We are all balloons,
stuffed full and lazy,
hazy with wine, whiskey and gin.
We finish one feed
then start on another.
The whole day is greedy.
an enormous eat in.

We now feel uncomfy and decidedly sick.
The candle is burnt to the end of its wick.
So, now we'll depart, as out burns the fire....

damn it, we can't
find a taxi for hire.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Climate Change

In hidden woodland,
forsaken, deep in untrod ground,
an old briar pipe...
cannabis growing from its bowl,
harvesting not ripe.

Beside it,
half buried in neglected earth
a sculpture of weathered stone
displayed...
bright flowers from its nostrils,
sweet flowers from its ears,
whilst from the sockets
of its eyes
mass dandelions appeared.

Through tight cold lips
hung roots of ash
struggling for its base
encased by wild, wild weed
and nettles
with briar interlaced.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Cloud

If in
another space
our two minds
could interlace
like loving
legs on
sprawling beds
of sparkling lights
and moonbeam flights,
we could float
till dawn
on clouds
new born
just touched
with sun
like earth begun,
you and I
in another sky.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Confession

I am in the forest,
in the depths
of its entirety,
alone and completely
naked to truth.

Nature investigates
my secrets
and I feel invigorated
with its intentions.

Openly confessing
my altercations
does not free me
from struggle
with my conscience,
but burdens me further
with its admissions
and transition
into deeper thought.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Conflict

Like an old soldier
I certain go,
into a land of never glow.

A reflection of some life
that's past,
a place quite starless,
cold as glass, hard as iron.

With the hope
of hope invading...
just a fight
that's unrelinquished,
the scope of brain
not yet extinguished,
a conflict
of a no win low,
a reason for which way to go.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Confrontation (Darfur)

I come to you
in anger, God
Why when constant
cries for help
are rewarded with
a scourge from Hell,
does no compassion reign?

Not all the servants
of your word
are sinners,
but are cursed by afflictions
worse than pain.
Desertion of hope -
bewilderment of eye
and births of babies
that gravely cry.

The foodless chain
of the spirit
that is unattended
by miracle,
and souls that shrivel
in the desert
of no future,
wait without limit.

Why do you roar
with volcanoes
and cry in floods?
Are you speechless?
Have you no blood?

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Confused?

Some kids in a playground
playing the round
of your dad is my dad...
suddenly found
that their dad
was her dad,
but..
she made no sound
because her dad
was his dad
who was playing a round
with more kids
that were his...

he was renowned
all over town.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Conversation

My lips are sealed.
I'm saying nothing
about unspoken love.
I shield it with my heart,
an unopened locket.

The key word
is yours
that speaks unfree
of nothing
but truth
no one understands
but me.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Crimes

For crimes against
my mind
I would sentence.
Unkind.

For crimes against
my intellect
I would sentence.
Disrespect.

For crimes against
my finer feelings
I would sentence.
No appealing.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Crucible

All joyous thoughts
are curbed by hell
of minds expanse,
a crucible.

And when to shout,
and when to cry,
or when to live,
or shall I die?

All temporal questions
uncontained
will perplex the spirit
and damn the brain.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Crumbs

It is a hot day,
he forks the soil
and smells the earth's shine,
crumbling its feeling
within his fingers.

It rained yesterday
and its thirst
was assuaged
as he drank
his tea inside...
and ate shortbread.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Curse

Love is a curse.
It eradicates reason,
and worse -
I don't know
if you're friend
or foe.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Dawn

The midnight of my starless darkness
was unseen, threatening the history of my
life within its thunderous , in the
illiteracy of my unconscious temple wandered, groping,
small intellect of lifes unteachings.In
the maze of hubris, heavily weighted and
still quite unseeing outward through the windows
of my light, and quiet, unhearing sounds of
quietness.I found an energy that was he
of beauteous face and gentle manner.
the impregnator of my minds beginnings.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Death Of A Woman

Death is a lump in the throat.
Acute awareness of the inanimate,
bareness in extreme...
cold, full and frozen.

But so to go,
we all depart in time,
journeying to our own ideas.
Into a land of mirrors,
enormous spheres of light,
or white effigies
of personalities that
shade our eyes
in dazed visions.

Then we reach out
to touch.
Need contact with
the other side.
Cold kisses of loves
still ghost.
The quietness of deaths bride.

Death is tears
on a staring cheek,
glazed oversight
of weakness...
thoughts of past returnings
that lay buried
without comfort.

Memories lay heavy
and wear with strain
all passing thoughts
within a seething brain.

Death is...

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Decision

The rib cage expands...

Sweetie, I've had enough.
Which one of us will leave
with our heart on our sleeve?

You options
are wide open for you,
It's obviously true
I've nowhere to go.

You decide.
Take it slow.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Defeat

Why did
I not consider
your feelings
god apparent to me?
Dealing in thought
concealing all that
you know..

So I strike
with cutlass
and wound the air
that you breathe.
Receiving from me
all venom.
Strength in bitterness.

Unreceiving
blows from you.
Unhurt, but hurt
because you do not
punish.
Pain, that need
to cover pain
cries sweetness.
So fight me on
towards my own
destruction.

You do not
disdainfully inflict
because god mighty
you are not there,
but are man.
How care?
Spare me some comfort.
Hurt me.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Departure

1

Husband...
where is the evidence
that we existed?
It consisted of two
who have taken
their own route.

We are the past,
moved on people
who dwell in the twilight
of our own
autumn shadows.
We are withering
as the leaves fall
and we fall weak
without claim to breath.

Adjusting as we must
to the seasons of life
we have quickly turned away
from the knife edge of winter,
we've spread
our nocturnal wings
and flown into the sunset
at the speed
of our own time.

2

With two strokes
fate struck him down
to a stumbling gait
and the mouth
of a teething baby.

How different
is the night now?

Autumn fruit still hangs
on the snow covered tree,
no dreams of stars
and the universe.
I am in reverse.

The joyful mask of the season
is missing for me,
but the rafters ring hopefully
for the spring of winter.

Winters wolf howls silently
as the moon spins darkly
over a spirited tree.
Soon I will hear footsteps
anda light will burn bright.

3

How suddenly
the close of winter
struck his being,
how no goodbye
to life was
in his breath.
Death came
as the disappearing
star on a wave...
here then gone.

Saving no memory,
a shining thought
passed into infinity,
relaxed forever
in a continuing light.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Destiny

The other half
of her destiny
disappeared into the future.
It was far too fast
off the mark
leaving her behind...
two weep.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Diary

This jigsaw
puzzle of memory,
made of random thoughts,
lay on the table
disguised as a book.
Wanna look?

Sally Plumb

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Division

A far star in his eyes
is calling.
He is moving away.
Moving on.
His head turns from her
to the depths of the sky.
Thus, her hauntings belong.

The night that follows
loves frailty
lives on in the senses of soul.
Fate without understanding,
leaves her alone
swathed in cold.

The final, fine thread
that unites them
will break with the pain
of a breath,
and the voices that pause
within them
will cause their unspoken death.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Domestic

A face that's numb
takes pause
to recollect its features.
A mouth that's dumb
can't gasp
its self respect.
The brain's too blind
to predict
its seething injury.
An unsuspecting female
mind is wrecked.

The look in his eyes
at the rendered strike,
was his own mad thrill,
an act of delight.

Sally Plumb

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Down The Drain

The factory loomed
at the top of the hill.
A pub sign reflected
in yesterdays puddle
when it started again

The next days morning
mixed the muddle
with the rains
darkening frown
on falling leaves
from a tree dripping wet
with the stain of the sky,
which proved messier yet
from chimney soot
in the root of the road
and underfoot.

A broken bottle,
nights empty threat,
soaked fag ends,
the torn slip of a bet,
a stench of beer
from an open door
of a toilet crawled,
where someone had pissed
on the concrete floor
and drawled
dribbled words
with the wetness andmess.

All that remained
was the aftermath,
a drenched, stale mourning,
and a big bass broom
to sweep the path
as the gurgling gutter
was muttering glass
and disappeared

down the drain.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Downtown

Slow down,
uptown man.
Stay and chat
with this downtown brat.
Whisky, liquid gold,
makes one bold.
The bar is free,
drinks on me.

I know nothing
of Greek classics,
but somehow I think
uptown,
they're barasic lint
of emotion.

My devotions.
you're slumming it
and I'm humming
a familiar tune.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Dream On

Dream on, dearie,
deep in pillow.
Your ever knit brow
is slackened now.

In lifes escapement
take ones time.
Carry its silence
with unsung rhyme.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Earth Fire

They call to
an angry fire,
the elders.

They talk
and walk the heavens
with hard thought.

Earth below them
cracks with sure suffering
and they lament.

It bears not
prccious fruit
but nourishes stones.

One blade of grass,
mirrored by their tears
will build its new beginnings.

So with strength
they weep their tomorrow.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Ebb Tide

You were as the sea...

the waves led each other on,
she followed on the crest of love,
drowned in its foam...

lace you abandoned
on a far, far shore.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Eden's Gate

At Eden's gate
'tis spring, and sweet
sparkling eyes jingle
twinkles at the sun,
and fun in sighs
wise unwearied thoughts
do count about wishes
within sight.

Adam, with thy voice
of apple wine,
spilling honey,
complete and seductive
in words,
enticing
nicely dripping sweetness,
greet me
with impassionate lips,
but kiss me lightly
in thoughts of mine.

Sally Plumb

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Enrichment

Sometimes,
too much weight on the soul
breaks the mind,
hurts the whole.
Nature splits its decisions
and agony burns.

With the tauntings
of life, and the fear
of its hauntings
the blood of ones thoughts
intermingles in crisis.

And what of the soul?
it absorbs most of this.
Expands and grows stronger
as the mind is enriched.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Escape

How soon
a spritely Earth
shall bloom -
the dark shift
of Winter, gone,
and she,
riding lonelines
free as the breeze.

Clinging,
to her freedom
she flys alone,
not caring for any encumberment
or sweet earths chill,
only wanting
the lightness of air
and distance
from reality.

Make your pitch, Fate,
late year is passing
and she is laughing
in your face.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Evening At Home

Hollywood, Dollywood, Bollywood.
Rock Hudson, Kate Hudson,
their son Daniel
and his lovely chocolate spaniel,
all good to look at,
chat about, never doubt,
glamorous and trim.
Full of vim.
These colourful people
lighten the dim.
Brighten the life
of her and him.

Night by a log fire.
He is a live wire,
she's half asleep
keeping thoughts warm.

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Explanation

Your father snatched
a star speck
from the sky.
Its nucleus was you.

Your eyes are
blue as heaven,
your hair as gold
as sun.
t
The sparkles in you
are our future.

The future is
never done.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Fantasia

The earthy fox
in the moist earth curled
and slept so sound
in the under world
that the red, red sun
went on the run
and came that night
on a star ship flight
as a ghostly moon chaser
from racing heart paces
into the darkness
of a stillness
and laced her mind
with fantasy.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Fantasy

A crystal moon
shattered
a glacial sea
scattering
the earths rim
with silver.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Fight

You fight for you.
I'll fight for me,
but...
I'll be sure to fight
for our right to be.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Figment

We are so small
in this infinity
that we are non existant,
smaller than the division
of a breath.
Death cannot be
as we are invisible.
So fear not -
in this unseen universe
we will not die.
We are the evaporation
of a babys teardrop
and will not
approach our destiny
until time dissapears.

Sally Plumb

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First Season

In the brown, bramble hedgerow
dreary leaved, last years nest is deserted,
and a filigree tree
asserts branches awide.

The snow on the hill
is melted, and gone,
while a crow pulls at worms
in the sunny, spring field.

A ditch at the side yields
the first flush of flower buds,
a recent display
to the power of the sun.....

A patient old sheep
grazes slowly and gazes
and understands time
now spring has begun.

Sally Plumb

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Flight

The sun on the wall
throws rose shadows
with an invisible perfume.
The moon on the wall
grows those shadows
while the air is heady
with nightly calls.

Dawn on the wall
has no shadows
except morning mist,
and a damp perfume
that ladens the air,
unfurling with
early morning secrecy
your wings
through an open window.

Sally Plumb

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Flippancy

She would love a man
for his money,
she would love a man
for his car,
but....
she would not marry one
for good looks
as many a woman could admire
a handsome countenance
and would aspire
to the conquest
of the fickle beast
then of his body
make a feast.

So.... she'll spend
the money
and be aware
there's many a fickle beast
to spare.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Formation

King Hell was angry,
fierce, and loud
when he appeared
in a sulphur cloud.

The heavenly Queen
just bowed her head
and cast a rainbow
of love, instead.

The King and Queen
did then unite
to form the earth
with dark and light.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Foxglove

Foxglove,
with your speckled throat,
do you sing clear, silent notes
to winging busy, busy bees
'come partake my honey, please'?

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Fractions

I cancel words
as I cancel numbers.
A word is but
a fraction of a line.

One word
can make or break
a rhyming sentence...
yet only take
a fraction of my time.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Frightened Fourteen (Kids Stuff)

Down the stairs at midnight,
barefoot, painted toes,
she sits alone in a darklight
with just a candleglow.

Looking through the window
at the moonbeam spots,
cat magic, black, a scampering
over chimney tops.

She sips a cup of coffee,
then gazes at the moon.
Witches and warts are sometimes caught
in flicked lights of the room.

Polar mists and twistings,
curlings damp and cool,
float with silent ripples
across a yellow pool.

Up the shadowed stairway,
never looking back,
frightened of the shadow play,
hearts that turn to black.

Hurries through a bedroom door,
jumps covers into bed,
with silent footsteps on the floor
that she hears in her head.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Gabriel

He fused her womb
with angel dust
and she gave birth
to a star.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Getting Fat

I'm livin' on my own now.

Thus - I gobble like a gannet
and dribble like a drunk,
the art of table manners
has now become defunct.

I feed in food ferociously
and drink my juice sporadically,
this treatment is methodical
so my body's growing fat.

The mirror wasn't lying
when it called me roly-poly,
it said 'you're being greedy,
you should think about the hungry

who are starving way in Africa-'
I know that very hell.
Now I'll have to start a diet
that will ease my guilt as well.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Ghost

And there -
a subconscious projection
dressed in white,
stood a holy man
in the dead of night.
Quiet as the grave,
that he, and she,
faced in stillness
all thoughts that be.

Whether in dream,
or whether in fright,
a fading spectre
transformed its light
into days beginnings,
open wide.
Free from fears
minds shadow hides.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Good Night

In this hotbed
of entrancing love
we make our feeling
dear with sure
intent, and through
a glowing curtain
of the night
will cool, and sleep,
and ring the crazy
moon in dream -
till in descent
we touch the mundane
morning with a facade
staged cold,
oblivious and right
we'll discuss
a just good morning
with not a mention
of the passed good night.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Goodnight Baby Love

Kiss those little
hands and feet.
Curl`ed toes
and fingers neat.
Little face
with rosebud lips.
Kiss babe all
to fingertips.
Kiss babes feet
sweet up to thumb.
Kiss as much
as you have done.
Kiss as much
as you are able.
Then lay love gently
in the cradle.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Gossips

When the
vultures feed
on my
carrion brain...
then I say
eat
I can take
the pain,
and my two
dead eyes
see only
them,
stare ahead,
still, listening.

Till the feast
they feed on
is almost done,
dead as their brains
and just as dumb.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Grandmama

My grandmama would knit serene
as through the window
came a stream of sunlight ribbons
for her hair.

And cat would curl
the wool around
where it lay tumbled
on the ground.
Dappled carpet
and dappled walls
and rainbows from the spinners halls.

As in comforts chair I lay
watching grandmama each day,
knitting colours from the balls
of rainbow from the magic halls
that spun the dreams
of autumn sun,
and cat, and dapples
all in one.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Granpa

The house vibrated
when the fat man snored.
Windows rattled,
noise shuddered the floors.
Deep, in deep sleep
his guttural sounds
pounded the air waves
upstairs and down.

Then, silence for seconds.

All thought
he had died.
The house stopped
its shaking,
all stood wide eyed...
but then aloud choke...
fat man continued again
to shake the foundations
with the strength
of ten men.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Guide

You are gentle
in the web
of my mind,
the sudden spark
that lights the
way of thought
in crisis,
the guide
in lifes night.
a star
on my dark horizon.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Haloed

There are no haloed
in the mind,
a blinding flash
can light for seconds
memory of a kind.

Cruel or sweet
no time will tell
the racing thoughts
where those haloed fell.

From past encounters
could they be
ghosts of lost
rationality?

Sally Plumb Plumb

Halt

I halted, thought,
then in one moment
wrought a line,
it was this -
you are not divine.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Happiness Is Sacred

Happiness is sacred.
The assassin of sadness
and the beneficiary of love.
Mysterious, and the all being
relief of doubt.
When mind evolves gently
sunshine enters the soul
giving release to contentment
and then embracing with gratitude.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Harmony

Ma...

you sit contented,
sleeping on and off,
creeping gradually
each day into evening,

reading now and then,
waiting patiently
for the next minute,
next hour, next memory,

dreaming of your past
and how long
time lasts,
on a tired, summers day...

an open book
staring up at you
from the table
as another chapter
follows on in harmonious sleep

Sally Plumb Plumb

He Is

She can live
alone
because he is
in her mind
she'll not fear
the dark
as he is
the light in
her eyes
will not glisten
to lies
for he is
the strength
of her kind
and next Autumn
the apple tree
will bear fruit.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Headless

Your headless pillow
beside me
each morning
gives me the creeps.

I wish we could
come weeping
back to each other...
but you haven't
the neck.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Headstones

Laying,
soaked bones,
broken
in the dead earth,
roots whisper,
inheritance.

Their silent voices
repeat -
we are your ancestors
and we laid still
until your coming.
Now we unite
in grave terms
that will always
be hours
of time and history,
and symbols
on stones
that mark
our coming and going.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Hettie

When Hettie Norman
fell down the bank
into an amazing bed
of stinging nettles,
she didn't half shriek.
It made me feel weak.

She kicked her way out
with a shout
at the top of her voice.
Then crying with dread
and looking bright red,
ran all the way home, screaming.

I ran behind kinda' close as I could.
She wouldn't wait,
screamed through her gate,
her skin spotted red.
I knocked on her door,
and her mother said
'poor Hetties in bed'.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

High

I'm dancing on the ceiling,
dancing fast and free.
I'm without a partner,
will you dance with me?

I'm higher than the ceiling,
I'm floating in the sky.
I will be your partner
and teach you how to fly.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

High Hopes

We have travelled
through winter
with its painful
windows of hard frost,
the fire in th grate
empty with dead ash,
to see blood buds break...
springing out of
hard pruned punishment
into hopeful glory
of future summer roses
on our pallid, sorry cheeks.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Hit

In a brazen bedroom
of deceit,
she lay seductive,
leg folded, naive
and thoughtless
in freshly crumpled sheets.

From out of the shadows,
a macho man
with silenced gun,
judged six span
and...
fired a sure shot.

Moving fast,
his body spun
to make a sudden
freedom run.

She,
a blast hole
in her head,
lay in death
on the marital bed.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Imagination

I don't know what
you are,
yet you have stretched
my mind.

I think of you
every day
labouring in the fine silt
of memory,
digging for an excuse
or reason
that was our demise,
the imaginary status
I can't conceal.

Actually we are one
comparable movement,
each, the others twin,
joined by thought...
as it ought to be.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Imagine

Imagine ...
the whole universe
cupped in a hand,
sparkling and clear.
It is bright
in the night of the mind,
pregnant and gently expanding.
Infinite.

Thought explodes.

The devils root
rose from the earth
laughing clouds
of sounds
made from the sky crying
red and silver,
mixing the light
of day and night
in storms of stars
and spinning moons,
with the sun burning
in its own heat
and the universe
coolly looking on
at its own destruction,
then blaming the unknown.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Infinity

When I missed you
on a fateful day,
and my mental sustenance
was drained with misery,
I cursed the late fall sun
and cried - let darkness come.

Spin rotund flare
until you are a cinder
and winter befalls
the universe
with colder stars
and older lights,
then night will reign
for eternity across
forevers sights.

- and me an ancient lady
in timelessness unfree
will wander the spatial deserts
into infinity.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Insight

In sight
your eyes say
I have to leave you
because I need to stay.
I am blind,
love is, they tell me.
The two people inside me
have agreed,
fought bitter battles,
near to the death fights...
but I won through.
After careful preparation
decide to stay,
live on to fight
another day
with an image of your eyes
saying go away,
insoluble.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Jack Spratt

Why did you discard her
like fat pork
that's thrown out for the birds?

She was pecked at
by the populous,
hopped on, crapped on
and left to the elements of life.

She was a wife
of good repute,
astute and hard working.
Weight was not the only thing
she had to offer.

She was a reasonable cook...
you were
an unreasonable feeder
you bleeder.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Jacobs Ladder

And did I climb
a snow-capped mountain
to find that you weren't there?

And did a bitter wind
of loneliness wrap me
with cold care?

And did you know
my desperate struggle
would have a fruitless end?

And did you know
I loved you more
than just a casual friend?

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Judas

'Tis clear demise,
my Judas.
Kiss my eyes farewell.
It is too late to cry for me.

I can see through your tears.
I am expecting nothing now
in recompense.
It is too late.
You give me away.

Anyway, freedom beckons.
I live with power
I've prepared in me.
You'll travel a course
that will surely be uncertain.

I've lived in past hope,
not you and she.
Have you enough rope?

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Jukes Song

So I love ya,
do you care?
Do ya worry
when I'm not there?

Would ya kiss me
if I were bad?
Would ya hug me
when I'm sad?

So, I love ya
and I care,
and I worry
When I'm not there.

I would kiss ya
when you're bad,
and I'd hug ya
when you're sad.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Killing Time

Suddenly, I'm old.
My bones, slaked with cold,
jangle with the sound
of rubbing in my ears.
Tears don't come easy.

The teasing street wind
whistles without favour,
and I am slow.

Taking refuge in Tesco,
talking to widow women,
likened with the situation....
their shopping trolleys
half full of expense and need,
I pause....

Freed from time
we kill it
with our jargon.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Languor

This is no revelation,
this mawkish feeling,
warm and helpless.
Maybe baby
you know the reason?

This is a season
unknown to Spring...
an emergence through
the permafrost of thought
into a softening.

Caught in this baby glow
of ridiculous languor...
I reach for my bottle.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Late Afternoon

Doves
among the roses
in the silent
autumn sun,
carry
gentle messags
to dusk
from day begun.
Late petals,
pink and falling
float lightly
to the ground,
still doves
they keep a calling...
with soft
and dreamlike sounds.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Late Friday Night

When your guts
are raw with waiting
and your head
is full of s**t...
take a gin and tonic
and relax a little bit.

When the time
rolls onforever
and you're tired
that you're alone...
take a gin and tonic
and you'll be a no go zone.

To be awake
'til morning
not knowing
what to think...
take a gin and tonic
and sod the missing link.

Trebles, of course.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Late Summer

I see your face
before me
on the last summer page.

The long, seeding grasses
quiver sound
and I think
you have come to me.

It is the breeze
singing your presence
in the air.

I am knowing
your spirit grows
with the seeds
of soft sun
planted in my heart.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Leaving

Leave me slowly,
when my face
is turned to light,
away from sky dark
snowflakes falling,
as the calling
of early morning
silently beckons
with its cold
embrace, when
you leave
to go where
I believe
you should,
as the last season
closes inside me
and freedom
walks with you
to gather flowers
in a warm Spring.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Left Undead

Left undead
on unsaid purpose
by someone
she didn't ever know.
Changed in mind
he left her circus.
His performance
was afterglow.

Distance now
has come between them,
her will was warm
but felt his chill.
Caught in thought
of sweet impression,
he is deep
in memory still.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Letter

Missing you always
my forever friend,
especially when the fork
in the road
confronted us
and we went
our separate ways.

Days and days
have passed by
and your spirit
is still with me.

See you some day
when fortuitous fate
brings us together
forever and ever
amen.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Lifting

The fog is soaking
up the dull, damp sky
as she twists and turns
in leafless lane,
then seeps with gold
as her mind unfolds
to quiet Novembers
slackened day.

A dampened face
and dampened hand
feel gentle in the golden mist,
a moistened lace
in soft, sweet grace,
the touch
of a natural kiss.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Listen

I shall come to you
in rippling atmosphere,
when the foxglove stands tall
and all summer is at peace.

When your merry love making
is over and forgotten
and even the clouds are still.

Listen to crickets calling...
they will tell you
I am there in my invisibility
and perfumes of dew.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Live Music

When she felt
the hell based beat,
the deepest note
to touch her feet,
and danced the devil
in her mind
when music joined her
with his kind...
and felt the racing,
felt the pulsing,
felt the dancing
through the floor,
breathed the music,
touched the sound,
moved the rhythm
of the ground,
she was a natural native
of the wild,
full of coloured sound
beguiled.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Look

Look at me
when Phoebus'
morning beams
fall from the leaves
into the shining pools
of your eyes
and light mine.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Lost For Words

What has silenced me?
It is not death...
although it laughs at me
from time to time.

Rhymes will not come
from idea anymore.
The mind is barren of thought
and I am lonely without words.

Letters are lost as I struggle
with a grey mist
and a half hidden moon.

I am sentenced to a night
devoid of stars.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Love

The house was named
Chastity.
Then -
Along came love.
He loosened
the door
and out flew
a dove.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Love After Death

When her thoughts
in invisibility,
transcend the heavens
in trails of searching,
like stardust, moving,
yet never taking space,
she will find you
in the clear expanding universe,
expansive love,
in an awe entrancing
grace.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Lucifer

I stand on your shadow
to stop you leaving.
An unbelieving scream
from your soul
rips the blackness
as you disappear,
your two horns polished
with moonlight
and me crying
midnight tears
in dead alley.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Lyric

I'll take you
and the music, honey.
I'll take you
and the sky.
I'll take you
on a round trip, honey.
I'll take you
by and by.

We'll buzz the bees
and tease the wind,
Kiss the moon
with the sweetest tune,
Send the sun
a valentine,
And we'll
fly, fly, fly.

Soon, we'll touch
the starlight, honey.
Soon, we'll drift
in silver.
Soon, we'll feel
the magic, honey.
Soon, we'll swim
moon river.

We'll cry the owl
and sail the rain,
Sing to the nightingale
on our way,
Gather the trees
in a large bouquet,
And travel the night
into day, day, day.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Magical Night

Once upon a time
 in a warm, damp
November darkness,
 when the sky was
sultry with stars,
 and peace drifted
through lonely streets,
 she walked with Bacchus,
silently, revelling in thought,
 intoxicated
by the magic of the night.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Many Hollows

Many hollow hearts
hung from an apple tree,
ringing in the chill
of evening, lonely
from lifes time deceiving.

Through the night
their plaintive sounds
fell as teardrops
to the ground.

While many true hearts
were free and happy
and walked with bells
to betrothal chapels.

Sally Plumb Plumb

May

May,
wearing wedding white,
and light,
scatters her confetti
petaled blossom
into summers
bright ways and wanderings,
squandering her days
lazily in grassy sunshine,
passing short time.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Midnight

Old moon, cold moon,
staring through
the trees' filigree,
cares not
for yesterday's sin,
the proliferation
of bad deeds
and stealing of sanity.

The sidewalk cries
in dampness
at the ancient dark,
and shadows
of the passing dead
speak not of life
or stars
that have overslept,
but of the sun
that has been
driven away.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Mind Healer

He who could have
been so many things
chose heartbreak,
who could have
flown with swallows,
instead,
took the watch of the owl
and flies in darkness
to make known the light.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Missing Person

I think...
if he don't
make an appearance
soon
I shall go to the police,
report him
as a missing person.

I've no address
or photograph.

I'm out and I'm down.
P'raps we shall meet
on the street.
One of us,
a dog,
can keep the other
warm
under this fuckin'
awful cloud
of stubbornness
that hangs above us
like a storm.

I want to be soaked
with kisses.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Monday Morning

The quick tick
of a fast clock
passes time hurriedly
to make sure
she rises suddenly
before she is awake.

The kettle was
rumbling its heat,
neatly spitting
its overflow
onto the kitchen
window sill.

The toaster jumped
loudly with clouded
dead crumb,
and marmalade clung
to the base of the jar
whilst the radio screamed
too loudly by far.

She scratched her head
and murmured 'what hell,
if I'd slept in this Monday
all things would be well'.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Moon Song

I looked into the eyes of the moon
and he smiled,
and said,
go soon
you'll never,
won't ever,
together
again be.

I stood there cold, mind unfolded
to endless whys,
uncertain sighs.
I must go
I know
whenever
together
can be again.

The moon looked back, reflecting thoughts
and winked his eye
when spotlights caught,
so go
you know
if ever
together
is to be.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Mr Jones

By the way
I love your chinos
Mr Jones,
I like the way
you move your bones,
the way you spread
your shoulders, too,
is plus plus, plus,
and when you do
it relaxes me
and teases through
my pleasures.

Get stuffed.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Music

If you have music in you
you'll play
the fool,
the whore,
sometimes the lover,
but always with passion
in your heart.

The first will bring you
remonstration.
The second will outlive
sensation.
the third will bring
deep love of song
and leave you thinking
you belong.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Mute

Life is a million
unspoken words.
The silent music
of the tongue,
stored deep
in the soul,
revealed through through the eyes
of the living and dead.
Hotwired in the mind
but locked in one head.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Natural Tempo

This is no power struggle,
no strong force of nature.
It is the gentle sun
stripping her bare.

A calm, pale blue
sky, reflecting light
among naked foot daisies
is no cha cha or rhumba,
but summer smooching
slowly with its love.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Natures Way

Adam and Eve
by a pair tree,
seductively sharing an apple.
When biting the pips
they touched with their lips,
and there naturally followed
a grapple.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Negativity

How soon
the evening falls.
The walls close in
and confines the night.

Caught in
negative memory,
I cringe at those
intrusions,
bursts of miserable
tasks that the brain
installs
without permission -
an unlit path
of coincidence and conflict,
a fight of tensions
and unspeakable sorrow.

Tomorrow is
a long time
coming.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Night Bird

I sleep the sleep
of midnight,
dark and deep.

The clocks strikes speak...
and chimes of excitement
I do not hear,
spears the owls ear
with vigour.

It floats as a ghost
on earthly prowl,
and me, destined
to dream alone
steals its position
in the night
and flys
with the moon
on my wing.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Night Sky

How quiet is the mind
when it is
empty to everything?

Then it can contain
the universe
and its stars,
when thoughts are alight
with darkness and bright,
the clearness and nearness
of the black, night sky
with the neon moon winking back
because she is in its sight,
wide awake,
reflecting.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Night Ways

I am the bloodline
Beelzebub.
We own the night,
we revel and sin
and enjoy the colour
of the time we're in.

At start of day
we skulk away,
hid from the light
for fear of the frightful
sight we are.
Away from the passive
and silent dawn
where people
who never live are bourne.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Nightmare

Surrender to the night
and sleep. A blessed thing
that sometimes
trips into mystery.
Carried dreams
from turned memory
erupt unexpectedly
unlocked and raw.

Did you ever think
that Hell is now?
The treacherous night
open mouthed and grimacing
is accounted for
and perjurious.

Could Heaven be bright?
Teasing with hellish obedience
a tattoo of stars,
the darkness abides.
An unconscious mind fights.

Fright marks the day.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Nightwatch

Her night bed wakes
with anxious stirring.
Hell is the sleeplessness
of night never over.
Open, never sleeping eyes
and brain.
The sifting thoughts
of minds slow cycle.

Her body cowers in time
with each pulse
beating away seconds,
and coffee cold
as the on coming dawns
cloudy windows.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Not Tonight

God, I kneel
in sanctity
at the bottom
of my nuptial steps,
tired bodily,
uncleansed,
dead almost
in sleep.

Help me to
the heaven
of cool coverlets,
free from
masculine intrusion
and exclusions of me
feeling lent.

I'm spent.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

November

The wind is dying
and memories
like falling leaves
lay dead
in aching dread
of you now gone.

Sweet songs
once sung in love
with greetings
of tomorrow
sorrowfully are
displayed
like dampened branches,
stretching bare
unwelcoming
as cold night air.

November is love gone.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Opposition

Opposition drives one on.
Makes one strive.
Makes one strong.

Self belief
protects the soul.
Within the mind
the spirit's whole.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Orange

I offer you
an orange,
a globe of sun,
to sustain you
through the noonday heat.

Savour its perfume
and eat its flesh
given to you in innocence
representing my love.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Over Time

The house is empty.
She is too.
Hollow as straw
and black as blighted wheat.

Seated alone,
collecting past thoughts
instead of new ideas,
fearing total loneliness
and a late onslaught of tears,
clearing torn love letters
from around her feet,
then walks to the open door
and scatters them like confetti.....

over the sodden street.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Pair

She's dancin'
with a bad boy -
a fun lovin'
glad boy.

She's a-flying
on her feet,
He's a- movin'
fast and neat.

Their smiles are wide
when they're side by side.
A happy pair
in the time they share.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Passing Tedious Time

Dulladorin,
perusing slow time,
core bored, fed up...
anything you like
to call lazy.

All the time tired,
wired for sleep,
keep the eyes open
for as long as one can.
Man, I must work
too hard,
guard my precious time
with thinking,
then fall
asleep in the winking
of an eye.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Pastel

What delicate tissue
will open your words
when she gives you love?

What doves fly
from your kissing lips?

In her grey eyes, sigh
crying rainbows,
while the sun unfolds
like a paper flower.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Perfect Silence

The perfect silence
of your eyes
as I look into
your thoughts
captures the night
sky of my loneliness
and gives me
the moon
to show me the day.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Picture

Frame me magic
tragically dead.
It lies in my cold memory.
Ice sharp its picture
scars me
with his exact unkissed beauty.
All time is frozen.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Poppies

Heavens sky scape
was glowing with fire,
high coloured as poppies
ablaze with suns flame -

compassionate showers
stirred nature alive
so earth would not grieve,
but remember the seeds
of its dead, red flowers.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Possession

Love is impertinant.
It encroaches the mind
without invitation,
makes itself at home
like a familiar neighbour,
lives on your generosity
of thought,
in time, like a squatter,
takes permanant residence
and is impossible to remove.
It cannot be resolved
by mental action, as
possession is complete
ownership.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Prayer For Night

This is a weak day,
a don't wanna speak day...

the wounded mind
with splintered thought,
a broken mirror
of a sort,
attacks the moments
so distraught,
then causes crisis
of a kind.

She prays for night,
for sleep, and peace,
when time drugged pain
and torments cease.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Predator

The cries of the hunter
ring free within the night
and pursue in damning darkness
through the garden of all sight.

Evil is reflected from the evil same,
all fights give up disaster
in the sickness of the game.

Surely, injuries are open
to the predators of stealth,
who venture on to slaughter
with satisfactions wealth.

Life sniffs the wind
for blood and breath,
who struggles still
with life and death.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Pretence

My mind is full
of all that you give.
However unreal, its
truthfulness lives.
There is no torture of
mind with you.
I think my thoughts
as dreamers do.
The trust is sweet,
so are the hours
of lonely moments
and memory showers.
The sun swings happily
in the sky,
and I, I never ever cry.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Pretty

You are like
a poem.
Patterned around
your face
like memories
laced together
with strings of petals
are my kisses
for you.
Lightly I look
into your eyes
crying those kisses
because
I miss you.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Purer Than White

The colour of gravity
is as invisible
as the projection of sight
from his clear eye.
It is purer than white
and breathable as the sigh
that cannot be felt
by her until
she is in his arms.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Question

A question of love...
I won't refute.
Your need for him
is quite acute.

Does he know
just how you feel,
or that he has
such sex appeal.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Recruit

Watch yourself new soldier
your rifle o'er your back,
never slacken vigilance,
we're very near attack.

The shadow of your mother
walks with you step and heart,
if a bullet hits you suddenly
your mother falls apart.

She cannot lift the weight of death,
she cannot speak to tell
of bullets speeding through the air
..... the implements of Hell.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Reflection

Infatuated moon,
enamoured of the lake,
reflect with silent tremors
your cowardly kisses,
then lightly consume
its shining skin
with night.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Refugee

She shouts,
'I am English'.

Unnoticed, she
is labelled British.

'But that could
mean anything, '
she cried,
then sighs, defeated.

'Soon, I shall
have no identity.
I am nothing'.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Remorse

Crows call the host
of morning,
when light will dominate
her day.

The hard, unblinking eye
of thought
will sift the night
of her decay.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Rendezvous

Death, I am here
waiting with the darkness
that you collect
in your velvet casket.
The pretty stars that were
my childlike eyes
have lost their light.
I am as cold and still
as a statue,
but without fright.
There are no shadows here
to worry me.
I cannot call to you
but you will hear my silence,
it is quieter than velvet.
You will carry me with ease
because I no longer exist.
Darkness lay me softly
on your black pillow of night.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Request

Take me slowly
with kisses
and feeling, darlin'.
With the sweat
on your brow
in the long, deep grass.

With the sun
in your mind
and a burning thought
of summer love
that's newly wrought.

And take me to light
when my mind is dark
as the evening clouding
with the blanket of night...
and the shadowy owl cries
on the cusp of my sighs...

I will wait for you when?

Sally Plumb Plumb

Retort

I shall only ask you once
he said.
If the answers no
our love is dead.

Then you must go
she did retort.
Self love is yours...
thrives in your thought.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Reunion

Happy. laughing drink.
The kind that makes you think...
of all absurdities
drawn of memories,
deeply treasured,
filled with laughter.

Never measured
friends of youth,
of naive truth
pass the time.
Childhood friends
of never ends.

Old age preys,
always slays.
Look to each other
as sister and brother.
Raise your glasses
or time will pass us.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Reynard

You've killed my chickens,
Reynard.
Before the light of day
you slyly ambled into their house
and stole their lives away.

My dutiful, fat brown hens
that wandered free always,
their necks half chewed
and feathers spread
where on the ground they lay.

Reynard, you are beautiful
but I promise you one day
I'll wear your coat
across my back -
It's a sorry game we play.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Rig Divers North Sea

Where the Leviathan lurks
in silent depths
and dribbles its
down turned gape
in sick contempt,
Neptunes sons
courageous tasks
do make about
their salty underworld
in reverence
of its rules.

Where umbilicals surface
and are fed
with good support
and reward for all.
Constant vigil reigns.

Hearts do sink
on home horizons
when disaster stikes
the unknown mermen
of an island currency.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Ripple

Walking around the words
'where are you? '
from the circle of my heart,
growing wider,
as a ripple,
gentler in the outer part.

Soon, without flow,
in the calm,
you will find some other me
that holds you
in another time -
happily saying
'here are we.'

Sally Plumb Plumb

Ritual

Hunters moon is risen
and Septembers dusky virgins,
half naked, tight thighed
and country barefoot,
walk the scorched, dry grasses
in deep glow.

Breathing late
warm air about
their gentle breasts,
they sense fresh
preying suitors
garlanded in poppy wreaths....
softly chanting,
love and peace.

Beneath an airy canopy
loves sacrifice released,
the moons still pendulum,
a fiery, curled light
bequeaths the rich
and fertile night
its secret, earthly rites.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Rocker Song

You are
a slice of spice, man,
but.....
don't think you can
soften me up
to break me down.
It aint gonna happen!

Don't think you can
slap my wrist,
get my mind in a twist.
It aint gonna happen!

My sexual intrigue
is in a league
known only to me.
It aint gonna happen!

You're listing my traits?
The gates of my mind
are open and free.
I'm not on the take.
You think I might break?
It aint gonna happen!

Sally Plumb Plumb

Rowley

The flames that flared
by Rowleys head,
were part of his cardigan
Aunt Pop said.
He caught it alight
whilst frying some bacon.
(Can't remember whos food
he was makin')
An extinguisher was close at hand.
A dowsing in foam
was hurriedly planned.
It clouded his glasses
through which he was seeing
the fire of the fat
that was part
of his being.
He stoically stood,
not a move was he takin'.
His eyebrows were crisp
as the burnt piece of bacon.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Rumour

Shall you converse
in betrayel of my name?
My siblings, too
thought by you,
are adverse.
How counts the evil
of the street
measured with words
and borne by feet?

Follow the echo....

Succoured by ignorance
of a matrix told,
spoken in chance
from a web that's old.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Sacrifice

What says

'Slaughter the infidel

and we will devour

its thoughts.

Commit its pagan entrails

to the earth...

no reverence or blessing

will go amiss? '

The sactity of superstition

evaporates, wavers,

as warriors slash

with blinding blades...

and faith

in all religion

fades.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Score

In bed
unsaid happenings,
slaps on the bum,
fun in talk
but useless
to a woman.

Keep your mouth shut
smut.
Don't tell...
spell out...
be quiet,
I'll deny it
if you say anything.

Sing about it?
Never.
Clever, clever.
Who are you
anyway?
Say you'll pay
you braggart.

Damn!
I was drunk.
You took advantage
of my vantage points.
Your score.
No more.

a

Sally Plumb Plumb

Seagull

Sea wing
lift me
in everflying circles,
I am with your eye
skyfaring and calling.

I fly with you,
high sky
and crying free.
Tone clear,
wheeling in tandem
random swoops
loop our circles
as we coast the wind,

encircling the suns circles
we fly!

Sally Plumb Plumb

Search

The 'phone is dead.
I cannot hear you.
You've long since fled.
I cannot find you.

My sound goes on
Its answers wear me.
Echoes response -
My own voice tears me.

If whispers dream
And spectres bring me
Visions true -
Let you be with me.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Second Depression

Shadows are returning,
injurious thoughts stretching
slowly from deep undergrowth.

Long shadows, rooted
decades in the past,
thorny and hurtful.

Unforgotten in mind,
unkindly attacking the present.
Virulent weeds
seeding old grudges.

She drudges and weeps
... drudges and sleeps.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Seeing You

You are my precious
piece of porcelain,
my plate of haute cuisine,
the biggest, damndest diamond
that i have ever seen.

You're more to me than heaven,
and less to me as pain.
My life will turn to blindness
if I don't see you again.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Separation

It is a beautiful place.....
this mystery of where you are,
full of golden trees
glistening
as the magic Autumn
shines through the day.

You are here, somewhere
amongst the leaves,
walking with the rustle
of my colourful repose,
insecure and searching.

I find your image
sometimes watching mine.
My eyes fall,
a faltering courage
in the lonely time
of separation.....
knowing I cannot
match your silence
with my words.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Serenade

Night music,
cascading, warm
through her veins
in gentle pleasure,
brought him close
to her senses,
stealing,
across the heavens,
the depth
of his sleep -
the pulse of his being.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Shades Of Love

She lays awake
all night
fighting memories
good and bad.

Pain breaking dawn
cut and injures
with the light.

Her plight is
always sadness,
a price she
has to pay,

for good love...
bad love...
sad and never had love,
she loses either way.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Shadow

I have eaten your shadow,
digested it stars and glowing heat
like a serpent.

It has satisfied my need
temporarily... now
i await your crimson lit being
with starvation in my heart.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Shadow Street

I am walking
dim, uncharted territory,
a long, long street
where doors are
coffin lids
and the inside of
shrouded windows are
wreathed with black roses.
I paddle
in my own piss
longing for dry land,
drained, and suspicious of
the stillness
feeling numb,
praying that
my brain will end.
Rigor closes
my sagging jaw.
Teeth clenched,
I see ahead arid land,
not quite barren, not quite dead.
There, in sight,
Hells grinning signpost...
directing the unknown.
I turn my head.
Nobody's there.
I am alone.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Shower

For a brief moment
a spirit rested in a cloud
and listened there to
the rain it held, singing.

Together they made music
that fell with shafts
of shining, shine, and winging
wet with suns rays
gently kissed the earth,
leaving a pure sky
silver chilled and breathing freshness.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Side Affects

I tipped up the glass
and drank you in sideways.
I felt like a doxy
making her pass.

You in a glance
picked up my signal...
before very long
then asked me to dance.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Silken Thread

He brought her spools
of silken thread
to mend the wounds
in their injured bed.

She sewed many
coloured patches there
then slept al night
in the dead roomed chair.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Simplicity

I woke this morning
to the sound
of small trees
ringing happiness
in the grass yard,
chickens quick picking
the dirt track
for early titbits,
quietly, with murmurs
of contentment,
then you appearing
with a satisfied look
carrying a breakfast tray
of toast, milk
and dew gathered
buttercups crammed
in a sugar bowl,
and the whole
of my life
in one precious moment.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Singing Lesson

Be quiet, my dear
then you will hear
the bird trill
on the bough.

To my disgust...
if sing you must,
that bird will teach
you how.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Six A.M.

There are times
when waking
she thinks
death has brushed
by her
in the night.
Teasing with cold,
colourless,
slow wings
a quaking heart
still blood beating.
Heavily,
through its thickening
veins, the fatigue
of lifes history advances.
Lazy, as
sleep drifting,
old age creeps
each morning
without warning
of its impediments.

She drinks vermouth.

Early.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Skin

Your skin is velvet
moving o'er me.
You are my skin.

Your fingers are
a glove about me.

Velvet,
I can't feel without you.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Skylark

Bird on the wing,
sing for me,
bring to me freedom
and sky.

Stay with the blue
but ring true
to me.

Be secure
with your spirit
and fly

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Sleep

Sleep, sleep
in divine sleep, dream
where the wishing moon drifts
and clothes the clouds with silver.

Drift, drift
in heavens wondrous night,
whilst on sleeps wings
entrust the moon your gentle flight.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Sleep My Love

I worry with you
when you don't sleep
in the depth of the night,
in the deep, grey, deep.

When the moon is quiet
and the owl glides low
across the tree tops
where the leaves are slow
to fall.

This is the time
we wait for sounds
of early morning,
and the clinging tiredness
we share nightly
and recover from
in each others arms
is tightly found.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Slough Of Despond

With the dim light
of terrible day
in lifes asylum,
still, bone faced,
the worn entities
ot time,
passing time.

Drugged by memories
stagnating
in the brains river,
and blood staring eyes
dried of tears,
hear my own heartbeat
in the silence.

I, one with them,
understand without speaking,
take my space
in this dormitory
of sleeping minds,
uncompassed and sterile
of any desire,
sift without need
an unmoved existance.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Smile

Who stole my sense of humour?
The vandal Fate?
I pick it up
in little bits,
scarred pieces
of a broken cup.
Each small smile
I put together.
When the last piece fits
I'll laugh forever.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Snake Skin

I am the skin
you've shed.
You said
I was shrinking,
you've stopped thinking
about me.

See me laying,
praying in this bed
of rose nettles
dried and crying,
greying
at the eye sockets
old and thinly
cold.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Snowdrops

Not far from a river,
in the depth
of a wood,
amidst gold autumn debris,
snow, ivy and moss,
- snowdrops -
heads bowed demurely
in cold, winter light
stand patient and silent
with Spring in their sight.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Solitude

Snow of solitude
and silver white,
sunlight yellow pale
in a silent sky,
drift together,
weather tied
and cold
as the old year stills
and purifies its soul.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Something Plus

I don't do love
because I'm too cold.
I don't do love
because I'm too old.

The want for life
and love is gone.
I'm much too tired
to carry on

If old is cold
and lust's a must,
then what is bold
and what is just?

I'm just too old
and far too tired
to be so bold
or be inspired.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Somewhere

What clumsy deed
of hers spelt doom?
What unguarded thought
emerged in hurtful comment
and prised apart
their truths?
Why did she break his heart/

In truth
he broke hers.
They were joined
by lies
and ties of betrayal
somewhere
over the rainbow
of hoping
love was more rare.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Song Of A Dying Infant

I am gently dying.
No need to cry.
No need to say goodbye.
I go in peace,
into a sky of butterflies
and tiny golden birds
that never cease to sing.
I will take wing. Softly.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Sparrows

Birds in a
bare bush
beneath quiet
noonday beams,
tail flicking,
preening,
dreaming Spring dreams.

There, on the
high branch,
backs to the sun
- sparrows -
steeped warm.

A calm March
has begun.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Speechless

I am losing words
day by day.
Soon, I shall be
speechless.
Can't find the sounds
that make me heard,
or let me scribe
the thoughts I've found.

But the mind still sings,
my heart is winging
and I cling on
to the words
about me.
I am lost
for words I'm losing.
I am quiet with you.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Spirit

The soul,
a black hole
that absorbs
all pain,
will never be full.

Bully life
keeps pounding strife,
again and again.

The soul wins more
as the body weakens,
sucks in life
to its very core,
answers the mind
without ever speaking,
a silent force
that is the spirits roar.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Spirit Wings

Carrying a seed of life,
an unborn child....
soon vanished in blood,
never feeling
until journeying
into life
its presence about her,
swimming in her head,
and wonderings,
a child of spirit
living still,
its soul intact.
Feathery, in a space
unseen around her,
out of touch
but near to
its mothers needs
when a mothers mind bleeds.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Spring Weather

She stitched the path
with threads of grasses
and buttoned sun
through all its passes,
then rinsed it out
with clouds of grey
and merrily blew
its time away.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Squaw

My breasts carry the blue rivers
that nurse me with their blood,
my ears, the canyons of the winds.
I listen to their songs.
My eyes the storms of the sky
that cools me.....
but you, flower of the late sun,
warm me gently and bring
only lilies.

I

Sally Plumb Plumb

Stairway

In this half sleep
of a lifelong stupour,
walking the length
of Eschers stair,
I reach the summit
at the bottom
marking time at the top
not knowing
it is there.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Starless

You are the beauty
of a night.
When the sky is
starless
and I am alone.
The silent spirit
that touches me
in tranquil peace
of serenity.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Starters

This morning
my mind
is all over
the place.

I've laced it
with gin
to slow down
the pace.

My head's in
my hands.
The gin's in
the glass.

Drink little,
not often,
the disturbance
will pass.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Storm

Give to me the lightening
of your thought
and tie it with the thunder
of your cry.

All life will see the fury
yet untaught
of nature caught within
the knowing eye.

Yet seeing darkness in that
angry cloud
will power the senses full,
and wide and free,
still earth will shudder in
its thoughts aloud,
disturbing reverence of all
minds that see.

Fierce, loosened rains startle
the racing river,
flashing its run, reflecting
as the sky.
Caught in light the mountains
slightly shiver
as a lustrous silver quivers
high, on high.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Summer

Flowers were her breastplate,
perfume was her breath.
Autumn was her weariness.
Winter brought her death.

Spring, the resurrection
from the earthly womb
frees Summers own perfection
as sweet terrestrial blooms.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Summer Shade

Old man sun knows
where I hide.
In cool seclusion
I abide.

Craftily he steals
the shade,
and flirts in glee
where I am laid.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Sundial

The shadow
on the sundial
was a minute past
memory leaving
something beautiful
far in the past,
unknown to anyone
but the shadow.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Sunrise

We are the vapour
of earths senses
in early morning sun,
the breath
of wild poppies
as we ripple through
quickenng grasses
when day begins.
We will always be here
in country fields
until intensity surrenders
our spirits back
to their beginnings.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Surprise Surprise

If you think that
I am maimed -
suprise, suprise.

My heart has claimed
its own award.
The broken segments
of its hurts
rejoined unconsciously
without thought
of damage won
by loves destruction.

Suprise, suprise.
Here comes the sun.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Swing High Swing Low

When the vivid red of satan
leaves my shrinking veins,
then a stratus lays before
and from deep, deep wells of pain
oceans of tears have eyes to cry.
Ever falling blackness.
Bottomless, silent pools
that reflect nothing.

Lift me, black angel,
carry me high,
let me touch scarlet clouds
and dance in the sky.

Can I walk with the sun?
Can I run with the moon?
I beg you dark angel,
carry me soon.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Appointment

The waiting game
of discomfort.
Dull fury,
a fuming cloud
that covers thought
without relief
is impatient.

Wait, I hear a clatter,
the dusty doormat
has received an appointment
for her future.

She opens with trepidation
her future
that is in
the long distance.

She waits, once more,
with anxiety.
If time turns
its back on her again
life may be the late.

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Big Cheat

Life is
the big cheat.
It's been eating
pieces of me
for as long as I can
remember.
Now it's getting near
the bone.

Lonely soul,
moves lightly,
like a swirl of smoke
ready to desert me.
Hurt as I am
I don't care where it goes.
Knows better than me
what to do.

Too clever
for the decaying mind.
Will find sanctuary
in a disappearing rainbow.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Chain

Life by accident
is life in time.
Life this way
is chosen... prime.

Many explosions
day by day
will populate
and keep at bay...

an empty world
laid low by war.
The nations' millions
destroyed. What for?

Death by purpose?
It's out of line.
Take care of the children.
They're yours and mine.

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Contest

Adventurous Atlanta,
hunter of wild boar,
challenged men to race barefoot...

provoking even more,
declared that she would marry
the victor of the race,
all defeated she would kill
to shield them from disgrace.

A daring suitor,
in his hand
carried golden apples,
each time Atlanta took the lead
a golden apple did precede.

As she stooped to pick it up
the young man passed her
fast, outclassed her.

So, in a joyful open hand
was placed the contested wedding band.

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Dryad

The tree murmured,
I'll embrace you
within my branches,
interlace me with my leaves,
chance the breeze
when she dances,
suddenly
around the birds
that please with their melodies.

I will shelter you
when you're alone.
Cradle you within myself,
support the spirit of your mind...
to nature's child comes nature's wealth.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Haunted

Lucy, dear aunt,
where do you lay?
Your death has stolen
my childhood away...
hid under the earth
where wild rabbits play.

Do you rise
and glide at night
in your gown
of heavenly light,
holding violets
in your hands,
do you wander
this burial land?

Amongst the archaic
grey stoned names,
weather stained
and hung with moss,
I've searched and wondered
through all time
what evil nailed you
to a cross.

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Haunted Sea (Kids Stuff)

Two days of stark
on a wide, wide sea.
Into bleak horizons
the ship sailed free.

Through day filled nights
and flightless skies
of loneliness
and tearless eyes.

Then the sea grew wider
as the sky shone pure
with painful sharpness
and silent fear.

Soon fore to aft
the ship did spin,
and the sails they emptied
then filled again.

It listed port
then starboard, right
and overturned
in the haunting light.

No sound, no sound,
from the tossing waves
for the drowning men
were the waters slaves.

And the crew still shriek
when the wind is flying.
it's loud with the sound
of brave men dying.

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Juveniles

Red brick alley,
where blood and anguish
drips from blades
and is never seen
in the permanant shade.

Where consience is
a nuetral spot
and badland innocence
is soon forgot
among its nueral wanderings.

Freedom through minds wrought
iron door
leads back to where
life seethed before.
Another alley innocent
hits the floor
never to talk again.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Lion

Male pride is
a lion
that growls
from soul
and sinew
and never succumbs
to any adversary,
woman or beast.

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Native

The stretching road
to life unknown -
carried beliefs
from old town days
pursued by memories
into new found ways.

The indignant voice
was never heard
when they felled
the trees -
so we lost the birds.
We lost the wildflowers,
then we lost the bees,
a killing of nature
the native sees.
Killed the spirit
of country life,
not known to people
of a new towns strife.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Queue

I'm getting
nowhere slow
wondering where
to go.

The mug shot
in my bus pass
looks older
than I know
as I cram
the queue
of what to do
trying to keep
pace with them
and you.

On my toes
the foot in front
stops my progress
dead.

Now it's started
raining
and I wish
I was in bed.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Red Indian

I would care to meet you
man of the low sky,
who catches the winds voice
in his hand
and steals the colours
from the rainbow.
You, who are the soft clouds
refuge, and who waits for me
by and by.
But I must still the horizon
a time longer.
I seek the path
of my ancestors.
They speak to me
through the seeings
of the eagle
and the breathing
of the river.
I must follow their memory
and return to nature
by way of a mountain.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Satyr

The old goat sleeps
with piccalo,
hunts in dream
some lover near,
snorts in woodland
undergrowth,
the hills and plateaus
of his fears.

A cloven hoof?
Lifes ageing man.
Unnurtered truth,
a sexual dam.

Rivers run deep
when my man sleeps.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Shift Worker

Fat, old dad
asleep again.
resting his chin
on his double chins.

Snoring, snorting,
loud retorting noises
not quite poised
for gentry.

Elementary I would say.
Goes to work
earns his pay
in shifts.

Inner time clock
working true.
Never misses
moving dates related
to his factory hours.

Ours at home
he's fat, old dad.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Slow Walk

She walked the flatlands
with the sincerity of a dullard
when her thoughts crumbled..

causing memory pain,
solidifying errors
of judgement and fault,
the weight of conscience
and a heavy heart...

but she smiled,
a superficial smile,
and carried on
walking the last mile home.

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Social Divide

I wanna pin you
to a wall
and snog you...
but, you're a posh git
and I'm a trog.

Echoing coarsely
like a frog in love
I spawn my thoughts.
Another time, another place,
a gentle fancy.
Face to face
we'd smile benign.

Sliding slowly
muddy grudges
beneath a green water,
I ponder.

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Thaw

The moon is
cool tonight.
Light fills my eyes
with silver.

The naked trees
moan soft delight
and conquer still
late winters spite.

Snow that's sparkling,
cold, retreating
leaves impressions
damp but clear.

Lone snowdrops
thrusting through
in crisis,
claim a spring
that's very near.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

The Voice Of Seduction

O, when I met him first,
that man of speaking,
I did in attentive silence stay.
His rainbow words were spilling
sounds of colour,
his utterings did float
about my brain.
And when this fine vocabulary
did cease,
my eyes did wander 'cross his face
and watched him close,
and watched him move,
and watched his mind
erase fingered rings
and well worked hands
in shining beauty
of his touch,
leading me through misty hues
into citadels of lights and dews,
and in these droplets each, a vision
of unknown shades and mystery.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Thinks Party

Went to the party
last night.
Sat in a corner
drinking whiskey,
too old to be frisky,
to dance and prance,
glance sideways at talent.

It's a balancing act now
I've had a stroke.
I just joke about it.
My affliction, I mean.

I'm still keen on the opposite
sex, but it vexes me
there's no close contact
when couples dance anymore.
If there was
I'd take a chance myself.

Instead, I'm drunk
in charge
of a walking stick.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Thought

Even the violet
has turned pale.
It is drained white.

My own hot blood
is leaving me
in cowardly flight.

Mild fear engulfs
my heart
with unexpected beat.

I share my lifes
sure death
with minds defeat.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Three Phases

I'd snatch
a halo
from the moon, my love
and thread it
through with daisies,
if I could
see your face again
and play amongst its moods.

I'd catch
a shiny star
and frame it
full and bright
with daytime,
if I could
see your face again
and stay
within its moods.

I'd take
from setting suns
their colours
to paint you
pictures of your love
if I could
see your face again.
I pray
to see its moods.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Time Past

The rustic table
once furnished hearty food,
rough, red wine,
hosted kind,
happy, singing country folk.
Their shadows and footprints
still remain in
dust blown through
an open, broken door
of time past,
and the light
of an extinguished candle
burning in the imagination.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Too Old

I'm too old to pump iron
and I'm far too fat to jog.
I'm much too old to have a mate
'cause I'm too old to snog.

I'm too old for stilleto heels...
that leaves me very sad,
but, I can still drink whiskey
and that makes me very glad.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Torment

Internal mind is the life sentence
that solicits with hard indifference,
in secrecy, and when I am alone with him in my deluded spirit
it reels uncomfortably, with a never seen destruction.
No liberation with any word could free me
from insistant persecution
or free me from this unclaimed humiliation
that is reimbursement
for circumstance.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Tough Love

My father
called celery... salary,
and Valerie... Valaria.
What he called me
was nobodys business.
He used to lose
his mind
and say unkind things
to people.
It don't upset me
any more
for now I'm older
memory is a cold case.
His two faces,
one white.. then black,
were frightful.
A third face
was that of a child
who needed help.

Once, they carted my father
off in a straight jacket.
I don't think he ever knew
it was me who grassed him up.
My mother was faint hearted
at the time
and left it to me.
I jumped at the chance.
Madness had gone on for long enough.
Tough love?
No love... I was glad
to do it.
Couldn't wait.
Better late than never.
Who's clever?
I was fifteen at the time.
A lot of sniper fire
from sane people
could have dug my grave.

Conflict carries on relentlessly.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Twilight

Turn your eye
and don't look back,
the littered past
is long and black.

A twisted key?
A twisted lock?
A twist of fate...
a mental block?

An ever cautious
mind moves on,
translates, then darkens,
thrives upon
its own oppression
deep and stark,
yet yearning for
the lively spark.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Two Confused

The daily ritual
of something lost
almost costs us
our sanity.
Some screams in
our heads
could never be said
to be ruled
by the thought, passivity.

Loud banging about,
and sometimes a shout
of frustration will ring
round the room.
Nought can be found,
and unpleasing sounds
rebound with cold negativity.

Blast! Blast! Blast!
We've found it at last.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Underfoot

When I tread,
in secret, the untrodden snow,
with Winter,
I shuffle, beside the low sun,
of Autumn
and dance with daisies
in the wild meadow
of Summer.

Underfoot,
the birth of Spring
is difficult.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Undressed

Lost in a leafless wood,
birdless boughs,
silence.

Inactive mind
finding nothing.

Eyes peering
at leering solitude.

Nude nature
looking for its clothes.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Unfamiliar Fantasy

Don't fall
on me darkness,
I want not
your cloak today.
Let the sun shine
without you shadow
hanging on the dawn.

Morning brings
an unfamiliar light
with bright birds
singing,
and him beside me,
this once,
with his inviting, angel arms.

Sally Plumb Plumb

United

Sorry I left...
I couldn't take it
anymore.
Your voice
was as quiet
as the night,
cold as the moon
and I feared you
were drifting away.

Drink your coffee...
night crawls
across the sky
dragging a damp blanket
with it.
The trees,
heavy with moisture weep
as do we
now we are united
with morning.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Unspeakable

Unspeakable! Unthinkable!
Two words were said.
Dirty sex!
It's in her head.

He was perplexed.
It can't be true
that a lurid act
is a pact of two.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Untitled

Listen to th noise
they make....
the moving mouths
of domination,
leading mouths
of nominations,
leading minds
to make descisions
for the mouths
of politicians.

Listen to the noise
we make....
the angry mouths
of opposition,
making way
for supposition,
taking gains
from moving mouths.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Upside Down

The river seems deep,
could I drown in it?
The sky is asleep,
shall I rest in it?

If the tree is alive
will I grow with it?
When the road wanders on
can I travel forever?

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Valentine

Look at my face.
What do you see?
It's cracked with life,
times gift to me.

My teeth are unpearly,
my hairs worn quite rough,
unruly's the body,
feet corned and tough.

And what of my spirit?
It's strong and it's true.
We've had many crisis'
but I'm still here with you.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Vanity

The image of my picture's face
is young.
The crows feet in my mirror
are not my mirrors inperfections...
but mine.

Senseless staring, staring back,
I cannot bear the mirrors cracks,
and when was I my pictures face?
Long in the past.
Now I am cast

Sally Plumb Plumb

Village Tree

We have grown
from the roots
of this little place,
my friends,
the bowels
of the grave,
the deposit
of our genes.
We are the indigenous,
the core,
come up through
the trees
very centre,
grown into the leaves,
inhaled by the sky
and lifted upwards
until we reach
the warmth of freedom
and the path
of our ancestors.
We will nourish eternity
with our spirits.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Vow

Warm your hands
on my heart
and I will liven you.
deep in me
you can thrive
and life will grow
for you.

New spirit and soul
will make time
new for you,
and we will dwell
in a house of
comfort forever.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

We Are

You are the nights music
when the flightless moon
peers through a dark window,
when the two of us
hold hands in mindless thought,
when singing our quiet song
we don't allow dawn to intrude,
when the moon cries lonely tears,
and we are beautiful.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Weeping Willow

Born
in the arms
of a willow
she wept
an ever-flowing
river of tears
into which
she gracefully peered
at her own
quivering reflection.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Wildflowers Live On

Chickens picking amongst wild flowers.
Undug patches with netting bowers.
Tuberculosis that's running rife.
Sore, scrubbed hands on every wife.

Pebbledash cottages with rotten sills,
Made of dryrot and carpenters bills.
The mantle pops the smell of gas.
Shiny the hob and fenders brass.

Coal from the cellar rises in dust,
While draught through a crevice blows unjust.
The outside room is shaped by many,
In brutal weather and sometimes sunny.

Still the wild flowers live on.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Wind And Rain

Wind racing, rain facing
glow, an eye stinging,
ear whistling blow,
with mouth gasping,
breath rasping north wind,
force wind, cold source
artic on course wind
for inside out umbrella
pinned fella...

when she turned around
and embarrassedly grinned.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Winter

Winter's cold.
The year grows old.
Trees are bare.
No flowers fair do bloom.

The day it's dark.
And night fires spark.
The stream is frozen.
Winters's chosen cold, and bitter.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Workday Weekday

As dawn touched eyelids
through a semi-transparent curtain
that was morning,
a misty mind unfolded, slowly,
memories of yesterday,
thoughts for today.

Lying comfortably beneath a cover
that was once a dozen swans,
she,
after some decisions
and more dozing
decided to lift herself
and begin her days events.

After bathroom chores
and much gazing into the mirror
she wanders down
a half decorated staircase,
enters her kitchen,
examines a sink
that needed cleaning yesterday
but can wait until tomorrow.

A mug of tea,
the housewifes saviour
is sipped with a disapproval of taste.

Next task of every weekday morning
is the pressing of not quite clean jeans,
well worn working shirts,
hankerchiefs, frilly pants
and anything else that was tubbed
or scrubbed the day before.

A sip of now lukewarm tea.
A sharp yell that vibrates
to yhe top of the stairs...
'Daniel, get up'.

A second attempt to rouse her son
never fails.

'Wash yourself good',
she yells in her cup.

Downstairs comes son.

'Hello, Dan'.

'Hello, Mum'.

'I'll have some toast without much butter,
plenty of marmalade, though' he mutters.

Some scrapes the half burned toast.

'My fault again'she has to boast.

Son talks wide eyed and alert,

mum still half asleep, inert.

Eventually, son departs for school,
she must also work to rule.

So, she does a final chore
before she passes through the door,
an opening that is a new working day.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Wren

Dark ivied wall
what do you hide?
What tiny bird
is housed inside?

Keep secret thoughts
in tight seclusion.
Bring forth profusion
of new flight.

Give all delight.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb

Yellow Iris

Iris,
you're so tall
and slim
with your golden
crown
standing by the waters
edge,
your long limbs
reaching down.

Rooted to the spot
you are
stately, elegant
and proud,
gathered by th margin,
growing with the crowd.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Your Call

The mouth is numb,
saying nothing.
Quietness,
that makes
the sounds ring.

Still pressed receiver
in dumb caresses
against the silene ear...

whispering back
something like 'Finished.'
Things look black,
click, clack.

Wish I'd never
met you.
Ring back.

When you did
we were kids playing
grown-up games
as adults.

Faults mine.
Fine.
Please
reverse the charges.

Sally Plumb Plumb

Zero

We are encircled
by a halo of the moon
my love,
you and I,
cool and untouching.
Around its frozen circumference
we slowly stroll,
separated
by our cold reigns
of silence.

My iced knives
I direct with unawareness.

Moonliy, I,
wandering worthlessly
through my dark domain.
In the sparkless caverns
of my mind, cruelly void,
there is a need
that you'll unbind
my love.

Sally Plumb

Sally Plumb Plumb