Poetry Series

Diana Rosser

- 100 poems -

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A Thank You Note [Tanka]

above and beside
steep cliffs, butterflies hover
amongst wild flowers

thank you my dear beloved
for keeping my eyes open

Diana Rosser

An English Spring Ramble

Spring is here in every new budding leaf
that flourishes beneath
this vast expansive sky of baby blue.
Wild pink cherry in blossom by the road
covers soft yellow daffodils on show,
fav'rite colours in a nursery hue.

Push'd into this expectant painted world
first lambs, tails unfurled
wobble under udders in fields of green.
Along hedgerows where I slowly amble,
deep within the ancient knotted bramble
Tree Sparrows flitter and twitter unseen.

Walking with my eyes and heart wide open
silent words unspoken,
the wayside has its own story to tell.
The wild birds' spring symphony holds me
standing here beneath the sunlit cherry
looking through branches at a clear blue sky.

Diana Rosser

Around the corner

I wont tell you the stories he has told me,
or the reason why for weeks and months
he couldn't sleep.
About the walk around the corner,
he kept walking round that corner,
walking round that corner
for days and months and weeks.
That isn't my story to tell you, only his;
but I can tell you that he walks around
that corner through his days
and through his weeks.
I can tell you that he marched them home
leading from the front,
right down through the Guildhall
to the sound of thudding drum.
I can tell you that he marched all those
young boys home.
All of them, but one.

Diana Rosser

Birds

They fly through my heart
small measures of joy
beating away
early morning
melancholy.

I sit, wrapped with coffee
feasting my eyes through
the window
on their coming
and going.

The song of their voice
replenishes me
as I step out
to fill
their table.

Diana Rosser

Black Hounds Howl

Across the starless early morn
black hounds howl in relentless rain.
The garden battered, broken, torn
lies flat beneath the beasts refrain.

Duress heralds the bleakest dawn
where daylight drags its feet in vain
across the starless early morn.
Black hounds howl in relentless rain.

Grey ruthless light, through dark clouds drawn
pushes with insolent disdain
its need upon the sodden lawn;
dull glow pillaging night's domain.
Across the starless early morn
black hounds howl in relentless rain.

Diana Rosser

Blooms

In my garden a new rose blooms,
velvet red with heady sweet perfume.
The rose bush itself is carefully tended,
fertilized, when best remembered.
Cut back yearly, pruned in March,
so that when at last
the summer sun breaks through in June
the rose, displays a perfect bloom.

A small distance away, along a weathered fence;
a rose left to ramble, reveals its own elegance.
It’s white, pink flowers cluster
in great multitudes along it’s trailing limbs,
clambering and lightly scented
they grow and bloom untended.

Diana Rosser

Blown High

It is bewitching this wild winter sky
that swirls livid coils past the window pane.
Rolling, twisting billows of grey that cry
to merge, blend, before spiralling again;
unfolding, captured in a rigid frame.
The base slices fractal branches of three
ancient oaks that charcoal across the grain.
But the sky tumultuous tumbling free
pulls on walking boots, jumpers, grabs the key;
sweeps me buffeted beyond the fence
swept wayward towards the familiar trees
swaying beneath rootless magnificence.
There blown high amidst the gathering storm
the pointless miseries of life are torn.

Diana Rosser

Blue sky

Touch the grass
it waves against my skin
the lark can be heard to sing
blue sky speaks of you
and summer days

Walk with me
slide fingers down my undress
wrap me in the smallest death
loose me here

amongst the grass
and swaying wind
until I no longer feel
where I begin

pull your bow over
the lark song
watch it speed across
the cloudless sky

until there is nothing
but shimmering sun
and you.

Diana Rosser

Buttercups 2013

Icy winds cut the chill
held the warmth of seasons
in an iron grip
thick jumpers hung around

breaking aureolin
finally pushed aside
the frigid sky
enveloped the mellow
mounds of hills
the forgotten road side curbs
the newly tended lawns
in shinning silken petal cups

that danced waves of
sunshine through
morning meadows
and fallow fields.

Diana Rosser

Canned heat

Heavy heat
sighs

seeps through the ridges of warped backbones
s p r e a d i n g
between the blades of shoulders
pressed
shoulder to shoulder
trickles into the crevices of buttocks
pressed
buttock to buttock

squeezes droplets from furrows
etched on glistening temples
drips
rivulets down tired cheeks
pooling beads
across the top of parched lips.

Diana Rosser

Canvas

Composition of light slowly squeezed
Acrylic dabbed and daubed
New image gradually emerging
Vision of raging tempest unfurling
Across taut woven white
Stormy sea pitching billowing sail

Diana Rosser

Cogs

She cut her teeth
on his broad shoulders,
honed them on his words.

Slotted herself into his
so he could
spin her
anyway he wanted;

but she could bring him to a
stop,
leave his heart pounding.

Diana Rosser

Complete

I did not expect to find myself here
ambling along amidst these grave yard stones,
high on the cliff top with the air so clear
making my way towards skeleton bones;
the old Abbey ruins, rising majestic
silhouetted on a back drop of blue.
I did not expect to find myself here
walking once more in the sunshine with you.

I did not expect to find myself here
sitting on this mound amidst butterflies
watching the gentle breeze cotton clouds steer
up lit, granite grey, Benedictine sides.
With you in the sunlight reading the past
the swallows skimming right low near my feet
I did not expect to find myself here,
here in this moment, utterly complete.

Diana Rosser

Daylight and the dark

My own, as the sunrise greets the morning
my head is here but elsewhere is my heart
for we are the deepest oceans apart
and the ghost of our love lies there haunting

this vast distant chasm between us yawning.
Bolts shot from Eros always leave a mark
unforgotten through daylight and the dark.
Evening comes flirting as day is dawning.

Diana Rosser

Dead flowers

On the lamp post
dead flowers hang from a thread.

The thread that held her here was
cut
and now she’s dead.

Her mother‘s head hangs like
those dead flowers.

Diana Rosser

Desert sands

Invisible, amidst grains of sand;
blinding heat beads sweat that rivers run
from furrowed brow to hollow hands
that wipe along the sting that lands
on skin stretched beneath blazing sun.

Each and every way the warm wind blows
shards of glass swirl into heaving mounds
that shift and change the way to go.
A moving sea that dips and throws
unsteady feet on to drifting ground.

How is direction to be embraced,
when all that can be seen is endless,
desert marked by displacing face.
Where travelled footprints leave no trace
and all around barren emptiness.

Diana Rosser

Do not leave me

Do not leave me in this world without you.
You are woven through the fabric of my life.
If you abandon me I will unravel
slowly,
thread
by thread,
until I am nothing but holes.
How then will I continue when so much of me is missing?

Diana Rosser

Dream catcher

Enchanted web woven by silken touch,
a crowd of tangled dreams to filter through;
Visions of raw enmeshed sight too much,
torment by night before morning anew.

O come bright dance, flutter around sleep's head.
Feathers on soft tendrils by warm spell sown,
hang down throughout long night above tucked bed
up coil tortured spectres, make them your own.

Send forth from wooded hills the eagle hawk.
Gather in talons sharp discarded fright,
leave dreams full of nature's bounteous walk
across eyes that sleep still through gentle night.

Let knowing wind ancient lullabies sing
and protect love's dreams under catcher's wing

Diana Rosser

Early summer

Down a dusty dirt track,
behind the old football stadium
with its broken white washed wall
and rickety wooden stand
there lived a lady who squatted when
she washed her clothes with sun light soap
and grew top leaves and flowers.

These she wrapped in the same
newspaper she used to make
cones of freshly roasted peanuts.

She showed us,
all shorts, bare foot and wild sun,
how to fold swimming towels
that could be thrown
through the air like a rugby ball
and not unravel.

They kept our secret safe
when charging home
to roll it out,
mixed with tobacco
scrapped out from 'ten centies',
smoked in the guava tree,
sweet of fruit,
that grew in a garden
that lingers still
in dreams and the sunshine
of early summer.

Diana Rosser

Easy does it

This perfect day warm and easy
spreads itself so light and breezy
across lost hours gardening
where new plants find their beginning
amidst the sprung green and leafy.

Languid limbs tired and sleepy
stretch themselves beneath the pear tree
under a blue sky blossoming
this perfect day

From the branch perch in the ivy
a speckled breast small and tiny
cocks its head to where I'm lying
makes its first attempt at flying
this perfect day.

Diana Rosser

Flash Point

a picture captures
a single flash point in time
a snap shot for memory

a memory keeps
fuller and brighter inside
the weave of a Poem

the instant you start
to read the flood gates open
and there you are once again

back in the moment
through a worm hole of senses
to where all the words began

Diana Rosser

Flight

A spiders web breaks the ocean of dark,
Alexandria‵s matrix, gold under
the stretching wing.
My eyes catch with wonder
the cross of night over Africa’s start.

How is the city that has left its mark
on wisdom and war? Do you still slumber,
or will unrest
cause the sound of thunder
once more, to tear your heated streets apart?

The lights fade into the returning dark.
Easing the chair, I tuck myself under
the free blanket.
Removed from the wonder
I cross the night into Africa’s heart.

Diana Rosser

folded

folded
in your nakedness -
a lotus flower

Diana Rosser

For You

You are my love, my Garden of Eden,
my safe harbour in life's hostile tempest.
The place I fold into when all things else
have left me raging and almost beaten.
When desolate clouds have choked all reason
and dark grim despair beguiled comforts rest,
when even natures hand remains unblessed.
There you abide through every season
an anomalous beam in sightless mist.
Though ripeness has stolen youth's bright lustre
you smell as sweet as those first teenage days.
Summer meadows still lie within your kiss
and bound within the curve of you laughter
still exists amidst dreams and loves warm gaze.

Diana Rosser

Freedom

I shall just lie here and feel the wind blow gentle.
I shall just lie here and listen to the song in the trees.
I shall just lie here
as the bees keep busy,
and shut my eyes lightly
under shimmering blue.

I can sleep easy as the wind licks around me.
I can sleep easy beneath this cherished English sky.
I can sleep easy.
Far up high, swifts dance swiftly,
whilst I drift sleepily
under shimmering blue.

Diana Rosser

Frosty Morning - Triolet

Across the field frost lies thickly
covering tapered blades in white;
sparkling silver moulded stiffly
across the field. Frost lies thickly
upon which soft wings land swiftly
captured by bright morning light
across the field. Frost lies thickly
covering tapered blades in white.

Diana Rosser

Fugu

Time passes

The child that built sandcastles
meters across
is long gone

castle turrets adorned
strong wide walls
battered by spade
baked by sun

cannon balls
pounded the incoming sea

the tide could never be
held back

when it was out
you could walk a long way
towards the reef

swimming through the
rock pools
with the puffer fish

getting them to puffer up
with their spikes
sticking out like a hedgehog

slow swimmers
it was easy to catch them
though you had to
be careful of their poisonous
spines

it takes seven years
of training to slice them
into Fugu on a plate.

Diana Rosser

Gift

Beneath a meteor shower in cold November
wrapped in a duvet on an old lounging chair,

stretched out, watching streaks of flaming embers
race across the dark, crystal clear midnight air,

I almost wished upon one bright shooting star;
but checked greed's impulse as I remembered there

a saying my father taught, brought from afar
‘he who wants all misses all'.
so I lived in the moment, given by that star.

Diana Rosser

Give Hope A Chance

Death, you have spent too long in the desert,
move away. Let kindly soothing winds wrap
gentle discourse around past pain and hurt
and mend the rift that tears the growing gap.

Dawn struggles over the harsh horizon.
Let it through, so it can gradu'lly fill
with warmth those souls whose thoughts and hearts harden
at any compromise or change of will.

Bear your banner towards the river Styx.
Gather two coins to pay the ferry man.
Weigh down your cutting scythe with heavy bricks.
Float upon the changing tide, leave this land.

Let Hope born by temperate wings arise
and fill with light, broken desert skies.

Diana Rosser

Golden Autumn

Golden autumn sparkles starlight
stained glass fractures of sunlight
gleaming, glinting through fated leaves
turning in the billowing breeze
into flickering flames of light,

that burn against a breathless sight;
a sky of deep purple delight
across which, soft shimmering, weaves
golden autumn

into an arc of colour bright
that sweeps all hues from left to right
above glistening green blade seas
dancing beneath the flaming trees
spinning the spark that does ignite
golden autumn.

Diana Rosser

Gone

It is the hollow
of your shoulder blade
where I rest my head

safe
against your soft skin

curved
along the strength
of your backbone
that

I

m i s s

when you are

g o n e

my place of safety

my harbour
against
the storm of
the world

but
you are

g o n e

and I must
wait
for your
safe return.

Diana Rosser

Grey

Grey road stretched through grey rain.
Grey rain fell though grey mist.
Grey mist enveloped all,
all the eye could see,
all the land,
all the sky
and me.
Grey covered all,
all the way down to the sea.

Glimpsed through grey the swell of the ocean,
riding the waves a wind surfer surfing,
chopping, fighting the crests with swift motion
skirting the spray, sail unfurling.
Stopping, I stared at that sight in the mist,
oh how he came dancing over the sea,
right through the rain a state of sheer bliss,
the wondrous frolic rippling throughout me
making me tingle right down deep inside.
That misty image ripped all grey apart
a glorious vision of freedom untied,
returning tremendous joy to my heart
filling me up, bringing tears to my eyes,
emerging from grey a great love of life.

Diana Rosser

haiku - spring

a crocus blossoms
beneath the wild cherry plum -
a single bugle

Diana Rosser

Halcyon days

Cool
water
pushes up
against my face.
Eyes searching, left, right,
Enchantment, pure delight.
Darting colours dashing through.
From twilight shadows wonders move
I hang, buoyant, watching, mesmerized
Enraptured by this lustrous paradise.

Diana Rosser

Happiness

In a quiet moment it is there now
easy as the gentle breeze,
soft like the falling rain
it fills the well
found accidently on a train
in the poetry of Roykan;
discovered on a journey
when the pursuit of pleasure
and happiness were muddled
and the difference unknown.

Diana Rosser

He raised his voice

Ken Saro-Wiwa spoke out
against
the environmental degradation
of the land
and waters of the Ogoni.

Ken Saro-Wiwa raised his voice
but not his fist

His home land in the Niger delta
ravaged, polluted
by decades of crude oil dumping.

Ken Saro-Wiwa raised his voice
but not his fist

He chastised
the Nigerian government
for refusing
to enforce regulations
that would have protected
Ogoni land

Ken Saro-Wiwa raised his voice
but not his fist
for this,
Ken Saro-Wiwa was hanged.

Ken Saro-Wiwa was hanged
but not silenced

His words live on
to be read
a thousand times
by millions of other
outspoken voices.

Diana Rosser

Hengist and Horsa

Land left unguarded by Roman might
painted Picts came southward,
swift warriors, in stealth and at night.
Half naked Hiberni came westward
from the long Irish shore
ruthless looters, adept with the sword.
Vortigern wanted raiders no more.
So he called defenders,
yes he called defenders,
and defenders came riding the waves
with longboat and oar.

Vortigern bought the fiercest fighters,
mercenaries renowned
for their fearless battle bold prowess.
The mighty best of those that he found
stormed uncertain rough deep
skirting the coast they then came aground
in Pegwell bay, Ebbsfleet.
So landed the Jutemen,
the best of the Jutemen,
the first of the Jutemen and Saxons
this lush land to keep.

Menacing mist lay on the water
as on Britannia's sand
stepped those Jute twins Hengist and Horsa.
Chieftain brothers in search of new land
for their own Danish tribe.
Straight to battle with smiting sword hand;
stood at Vortigern's side
they slaughtered Pict raiders
the painted Pict raiders,
they repelled Pict raiders who ran back
to the Northlands to hide.

Fine feasting with wild mead drinking
took place in the palace
where Hengist and Horsa were staying.
Fringed by the legacy lands in place
Hengist liked what he saw
told Vortigern that to keep them safe
his warriors would need many more
So Hengist sent for Jutes.
Yes he sent for more Jutes
and more Jute warriors came sailing
Britannia's fertile shore.

In return for their might the Jutemen
were given, the fertile
coastal Isle of Thanet to live on.
Hengist in conciliatory style

asked for a ‘hide of land’
Vortigern who thought just a short while
gave all to the devious Juteman;
who sought the biggest bull
then slew the biggest bull
stripped the big bull’s hide then thinly sliced
and stretched it with his hand.

The stretched bull hide a vast circle drew
upon Britannia’s ground,
in which Hengist built a fortress new
to keep his expanding foothold sound.
Into this fortress went
his daughter, the fairest to be found
Vortigern’s hunger would not relent
so he took Rowena
fair beguiling Rowena
beautiful blue-eyed Rowena and gave
Hengist the land of Kent.

Diana Rosser

Hope

When there is only mournful dark despair
shut your weary eyes and visualise
the flicker of peppered stars, now there
blazing the milky way in desert skies.

See easy light breath life in shadow shapes
as the black horizon gives way to sun.
Watch the flush of morning draw back night's drapes,
lie still, whilst final sparks in blue are done.

Linger upon the slowly rising orb,
feel warmth embolden lifeless weakened limbs,
let all the glorious heat be absorbed,
'til the dawn chorus in your heart does sing.

Then in that moment in that tranquil space
let expanding hope, dark despair replace.

Diana Rosser

I am here

Supposing I became the cool breeze that slipped
through your early morning window brushing your day and cheek awake,
would you know me then wrapped around you holding you safe?
Supposing I became the gentle sun that broke your first steps
into the working week, would you know me there
on the pavement warm beneath your feet?
Or perhaps the starling in the sky above
or the heron by the low running creek
or the purple thistle by the rugged path
which holds you standing
watching the fluttering wings of a butterfly landing.
Would you know me then?
For I am here in all nature's bounteous gifts.

Diana Rosser

I Choose Happiness

Harsh words
burst forth from
your brutal mouth

I watch them
babble away
in a sparkling
brook

jumping
joyous
over damming
rocks

soft moss clings
to the sodden
edge

sunlight glistens
a warm
gentle promise

high above
the
ever changing sky
hangs
constant

Today I choose
happiness.

Diana Rosser

I see you

I see you
amongst the falling brown
making your way.

I have been
desolate in damp mist
and there you are

filling me
with possibility
and lighter step,

raising my
eyes from the muddy ground
into your sight.

How grateful
I am that you are here
this dark morning.

Diana Rosser

I stepped out into autumn

I stepped out into autumn
the sight held my breath at bay
burnished dressed in copper red
against sky of purple grey.

The sharp sun glinted golden
perfect rainbow did display
I stepped out into autumn
and it took my breath away.

Diana Rosser

I Went Walking

I went walking beneath an English sky,
around dormant fields churned winter brown.
The chill air on my face was crisp and dry.
The path I walked waved up and down
gentle undulating hills.

I followed an ancient bridle way
that crossed my track whilst wandering free
sometime around the middle of the day
as I emerged into greenery
covering the way ahead.

Lit it was, with dappled sunlight dancing
flickering golden stars on to the ground
“come follow” called this path enchanting
so I, with freedom at my heels found
myself out upon those hills.

Diana Rosser

Inside me was the stillness

Woven, high between bare branches
rooks nests gather where new growth sprouts,
amidst the stillness inside me.

A tiny blue tit twittering,
flitters towards a coconut,
feeding the stillness inside me

The sky, open, glistening blue,
white clouds sailing, a seagull soaring,
through the stillness inside me.

A purple pansy perfect as the stillness inside me
until.....
people came
knocking, ringing, wanting
Then the stillness was gone.

Diana Rosser

Into the Shadow

Come; let us walk towards the water's edge
through soft green grass, adorned with wild flowers.
Sheltered on a blanket spread, we will stretch
beneath the shadow of the Alder's boughs.

I shall lean sure against your beating heart
as setting sun dips towards ev'ning sky.
While long fingers creep silently across
the day, in knowledge of you, I shall lie.

When darkness moves into the dim of night
and we must fold the blanket of our dreams
into the ending of our grateful lives
closing our way along the bright white beam

may dominion keep our two hands entwined
and keep them thus until the end of time.

Diana Rosser

Joy

Rushing cold
glides over smooth rock.
Sun light catches
small stars dancing
across naked feet
paddling
at the waters edge.

Diana Rosser

Leaving

He left
gradually
like water
evaporating
after the rains

no moment
signalled the
beginning
of his leaving

the lushness
that surrounded him
just slipped away

waters became
muddier
crowded with
predators
snarling snapping
at the
retreating edge

then he was gone

leaving
nothing
but dust.

Diana Rosser

Life

Sunlight seeps into the garden.
Soon it will be pushing
through winter
bursting into life.

Gone will be the comfort
of these days
snuggled on the sofa
spent in the company
of poems and birds.

There is no need
to clamour for change:
with the seasons
life itself brings
new beginnings and ends.

Diana Rosser

Living

it is the moment
when the sun breaks through
early morning mist
and touches your face

the sight of white
wispy gossamer threads
scurrying over
a high cornflower
blue sky

a green parakeet
in an English garden

the pull of cool water

and the feel of your
hand in mine

Diana Rosser

Lonesome Road

Grey
winding
lonesome road
laments beyond
high hedgerows hiding
sun blushing rose spilling
throughout darkening day sky.
Speed teasing devils push homeward
lyrics screaming bring pent-up release
driving out sorrow lures transient peace

Diana Rosser

Nature consists in motion

Sitting on the tube
looking length ways down
a moving carriage
boring through
a tunnel rushing past.

Dust speck on a finger
a galaxy of stars.

The carriage not enough
to contain the observable
universe.

Sunlight breaks the window
flurries catch the light.
Swirling specks on invisible
currents.

Death disputed
unravelling silently
amongst the living.

Spinning embers
of a new beginning

Diana Rosser

Nesting storks

When I return and time permits
I shall write of these white nesting storks
with their large bulky twigged nests dangling atop
old cylinders of iron and wooded telegraph poles.

Their nursery lines the train track for miles and miles
across the spread of land that flattens wide towards the narrow sea.
Plucked straight from childhood stories
they stand erect with folded black backed wings

Their dark eyes speak of ancient secrets
their long red bills of treasured dreams;
and just before they outstretch fingers into glide
their vast wings beat to the rock of the train.

Diana Rosser

No Better Place

The tulips have been battered by the wind
All their colours lay strewn upon the lawn
The end of day is split across the clouds
The drawing night plays echoes to the dawn

A symphony of splattered colours
amongst the sprawling wild winds of grey.
Streaked yellow, red and crimson petals
lost upon glistening green at end of day.

And I will tell you this
there is no better place to lie
than in this English garden
with the wind, wild across the sky

Diana Rosser

No place to hide

Splintered fragments shatter
cohesive thought
searching through the
ratter, tat, tat, to
no understanding.

He knew

Someone, somewhere
saw the unravelling
the brilliance dissipating
fragmenting, splintering.

Someone, somewhere
shouted, screamed, pleaded
to help him.

Others talked, pushing paper and ideas
precious time slipping through
inaction and indecision

whilst pictures built
and voices came louder, louder, louder
urging the stock piling, the building, the buying
until the ratter, tat, tat

burst through the remnants of ordinary lives
spraying misery over broken remains
bleeding out into debates
that rage through

precious time slipping

Diana Rosser

Nothing

Nothing
weighs
heavily.

It contains
the gravity
of the situation.

Diana Rosser

'nothing'

amongst olive groves
warm sunlight sparked
fires

that burn centuries later

a torch in dark places
where nothing
has a measurable existence

Diana Rosser

Open

Do not hide in the living room
amidst the familiar and well thumbed

Open the door

Feel the air trace its fingers
along your face and hands

Open your hands

Breathe in

Open your eyes

Breathe out your
mark upon the day

Diana Rosser

Packing up Cristmas

Packing up Christmas,
taping up memories.

A flock of green parakeets
are sitting in the bare pear tree,
Chaffinches fall to the ground
like leaves.

The fairy from Arusha,
how old is it now?
Nearly half a century,
maybe more.

A golden string of notes
unravelled from school days
not so long ago.

Mum and Dad's tree,
my childhood,
their childhood.

Folded away
into a box labelled South African sherry.
How far that has travelled,
Nigeria, Switzerland,
Home.

Diana Rosser

Patient death

High
above
rich wetland
a lone kestrel.

Patient death beating,
fixed in measureless blue.

Elegant white swans swim through
rare grasses greeting migrating
geese sliding in with the setting sun.

Darkness falls, who will sing the requiem?

Diana Rosser

Priceless moment

through the golden leaves
falling down from golden trees
in a golden flash

there flew the prettiest thing
a goldfinch on golden wing

Diana Rosser

Rainbow sky

Through soft sandy gums
layered deep like teeth
of sharks, mountains rise.

Rocky serrated
pink, purple, chiselled.
Edge a quiet blue

The small stillness
breaths the silent wind

Leaving heat curves
its stretch along the
whole horizon

spilling blood orange.
A catch of breath
in the return of bright.

How the light yellow
band glows

flows never seen green
blending blue into
indigo sprung with

s t a r s

Diana Rosser

Relief

Gathering winds cumulate moisture seeds
rolling athwart tempestuous seas,
that float in gossamer clouds on
cooling breeze, easing savage
summer swelter parching
stark expectant fields.
Sweeping inward
monsoon black,
lightning
Flash!
crack!
Thunder,
splat! Heavy
drops, dance, dart, dash.
Joyful hands clap! Young
feet, jump, splish, splash; relief
floods. Torrents rain down warm on
earth's upturned face, rivulets run
wild along nakedness, baptising
thirsty toiled fields made ready for planting.

Diana Rosser

Repose

Oh sweet repose,
thou doth call me.
Quiet I shall come and rest easy
on the silken canvas
laid by your silent hand.

Slacken as I bend
into your patient restraint,
for my body is heavy
with peaceful inactivity
and my mind tranquil
in the quiet stillness.

Diana Rosser

Resolution Sonnet

Sometimes I let my spirit get so down
hearted. I let it slide into darkness;
bury it in the cold, build walls around,
bolt hatches, so it will not feel homeless.

Sometimes I let my spirit get so down
hearted; I forget to bring it weightless
into the present moment and surround
it in the kindness of quiet stillness.

But this year, now that dawn is upon me
and so many people the black dogs hound,
I shall hold my spirit resolutely;
lift it up into the happiness found

when breathing out all of life’s confusion.
This is, my years, New Year’s resolution.

Diana Rosser

Rock a bye Train

Rock –a- bye train, rock-a-bye train
rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a–bye train
all the way, from Paris to Spain
rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye train.

Over the mountains, push through the snow
rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye slow
Pressed to the window, moon riding high
rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, sleepy old eye.

Rock –a- bye train, rock-a-bye train
rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a–bye train
all the way, from Paris to Spain
rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye train.

Diana Rosser

Ryokan

I have followed him to his hermitage.
Stalked by loneliness he has revealed
a better way and shared with me Zazen
through writings and the sound of the
Hototogisu.

I have carried him on the tube
and into my working week
where he has shown me
winter passing
and the passage of spring

I have sat in the garden
In the quiet stillness
and learnt the
impermanence
of all things.

Diana Rosser

Shelling Peas

Shelling peas in the sunshine,
sitting with legs outstretched,
feeling golden; rays of warmth
spread across my cotton chest.

Shelling peas in the sunshine,
pressing each pod down the line
splitting each pea pod w i d e open
shelling peas, one at a time.

Shelling peas in the sunshine,
list’ning to birds in the trees,
feeling golden; rays of warmth
spread across my bowl of peas.

Diana Rosser

Show [tanka]

It is in the fall-
ing light that sweeps the purple
skies that autumn glow

that this seasons true beauty
puts on its glorious show

Diana Rosser

Still

Still
silent
fingers write

volumes of absence.
The barren blank screen screams.
Turn the sound down, I can't think!

Diana Rosser

Sun loaded juices

Small sour waits for ripening sun,
soaking up warm rays 'til plum
coloured sweet upon the tongue.

Plum coloured sweet upon the tongue
merry mixed with old and young
naked feet, then danced upon.

Young naked feet then danced upon
sweetness ripened by the sun.
Loaded juices run and run.

Sun loaded juices run and run,
lazy sleeping until one
day long mellow pouring done.

One day long mellow pouring done
to gather all for that one
first noble tasting on the tongue

Diana Rosser

Sunday

He reached out and took my hand,
lingering warmth from the early morning
flowed between us.
Bird song piped and twittered.
Gentle spring sunshine
broke through the chill March wind.
By the edge of the canal
I placed one foot in front of the other
and my heart smiled.

Diana Rosser

Sunset sky

Gold
ruptures
shining pearl
splitting ashen
powdered nebula
languidly changing form.
Infused fuchsia wisps unfold
drowsily thread by thread trailing
athwart the resplendent crimson orb
seductively slipping into twilight.

Diana Rosser

The day we walked to Glastonbury

That day we followed the ancient byway
that wound round the old farm house,
past the new and on sun drenched
towards the river Brue.

You and I wandered slow,
whilst summer's promise
swooped down low
over green level pastures.

Passing incidental hedgerow trees
full of bird song, growing free
along the drove,
we lingered at the grassy edge
where orange tipped
peacock eyed butterflies danced.
Occasionally we glanced
towards the sacred tor to mark our way.

Meandering talk and country lanes
led to Arthur's court yard,
in the Vale of Avalon.
Where, to the sound of the Buddhist's Om
I walked the healing pool,
held by a gentle hand.

You waited beneath a budding tree
opposite the lion's mouth
kept company by a brambling.
I had one too in branches high above,
whilst my bare feet
were rubbed with love and
unscented oil.

I returned to sit beside you
and with easy talk you told
me of your brambling.

That was the day of the apple blossom drop.
As we sat together side by side
on that bench in the garden of the chalice well
with warming eyes you turned to me
as clouds of apple blossom fell
smiled, and said 'I organised that just for you'

Diana Rosser

The Garden

Weary and downcast, carrying the many heavy cares of the day I enter the garden.
Picking up the patient rake, with steady rhythm I gather the last of withered autumn into damp brown pools.
Green grass glistens and parts.
There is life’s new shoots poking through beneath the pear tree.
With easing breath and straightening limbs I bear the fallen leaves to the compost heap.
A gossamer spider’s web stretches, perfect and taut against the wooden frame.
The resident robin contemplates my movement.
Sitting in the familiar chair in which I have spent many idle hours I look out over the garden.
Peace descends slowly like the gathering night.

Diana Rosser

The khanjar

Deleterious dagger
crafted in Qajar.

Medial ridge running through
bevelled cutting edge
down to
honed thickened tip.

Etched into heavy steel
the intricate design of
birds, beasts and
occasionally man.

Diana Rosser

The new bedroom

The new bedroom,
which I built in my head
for what seemed an endless time waits,
with full boxes for her return.

There is no furniture yet,
though ordered and on its way,
the room expectant, vacant, pauses;
until it will be pushed and pulled
into welcoming display.

How long I have dreamt,
since they were small
that they would all,
have their special space to come,
when life rained or sunshine shone
and they felt the need for home;
for I never had that place to come.

Now, it is nearly done
and through the window,
beyond the weathered fence
where the rambling rose and ivy grow;
the high field waves
with summer grass and buttercups.

Diana Rosser

The old tree weeps

The old tree weeps, its branches low
bend over a path, winding slow
through tilting, toppling, broken stones
fading remains of treasured bones
hidden where moss and ivy grow.

Here lies John Peachey of Harrow
On which Byron sought long ago
phrases of love, amongst deaths thrones,
the old tree weeps.

Where young Allegra's remains know
that words are not enough to show
the lives that die beneath headstones
she was denied one of her own
her father's sins repaid her, so
the old tree weeps.

Diana Rosser

The sky was blue

The sky was blue today.
Sun light glinted on my eye lids and bare stretching branches.
Along the railway embankment, though it is early spring,
the spindly matted trees, silhouetted against the cloudless sky,
glistened a golden russet red.
Melodious song rung out from the hedgerows and,
as I walked,
the wind caressed my face.
Today the sky was blue and nature held my heavy heart
in her tender warm embrace.

Diana Rosser

The Vision quest

Wandering pine,
with rolled rug slung across her back
walked bare foot to feel the rich earth
beneath her feet.

The trees, high pines either side,
shielded the low sun casting shadows
bringing the ancestors.

Breaking through the pines
into crystal blue she laid her rug.

Calling on the four winds
North to prowling Bear
West to snarling Panther
East to breathing Moose
South to follow the doe eyed fawn
she began her vision quest
seated in a circle on the ground.

Cross legged she waited
stilled her mind
drew her quiet breath
and breathed the mountain air
slowly for the longest time.

Then it came.....
The rising.....
The oneness.....
The wholeness.....
and The knowing
spreading through her
like the four winds.

There she stayed.....

until the morning of the fourth day
when she rose quietly, rolled her rug
and descended through the pines;
with the rich earth beneath her feet
and the sound of running water at her side.

Diana Rosser

The walkway

The walkway through the high pines
wire meshed on either side
damp with fine constant rain
swings its way across a raging
gorge below.

Will you follow me over
sure footed in familiar
 walking boots and blue kagoule
catching me when I stumble,
slip or fall.

Or shall I walk behind you,
as you step in steady time
blind to anything but you;
one hand clutching a close fold
like a child.

Always afraid of heights
but a lover of high places
I have climbed many mountains
with you my enduring scaffold
uplifting the way.

Diana Rosser

The waterfall

Carved between two forests
scented with pine and peat,
crystal cold water rushes
across a mountain shelf
over 200 ft deep.

Splashing,

tangling

in tremendous motion
roaring like the raging tide
over flint grey rock it tumbles
thundering downward
running wild

spraying

sparkling

silver

out into the air.
Filling it
full of misty mornings
smelling of pine damp grass.
Leaving a lingering
taste of
iced spring pearls
served in rock crystal glass.

Diana Rosser

This autumn day

This autumn day, gossamer mist
lies low across the field kiss'd
by tiny glist'ning pearls cleaving
to tawny buckled blades weaving
amongst fawn thistles in their midst.

Beside this matted mound exists
a swath of grass on which persists
a green woodpecker hammering
this autumn day.

The stoic far cornered oak resists
the urge to shed into the mist
its glorious copper crowning,
shinning in the diffused rising
of the sun that stubbornly persists
this autumn day.

Diana Rosser

This Day

It is morning and the promise of day
sweeps across the sky.
Meadow grasses oscillate gently in the
dolce wind.
Wild vermilion poppies dance.
Amongst yellow buttercups
lethargy submerges limbs
beneath the undulating carpet.
Plucking one small cup I hold it
beneath your chin.

Sunshine alights

Swallows skim
the top of the old oak tree,
swooping down low
over our
sea of Anemones.
Zeus himself would pay homage
to this day.

Diana Rosser

Thoughts of you

My words will carry swift upon the wind
and speed across the stormy ocean waves.
No hurricane will stunt their flying wings
or find them left outcast amongst the brave.
For though you think I am so faint of heart
and prone to acts that lack a mindful way,
In truth not one does play the smallest part
of knowing what my head would wish to say.
But words alone cannot express the true
profoundness, held within my thoughts of you.

Diana Rosser

Today I'm missing you

Blue morning, bare foot on the garden grass,
wet dew between my toes as I make my
way amid misty plays that softly pass
through familiar words of days long gone by.

If I could save time goes through me rippling,
a breaking wave on lost dreams broken shore
dragging yesteryears sharp splinter, catching
me missing you as countless times before.

If in your imperforate life I placed
myself, would the mirrors sharp fractured shard
that returns to haunt, melt and be erased
and blessed sunshine's beam complete my heart.

Or has time distorted dreams old and new
I know not, but today I'm missing you.

Diana Rosser

Unexpected

A gentle breeze ripples
a smile across your face

just for a moment
I catch the warm caress of it

then it is gone
popping up later
like the bobbing duck

unexpected
preening its feathers
putting on a display

Diana Rosser

Varanasi

Amongst the filth
the sweet sound of the flute player
carries through the heated air
and everywhere,
down the Ghats
at sunrise,
the pilgrims gather
along the sacred river Ganges;
devoted to life,
birth and death.
Here in ancient Varanasi
against the backdropp of temples centuries old,
the soul of man
finds its own way home
amongst the filth.

Diana Rosser

Visiting Mum And Dad

1.
They sleep, upright, head tilted

I watch my father’s chest
Rise and fall

Try to ignore
His shrunken legs stretched out
Beneath his shorts

Behind him
They stride, firm, sun-kissed.

11.
She moans
The pain wakes him

He heaves himself up
Moves to her need

They talk, brown envelopes
Bank mandates
Power of attorney

I sit there in agony.

111.
“Less paper-work if I go first”

“You’ve a point there”
Dad smiles

Mum laughs

Rising for the old decanter
Catching the sunlight

“I’ve got a good Lindeman”
He says.

Diana Rosser

Waiting for a response

Tell me how can I
shake your eloquent branches?
Make your fruitful words
fall to the ground where I wait,
hungry for your sweet or sour.

Diana Rosser

Walk With Me

Put
on your
walking boots
the ones with the
old frayed laces,
So I can take my grief
where harsh wind whines and rages,
tearing across desolate hills.
I shall lean myself on your shoulder.
Say nothing, let me sob into the rain.

Diana Rosser

Wamblee

High up on a rocky crag,
Wamblee, near to the cliff edge
sat cross legged in a circle on the ground
calling softly to the four winds.

His long plaits, threaded with silver
lay beneath feathers running down his back.
Far below him the canyon stretched out
dusty and red hot.

As the hypnotic chant of his words
caught the warm air riding the canyon top
his heart took flight
soaring above the high dusty plain.

Born on the wind,
his eagle wings outstretched
he sailed aloft snow covered mountains
glinting in the light of Grandfather Sun.

South through deep valleys,
lush with green and wonder,
feeling the rhythm of the world
beneath his feathers.

Across the turbulent southern ocean
full of the whale's song,
eastward across the great African Plain,
northward towards the Northern lights.

Onward and upward
feeling the firmament and the dawn of stars
he flew between darkness and light.

There, in that sacred space between
the creator and the created
Wamblee saw with clear vision
the beauty of the Great Spirit
laid out before him in the earth below
and the heavens above.

Diana Rosser

Wandering

Without
beginning or end
the journey walks
with familiar boots
that smell of fields
winter and summer skies
the rustle of autumn leaves.

They turn up
sitting beside me
as the slipping sun
dips into warm oceans.
The unfamiliar blowing
across in the wind.

Riding through colour
spices, saffron, cumin
on windowless buses
jostling over pot holes
they rest.

Diana Rosser

Warmth

Yellow
mimosa grows
beneath the blue mountain,
lit by the early morning sun.
Birds sing.

Diana Rosser

Wars Make History

Rounding the corner a desolate wind
slices through clothing like a blade of steel
wrapping the lost souls of the battlefield
into a tight sorrow that drags the sting
of salty tears from somewhere deep within.
Red and blue flags on high white poles reveal
lines drawn across the tough gorse and thistle
and it is here, I hear the skylark sing.
You are explaining that wars make hist'ry
searching grassy mounds for the fallen foe
wondering why there remains a myst'ry
where the victors fell there's nothing to show
but here are their legacy, you and me
walking this battlefield from long ago.

Diana Rosser

Watching

I watched from off the sofa seat
high backed beside the sliding doors,
that window on the garden neat
raked and pruned by winter chores,
the white sky fall
upon the ground.
I watched all day the quiet sound.

I watched the swift white gulls soar high
beneath and through the falling flakes,
their black tipped wings against the sky
a symphony with no harsh breaks.
I watched all day
the quiet sound
fall soft upon the frozen ground.

I watched the red breast robin hop
along the brown and slatted fence
swoop down upon the seeds that dropped
into the gathering white pretence
that did transpose
the frozen ground.
I watched all day the quiet sound.

I watched the blackbird chase away
a rival for his garden throne
return and watch his lady play
where his orange break had shown
the bounty in
the fallen snow
I watched his rival come and go.

I saw the blue tits dart and dash
in and out the ivy cover
and great tits, shinning sleek and flash
larger than their little brother
gather seeds from
mesh hung snow
I saw their colours come and go.

I watched the stripped brown sparrows' line
that drew itself along the fence
sparser now than previous time
but still full in its homeliness
share together
in harmony
the food upon the feeder tree

I saw parakeets shrunken cold,
immobile in the floating white
the newest to the garden fold,
watch too the changing winter sight

their glist'ning hue
like fresh green paint
brushed silent by the snows restraint.

I watched the red face goldfinch hang
orgasmic on the Niger seeds
the raiding speckled starling gang
fight and squabble on iron trees
I sat and watched
the snowflakes thin
did nothing else, not a thing.

I saw the dappled finches' wing
fall Chaffinches down from the trees
then flap across the white rising
that swirled in gusts upon the breeze
I watched all day
the white sky fall
did nothing else, nothing at all.

Diana Rosser

Welcoming spring

On
lucent
gossamer
wings fulgent in
my precious garden
nymphs spin golden trumpets
welcoming spring. Gentian bells
sway blithely beneath jubilant
incantations arousing cupids
ardent desire blossoming cherry pink.

Diana Rosser

What Do You Want?

Why should I cough myself up?
Spew myself out.
Spatter myself.

I cannot step inside you
I can hardly find my way
around you.

So many words and wants
rattling, chattering, clambering
to be heard.

It is exhausting
listening to the
sound.

but when I look at
wisps of white
in a high cornflower blue sky
my heart stills
and my breath comes easy.

Diana Rosser

Who knows where the time goes

time wraps itself
warm as the Christmas coat
chosen for me

the wild weather
sings in my heart
and the gulls cry

the perfect hat
the perfect day

not just that day
but the next
and the one
that followed after.

time strung across
red bracken
grey winter light
and
starlings in the heavens

Diana Rosser

Winter tanka

wind blows relentless
winter howls its discontent
upon sodden land

through the storm a tiny blue
tit gathers sunflower seeds

Diana Rosser

Working Cats

Working cats slink silently
over cool shadows pressed into Medina walls;
round contours of emporia spice
keeping low, skirting colourful displays
in and out of long languid days, down
narrow street leading to bright sunlight
glinting off cobbles and stone.

Casting form on to ancient grounds
arching their back away from fevered crowds
turning a lazy eye into the heat of day
stretched out, waiting for the cover of night.

Diana Rosser