

## Poetry Series

**Diana Rosser**

**- 108 poems -**

**Publication Date:**

May 2014

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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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

## **Bare foot driving days**

Warm sun strokes  
cotton clothed limbs  
caressing dormant  
youth awake  
the naked sole awaits  
a gentle push  
for these are bare foot driving days  
where flowers unfold their petals  
for birds and bees  
flying fancy on a wing

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

## Childhood Slaughtered

I

Sweet sun, shone light, in clear blue sky.  
Innocent feet went walking by.  
Laughter rang out with voices high,  
said their goodbye; said their goodbye.

To grandma's village, family, friends  
along dirt track, up hills, round bends  
with thoughts of days that would befriend,  
until the end; until the end.

Gathered in the village square,  
sound wrapped by cricket filled night air,  
beneath bright stars that twinkle there,  
the wind blew fair; the wind blew fair.

Dawn broke red across deep dreaming  
fast running feet, warning, screaming  
"soldiers have left your village bleeding  
go, get leaving; go, get leaving"

In far distance fires burning  
fear for mother, no returning  
behind brother, full of yearning  
pounding, churning; pounding, churning

Running skinny long limbed child  
after brother, miles and miles  
through thick forest, eyes all wild  
relief smiled; relief smiled.

Sleeping, spent, in low down branches  
woken up by sunlight's glances  
hunger gnawing their advances  
weighing chances; weighing chances.

Warily retracing footsteps  
back to village where they last slept  
hoping loved ones were, safe kept  
how their hearts wept; how their hearts wept.

Smouldering, twisted, charred remains  
homes, dreams, wishes, innocent games,  
wood, friends, family, all the same  
blackened, maimed; blackened, maimed.

Hiding eyes- swivel, village square  
neighbours kneeling, bound, brought bare  
folded beneath an Ak's stare  
remaining there; remaining there

Triumph, blood soaked, laughing, jeering,  
weapons dance the village clearing  
boys and men their red eyes cheering  
disappearing; disappearing.

Pull from bushes one last slaughter  
Grandma's neighbour's weeping daughter  
Strap her to a tree and force her  
one last slaughter; one last slaughter.

Tough hands grab the newest soldier  
rifle slung from floor to shoulder,  
give him a blade, make him older  
"obey order; obey order"

In front of hidden, hiding eyes  
captive stands, before captive prize  
slits her throat from side to side  
watches her die; watches her die.

High five; he has lost his new crown  
comrades hand him, snort of 'brown-brown'  
lads laughing leave, to 'paint the town'  
no coming down; no coming down

## II

Childhood slaughtered by their seeing,  
brothers, silent, frozen, weeping  
loose connection to their feeling  
plan their leaving; plan their leaving

Grab from butchered burnt remains  
remnants of life left to sustain  
a journey weighted down by pain  
all in vain; all in vain

Days and months of hunger driven  
survival tortured, safety riven  
no childhood slip ever forgiven  
bravely striven; bravely striven.

Until new dawning of the day  
that dearest brother slipped away  
died, just like that at break of day  
nothing to say; nothing to say

Broken skinny long limbed child  
Roaring, raging, grief stricken, wild  
finds a tribe, self soldier styled  
so reviled; so reviled

Raiding then the newest soldier  
with rifle hung from floor to shoulder  
rages through violent disorder  
red eyes smoulder; red eyes smoulder

### III

Captive stands before captive prize  
childhood slaughtered. Blazing eyes  
slice gaping gut from side to side  
watching life slide; watching life slide

High five; he has lost his new crown  
comrades hand him, snort of 'brown-brown'  
lads laughing leave, to 'paint the town'  
no coming down; no coming down.

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

## **First thoughts on seeing birds over Copacabana**

What are these nameless birds  
that rise bent wing  
on slow thermal winds.

Strolling bare foot in the early morning  
they appear one by one over the sea  
gathering with vultures  
to carpet the city skies  
rising like a lazy inversed tornado  
high over the backdrop mountains  
and the sugar loaf.

Weightless on the hotel bed  
I watch them hardly flap a wing  
relaxed in the rising heat.

In the evening  
as the sky begins to blush  
they return over the water.

I have watched them all day  
and I still don't know their name

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 nature's 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 your laughter  
still exists amidst dreams and love's 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'llly 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 through 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 accidentally 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 Looked At My Everyday Love In A Mindful Way**

I looked at my everyday love in a mindful way  
saw his thumb behind his ear  
hand pressed against his face  
I have seen that thumb  
upright, fingers clenched  
as he tackles his way  
along the football pitch.  
Eyes bright  
he'd flash me his youthful grin  
and I  
I would marvel at the pace of him.

He plays still  
and I have felt that thumb  
more than once  
get buttons undone.

I looked at my everyday love in a mindful way  
connecting a loose wire.  
Lost in concentration,  
tongue tip poking between his lips  
I have seen those lips  
drink tea and beer  
curve in jokes and bright asides  
rage, snarl  
cut me to the quick

I have felt those lips  
moisten into the most  
tender kiss

I looked at my love in a mindful way  
I have seen the hair on his chest  
grow and grey  
for thirty seven years  
he has been my everyday.

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,  
flutters 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

## **It Is Enough**

Push..... glide..... slide.....cup  
pull back.  
Push..... glide..... slide.....cup  
pull back.  
Easing, feeling, cold water pleasing  
Push.....glide..... slide.....cup  
pull back.  
Nothing but that  
Nothing but that  
Just  
push..... glide.....slide.....cup  
pull back.

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

## **On the road again**

On the road again  
Trav'ling with my friend  
Kicking up the surf  
Singing the sweet song  
Strolling sandy shores  
Under heavens wings  
Beneath the outstretched  
arms of the Redeemer

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  
unravelling 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 wide 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

## **Sorrowful - tanka**

she is sorrow-full  
her heart lies heavy as lead  
below her sad eyes

tears pool in deep grey hollows  
their weight spills over silence

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

## **Such wondrous things are these**

A path lay beneath trees nestling  
soft bare foot wanderings  
and the to and fro shhhhh  
of the shore.

On the path lay the aftermath  
conceived by the cloud burst  
that serenaded the sweet  
night before

And there splashing in sunlight  
a Great Kisadee bathing  
spot lit in that ring  
on the floor.

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 backdrop 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