

Poetry Series

jane solanrobertson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Hi! I'm a single mum of four, and my children are now all between 16 and 25 years old. I always wrote poetry and short stories as a child, then wrote quite a lot of poetry in my 30s, having about 24 pieces published in anthologies. I then struggled to find the time and put it all on the back burner for a while. I've recently decided it's time to put pen to paper once more, so I'd very much appreciate any comments you may have on reading my work. Thankyou all! jane

A Fool's Game

Imagine that I am a candle-
Look into my flame:
Although my beauty tempts you
To me it's just a game.

I flicker and flutter
And spellbound, you gaze
And you imagine my brightness
Will forever light your days.

You flounder in the darkness
And smile when I show you the way
But just when you start to tread safely
Beware- for I shall not stay.

You hope for my brilliance always
But to me it's just a game:
One cold, dark night I'll steal away
Forever- for Love's my name.

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A Time Known As Christmas

He crouches
His young back stiff with cold
Fingers and heart deathly numb
Amid the rush of busy feet
At a time known as Christmas.
His empty stomach rumbles.
He keeps a song in his head
From a happier time
When family life meant more than pain.
For such betrayal leaves a scar
Far worse than a blow from an old man's bottle.
Of course to you he's just a scrounger.
Now, as the biting snow falls
His song will see him through
As he blends into the shadows
Of your perfect Christmas card scene.

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Another Life

In another life,
I'll marry for love AND money
He'll be intelligent, kind and funny
Spend each Summer by the sea
I'll certainly do things differently
In another life.

I'll live in the open countryside
Drive far and wide.

I'll always feel at ease
Be able to do just what I please
I just won't worry
Shan't rush everywhere in a hurry
Because I'm late.

In another life,
I won't be me -
But then, who on Earth would I want to be?
The only thing I do consistently
Is wish I did things differently.

I think,
In another life,
I'll still be me,
Wishing I did things differently.

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Beautiful

She's beautiful and bubbly
And mixes easily
Her warmth descends on anyone
That her green eyes might see.
The men always feel special
And the ladies long to be
As easily captivating
And as confident as she.
But me? I'm plain and most unlike
That lady you can see
I'm lost, afraid and so unsure
Of who I hope to be.
I try to speak and shake inside
And pray no-one will see
But in my midnight mirror
Two green eyes laugh at me.

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Brown-Eyed Daddy

Why were n't you a daddy who kissed me
When your eyes said you loved me so?
Now, though I'm somebody's mummy
The child I still am wants to know
Why were n't you a daddy who held me
And told me I meant everything
I could wrap myself up in these memories
As your garlands of remembrance I bring.
But yes, I know that you loved me
Your eyes gave the secret away,
Oh beautiful brown-eyed Daddy,
A garland where you lay.

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Burning Heart

Among the pots and pans she stood
And watched the falling rain:
Little strings of mis-shaped pearls
That hit the window pane.
Around her feet the children sat
And tried to catch her gaze
But she only smiled at shadows
From her younger days:
A blushing bride, a handsome groom
Vowing love forever
So many long years ago, it seemed
But many more left together.
She felt dull and forgotten
Like a once-treasured locket
That fallen from favour
Was lost in his pocket.
Now another's name was on his lips -
In her heart she lay alone:
A heart of fire burning
In a body turned to stone.

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Butterfly Heart

A cold shell
Hid so well the butterfly heart
That fluttered
Fragile wings, which tore
A little more with each harsh word
He uttered.
Etched lines
The tell-tale signs of bitterness
On her face
Hard and white,
Arms folded tight and which never gave
A child embrace.
Older now,
I understand how we all need to feel a
Tender touch
To pass on to another
And that deep within, my darling mother
You really loved me very much.

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Child Of God

Beneath a room
Where cherubs slept
You lay
Putrescent
Among life's other discards:
Empty paint pots
Rusty mower
Old sleeping bag;
Your bony body stiffly curved
Like a coiled spring
In a clock that would never again tick
Taut grin
And stick limbs peppered with sores
Through which
Intravenous joys once flowed.

Only now,
Solitary
Undignified
Waiting for the maggots
And the curious child
And those upright citizens
Who will shrug and say
'Did you know - the druggie's dead?
Serves him right, '
Never dreaming that
You had been a child of God
Dragged up in Hell's damnation.

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Dark Night

Each dark night
I lie cold and alone
Watching raindrops fall:
Never-ending tears of lovers
Whose hearts break.
An arrogant wind
Flings leaves around
Like the tossed-aside feelings
Of those who don't matter.
I shudder
Try to blot out the lies
And the way you scraped
Every last hope from within me.
But still the nightmares come
To fill my head
And this empty place
That used to be my heart.
How I hate you
Yet I hate still more
How beautiful memories flood back
As sure as the morning sunshine
To kiss a tear-stained face.

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Dinosaurs In The Breadbin

Dinosaurs in the breadbin,
Fish fingers in the loo -
If you had to live in our house,
You'd be crazy too!
There'd be chewed-up toast in your pocket
Marbles in your shoe,
And undies that perch on the lightshade
And threaten to land on you.
Evertone talks, no-one listens,
No other sound can break through
So when I crawl in at six-thirty,
No-one says 'Dad, how are you? '
Conkers congeal in the bathroom,
Jaffa cakes stick around too -
I run to our bedroom in panic
But I can still hear the hullabaloo!
There's a witches hat on the wardrobe,
It might cast a spell or two -
If only it turned kids into budgies -
(Jesus, I'm crazy too!)
My mouth is dry and I'm shaking
Must escape to the Nag's Head for a few -
So now you know why we lily-livered fathers
Stay out for as long as we do!

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Don'T Go

This silence is eerie
The sickly stench of desecration
Catches in my throat
Your tiny coats still swinging
There in the cloakroom
Flowers piled high by the gym
Where Evil snatched Its futile revenge.
BangBangBang
He picked you off
One by one
Felling you like young saplings
With all of your lives to grow.

Don't go-
Your infectious giggle still rings in my ears
Your sweet morning kiss on my lips-
Oh why do you lie cold, like stone?
I need your smile
Just one more time, your hand in mine
And for your sisters, a proper goodbye.

Forgive me for letting him have you today
But don't go, Baby-
Don't go.

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Every Dog Has Her Day

He pulls me this way
Pushes me that
Slams the door
And kicks the cat
I fetch his supper
Cigs and beer:
Drunken bum don't
Know I'm here.
Once his woman,
Lusted after
We shared wild sex
And raucous laughter.
Now I'm older
(He says dowdy)
Happy memories
Getting cloudy
Another line
Around my eyes
Sagging boobs are
No surprise.
No time for me,
He fawns another -
Slimy toad's got
A bimbo lover.
He thinks I'm past it
And tells me so
But I've got a secret
He does n't know.
Some men prefer
The older woman
And my new bloke
Just keeps on comin'!
Well my bags are packed
And my fella's due -
(The old sod would snuff it
If he only knew)
Now, that 's his supper
Ready and done -
I'm outa here

With his bimbo's son.....

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Figment Man

Figment Man
Back where you came
Whaddya look like
Don't know your name
Hey Figment Man
A shot in the dark
Lurk in the shadows
Shoot up in the park
Dealin', no feelin',
Hangin' around
Word is out but
You can't be found.
Yo Figment Man
Aintcha so cool
Takin' your pickins
Down at the school
Now they 're all fallin'
And dude, it's your call -
Man, you ain't worth no
'Magination at all.....

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Getting Ready

My hair
Usually lank
Is now suggestive
A knot that teeters
Precariously
And whispers around my ears.
The bra that cost me an arm and a leg
Forces my modest share
To the very edge of decency,
And a touch of colour
Makes downcast eyes
Into beacons,
Brazen - like.
Now,
The lipstick glides
Hopefully,
A blood red heart
Painted
Onto tired edges.

We newly - divorced ladies need all the help we can get.....

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Grown-Ups

You grown-ups are a funny lot
'Cos when I'm sleeping in my cot
You coo 'Come on, let's have a peep'
And lift me out when I'm asleep

But when I wake you late at night
You somehow think it just ain't right
'Cos you're both in the Land of Nod
And you call me names like Little Sod.

You say at tea that you know best
And tell me I must eat the rest
I eat my sprouts to make you happy
But you're not pleased to see my nappy.

You couldn't wait till I could get
Across the room alone, and yet
Now I can reach your supper, Dad
Your voice gets loud and you're real mad.

You used to try to make me say
New words for visitors every day
But now when the vicar comes to call
You won't have me in the room at all.

I thought grown-ups were meant to be
So much more sensible than me
But I guess one day I'll grow and find
The reason why grown-ups CHANGE THEIR MIND!

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Hell Sprawls

Hell sprawls before us, its
Great Stacks spew
Their constant bile,
Molten poison
Squeezed at life's end, vile
And festering in our lungs.

And we hear ourselves sigh

Clutching our God within, these
Rasping breasts
Stark-white
And naked
Ingest His wondrous light
And swell to greatness.

And we remember how to cry

As the cankerous rain burns, and
Our tired flesh rots on
Stinking frames,
He keeps promise to
Stake His claims
And deliver eternal joy.

Ha! Mengele, we know how to die!

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House For Sale

Solid strong and steadfast
But quiet and cold, I wait:
My flowered walls call out to you
To walk in through my gate.

Dress my naked floorboards
And paint these eyes of glass
That search in vain for masters new
Among those who care to pass.

My mistress left me empty
After three score years and ten
This heart of fire yearns to warm
These lonely rooms again.

Don't be harsh or hasty:
These walls and windows weeping
Will care for you when grief has gone
And guard your infants sleeping.

Adorn my walls with portraits
Of your youthful family:
Tokens of your promise made
To breathe their life in me.

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I Saw You

But I saw you.
Through the chink in the curtain
When I almost didn't look
And the curtain blew
When the air was still.
I saw you.
I heard you.
Heard you say my name
But I almost didn't listen
Because our song was playing
And I was dreaming.
I heard you.
I felt you.
Felt the hairs on my neck
Stand on end by the fire
Though I wasn't cold.
I felt you.

You've been gone for almost two years now.
Why won't you come?

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In Tarmac Forever

Warrington, the sixties.

When my children cry boredom
I look back and see
That my childhood was richer
Than theirs seems to be.
We played British Bulldog
And Kick-Can-A-Lurky
Watched The Flower Pot Men
And Pinky And Perky.
We skipped or we hopscotched
Those heady days away,
And scrumping crab apples
Was the crime of the day!
We always made use of
That hot Summer weather,
Etched the names of our sweethearts
In the Tarmac, forever.
We ate sugar butties
(Suffered fillings galore)
Though mostly I smile at
How things were before.
Bonfire night was
A major event,
(Those loose garden gates
Seemed Heaven-sent!)
Now I often think back to
That real Summer weather
And those names written proudly
In the Tarmac forever.

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Indelible Image

I study your face.
Your warm brown eyes reflect a smile
That is fixed, yet sincere.
But I do not return it.

Your easy lips linger
Waiting to spill promises of Heaven
I know
But still the words teeter, unspoken.

Your strong arms reach out
But I turn from you, aching
And your Polaroid memory
Lies tear-stained, never fading.

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Insanity

I think I am losing my mind.
My thoughts and feelings
Are crowding
Prodding
Screaming down my ear,
Won't wait their turn:
I must be losing my mind.
Even when bedtime stories are done
My silence is not peace and quiet
But a dreaded place
A wide open space
Where my worst fears are poking at my mind
And self - doubt keeps shouting me down.
I need to scream
Or cry
But nothing will come
So here I sit,
Rigid
Imprisoned in my lethargy
And wait for Insanity to swallow me whole.

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Know What?

Know what?
You've changed.
Used to be a laugh
Now it's
Moan moan moan
And
Can't
Be
Bothered.
Everything's just
Too
Much
Trouble.
You used to be a looker.
Maybe, if you
Lose some weight
Do your hair
Buy some clothes
I might
Just
Like you
Again....
Truth hurts,
Doesn't it?
But it
Just
Had to be said.
Well.
Do something about it, then!

Right,
That bloody mirror
Can go for a start....

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Little Darlings

Day after day
It's nappies to change
And no evenings out
Without sitters to arrange
Broken night's sleep
And a six o'clock rise -
This kinda life's
Just no good for my eyes.

Picking up biscuits
And tidying toys
Scolding and shouting
At two naughty boys
Soothing trapped fingers
And plastering knees
And trying to get them
To eat up their peas.

Falling off bikes
And thumping each other -
Why can't you ever
Be NICE to your brother?
They've broken a window
But no-one's to blame -
When will my life
Ever be the same?

Friends and loud music -
And what's that you're wearing?
Sometimes I swear that
I'm really past caring.
I hope you're not smoking -
And tidy this place.
Of course you won't ALWAYS
Have spots on your face!

Girlfriends and discos
But they never tell
Where they were last night

Or if things went well.
They're both in from work
And straight out again -
We have'nt dined together
Since i don't know when.

Well now they're both married
And I just can't wait
For their little darlings
To toddle through my gate.
Sing-songs and ice-cream
It'll all be a riot
'Cos I just can't stand
All this damn PEACE AND QUIET!

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Little One

How could I not have known you were there
When you needed, oh needed me so?
When you yearned for my blood, for my body and soul
That your own flesh and bones might grow
How could I not hear your desperate screams
Why did I not know my pain
Was the pain that you felt when you finally knew
That your cries for your life were in vain.
This grieving heart will never know
What came of the seed that was sown-
But you would have been my own Lifeblood
Little One, if I had known.

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Magic Box

Delve into my magic box
Put on the coat therein-
Assume your new identity
And let its life begin
The shoulders may weigh heavily
You 'll walk with altered gait
A lesser mortal are you, now,
And shackled to your fate.

Find the shoes of Another Man
Walk until they fit
And you shall find your lowly place
But dare not rise from it!
You will be judged by others
Who once were judged by you,
And pray this fait accompli
My magic will undo.....

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Making Do

I've had my share of lovers
Passionate or cool
Excitable or brooding
Muscular
Slim
Or broad.
But they were n't you.
They called my name in masculine tones
Or sensitively whispered 'I love you'.
Promised the world-
I just wanted you.
Now
It's been a lifetime spent
Making do
Second best
Third best
Anyone would do.
But they were never you.

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Man Behind The Mask

Through tear-brimmed eyes
I watch you -
Like a frightened rabbit.
I see the panic in your eyes
Fists clenched
Knuckles white
From holding onto your secrets too long.
A treasure trove of emotions
Stunted for a lifetime
Pinned down like a naughty boy
Till they forget how to be.
Macho Man?
Emotional cripple.
My body is wracked with pain
My soul weary of pleading
With the Man behind the Mask
('Happy Family Man' Has It All.)
Can you hear me shouting?
Can you hear me scream?
From this ocean of emotion
I plead for our marriage
But still you run from us
From yourself
And always the Mask holds your smile.
Once again
My raw insides are strewn bleeding
Before the stone statue that is you.
Your eyes scream ' Don't Go' as I leave.
'Say something'
I hear myself whisper,
'Stop me, please....'

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Memory

I'm being stalked...
Haunted by the sweet memory of you and me
Like some sick Grim Reaper
That just won't let me be.
Like a silent shadow that creeps unseen
Till the chance of happiness hovers where I've been, and-
BOOO!
What we had jumps out on me
Like a rotting corpse with no remorse
And certainly no heart.
'Look how WE were', it sneers,
'No-one else will do-
I'll ride upon the back of you
Till you're too old and ugly for love anew-'

And so I make my solitary way
Through stagnant swampland day by day
Searching...
So bogged down with what Life sends
Yes, it's true, I have my friends,
But soulmate? Will I ever?
'Never, EVER, ' the stalker sneers
'I 've been your memory all these years
And deep within,
You know it's true,
That no-one else will ever do...'

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Mother Figure

She 's saving for a facelift
For that would mean perfection
And together with her silicone boobs
She 'd flush any man's complexion
Her skin is caked with face cream
To keep her young at night
Lips swollen red and deftly licked
For every man in sight.
A mother and a grandma
She knows where her duties lie:
If her family is distressed, she 'll get undressed
And in the sun she 'll fry.
A nagging guilty conscience
Distorts reality-
She boasts of how she strove to be
A devoted mum of three!
Now a' glamorous granny'
(And punished for her sins)
She still cant see the difference
Between her daughter's darling twins.
Her nails are long and crimson
And her toes are dressed with gold,
But a carefree mask conceals the fear
That one day she 'll grow old.
She gyrates on the dancefloor
In the latest youthful trends:
A forty-something Goddess
And her twenty-something friends.

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Our Goodbye

A broken heart
A weeping eye
That cool embrace
No reasons why
A final kiss
A blackened sky:
Souvenirs
Of our goodbye.
A thousand years
Will pass on by:
A life unlived
Too numb to try
Forever more
Alone, I' ll lie
Beneath the shroud
Of our goodbye.

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Perfect

Reach out
Won't you,
For my shaky hand-
Peer beyond the confines of this body twisted.
Don't watch the unsteady way I walk
Nor judge my jumbled tongue
But stoop down to my level,
To find a perfect heart.

.

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Pipe - Dream

My numbers are there - I 'm a millionaire!
What shall I do with the money?
One minute in hock, the next in deep shock -
Being wealthy feels ever so funny.

I'll have dresses galore, buy a whole store
And I won't need my faithful old Visa
I'll buy me a villa in far-off Manila
I'll lean on the Tower of Pisa

The Rio Grande, maybe Disneyland
And then onto Lanzarote
No more weekend breaks in the boring old Lakes-
(I always found that place quite grotty)

So I strut on the sand, with a hunk on each hand
They say I'm the best thing they 've seen
When the next thing I hear is an alarm in my ear
And I realise I'm not where I 've been.

It's a quarter past eight - I 'm gonna be late
This time I'm quite sure it's the sack
But I 'll see you boys soon, by that silver lagoon
'Cos tonight in my dreams I'll be back!

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Rooms In My Mind

I'm drawn by the spirits
Of long-ago souls
To stairwells that spiral
Through claustrophobic holes
A labyrinth of passageways
Constantly wind
And twist between spaces
Like rooms in my mind.
Childlike, I wander
Through oaken expanse
As a myriad of shadows
Perform their night dance
Formidable windows
Brocaded with gold
Wrap ever tightly
Their secrets untold.
So many hollows
And places I find,
Mystic, majestic
Great rooms in my mind.
Fragrant with lavender
Walls ochre and green
I'm beckoned still further
By forces unseen.
Tonight, when I'm sleeping
I hope again to find
Mysterious, magnificent
Old rooms in my mind.

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Shrouded Black

Shrouded black
And darkest blue
Night brings memories
Of you
Deadly nightshade
Lonely moon
Melancholy
Take me soon
Shrouded black
And midnight blue
Night brings memories
Of you.

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Single Parenthood - A Profile

Anger, sadness, tears
Bitter, twisted, fearful
Struggling through the years
Striving to be cheerful.
Melancholic, manic
Though Valium and wine
Help to dull the panic
And smooth the sharp decline.
Learning to be forceful
Since we parted ways
Often though, remorseful,
Remembering better days.
Stretching out the money -
Which bills can I pay?
Better keep the gravy runny
To last another day.
Children screaming, shouting
Above a blaring television
Sometimes ruefully doubting
I made the right decision.
Lonely, aching, yearning
For tender loving care
Missing the stomach - churning
Delights that once were there.
Hoping, searching, waiting
For a new love 's smiling face:
Someone to stop me hating -
Someone to take your place.

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Small Talk

They met again by chance
And in a split second
The years had vanished
A polite handshake doing nothing to cool the fire
That fanned her cheeks.
She longed to shout
But nothing came out
Just small talk
Small talk.
Would she laugh or weep?
Only a restrained smile
Broke across taut lips
And her hands
White - knuckled and trembling
Were hidden from view.

Some time later
She leaned closer to deliver a careful kiss
And played out her goodbyes,
Already wishing for the next time they would meet
For small talk.

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Stone Love

Your accusations slice:
Shards in soft flesh pop-
These unforeseen wounds
Spew, bubbled rubies drop.
Weighted waters brim
Around the swirling words you swore
My blinded eyes now
See, fountain-crystals pour.
Desolation grips.
Chokes each clinging breath
Waits for Love's cold
Corpse, on granite slab of Death.
But Liberation stirs
Like Phoenix from the flame
And passions glow hot
Amber, as I call my new love 's name.....

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Stories Of You

I stand rigid
Try to contain this grief
That threatens like a volcano
To spew its molten guts.
Shadows around me bow their heads in solemn thought
Smiling now and then
At the vicar's second-hand stories of you.
Mine, I'll keep here inside,
Not for sharing:
That special hug at the garden gate-
You were ruggedly handsome,
Like Bogart.
Showing your feelings was n't the done thing in your day, Dad
But one lonely Christmas morning
You were my only caller.
A New Man before your time!
Dad
I have looked for your brown eyes
In every lover.
I will miss you
Domino playing
Potato peeling
Money lending
Peacemaking
Joking shouting
Sunday drinking
Gentleman and
Fan of Frank Sinatra
Man of few words
Well-hidden feelings
Proud
Chauvinistic
And shy.

The night before we buried you
The ironing board you bought me fell apart.
So did I.

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Sweet Little Me

I'm tired and sluggish
I feel a bit weak
I get my words muddled when I try to speak
I'm bloated and spotty
And feeling today
Like the whole world had better stay out of my way
The kids will annoy me
And friends will be wrong
And Heaven help the one who gets the length of my tongue
I sulk and I shout
And I burst into tears
And swear I've been thinking of leaving for years
I slam cupboard doors
And snap 'IM okay -
But everyone's out to upset me today'.
I fly up the stairs
And collapse on the bed
With creased-up stomach and pounding head
When I awake
I'm sweet little me -
Just a simple case of P.M.T!

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Take Care

I am china
And glass,
Reeds in the wind
Sand that flies up and is gone
In a breath:
Take care.

I am an open wound
That gapes,
Pulsating
Yet fearing infection
From careless hands.

I am the remains
Of a lover's hearty meal:
Enjoyed
But thrown aside
For the scavengers to find.

I am a loyal bedmate
Through the rainy nights,
Then left behind
For the sunshine.

I am a flower
Delicate,
But once more ripe for the picking.
Take care.

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Tantrum

O-oh-You're preparing for an outburst:
Your eyes glare. Brows lower.
Chubby cheeks glow.
Two red cherub lips turn down at the edges and quiver.
Now a dimpled foreaem comes up to hide your face
And behind it, the volcano is about to erupt.....
You tremble and screech
Red with fury
Jumping up and down faster and faster
Your vibrato wailing louder now, and more intense.
You fling yourself onto your tummy
The small blue veins in your neck bursting outwards.
You're rocking now from side to side,
That loudspeaker voice drowning out my faltering pleas
And my entire thought processes.
Two legs kick out:
My beloved Russian dolls roll for cover
And I'm desperate!
But wait -
Slowly but surely the tremors subside -
Your little sausage body is weary.
We cuddle.
Your green eyes shine
Warm, freckled cheeks squash up to mine
And you squeeeeeze me tight.
'I luv you fousand pounds, ' you purr.
Then you notice the half-eaten chocolate bar on the mantelpiece
And your eyes glare.
O-oh.....

jane solanrobertson

The Day I Went Shopping (And Got More Than I Bargained For)

I can handle the problems of teething -
Put up with a tantrum or two
But when every mum's nightmare becomes reality,
What, my God, what do I do?
I've plucked him from the path of a tractor
I've saved my best china from falling
But no amount of sixth sense has prepared me
For what happens when nature comes calling.
I'm used to embarrassing moments,
They come part and parcel with Ben
But nothing compares to last Tuesday -
I daren't show my face there again.
I can still see those old ladies fainting;
I swear one old dear had to throw up -
Now everyone in town will be talking
Of the day Benny pooped in the Co-op.

jane solanrobertson

The Journey

I am sleeping when the tremors begin.
Stronger and stronger they grow
The soft wet walls closing in on me and out again.
I am afraid.
I'm pushing, pushing to find my way out
Red and pink and moist
The walls are pulsating, vibrating.
I force my way into the narrow passage
Drawn to the voice of my Comforter.
She 's crying, beckoning
And I know that the time has come.
The tunnel is sticky and warm
Its crimson sides are pressing, squeezing me toward Her
And though I leave Her I grow nearer
And Her voice is clearer.
The heavy walls are pushing me, crushing me
Bearing me down
Towards the eye of light that winks before me.
I scream out with a voice that is silent.
The drumming of two heartbeats side by side
Echo their constant duet
And She 's closer than ever before.
The eye is open wider now.
I hurtle into brightness
And gulping in the air with a desperate cry
Am wrapped in Her arms
And a voice that I know whispers ' You 're a boy! '

jane solanrobertson

The Literary Curse

My head is full of 'something',
I wonder if I'll burst-
I get the weirdest feeling
That somehow I've been cursed.
I feel it brimming over
Into ever-increasing surges
And know I must make sense of
These strange creative urges.
They ooze out onto paper
To relieve a frantic mind,
So many thoughts deciphered
Into words I have to find.
Outbreak turns to outlet
And a gradual release
Of emotions somehow channelled
Into a literary piece.
The tremors are subsiding
I'm in remission, I know it
From this sickness, the price I pay
For being born A POET!

jane solanrobertson

The Party

The party began with a bang
Like a giant balloon
That burst onto Bridge Street
Splattering them red.
After the eerie silence
Shoppers ran screaming
From the streamers of litter,
From the bin that hid the cake.
It was baked with love and marzipan,
By the killer clowns.
A boy with no face
Lay still, barely breathing
His Mother's Day card signed in his blood
And a baby called for his daddy
From a doorway
Where the angel tried in vain to save him.

No-one went away empty-handed.
The clowns had handed out
Their legacy of hate
At the party to beat all parties.

jane solanrobertson

The Smile Of Summer

The first young breath of Summer
Is all it takes
And I'm falling through the years.
Fragments of a life
That left their mark on a weary face
Are condensed into nothing.
Together again!
Our bodies are entwined in the tickling grass,
And the brilliance of the dancing churchyard sun
Is blotted out by your kisses.
I thread buttercups through your hair
And swear your wide smile
And the look in your eyes
Are all the sunshine I'll ever need.
Thirteen Summers squashed into a second
Finally beckon.
My children drag me past courting couples in the park
And our precious time
Like a secret photograph
Is hidden away
Until Summer's first smile, next year.

jane solanrobertson

The Window

Through the open window
My arms reach out
Past curtains that quiver;
Where the sky is darkening to midnight blue-black.
Rain darts
Like ice-cold pins onto my skin
And I smile.
A brisk wind blows unkempt hair
Cobwebs
Kisses that whisper of freedom
And I dare to wonder:
Outside this window,
Does Life wait for me?
A mere mother,
Hopes and dreams leap from me
Like demons without conscience.
I long to ride the storms
Fight dragons
Breathe new air
And fly like a bird
To clouds that I dreamed of
Where I can be free-
Be me.

The wind excites me,
The silver moon beckons.
'One day soon, '
I hear myself whisper
As I carefully close the window.

jane solanrobertson

Too Late Now

The mother shed
Her crocodile tears
Feigned the love
Denied for years.

The father sat
Man's man was he
So much grief
For all to see

'My baby's dead'
She wailed to all
Thirty-three years
No love at all

His eyes revealed
The guilt and pain
No way to stop
And try again

Too many years
Of words unspoken
Matched only by
The wounds he'd broken

Found inside
A filthy shed
'Have you heard-
The druggie's dead! '

The mother shed
Her crocodile tears
The father wept
For wasted years.

jane solanrobertson

Unemployment Shame

Rows and rows of boxes
All of them the same
With rooms and rooms of people
Each without a name
Hearts that beat, though breaking
And smiles that mask the pain
Of fading hopes of sunshine
Through windows drenched with rain.
Once lovers, now not speaking
Except to lay the blame
For broken dreams and the poverty
Of unemployment shame.
Empty cupboards and drunken sleep
Are all part of the game
But hungry babies wake them still
On mornings all the same.

jane solanrobertson

Us

Never felt so safe in another's arms
Bursts of joy from inner calm
Unspoken feelings intertwined-
Your thoughts revealed already mine.

jane solanrobertson