

Poetry Series

Maggie Munro
- poems -

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Maggie Munro()

I'm a country girl, who now lives and works in the city. I was a shy kid, particularly as a teenager, until I figured out how to pretend that I wasn't. Since then, the world has decided that I'm a party animal. Maybe I went a bit far. I enjoy walks in the bush, and I write a regular newsletter for my walking club. I'm an unashamed foodie, and don't mind the odd bottle of red wine. On the even days, I'm happy to make do with a white.

As a child I was encouraged by my family to regard written language as a sacred and powerful instrument. My mother was an avid reader and historian. One of my earliest memories is of sitting on my grandfather's knee (having gleefully retrieved the chocolate bar from his top pocket) and having a book read to me. I think it may have been the now highly malapropos "Little Black Sambo", but in later years I was to be indulged with many books, including the bush ballads of Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson.

It is my joy to be given, recently, a rare gift from a new friend; the confidence and encouragement to write my own verse, and to share it with this largely supportive community of writers.

Colourblind

Philosophers assure us
that it's all a state of mind,
from every thought that's in our head
to the boil on our behind.

They say we are not truly real,
that all life is illusion,
but if there is no life or death
I can't reach my conclusion.

So I'll just stick to simple thoughts,
of laughter, love and bed,
for what's the point of being Blue
when it's more fun seeing Red?

Maggie Munro

Damage Control

The first day sings sublimely in his mind,
standing on the honed blade of her smile.
She permeates each niche of his desire,
brazen joys which better sense denies.
Open, inviting, welcoming to him alone,
admiring, passionate, indulging every whim.
The cut is powerful and deep.
Inexorably, she supplants his past,
purging truth, injecting toxic memory,
expunging all to graft her potent scion,
an impossible, unviable future
into the cleft of his fragile heart.
Could the time be already past,
for salvaging what tangled shreds
of all his yesterdays remain?

Maggie Munro

Inbox (1)

Do I miss you more?
Your words absent
Hollow space on white page
Where our love
Unwritten, denies all being.

Do I miss you more?
Your words painting
Masterpiece of passion
Where our love
Unveiled, reveals its truth.

Could I miss you more?
The silence falls
Etched beneath life's vellum
Where once love
Unrestrained, bloomed vivid hue.

Maggie Munro

Natural History

Lowered eyes, every footfall soundless,
bony shoulders rise and fall as pistons
And strike! Death is delivered,
the quarry stilled in an instant.

Jaws clench on feathers, bone and sinew
Whiskered muzzle nudges aside the door
Huzzar! A gift of feline adoration;
You somehow seem to be displeased?

Deep beneath that languid silky coat
combed, luxuriant, the colour of disdain,
Who cares! Back upright, regal, tail flickers,
ears flatten, craving words of praise.

Here they come, 'Not the budgie! ! ! !'
The chase is on! Feathers, fingers, fur and claw,
Outside! The little lifeless scrap of blue retrieved,
A reproachful yellow stare fixes you.

Busy Monday morning at Pre-school,
The birdcage is returned to the classroom
He's green! The children marvel at the bird's new clothes,
Amazing how a weekend can renew.

Maggie Munro

Right Here Right Now

Today

There is no need for you to visit me
I can change light bulbs, tap washers and flat tyres.
Take out the garbage, mow the lawn and trim the edges
I can pay my own debts, sand and paint the house
Choose new clothes without a second opinion
Visit mum without calling for reinforcements
I can split firewood, put up a tent, read a map,
Bury a dead cat, argue with the telephone company
And open my own bottle of sparkling white wine
I don't need you

Today

There is no need for me to visit you.
You can keep up house, with spotless polished floors,
Bathrooms gleaming brightly, all is neat and tidy.
You grasp the supermarket trolley with unnatural joy,
Happily selecting the best in pantry and produce,
And can buy your own socks and unmentionables.
You can even throw the old ones out without getting upset,
Cook Irish stew; iron a whole shirt, not just the front,
Remember all the birthdays and fuss over the children.
You don't need me

Tonight

We can slow dance naked in the crackle of the fire
Tiptoe out across the dewy lawn at the fall of dusk
Giggle and squawk at snails crunching under bare feet
Embrace the warm organic blackness of the garden shed
Savour secret dirty kisses like we've only met just now
Imbibe the heady perfumes of the roses after dark
Run a bath and overflow it as we both climb in
Dine messily on fresh cream teas and whiskey in the bed
Write poems to each other with a kiss for each new line
Make love til each one smiles that softly sated smile
And with hearts and fingers meshed, gently drift to sleep

There is no need
For a tomorrow

Maggie Munro

Seeing Red

She wakes, with hot emotion streaming
warm and wet, across one rosy cheek.
Slowly reason rises, tears subside,
for many times does bitter obligation
steal joy away to pour its stream of sand
carelessly through those indifferent hands.

Her sunrise aches to draw one curtain closed,
to veil the room in softened honey light,
to listen for the peals of morning laughter.
His jacket slung aside in playful haste,
entwined bodies dancing, kindling kisses,
pleasure writhing, wreathed in sweet delight.

She breathes, her hot emotion waning,
anger draining, quiet acceptance rising.
So many days,
so many very ordinary days
to wait and live and work and sleep,
and give way to someone else,
to wake at last and find
a gift unwrapped.

Their day.
Their stolen, perfect day.

Maggie Munro

The Keepsake

No sculpted stone or shade on deckle page,
no canvas daub or etch in verdigris,
no crystal flash or scrap of celluloid
can portray the simple candour of our age.

For an image made or captured in our time,
singular, or blended in the frame
can muster potency, but ne'er enough
to, this precious entity, confine.

Maggie Munro

The Ripening

I picture you,
opening the door,
walking up the orchard rows,
in the caramel of evening light.
A giant's shadow peers at you
from in between the trees,
trudging silently with you
as you lift the sun-warm fruit,
cup in one work-seasoned hand
an apple, rich and scarlet ripe.

I picture you,
opening your door,
treading the dew drenched grass,
the raucous song of wattle birds
spritzing the crisp dawn air.
Your hands busied at the basket
gently placing, one by one,
harvest fixed by darkness chill,
all glossy, sweet and unblemished.

I picture you,
opening my door,
singing to the hallway ceilings,
eyes creased deep in blissful smile,
tide of sunshine flooding in with you,
the giant heralding you in silence
as you tenderly bestow
your joyous gift for all seasons,
proud and precious gems of autumn.

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