

Twelve River RIPPLES

Members Poems



The Glass

It sneaks up on me
the yearning for a glass,
its translucent curve,
the slaking of my thirst.

I can run my finger
round the rim, produce
ringing, as pure
as the wine I crave.

Handblown, stem slender,
a beautiful object to hold,
I mustn't shatter the promise
by clutching too hard.

Full, it mirrors the light
as I swirl the contents
then savour the taste
drop by exquisite drop.

Empty, the dregs accuse,
demand refill, renewal.
The glass and I, we need
our spirits topped up.

Sue Wallace-Shaddad

Horses

Dad, who is dead now, loved them.
The Star Inn. Dylife.
He always stayed in Room 7 where they
hung
framed in white.
Framed by orange beech trees
two horses, one gray, one bay, nuzzle.
Unknown artist strokes painterly flanks.
They whinnied and called him home.

Sue Foster

Apples

Dad cuts his into quarters
along the vertical axis
with a pocket knife,
eats from the centre towards
the mottled green surface.

Mum uses a peeler,
slowly works from
the top to the bottom,
removes the light green skin
in one long spiral.

I rub mine on my arm,
like a cricket ball,
bite in to the red,
crooked teeth marks
googly through the flesh.

Derek Adams