

A poetry broadside

FREE! Please take one!

barbara

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Love

Once a blackbird taught me
How to sing in all weathers
And sometimes I remember

The Piraha live in the present
And have no word for worry
I don't know if it is possible

To find a way back
Wanting to get better
Is a part of the sickness

But walking out in a green light
I have for a time held the whole world as a single pearl
And that is enough

Look! The thistles are blooming again
Goldfinches

David Smith

Becoming Jellyfish

I was stung by a jellyfish yesterday
Which means I am now part jellyfish
And this pleases me

An unseen homeopathic medicine
Of soft translucent mystery
Now lives inside me

Primordial transmissions
Flickers of deep time symbols within my flesh
A secret code for my soul

A part of me, otherworldly
Sensorial and instinctive
A creature that inhabits secret oceans
Hidden in my blood - how delicious

Emma Parker

deepernature.uk
[instagram.com/deeper_nature_](https://www.instagram.com/deeper_nature_)

see she heron me

stop. I saw heron
and the heron spotted me
I flew she ran. swap

Fern Walter

There is a Bird

there is a bird
there is a bird in me
I feel it often, fluttering, madly
it's trapped in here
I wish you could hear
when I sing in the morning
I want to eat worms
bathe in puddles
catch the wind
dance on sunbeams
with you
I wish you could see
that bird, not this awkward shape
that bird in me

Joseph Coyle

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[facebook.com/josephscrobb](https://www.facebook.com/josephscrobb)

osmosis towards earth

i am a badger
and the woodland knows it
like a creature of the night i crawl
that i might know the sound of earthworms
like soft musicians of the soil
all my being will dissolve into this
it will be relief, osmosis of the soul
of what this life means, learning
about the shape of my skin
when owls are feathered in knowing
even the crickets and the wood mouse are watching
i am no longer badger; i am common shrew
and i hear the wing beat of the tawny
i dive for cover and become mud

Helen Smith

[helensmithwrites.com](https://www.helensmithwrites.com)

What is the Web?

Deep within the forest, the young bard sits
Protected by glade and grove

The wind blows, whispering quietly through the trees
What a web we weave, they say
But do you know what it is to be the web?

A temporary structure, which can be in an instant gone
And yet, you catch the morning dew

A murmur from the beech tree, look at my roots
But do you know what it is to be a tree?

Be silent, still and not be able to move
One element in a network of a greater forest
And yet able to watch everything and nothing

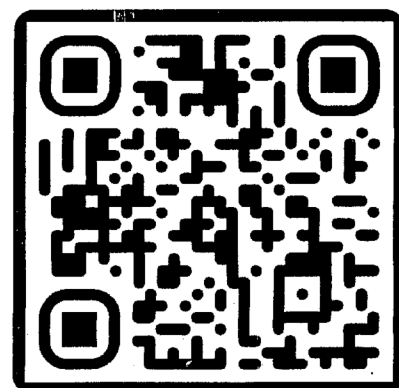
The wind blows again and the spell is gone
A fleeting moment within the quiet to understand

Musings of a Scottish Bard

[instagram.com/musingsofascottishbard](https://www.instagram.com/musingsofascottishbard)

FREE PAPER
Profound?
Pointless pentification,
Profanity(?).

P'shaw; poppycock,
pomp.



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