

Poems by Jo Salmon

I thought of you today

I thought of you today.

I stood on the shore as

The gentle waves

Kissed my feet

That sank into the warm wet sand.

I thought of you today.

I stood on the shore as

The rising sun

Kissed my face

That turned towards its rays

I thought of you today.

I stood on the shore as

The cooling breeze

Kissed my body

That responded to its balm.

Lamia

I invited the gorgon over the threshold,
To suck life and love
From my very soul
And drain my creations.
And now, every morning and every night,
I creep across eggshell floors while scheming
Her eviction.
But she will not leave my body,
Or give water to my muse.
Lamia must die to love and life,
Though she's not a loving, living thing.
Lamia must live to sin,
Brandishing my eternity ring.

Lamia The Anti-Muse

Memory

A new cd.

Memories of a new cd.

Reminds me of music that reminds me of you.

Of another time and plane-

Of realities passed-

Away with the fairies, ageing fast-

Paced by birthday presents of baby-dolls and word processors.

When Teeny-Tiny- Tears and Silly Doctors and Nurses, became

Teenage pregnancy and the psyche ward.

Put it in print

Your name here

In the box provided,

With Christmas cards from unwanted guests

And relations,

With other people now hidden from consciousness.

Forget the forgotten on remembrance day

Until Lamia returns, reminding you

That you haven't done the ironing,

Or paid the gas bill-

And you have to-

Cook up a stew. With broad beans in furry pods,
Fresh and soap green counting beads
From Granddad's garden.
With stinging nettles and bird boxes and the cat killed in the coal bunker.

Hunker down
In damp winter blankets
And shiver in sheets
Whilst the ice inside the window melts,
As it mixes with the hot-steam-breath
That begs for the installation of a radiator.

In the foetal position that comes before
The missionary
Of the established, one true church-
Record
Your name, whatever it really is,
In The Register of Life.

Sleep

When I awoke in bed next to you, I went

And fell asleep on the sofa instead.

Not because I didn't want to be close to you,

I did.

I wanted you to hold me in the crook of your arm

As you drifted hazily, lazily

In

And out, In

And out.

In and out of wavy, tidal sleep.

But I didn't want to stir you,

Didn't want to wake you,

Didn't want to annoy you with

The humping and lumping and heaving,

Ginger turning over

Of my fat body

Towards your thin one.

Television

Lamia The Anti-Muse

Puts it on;

The idiot's

Simple-

Minded lantern lurking

Ominously like a spider

In the corner of the room

Disturbing, destructing distraction

From anything deemed creative.

The dying embers of the day's sun

The dying embers of the day's sun

Are shimmering on the surface of the sea of love

And the ocean of hope

That they will ignite again tomorrow

Warming the depths of feeling we shared yesterday.

These lives

This life,
Is not the only life I know.
In one life I sit alone with you,
Gazing and dreaming, staring into space.
In another life
I am an efficient engine and everything gets done.
Some of my lives have children in them,
Motherly, grandmotherly love.
One of my lives is lived in monochrome,
Another, jubilant and free.
The lives lived in colour though
Are the ones that are closest to me

You told me it was deep

You told me it was deep.
Under there, you said, there are
Mountains higher than Everest
And trenches that reached
Further down than the Grand Canyon.
Drama below the soothing surface.
Scenery belonging to an unseen world,
Where vents, white hot and smoky black,
Host teeming life that swims.