

## Poems by Jo Salmon

### Affirmation

Love affirming life.

Life in love.

Love life with you.

Where the burning flames of scorching, summer sun-  
Days are felt in the cool evening twilight.

I remember the parties, the nightclubs, the sex –  
All of it.

I remember you, with me,

Kicking and screaming

Rebelling still against the established realities.

I re-member with you now

And again

When on the flights,

When we talk late into the Sunday nights, smoking.

When I'm saying sorry

When we are forgiving each other.

**As violent as that day in spring**

As violent as that day in spring,  
The light, mild breeze assaults me through my white linen jacket,  
Penetrating the fibres  
Into my sensitive arms.

I am exposed. Over exposed  
To the daylight  
And at the mercy of this lack of weather.  
This weather, as gentle as rape.  
It's safer inside.

Outside  
The birds sing anyway,  
Just like that day down Gilden Way  
(Between dear Nan Langley's house and Mrs Gladwyn's shop)  
That day when I saw the green poplars  
Trying to sway a dance  
To a dissonant noise.

No,

Not dancing but fighting against  
Their rude rhythm.

Not laughing but screaming

Against my lack of a sense of humour.

## Day Out

Off season at Barry Island.

A grey and hopeless sky

Held desperate seagulls

That squalled for battered fish.

We stood on the stony shore,

Looking at the bleak, cold sea,

And, holding hands

Made our pact.

We stood at the indifferent bus-stop

In the depression of rain

And, saying nothing,

Waited to be carried home.

**Each thought a drop in a universe made of seas.**

Each thought a drop in a universe made of seas.

Pluck one from that fish you just saved

From the ocean of nascence

While you were out there on your glass bottomed boat.

Notice it, examine it, study it.

Look at it for eternity

And then do the same with another.

Produce a thought for each

Drop, drop, drop

## **Holy Spirit**

Makeda,

King of Wisdom's seal and song,

Tender, Warrior, Queen.

Dark Mother,

Proverbial lover

Dove mistress of

The arts

And The Craft

Of the living-

Of life.

**I sat and drew my name in the sand**

I sat and drew my name in the sand.

I left my name so you could read it

And know that I had been there.

Did you read my name before the tide came in

And washed my name away.

You spoke your name to the crashing of a wave.

You left your name so I could hear it

And know that you had been there.

I heard your name before the tide went out

And took your name away.