

## Poems by Gareth Writer-Davies

### BLUE SKY THINKING

there's no pattern to clouds  
they just turn up

rolling into a blue sky  
barging each other out of the way  
they are short on manners

but above the density of trees  
and rooftops  
they are light  
without a care in the world

looking up  
I can see  
dogs  
frogs  
and a map of the Isle of Wight

there's no pattern to clouds

but in the blue sky of my mind  
there are shapes  
and connectors  
and clouds that just turn up

Gareth Writer-Davies

## SAPPHO'S MAID

she dresses her mistress

in a ball gown of blue and green

perfumes her feet with rosemary

dabs the sweat from her décolletage

last night there was music

verse and counter verse in sweet harmony

as hand in hand

mistress and maid became conspirators

tougher than an uncut diamond

Cleis has the bit between her teeth

and will not tolerate any rival

she is the only servant of the house

her mistress bullies the strings of her lyre

into dark voice

devoted girls admire

the promiscuous art of her lyric

name her the mortal muse

of nature

but only Cleis

knows the intimate moment of disclosure

when mistress

must submit to maid

Gareth Writer-Davies

## **CHAIR**

easy

always

ready

to be sat on

by buttocks

small and wide

taking

the strain

so we don't need to

asking

for the same again

because it likes to be

useful

chair

take a holiday

I

will sit on the floor

or maybe

my haunches

though if

my joints get stiff

I will catch a train

just to sit down

or go

to the theatre

just to sit down

or maybe

just buy another chair

Gareth Writer-Davies

## COFFEE GROUNDS

killed my geraniums

thought the extra

-I didn't know what-

might perk them up

but the tannins did them in

I made a study of tea leaves

but to tell the truth

felt like an old fool

when I put the kettle on for breakfast

and you come down

lost in my dressing gown

I think about what lies beneath

and doesn't age

your toes

your smile

the yawn that says it's time for bed

though not to rest

but I can't give up the poison

and neglect

is a contentment to me

as I wait for the next big thing

coffee grounds

killed my geraniums

whilst I was looking the other way

Gareth Writer-Davies

## **A NIGHT BENEATH THE STARS**

in your house

we took chances

with our astrological charts

indulging ourselves

we goofed around with a black labrador

gathered wild thyme

and added it to the pot

the house is for sale

though you have no intention of moving

its position

on the shady side of the hill

is its own protection

years ago

there was a woodsman

who lived nearby

who beguiled young girls

and sent their mothers posies

then the railway came

and the fairy folk got proper jobs



and we stopped believing

so

are you virgo or maybe gemini

and are bricks

any substitute

for a night beneath the stars

Gareth Writer-Davies

## LOOK AND TOUCH

the changing rooms are snug

but your transformation

to a vampire girl in shorts

is impressive

and worth a warm round of applause

in walks

the busy busty teacher

with a bad attitude and a twelve inch ruler

next everyone's favourite

the lonely divorcee

with only her close female friends for company

what a way to make a living

but the hours are good

and there's a buffet

fame of a sort

and those who look

and touch you

would love you

given half a chance

Gareth Writer-Davies