

Three Poems by Roger Farnworth

You Can't Have it All

But you can have a glass full:
Of stormy weather that blows your thoughts away,
Or the glimmering dawn and the drinking in of the new,
And the splosh of cool sea on skin,
When you finally got past going in,
And the hot gasp of Russian drink,
And the riotous rumba that followed,
And the draught of youth in the memory dip,
And the hidden tippie under age,
And the tepid tea of sheer content
And to hell with anything else,
And the drinking in at every pore
When you finally knew it was love.

Birds are Wild

Birds are wild,
Winds speak foreign,
Seasons are great rocks moving,
Unrelenting as gone love.

Buy me with foreign coin,
Crush me in the way,
Birds sing summer going
Their flight inevitable.

I do not flee the ever of things,
The chaste delight of how they are,
But darkness deepens and night is long,
Stoke the fire to brightest burn.

Window

It's now or never so out I rush,
Running all the way, arriving
Just as the rain had stopped.

Go back ! then take the journey slow.
But sky was watery
The mud more so.

Looking back through glass I saw,
In the violet vault of the bluebell wood,
Stalk sun knives cut loose flashing swathes
In waterfalls of cobalt light.