

A close-up photograph of a green lawn with scattered pink and white rose petals. The petals are in various stages of decay, some showing yellowing and browning at the edges. The grass is a vibrant green, and the overall scene suggests a transition from spring to summer.

Transition

P.C.D. ROBERTS

With thanks for;
Each and every day,
Each and every love,
Each and every encounter,
Informing, enriching and blessing.

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A photograph of a Passiflora plant, likely a species of passion fruit, growing on a trellis. The plant features large, green, deeply lobed leaves and several bright yellow-orange fruits hanging from the vines. The background is a dense network of light-colored, bare branches. The word "WARMTH" is overlaid in white, bold, uppercase letters in the upper left quadrant of the image.

WARMTH

My Garden in Autumn

A lone bee bounces
From flower to flower.
Red geranium frills and flounces
Refusing to be dower,
Beneath strings of bells –
Passion fruit gold,
That seem for vine,
Too big to hold
And in sweet communion take
This first moist kiss
Of Autumns Wake.

Cafetiere

I like the way you know me
Take me out whenever you can
On your quirky tray,
And I was sorry you broke
The mug you bought with your mother
That lasted since you left home
And I miss it on your tray.

I like the way you look at me
Knowing my precise etiquette
That first I wait,
Enchanting you to wait also
To dwell in the moment with me
That you thought you couldn't spare
And I like your company.

I like the way you touch me
Gently pressing my filter
Listening like a child,
Ear rested on her mother's stomach
While at the same time
Watching the dance of grinds
And the bubbles rise away.

I like to see your eyes
To see your vigilance
As you pour,
You've learned to watch
How steam meets the air
Drifting differently each day
With this, my mourning gift to you.

Acer Tree

All Day,
I Could draw
The Acer Tree,
Like Jenny Wheatly.

It's not bronze,
Nor red
Nor purple
Nor brown.

It's all of these,
But none;
Complex,
And grand.

To draw,
All day,
Is the way
Of the artist.

At first,
Inquiring,
Of branch
And stem.

Then held
By stars
In sun's
Cascade.

Remembrance Outing

I will seek and I will hunt.
Though not for me,
A hood pulled up
Arms wrapped close
For fear small comforts
Slip my pockets
Costly things I shouldn't have
That steal time and days
Alone and cold
on street corners.

I will seek and I will hunt.
For like a child,
Though medals worn,
I'll place uncertain steps
With determined intent
And grasp for each handhold
Reach for each concerned hand
And tilt my head
To receive a smile.

Cat Rescue

So quiet,
the dark night sky wallpapers the chicken wire wall
And the reclaimed lock grinds, grudgingly
Permitting us to tip toe towards you
On your plywood shelf
Where you stare back at us.

Now, it is we who gaze at you
Between your regal demands
To open doors and serve food
Claiming all fresh linens as your own
Pressing into every warm space
Your black fur rising with every purr.

A close-up photograph of a dense thicket of plants. The branches are covered in a light layer of frost, giving them a white, crystalline appearance. The plants are heavily laden with small, bright red berries. The leaves are green, some showing signs of frost damage or discoloration. The overall scene is a winter or late autumn landscape.

FROST

Apocalypse

In time of plenty
We might have moved.
Unagreed, dreams decayed.
Compost for what?

While even then,
Catastrophe crept,
Consuming to unfold
His coup d'etat.

The youth scattered
As the slashed trees,
Fell to hi-vis profits
Who purged life.

Then Herald Poverty,
To stewing minds,
Scorched his warnings
Of meatless bones.

This crumbling home
Turned urban Datcha
Where buzzing grankids
How long sweet hum?

Work

Harvesting

Maturity seeks the offerings of Earth
Perhaps desperately extending
The long vines of summer
Grasping to attach to each dream locale
And gain.

Untouched

Those earlier monocultures of dreams,
Unwittingly raised by process
Desiccate unattended
Their apparent blessings
Increasingly sterile.

Bejewelled

New last way of wilding growth
Dreams exposed to nature's risks
Bearing plump fruit
Full of reward.

Advancing

Death teases, wreaks havoc, retreats
Scourging ripening rewards
To steal ruby like dream seeds
Newly cherished.

Becoming
Mute as snowfall, mourning
The lost taste of hope depletes
And moulds make growing marks
So frost piles in
With bite.

Wintered
Sweet sap of dreams, passed and gone
Via deadwood bent and bowed,
Burgeons dream buds yet to show
My offerings
To Earth.

Cricket Ball

I'm concerned
To not hear from you,
And neediness stings,
Impatient as teenage love.

You are remote
In the scary unknown,
No longer near,
Withholding anecdotes of life.

Rest is all I can seek,
Freedom stalled,
Shoulder blades dislocating
To restrain pounding pain.

My heart fights back,
Screaming to fall out,
And roll like a cricket ball
Cheering six after six.

So, I cradle its ferocity
Inside my holding cavity,
Where womb-like incubates
Fresh, yet vulnerable love.

Season's Greetings II

Season's Greetings.
A Simple Expression.

I spat it out; grudgingly,
Into the Perspex container
Of a cheap pen,
To safely inscribe yet another card.

Then, I drew the breath of joyless air;
Cinnamon, Orange, Nutmeg and Clove,
I'd left in nets and jars,
The evergreens for birds.

Song silenced, I mourned,
Slipped the shroud of pretence,
To withhold news offerings
From the altar of relativity.

Shielded by exile's permafrost,
Two years of blessings un-held,
In truncated seasons of hope,
All, billowed, far blown.

Holding low to ground,
Nursing fragile unseen wounds,
Carrion to tundra predator
I could not be.

Waited, as day infused with night,
Frozen will melted damp,
Signed my name
Bravely.

Pleas of Crisis

Enter this space.
What Space?
The drained vat
That is my loneliness.

Proceed this space.
To Where?
A danger-zone
I did not choose.

Open this space.
And why?
To pour the best
I dare to give.

Secure this space.
For sight?
To gaze beyond
My self-centre.

Nourish this space.
For hunger?
To harvest wisdom
To raise my trust.

BREATH



Mindfulness

I colour, so do you
My patterns come in a book
Black and white lines
And I can choose
My reds, blues and subtle hues.

Now and then, I pause
I see your throw on my chair
And I wonder at all its threads
And how you made it
Suspecting you did as bid

In your throw, I love the mix
Of paisley swirls soft orange pink
Indian blue tones of twilight skies
Floral border, duck egg blue and pink
Echoes of France's vintage prints.

Your craft is so much greater
Than my simple work with pens
But with every thread and stroke
I wonder if held we both
Hidden thoughts of heartache and hope.

Back and Forth

Soon, I will walk home
When it is fully light
And white hellebores
Will cease to fluoresce
Against a darkening sky.

For now, twiggy trees
Reveal in their height
The waiting nests
Soon to be restored
And made secret by leaves.

And blossom arrives,
A confusion of types
Not in sequence
As seen in childhood
Yet still pretty and pink.

The sitting cat
Pleads in purr
On bare pebbles
Cold and lonely
Listening for cars.

Then, into an evergreen hedge
A small bird darts
Perhaps to an early nest
Flies back and forth
Its safe and soft-worn way.

Lament for the fledglings

Do not steal me my loves
Do not steal me away from me.
For I have loaned myself
In parts,
Large and small,
For seasons and that's all.

Do not take me, my loves
As hunks, crusts or crumbs.
For I have given myself.
To love,
To Feed and water,
For seasons and that's all.

We do not know my loves,
From where the wind will blow.
Storms will surely rage,
Summers shorten,
And the winters stretch.

Oh, breathe with me, my loves,
Gasp for the freshness.
For I am gasping too,
To grow,
In the seasons that we share.

Then pray with me, my loves,
In sun warmed fields.
For precious seasons
Seasons upon seasons more.
Seasons without end.

Tattoos

Tender child,
Sleeping softly, so loved in advance.

Worldly Child,
Cord strained, wisdom waits between us

Heart held child,
Time's ink entwines our stories

Centred child,
Age-birthed, I dissolve in your softness

Beautiful child,
Flesh unbounds to worlds beyond my own.

St Davids View

I imagine a woman
Reclined naked toward the sun
Her head tilted back
So her hair trails down
And down a grassy incline.

She is made of rock
Softened by the heat haze
Which ice driven scars
Fails to hide
As birds above prey and sing.

Raising her arms
She could lift dew drenched hair
Lift it high skyward
To drape over and down,
Down the back of her hands.

Such long, long hair
Like skeins of untangled thread
Laden with water
Purified to weave
Perhaps one last life.

I imagine my lady eternal
And not as the crone of myth
But endlessly creative
Endlessly wise
And beautiful

But I am mortal
I may or may not
Outlive my hair
I am already sinking from view
As the old men rise and rule.

Snail

In my home glued to the wall,
She often thinks I'm a pebble
Or dead and dried out,
Or if the sun shines, decorative
With my lollipop swirls
Of witch-like slimy greens
A Halloween Bead
Glass eye of a freak show.
Whatever she thinks,
Still I can make her scream!

Raising Funds for Hope Hub

'Transition' is available as a free of charge PDF file without any obligation on its readers.

The author is also celebrating completing this poetry collection by fundraising for:

HOPE Hub a registered charity working to prevent and end homelessness in Surrey Heath Borough and surrounding areas.

If you can consider donating to HOPE Hub, please click here for P. C. D. Roberts' JustGiving Page [LINK](#).



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