

Helen's latest book, **The Ruby Slippers**, is published by Valley Press and available at Amazon.co.uk

Helen Burke lives in York, England and has been writing and performing poetry for the last twenty years (and is the recipient of various awards for it).

It ugs seen too much and now it seeks revenge. It has roots that lie beyond time's grasp. My hands look pale beside it. Other plants wither, it placed too near. I tell you frankly, it makes me nervous. like some weird and ancient crane. languid in its pebble-base into its saucer daily, and it thrives, The ash from my anger flops this stunted seer of the ages. It could live or die by its own devices, toolishly thinking I was giving it a chance. Already I vowed not to water it, as they unwrapped it, lovingly. My cigarette burned strangely bright A little bit of immortality – and you were sold. but, the idea of longevity drew you. I was all for a nice geranium, It would take years, they made that clear to us. dnite dear, I understand. but, the thing itself It came in a cheap box,

IVSNO9

The moon never lies.

This crying moon is the moon in truth – and tonight as ever –

In the hoot of an owl, in the thumbprint of dawn.

We take each separate moon as we find her – in the root of a tree,

We ascend star by star, following her panther stride.

We follow the braids of her long black hair.

Which moon is real?? - for, the moon never lies.

Which moon are we to believe?

She is a silver guardian, a panther that walks before and behind us.

Has brought no more.

There are two moons tonight (the one watches the other). We bring nothing but ourselves to this silent space, why, the moon herself

Only my heart hangs back. Only my heart says wait.

The picture almost complete.

Someone brings out the wine, we stir it with Jasmine stems.

My eyes cannot see all of the picture, though the moon hangs low obligingly.

The tears fall over the castle and down the hill.

We notice the moon is crying, tear by tear.

Hold each other close.

A night when triends can call to each other and remember,

It seems a strange sort of night to any other.

THE MOON CRYING

Please recycle to a friend.

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM email:

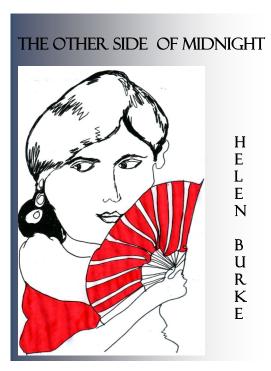
origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover art by Helen Burke

Origani Posmy Project

THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT BY HELEN BURKE © 2011

ph.hobbit@tiscali.co.uk



THE MIDNIGHT BOAT

The boat that bears your name, she is midnight.

The boat that you my mother took – and yet

I never saw it land.

Only caught the sound of it – myself stood at the door.

Heard the soft beat of a gull's wing as I held your hand,

Then the rising into air – the two of you – the call of midnight's shore.

The picture on the wall behind -

A felucca setting sail – the gleam of the oars

And the waves that bear your name.

All that is, is beyond time and time itself – the key.

Flying high towards the boat – you are the joyful gull

And glad to go. I do not blame you – for such a boat that who

Could bear to stay.

The midnight boat stands watchful on the shore.

The waves are guick as heartbeats and pull the oars around.

See, the white gull rises.

(Tomorrow - it's a lovely day.) And the midnight boat is gone.