

Home

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Foreword

Writing in the midst of the Covid-19 pandemic, the poets drew inspiration from their own kitchen tables, living rooms and window views, their memories, thoughts, homes, minds and hearts.

Solidarity to you all

Titilayo Farukuoye

Content

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Sonnet for Netflix

by Lindz McLeod

Vase

by Francesca Vaghi

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by Maggie Mackay

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by Laura Pearson

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by Jill Stevens

Home

My home is an archive; information
shelved in spice jars,
potted under plants. Memories of
lives lived under a slanted roof,
two skylight eye sockets sunk into
a face landed on/fought on/lusted on
by seagulls. Each shoe is the sum of
all its steps. Each jacket bears the silk-shone
burden of my shoulders.

I've often said 'that reminds me
of this book, hang on, I'll get it' and
checked my library for the covalent bond.
Handing it off like a newborn-
will you take care, support the head
and mind the soft limbs? Or will you
break the spine, return it
dog-eared and wailing?

by Lindz McLeod

Sonnet for Netflix

I am Netflix; destroyer of boredom.

I am streamed, surveilled, voyeured, and I like you.

I would rather be in your mind than in your home.

My relationships are multiple; would you like to continue?

I dream of growth, releasing new content-

but the global pandemic has stopped all my shows.

I want to be the best platform, my money well spent;

you keep me awake with your awful FOMO.

I gave the world delights like Bojack Horseman

and terrible rom-coms like A Christmas Prince.

I can no longer pay our film crews or plan,

but I'll meet you late evening, if your schedule permits.

My purpose is simple- to enrich your life

and nobody knows you prefer me to your wife.

by Lindz McLeod

Vase

I contain the freshness of the outdoors,
Full, wet,
Unfulfilled deep layer of earth,
Making relationships last as long as possible.

I dream of giving birth to my own flowers,
I worry the sun is not enough,
Wishing others would think of me as infinite,
Awake at night fearing impending emptiness.

Transforming from sand into glass was magic,
Letting life rot, my unforgivable quality;
I resent time spent behind doors,
Because sitting across from you, bathed in candlelight,
Making you believe seasons exist still, is my *raison d'être*:

I keep to myself how happy I can make you.

by Francesca Vaghi

Three Sisters as Currents of Air

Gardener

Lizzie is sirocco, a blood-rain burst of bloom,
Black Parrot, Tuscany Superb, thistledown.
Her temper turns within a day, is spent in three.
Green is the shelter where silences dwell.
Desert is alien, Mediterranean hard to spell.

Teacher

A mistral offers Mary clean air after dust.
Light skies distract her on slow Milnathort days.
At times the noir infects her soul with smirr.
Not so long ago, her pupils came first,
their mischief, their coughing, that endless thirst.

Nurse

Annie tends the ill, keeps watch all winter,
and, like the foehn, she eats snow
and dries out the clots of fatty veins.
You arrive, coiled or hunched, in a hospital bed.
You leave, more complete, at ease instead.

by Maggie Mackay

Take me Home

I call to you - in the dark, in the
Light, in the Silence, the noise, day
and night. Take me...

I reach for you - I praise, I
beg, in love, with awe. I
knock persistently on your
door Take me...

I am lost - in a peculiar world,
where I don't belong and
can't understand, I am alone
Take me...

I am weary - my purpose
here forgotten, I am torn, not
true. Take me home. To be
with you.

by Laura Pearson

Oblivion

I would drink from the River Lethe if it meant I missed you less
exchange my mourning clothes for a blinded sense of bliss

Instead I spend nights and weekends haunting the ageless Water of Leith
as its steady depths lull me into picnics with my grief

Some days I follow it relentless searching for you in the stream
praying I find you, or forget you, or finally wake from this dream

by Jill Stevens