

McLoughlin, N. (2014). 'Three Poems'. *New Writing: The International Journal for the Practice and Theory of Creative Writing*, Vol. 11, No. 2, pp. 375-376.

Three Poems **Nigel McLoughlin**

Today

sky is summer church grey
falls under a circle of weeping
trees and metal gush
from the water-pump
drowns the last birdsong and bell
in the breeze nobody answers
the cross stands like a shadow
on the wall of the enclosure
there are no longer children
as darkness breeds from
the east transept emerging
from the door like a priest
it is not hard to remember
all the pinks sparking like granite
blues of slates levelling in light
on this abandoned monument
to laughter gone and chattering
neighbours under the stones
the grass sleeps its way over
and the gap is obvious
as the missing gate

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Joy

first blue freshens the loophole
on which this day turns
a trend of glooms
blown away like limitations
in the draught
meaning slips into and catches
between the sheets of billets-doux
from this year to the last
lifts lamentations skyward
in a kerfuffle of tree branches
ridged and definite as chess pieces
when the rain sets in
I shoulder like a wedge
through the crush
hold the last dragonflies
of sky like ghosts yet to be born
misinformed and envied
as the clouds close over
there is something riotous
about the blabbermouth
of printouts that scatter
an accident of luck-
filled sunshine and wishbones
that nub the frames of movement
as birds cross the casement
they could be chloroform or nicotine
shimmering in the mind
the result of the unseen
rat the colour of roofing lead
slipping beneath the fence
to wait swaying like a wand
for mishaps and schisms

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Instanter

a child slips a hand
around a pinkie
a cataclysm of pimento
fast as a comet
among the sunrise
backing out of the garden
into the lilt of feline
crossing our fence
like lightning tied
in a bowed
head-lamp

something disappears
along the apotheosis of a rope
and next door's garments
are doyens caught on a sundial
starlets are distant
stop and revel
there is no other
reassurance