

# **Two Mermaids Together**

A prequel to The Mermaid's Tale

Boni Sones OBE

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ISBN 978-0-9565871-1-4

**First published October 09 by [www.wpradio.co.uk](http://www.wpradio.co.uk)**

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Printed by Print-Out, Histon, Cambridge CB24 9JE

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### Part 2: 60

All mermaids together: A 20,096 word lyrical poem of family love: Scripted to Gwen Joy Royston's abstract painting of her families heart.

## Introduction:

“Two Mermaids Together” is a collection of my writing as portraits. These short stories are portraits of my loves, my children, my friends, and my passions; paintings and stories. Clearly the themes are much the same as in “The Mermaid’s Tale”, reflecting my love of landscape, the sea shore, and the “oral” story. My writing draws on these visual images that formed me as I grew up in a small fishing village on the East Coast, Sizewell, and later in life converted to my love of that desolate landscape and its vibrant light and colours “The Fens”.

The title of this “prequel” “Two Mermaids Together” is clearly no coincidence. Part 1 sensitively describes the feelings and affinities which occur between two people when their lives meet and each transforms the other through shared feelings, shared ambitions and shared intents. So often these events are birth, marriage or death, and my stories reflect that. I unashamedly tell stories of my friends and stories to my friends as a way of soothing their paths in life thus treading that path that all storytellers tread back to the hearth and the fireside. As my age ripens my “tales” are meant as lessons to others. My god-daughters old and young clearly bring me great joy.

This collection of essays also brought to an ending my family life with my three children, Tanya, Jenna and Guy. I can’t tell you what fun I have had being a mother, but while the act of your children leaving signifies the start of a new life, there is also deep grief at the ending of the old. “All mermaids together” is a 20,096 word lyrical poem I wrote to the memory of them, friends we knew, and our family life together when they all left.

“All mermaids together” is scripted to a painting I bought to add to my collection at that time by the artist Gwen Joy Royston who has spent her life portraying her love of her husband and family through her colourful and highly accomplished works. Together this 20,000 word poem joins her family loves to my own and I know that in so doing this approach to story telling is highly original.

Gwen says her work relates to ‘my position as a woman, my relationship to my family as well as my position to the world around me’. Gwen sees her work not only as paintings but as stories, although she does not use symbolism or narrative in her work, she uses colour, texture and form as her vocabulary.

The ambition of this lyrical story is huge but what fun to attempt it. I diligently scripted many short stories and poems as preliminary sketches before sitting down and writing it. They remain in my notebook. Perhaps women are attempting to communicate in a different way and through new devices together.

I hope I have managed to capture in these poetic family portraits in words some of the reciprocity, tenderness and fun in the loving of the significant “other”; partners, friends and family. I thank them all for their tolerance and support of me.

In this prequel I would like to thank my BBC colleagues, Paul Seagrove, Amanda Goodman, Alison Cook, my friends Marianna Vintiadis, Diana Brittan, Martha Stevns and the long time journalist Bill Kirkman. With all I have had such fun, not a moment was wasted. I would also like to thank the artist Julia Ball for the joy of her work and her companionship.

If these stories in places seem silly, well that’s how it is in Suffolk. Some writers don’t like to plunder their past for their work whereas every image I have is from my growing up, the landscape and the sea and the remarkably visual memories and sounds of all, voices and the waves crashing to the shores too. It’s where my poetic forms are made. I also plunder my friends to write poetic portraits of them, as I say, “all things in my house can be eaten” and for me all stories are legitimate game “for the pot”. My stories have to be told to others and therefore I have left in the names of the special people I have written my stories for. That is just the way it is in Suffolk.

## **1. The words in poetry:**

At night and in the morning I reach for my book. Which book doesn’t always matter. The hand snatches out randomly to the pile beside my bed, positioned flat on the floor. Knowing my pile of books is there is all that matters. Higgedly, pigledly, the pile grows, and shrinks, spurns another pile. Dust gathers, chapters are read, words pored over, and over again, so much excitement and discovery and then with the very last story, the very last chapter, the book closes, so unbearable is it to think of the ending. This jewel, this treasure that I’ve held is about to finish, I just can’t put her down. I rearrange the pile, put my last chapter book at the bottom, to be discovered again, so that there is no ending. And Auden tells me: “Love has no ending,”

“I’ll love you dear, I’ll love you Till China and Africa meet, And the river jumps over the mountain, And the salmon sing in the street.” Auden, sneaked into my luggage this weekend, came away with me, when I’d meant to leave him behind. “Go away poetry, I don’t need you this weekend”, but he knew better and sneaked in, between two other novels. And I pour over this slim volume, as I pour over every other written word, holding it to me, learning from it, sharing thoughts and emotions, sharing the intimacy of the imagination of others. Dancing in the rhythm of the sentences, throwing to the wall those books that don’t please, and clinging to the others. There they are beside me and I’m safe. And now I can do it too. Share with you my intimate thoughts, merge my two selves into one and tell you a story. The story of myself and my friends, of the loves around me. Sharing the stories, until they become one story, my story. Sharing the stories that dance in your head matters. Telling them, and retelling them, racing through the thoughts in your mind the story develops, evolves, half-truths are snatched for and replaced by the next thought to flow through. The story changes, it’s a living moveable tangible object that flows.....the story has tides and flows, it draws back into you, becomes a lonely landscape where you plod treacle like through it, and then the drawbridge of the river lifted, it flows out into the ocean, empties itself onto paper, into speech, into words strung together that clutch at meaning. Meanings evolve from stories, and stories beget meanings. “Once upon a time”, “In the land of”, “Far away and over the hill”. We begin to sense the beginning of the journey from those first few words, and if those words are carelessly placed, don’t engage our imaginations, we retreat away from the story, the words have to find our personal landscape, the places where we live rather than where we are. Just a single word connects or divides, because the two are the same, the inner from the outer. The word helps to break open the door, thump, crash and smash down the barrier, and lead us through the arch into our hidden selves. The self I know I can be, but which remains hidden. Don’t believe that film can replace the word, that video can make the word redundant, because in those hungry, terrible moments of need it’s the word and the words that come to your rescue. They lay beside your bed and you reach out. And in homes where they are no books the words, and the rhythms of the words, get converted into the oral stories. “What did you do today”, “did you have a good time”, “can I help you”, “Can I walk you home and hear the last story of the evening, the last words you say that night,” and those, the most intimate words of all, mean I never stop asking if I can walk you to the door. “Goodnight” and a kiss! The language of shouting, of punching your sister until she finally submits and surrenders, the screaming, high excitement of parents and children in close

proximity to one another, where there are not enough rooms to divide their selves, so they have to live as one self. The collective noun, the family. And it's close. The oral story is carried in your head, paper and print haven't reached your house yet so the story has to be told, by poking and prodding, by song, by dance, by shouting at the top of your voice, it has to become noisy. And because every day the story comes from somewhere else, because it hasn't been written down, it changes. It has a beginning, often the same familiar beginning, but it has no ending, it changes, metamorphoses, tells both truths and lies, but in both it conveys excitement. It doesn't matter that the facts of the story are wrong, what guide are facts, all that matters is that you're shouting, that the words are being spoken, and that probably, someone may be listening, may be picking up your last word and continue the story telling, put their own version of events onto it. Correcting the storyteller is wholly wrong. They don't need to know that what they've called "daisy" is in fact a "primula", the facts get in the way of the story and stops the flow of the river, the story can never reach the mouth of the ocean when such absurdities as truths get in the way. The story has no truth, just many truths and many versions. As we come to tell the stories of our own lives, it's important not to interrupt us, not to trip us up with facts, that's just how the story is to us, on that day, at that time, in that month, in that year. An hour later and the story may have changed, taken a different shape, veered off into the abstract of another meaning.

Stories hang on walls, you can see them in rooms of houses as you walk through the door. You can, if you WISH and if you have the sensitivity, read those stories off the walls. You don't need to write them down they have a collective unconscious, a place where they can be retrieved from, and reread, retold, but not from paper and print. Why then, do we reach so often for the book? Because it's safe, because it is the safest place to hide your thoughts, the safest place to put the words down, it disengages us from the emotion and energy that an oral story takes, and it allows us to be alone. Does the oral story metamorphose, into a book, or does the book eventually become the oral story? Perhaps there's a place where they both meet, where the love of the story begins, where you go to put the story to rest, and from the rest, another story unfolds. Beget and begotten, stories do unfold. The pages, the concept of turning over didn't start in print, they began in thought, in the rooms of the mind, where we flip from one to the other, find spaces to hide in, retreat to, and come out of. Christopher Fry in the "Ladies not for burning", creates two characters that "nod out", think the world around them is mad, and when they meet across a room they share a joint destiny, not to be hung

as a traitor from the crusades, or burnt as a witch at the stake, but to fall in love, loving sharing and saving them from loneliness. And I realise now why I can't read, or close that last chapter of my book, because the very thought that a story has an ending is lonely. How can I untangle myself from the story, no longer be involved in it. "ABSURD", I shout, the story doesn't end. Auden tells me "love has no ending, Oh I'll love you dear, I'll love you, Till China and Africa meet", and stories are born of love, of desire, of longing, of places, of people, of pasts, of futures, how can a story have an ending? The stories come from the same place, from our minds, from our imaginations, from places we travel more in than out. And when I'm kept in, I'm really outside anyway, so how can the story end. It takes us somewhere else, is a vehicle for movement, a conveyor belt along which we move. "Carry my story with you", "keep it safe, a secret", "don't tell anybody else will you?", "trust me I'm the storyteller"! And I do trust the storyteller, climb onto their lap, and listen. The child listens to the grandparents, they talk while the parents busy themselves with work, the most trusted place of all, on the lap of the person with white hair. Safe and listening, you engage with their story. Time spent in the intimate flow of thoughts between one and the other, the story begins and the pleading for more continues. "Tell me more, tell me more"! "Ah, ha, Ah, ha", did she have blonde hair?", "Tell me more, tell me more," sings the gang to the male lead in Grease. "Did he have a car?", sings the gang to the female lead. The story, the story, the story is told, and then retold, and taken away. "Did you know that", "Well I never"! But you can't tell your story to a page, to a keyboard, the story has to be told in a room to a person, to the walls, so that it becomes part of the history of the house. The story always does come out, it can't be kept in, and how canny of the Church to capture the story in confession, when it knows that by capturing our very last story, it captures us. Your kitchen, your bedroom, your lounge are places enough to confess in, to tell your last story to, but of course there's never a last story, you can always come back, and choose someone else to tell your story through. You can break through the rooms of the wall, sit on the side and be spotted to the sensitive listener who can hear your stories bounce from the walls. There are no barriers to the telling of a story, not even death, because the story never leaves, it's in the unconscious and merely needs an interpreter, someone who speaks the same language, and can read the thoughts. How lazy we've become in needing the story to be written down. "Once upon a time, there was a land where all stories could be read, where you needed no books, no pen, no quills, where people hunted, and fished, and swam, and ran, and where the story accompanied them, were part of their very being, it never left their side, and they didn't need a bag or

a coracle to transport it in. The story allowed them a metamorphose, to be at one with one another, to form joint biographies, to communicate by the sky and stars, to know of the existence of the other, by the existence of the one. There were no lonely places when the story followed them. Connect to your stories and you can become part of the tide of movement of peoples, you can join the family of the minds of humanity, of the big thought, the big ideas that carried people along, and out to sea. And even in the venturing, even in the crossing, and the discovery of new lands, the stories remained collective, they allowed no division, because it was the same story, told at the same time. “Come back you’ve taken my story”, “Trust me I’m the storyteller”. The story is told. “Over the tea cups, and in the square the tongue has its desire; Still waters run deep, my dear, there’s never smoke without fire. “ Auden sneaked into my luggage, came away with me this weekend, and made me write of stories. There are no funerals when the story lives. When the words in your head, or on the page, can be reached for. “Clutch at me,” the word shouts and invites. I clutch at the words, need them, and let them in, come through, absorb and heal me, work their magic, their power on me, healing and soothing, they transport me with them, and sometimes the whole poem is too much of a feast, I only need the beginning, a few snatched lines to prop me up, “The fact of the door frame”, by Adrienne Rich. I clutch at the words of the poem, or the poetry in a novel, and know just like them, I’m still there. Clinging by air, but still there. “Hanging to the edge of chaos and feeling my fingernails straightening,” wrote Brian Keenan in “An Evil Cradling”. His word, her words, your words, shared words, the word, keeps me here, sane. Rescues me from the other side.

## **2. My paintings and other weaknesses:**

When I open my eyes, I wake up with the certainty that it will be there. A yellow fleck of colour encircling a black square, surrounded by green, spreading out to blue, grey, in the horizon. A little awake, I need to know that it’s the first thing I’ll see. But, for certain, I can rely on the fact that it will be there. I’m not here, I’m there, in the autumnal garden. A landscape that is part of my conscious and unconscious being in my half awake world. My eyes go round the room searching out more. The cold fen landscape of January, you can feel the icy stillness of the water, and the light falling yellow, red and turquoise onto the flat fields. I need those paintings. The purple and black woods, oil and board. The square poppy – black, red and purple, painted for me in the early evening weeks of July for my birthday, and at the other side of the room, on the same wall as my yellow

flecked garden, hotheaded and passionate July - just a mist of summer colours swirling around in Fen light.

It took me sometime to realise just how good this one was. There but not there, a sensation, that something might happen, and as through the year the summer sun stretches across the room something does happen. As the south light falls onto the water-colour, you can touch the balmy summer night, dance in its warmth and bask in its heat. The painting transforms itself, and I wait and watch for this transformation all year. I give the abstract painting a narrative voice. It talks to me about myself and my failings. Of loving and loss, of the expectation of loving, of being caught up in it all, of the beginning of loves circle, quite simply of falling. I fall into the summer heat of that painting, even in icy white light January, and know that in July things happen. The paintings in the room continue their narrative conversation with me, they tell me that in January love lies quiet, that in May you feel hot, and that in July you are quite lost. Don't trust July, it's too warm. Come September, my yellow fleck of colour encircling a black square, surrounded by green, spreading out to blue, grey garden, feels much safer, more certain territory. November, I'm not sure of, you can be lost in a deep dark wood in November, and December? Too close to January, but still wrapped up in the heat of July.

I've come to rely on the paintings, and I need to rely on the paintings. They are my friends, an intimate circle of people whose emotional twist and turns I know well. Their language echoes in my subconscious – until on opening my eyes I scan the room for them, account for each one, and bring myself into consciousness. The reflection of the light across the garden and the courtyard, throws yet more games into the day dreaming world of paint. I can see two of this, half of that reflected into something else, and a branch of a real magnolia tree, in my yellow fleck of colour encircling a black square, surrounded by green, spreading out to blue, grey, watercolour. It's all I need to greet yet another manic Monday.

### 3. **Third sisters:** (abridged)

Some moments of loving are so close you want to capture them, pickle them and seal them tightly in a jar. Arriving on a sandy cove beach one summer, the lovers stripped their clothes off and rushed into the calm grey sea. A seal swam close by, they played in the water, danced on the beach and nestled in one another's arms. Close. They'd walked hand in hand to the cove, spotted

its isolation and felt free enough to disregard their clothes and plunge in. Silver light reflected off the water, off the sand, and enhanced their sense of freedom. Black jagged rocks stood the other side of the cove, and in the distance the cove led out to the wider ocean. Two lovers swimming an arms length from a seal, summoning it to dance and play with them. Some moments of loving are so close you want to preserve them forever, stitch a felt bag for them and sew them to your chest. Close and talking, the conversation rarely stopping, but of no particular significance.

The sandy line of the foreshore provided more play, more closeness, more intimacy. Shells, stones, crabs, seaweed, and jellyfish. Poke and prod, pick up and examine, and put a selected few into your belongings to take home. Wrapped only in towels, feeling the warmth of the sun on their sea salted skin, they revelled in the silver sun on the island. Their sea scavenging completed they collapsed on a rock, holding one another while they slept in the warmth of the twilight evening. Too remote for anyone to find them, the headland path they'd climbed had taken them away from what small pockets of life there were, and there the two of them enjoyed enjoying what they both enjoyed most, solitude and nature and the love of being out of doors. There was fondness between them, closeness, and on some occasions not an inch of space to separate them. Close. Some moments of loving are so close you hold onto them forever, tucking them into the top of your sock after carefully wrapping them in tissue paper. There are so many intimate places on the body to hide the intimate moments of loving, that until you stop to explore yourself, you can hardly remember where you have hidden them all. Until the loving comes to an end and holes appear in your hiding places. The sheer weight of loving dragging you down. You cry and forget. Then one day, you see silver light on the water, and you look to your socks and remember the cove beach, you place your hand on your chest and can still feel the felt bag snuggling up warm against you, and then you find in your kitchen the pickle jar where you had tightly sealed each moment, and vowed not to let go of, you continue to love the loving and vow not to forget how close some loves can be. You strive for such moments again, and then think of where you might next hide them.

Back home the bedroom scene looks much like any other. Bedclothes scattered to one side, two figures entwined close on the bed. Moments of loving that were so close, so tender, that they could only disentangle their loving hours later, unwrap their bodies, and try to find their way back to their two selves. Legs high around one another's necks, arms embracing each others backs,

and lips meeting, head to toe, toe to head. Moments of loving that were so close, that they felt both elevated and exhausted with the act they had created together their legs and lips explored one another, hands caressing, sensitive to the intimacy that their love had created. Sometimes the act of loving is so close, that nothing divides the two lovers, their bodies become one, and searching for the sheets and blankets that covered them again, they grope their way back to their bodies boundaries, the body of the other, making them forgetful of who they knew themselves to be. Sometimes the act of loving is so close, that all you can do is wrap the moment up in seashells, and put the shell to your ear to listen to it again, when you have left the sea's edge. Still you hear the sound of the lovers in the bedroom, long after their bodies have left, and still you go to the shell to remind you of lovings most intimate act.

And when you leave the lover and edge towards the empty shell and put it to your ear and only hear the sound of the wind howling, you still connect this sound with the act of loving. Even devoid of its loving the shell still holds the clue. Pulls you back to the lover, so that you can remember when your legs were high around someone else's neck, and the tender act of loving captured your body and made it feel as if it was one with someone else, as if nothing invaded the space between you, nothing separated the two lovers bodies, no difference, just loving for the other. But then you go to the beach again, pick up a shell and listen to a new call.

#### **4. Swans 1:**

ONCE in a land of black soil and white swans, a river rested its banks UPON marsh land, and when the swollen river broke its banks, TIME stretched out its arms embracing three kingdoms, land, water and sky. The white swans wintered on the watery marsh. Their webbed feet making phantom imprints into the black soil. But when their fragile legs heaved their white plumed bodies up, and their necks unrolled from their chests to the sky, the land felt their ascent into the third kingdom. The black soil waited for the white swans return. A void now between land, water and sky, a vacuum filled only by the swans. Time passed, the river tried to fill the vacuum, some days lapping quietly at the river bank, on others, agitating against the land, as if in opposition, angrily trying to breach its boundaries. "If I stretch my watery head over the bank, I'll see the swans again" thought the river, and its silent thoughts were heard only by the ferrywoman, who rowing from side to side, resigned herself to its moods.

The river agitated, swished and swashed, threatened all around, but defeated, failed to break its banks. It could not see the swans in the third kingdom, but heard stories of them from the moor hens. Lonely stories, of how much they were missing the marshy, watery land of the fens. The river looked to the sky for help. The silver water stared straight up at the silver sky, and in a moment of recognition, knew that one mirrored the other. Like minds meeting, the river and the sky, separate, but connected by the swans. "If I change my colour," thought the river, "my reflection, will appear in the sky". So it turned grey, and the sky turned grey, it agitated some more, and became white at the river banks, and white appeared in the sky too. But white wouldn't bring the swans back. The river knew it had to change its mood, become angrier still, as black as the marsh land, and then mirroring its mood, the sky turned black too. And when the sky turned black, the river swelled and broke its banks, covering the marsh land with water. Later, when it rested, and the black waters and skies, turned to grey, the cry of the swans could be heard from the third kingdom.

The cries grew louder, and the river settled on the land, silver water, reflecting silver sky, until diving from the sky could be seen the long necked white swans of the fens, their wingspan so large, that the marshes were eclipsed by their shadows. From the third kingdom their descent could be felt, touching land in the second kingdom, but heading home to the first kingdom, the water of the straight backed rivers of the fens. And when the swans stretched out their webbed feet to the water, the river felt their impact, their imprint rested on the rivers back. At the moment of landing, the silver sky turned red.

Grey, silver, red skies, white swans on black soil, the vacuum filled between land and sky, the river stopped agitating. For this is how the fens should be, marshland, neither one thing nor the other, a land bridging the three kingdoms. And when the swans rested on the flooded land, the river knew its task was done. HAPPY it stretched out its arms from the bank, EVER vigilant for the swans return, AFTER their decent from the sky.

## **5. Swans 2:**

There once were two white swans who sat on a straight river with water stretching backwards and forwards as far as you could see. To the sides of the river bank was flat land that flooded, always in the spring and sometimes in the winter. The spring flooding was always anticipated the winter flooding rarely expected. The white swans glided on the water, effortlessly they moved

with the ebb and flow of the tide. Their large plumed bodies easily disguised the paddling of their feet. The two large, white, plumed, full-bodied swans had only one wish, to see themselves for certain. When from the top of their hooked necks they looked down into the grey straight rivers of the fens they could not be certain they saw themselves. Indeed all they saw was the other.

“How beautiful she looks”, said one, “How beautiful she looks”, said the other. One and the other, seeking out the beauty of the full bodied plumed swan that they did not as yet know was themselves. “If only I could look like him”, said one, “If only my neck were as long as his”, said the other. Circling the skies by day, gliding on water by night, ten swans feathers apart, feeling the rhythm of the others movements they fell in love.

But love is not easy. The falling was deep and long. They waited in anticipation for an appropriate time to declare their love. They soared higher in the sky together, swam slower on the rivers, feeling the thrill of their feet touching below the waters edge. They could see nothing but their own long, white necks, their white feathered chests, and their proud white bodies. Mistakenly, they thought it was the other they could see. When they looked down into the grey river of the fens, the reflection of the other pleased them, but really it was themselves they saw. Months, years, and time captured at the waters edge, went by, until in swan time they'd travelled so far down the grey straight backed rivers of the fens, that they found themselves at the sea. They knew then they must make a decision whether or not to part. Although, in all the swan years they'd been together they'd never been more than ten swans feathers apart, surprisingly the glitter of the vast expanse of the sea's edge pulled them apart and appealed to their vanity.

Their feet, which had dangled close in the water together, kicked off a flight path so divergent that they could be seen parting in the sky. The edges of a triangle drawing wider apart, the apex from which they'd begun their journey to the sea's edge now seemed only a distant swan memory. Only the trace of where they had been remained in the sky. The grey, straight back rivers of the fens, waited a lonely wait for their return, for ancient times dictate each swan must be accounted for. But alone, each swan floundered. When they looked down into the water, they could no longer see themselves, they saw only the depths of the beds on which the sea and rivers rested. Without the other, they lost themselves. A lonely swan year went by, when at the same moment in time, they decided to fly back to the rivers of the fens. As their feet came to land on the muddy grey water they looked at the other, and

once again, saw themselves. Beguiled, they fell. Such was their love, that the other was the self, and in all the years of looking only at one other, they failed to see themselves clearly. They could not part and stayed, now, five swan feathers apart, cherishing the other more for the absence. Why was it they could only see themselves? Quite simply, because they'd never looked at themselves, and now, never would. Parting, was something, they never did do again.

## **6. When I see a bird fly:**

And when I see a bird fly,  
Soaring,  
Swooping,  
High  
Then low,  
In silver light,  
At souls rest,  
High tide,  
Low tide,  
Waters edge,  
The soul that rests  
On a water tide,  
Between,  
Land and sky, soaring,  
Swooping,  
Touching,  
Soul's base.

## **When I see a bird fly 2:**

And when I see a bird fly,  
From the edge of black,  
To the beginning of white,  
In the grasp of hand's hold,  
My fingers open,  
To let fly,  
Go and stay,  
Nudging forward and holding back,  
Chiding

Encouraging  
Of love  
I hold you and let go.

## 7. The story highwaywoman strikes!

“Give me your story please,” said the highwaywoman, “I’m the collector of stories, the carrier of the story bag”. Picking up a stone, she put another pebble into her bag. The stories sat on the beach in front of her, but she never had enough. A round white story, a small grey flat story, a pink spotted oval story, and a tiny red transparent story. She was greedy for stories. ‘Tell me another one’, she whined, ‘just one more’, and after the pebbles had told her their story, she picked them up and zipped them in her bag. If the pebbled stories on the beach, did not appeal she resorted to stealing them. Hungrily she put them away into her story bag, the excitement of a story raid, and rushing back to hide the stories, being the greatest thrill of all. But she never passed the story on, the secrets told to her, would remain secret, and sensing this, people sought her out to tell their story to. Even a stolen story, would remain hidden. ‘There are no rules when it comes to possessing the story’, said the highwaywoman holding out her bag before her, ‘Just drop them in here please, and I promise you faithfully, no-one will hear of your story again, it’s secret with me,’ she vowed. The robbery completed, she made her getaway in a story boat. She hid her story bag, stitched out of hide, under a wooden seat, at the rear of the six-foot longboat and sailed away.

Standing on the pebbled shore, those she had robbed, felt forlorn. ‘She’s taken my story, and left, she only came for the story, and now we’re empty, bring the story back’, they shouted, but she rarely did, until they added more pebbled stories to their collection, and she knew it was time to raid again. Ruthlessly she rowed her story boat out into the ocean, lifted up the wooden seat, and pulled out the hide bag. Concealed in the seat, were sackfuls of stories, stories from childhood, stories from adolescence, stories from adults, and stories from those most senior. Blonde stories, dark stories, red stories, and white stories. Once in the story sack, her robbery was complete. Stories stolen from walking on the beach, sitting by rivers, and drinking across a table. Her hunger came from the land of twilight, where only lamps lit the house, where the only activity from nightfall was to tell a story. Excitement accompanied each telling, and in the rush to tell the story, no-one ever completed what they were saying. The same excitement that later she felt,

when she embarked on another story raid, each raid being more daring and more difficult, than the one before.

In the small house they each told the beginnings of their stories, endings rarely mattered, and changed constantly, moving revolving stories, that echoed through the rooms. 'I didn't do it', 'yes you did', 'now go to sleep', 'not yet, just one more', the pleading for a story never stopped. Consequently she could hear the echo of stories wherever she went, for this was her gift, to know when the story should be told. She could see far back, row the story into the future, or drop it on the ocean bed, so it became forgotten forever. Those from the past sought her out, to bring their story with her into the present and the future, and those from the future, came to guide her forward.

The beginnings of some stories were felt first in her hands, as if guided from a distance, she began to paint, or fiddled with a ring, until the sensations became so overwhelming that she held her hands in front of her to look. This was a sure sign another new and important story would soon be added to her bag. Following those sensations she found the place where the new story began. Others perceived that the story highwaywoman, stood at the crossroads of all stories. There was no story, that couldn't be told her, and those heavy with their stories, found their way to the crossroads to place their stories down on a sandy track. But still she raided the pebbled stories on the beach. She never failed to be distracted by the shiny wet pebbled story on the beach, because it was new. Sometimes she took the stories she stole to the sea's edge, to wet them, before she put them into her story bag and rowed away. 'One story is not enough', 'I need your story to juggle my stories, to throw them in the air and ensure the endings are never predictable', she told those she robbed. Then, one day, the story raids came to an end. Along the sandy track by the sea's edge, came another highwaywoman. 'I'll take your story sack', she said, 'but you can keep it, if you promise that the stories you tell in the future, will all flow out of your story sack, will no longer remain hidden in the story sack, but are told,' then she too had stolen a story.

'It's a fair cop', said highwaywoman one, and she began to rattle her story bag, as if soon, she might begin to tell the story. In her longboat she knew the story sack was full to bursting. x

And with her story bag still by her side, her father blew out the lamp and she went to sleep. For the story highwaywoman was not yet fully grown, the

stories stretched millennia into the past and into the future, and with sleep she knew those stories would be told her. Even in the night, the story bag never left her side, and in the morning she'd find new ones dropped in. She hugged the story pebbles to her side. There were more stories than pebbles on the beach, and each new tide, swept more onto the foreshore. However could she be expected to tell them all. 'Go to sleep', her father told her. But she whined for one more story. She knew all the short stories would one day become one long story, because in her storybook she'd carefully placed each one.

## **8. Amanda's wedding:**

Joy, and bliss, bliss and joy, Amanda and Simon are getting married this weekend. At last I learn what girls do, ohhhhhhhhhhhh it's so sweet, girls you know, busy themselves with beauty. Can you imagine what they do in their shut rooms? Blow dry their hair, paint their nails, and spray their perfume, and they don't just do it once, joy and bliss, they wash their hair again two, three hours later, spray, paint, blow dry, spray, paint, blow dry, this is what girls do, and I can see why boys feel the attraction of it. Whoooooooooooooosh, spraaaaaaaaaaaaay, paint, whoooooooooooooosh, spraaaaaaaaaaaa, paint, and it goes on all weekend. Joy and bliss this is pure theatre, theatre of the pre-wedding preparations. I can't believe my luck, I'm invited, I'm the best girl, and I can join in too. Alexa, Amanda's mother, is the queen bee of the preparations. She knows it all. Can do the unimaginable things, hold her hairdryer in one-hand, twirl a roller into Amanda's hair with the other, paint her nails, paint mine, brush her stunning blue dress, know where Amanda's things are, and reach for the cooled champagne in the bathroom. Joy and bliss, I'm allowed to watch. This is what girls do, and it makes Amanda and Alexa so happy. Simon sends flowers to their hotel room, then champagne, then, oh then, on the morning of the wedding, a diamond, yes I said diamond, necklace. Amanda wears it, revels in it all, and looks soooooooooo lovely. She loves loving, is so natural throughout the day, no nerves, just champagne, and shares her love with us. Looks back at the congregation at the civil ceremony at Woodstock Town Hall, looks at the congregation while vowing forever to love Simon in the chapel at Somerville College, an old Oxford girl, going back to her old College to get wed. Joy and bliss we're all staying in rooms in the college, and whoooooooooooooosh, spray, paint, whoooooooooooooosh, spray paint, they're all blow drying their hair today, again, and again. This is what girls do, sweet bliss, and I'm allowed to

watch. Amanda and her mother, so at ease with one another, Alexa cries after the civil ceremony at Woodstock. We nip across the road for sandwiches and champagne, and just a few friends and family talking, I chat to Uncle Philip, his son steals sandwiches for us, uncle Philip knows a thing or two, and is good to chat to, I enjoy it and vow, because vowing is the order of the day, to meet him later. Alexa and Amanda eventually take off, in a BMW of course, to Somerville for more whoooooooooose, spray, paint, whoooooooooooooose, spray paint, more girls things. And all I want to do is copy, so I ask Martha, just arrived and looking sooooooooooooo lovely, should I wash my hair again? “No” - she does “no” so beautifully has perfected it to an art form, so categorical, so certain, but later after talking, or beginning to talk of marriage, the thoughts Amanda’s wedding has resurrected, I vow, because vowing is the order of the day, that I think I should wash my hair again. Once, I’ve learnt, just isn’t enough, and Martha, hasn’t quite yet got the hang of what girls here are doing this weekend, but I think she’ll soon catch up because she’s quick, smart you know, but only just arrived, and looking soooooooooo lovely in black. Even on the car journey from Woodstock to Somerville Amanda and Alexa, her mum, spray and whooooooooooosh and paint, one hand on the wheel, another with a roller, and me, the audience, not believing her luck, watches incredulously. “How do they do it?” what bliss, what fun, what skill and dexterity, the rollers and the hair dryer never out of their hands, and I want to do it too. Excited by girldom, at last, this is what girls do and I want to copy it. On goes my red nail varnish, out comes the hairdryer, and even thought Martha said no – “NO” that’s how she says it – I wash and blow dry my hair again, and am ready to dress in my best girl dress for Amanda’s wedding. Martha helps do it up, chooses the tiara, borrowed from Linda, and UNBELIEVABLE, I’m a girl and about to be best girl at Amanda’s wedding. Who could have done this thing to me? This is what girls do and I’m doing it too. At the chapel door we give out service sheets, meet Simon’s brother, so nice, and usher the guests in. Sitting and smart, softly talking they await Amanda’s arrival. Simon proceeds to the front, so slim, so handsome, and sooooooooooo gentle, a gift to Amanda, and Amanda arrives with Alexa to lead her up the aisle, and pageboys Jacob and his tiny little brother Reuben – sons of Amanda’s sister Annabel. And there’s another story, another delight, the day before sitting in Christopher’s garden with Amanda and Annabel, meeting Christopher’s mother in this very old, rickety house near Oxford, but with the most beautiful gardens, I get to know Annabel. We’re rehearsing the readings, from Yeats, from the Prophet, and Amanda and I are dancing round the garden, throwing our legs and arms in the air, joy and happiness and bliss. We lay on the grass talking of last minute nerves and Annabel, oh

Annabel, doesn't believe in any of it, refusing to vote, to raise her right arm and say "yes" Amanda should marry Simon, she chooses instead to tell us of Amanda's failings. Of what it feels like to be Amanda's sister and have your things stolen, of Amanda's weaknesses and how through them, she Annabel, has suffered over the years. Sisters, sisterly combat, one to one, bold and brutal, and I, yes me, I can't believe my luck to hear, be part of this dialogue and love. Joy and bliss, Annabel likes to chip away at Amanda, sisterly, lovingly, and I'm allowed to watch, observe and etch the words onto my memory to bring out as entertainment later at the evening celebrations in the hall, with jazz singers singing. Sally too has been part of this dialogue, later in the day, she loves it too. "Have you heard Annabel talk about Amanda," "Yes" I say, and we talk and love it, recognising the sisterly combat, one to one, hand to hand and brutal. They're sisters, wonderful sisters, and they fight. Joy and bliss, this is just as it should be. Annabel is beautiful, the pageboys are beautiful, Amanda is beautiful, Simon's mother dresses in her black, red and white, in her native Norwegian costume and is like Simon, soooooooooo gentle, and his Dad Nelson, gives the most wonderful speech. Makes us laugh, talks of exchanging contracts, and vows and married love, and his after dinner speech is much admired. Alexa invites two men to the disco, she invites me to talk to them, and help her out, two men who've been and are in her life, and I rush off to prepare, after Martha's bidding, more tricks and fun. On Friday night, Penny and I met in Browns, prepared our plan, and now through Saturday, another family dinner at Browns, when we danced in the gaps between the crushed tables, and talked to Olga, wonderful Olga, Amanda's grandmother, Penny and I are ready to execute our plan. Martha tickles me to get me up and going again, a gentle soft tickle, that is soooooo nice, and prods and pokes me to get started reminds me of the need to execute the one last delicious plan, and eventually I meet up with Penny and we do. "Right says Penny, where's Giles", and she finds Giles and together with a blonde, lovely niece of Simon's we set off through the churchyard, apologising to dead bodies – "Sorry dead bodies" Penny says, and we tread gently into the hotel, slip through a back door, get the bedroom keys and begin to decorate the marriage bed. Giles puts the "Tucker for sale sign" on the bed, and I put my stolen, publicity photo of Amanda by its side – they look fetching and wonderful together, we scatter Amanda's publicity leaflets on the bed, Penny showers confetti and balloons over it, and then, yes then, the most delicious of moments, Penny makes us stop in front of the mirror, and take a photograph of the four of us at work, and what we have created. Delicious, joy and bliss, we've been bad, and now we have to speculate on whether they'll mind. We tell of our tales to Annabel, she's not impressed, says Amanda

won't be pleased, but Amanda is pleased, home after the disco, Amanda and Simon laugh at their marital honeymoon bed, joy and bliss, our antics have worked. Penny vows, you have to vow this weekend, to put a copy of the photo in the post, and talks of blackmailing – but who, them or us? – “no” she eventually decides if they blackmail us we might not be able to afford it! Delicious humour, day and night, and at breakfast on Monday morning. Our plan executed and Amanda's wedding guests about to depart. Aunt Linda, not really an Aunt, and Shelagh her sister, so good to meet and dance with, such fun, such living, such joy and bliss, kindred souls, fun loving. And in Somerville's garden in the afternoon, at tea, sipping champagne and Pimms before dinner, a jazz band playing, talking in mellow reflection to friends. Shaun and Steve, Sophie and Alex, Paul and Justin, Sally and Has, Martha, and meeting wholeheartedly Amanda's wonderful, delicious, joyous family, delights me. Treading in the yellow glow of the weekend I head home, vowing, delighting, whoooooooooosing, spraying and painting playing in my head, that now I know what girls do, I might think about being one. They have it to an art form, and all I've forgotten is to take the stand for Amanda's and Simon's carrot wedding cake home to Nadia, she baked it for them in Cambridge and yes, I got it there unmelted, intact and we decorated it with flowers, more love, more doing of things, more preparation for the wedding, and now over, I dance and delight in the sheer bliss and joy of Amanda's wedding, her ivory, button-backed veiled dress, her yellow beauty, her giving to us, her sweet smile, her looking back and Simon's black tails, so slim, so narrow and so gentle, their soft kisses and thoughtfulness spreading to us. Joy and bliss this is what boys and girls do, and yes, spray, paint whooooooooooosh I want to do it tooooooooooooooooooooo. “Me now,” “my turn” – spray, paint, whoosh, and what a delight Aunt Linda was. Treading carefully to the car I bid Martha farewell, more sweet gentle, rhythmic companionship, and hope that we might spend more time together. I walk back to the sweet smelling cloistered gardens of Somerville and make my return home. Heady stuff a wedding, particularly, a girls wedding, whooooooooooosh, spray paint, whooooooooooosh, spray paint, I want to do it too. “Me now”, “My turn”, “Me next”, the best girl.

9. A millennium wish for Tanya, Jenna, Guy

If I could weave you a life  
Of fairy cakes, icing and cherries  
Of dancing bears and bluebell woods  
Of tiny white mice  
And magic spells,  
Of lotions and potions  
And bottles of happiness  
Of a future cherry topped,  
If my love could bring you these things it would  
If my love had the white wings of a swan  
And could fly ahead of you  
Brushing away despair  
And fending off danger  
Flap when you are in trouble  
And then be your frog charm  
Conjur up a prince or a princess  
For you to plant your kisses on  
I would if I could  
If I could weave you a life  
Of soft ice cream  
Of heaven topped sand castles,  
Fish and chips  
And roast parsnips  
If I could help you build your dreams  
As I watched you put sand into buckets on the wave splashed beaches of  
Suffolk,  
I would if I could,  
I would use my white love swan wings  
To carry you over the mud and the puddles  
Say “jump on my back and we’re off”  
But that would not help you nearly enough  
For now I have to use my owl eyes  
To watch you struggling, floundering, and then in solution delight,  
For my love of your urges me begone  
Trust the little ones will find their way  
And If I could wish you a life  
Of white egg meringues  
Of fruit cake

And sand castles and buckets and spades  
Of white waves and blonde sand  
Of reed beds and rivers  
Wild deer, sheep, and foxes,  
And laughter at shores edge,  
If I could wish those things most dearly for you  
And use my swan wings and owl eyes to harvest them in for you,  
I would if I could,  
But in the New Year 2000-01-01  
I have to allow my fledglings, my cygnets  
To fly and create nests of their own  
To glide on white water rivers  
Away and back, away and back  
Swish and swash with the tides  
And my nest always being yours to return to  
If I could weave you a life  
Of fairies, and elves and pixies  
And secret ponds  
In hidden woods  
Of brushing back branches  
And bracken dens  
And danger trails,  
Of a bird crying and a fox screaming I would  
If I could paint for you every moment I've ever cherished  
Brush red, yellow and blue onto a canvas  
I would if I could  
If I could dance a pixie dance in the woods  
Light a fire from drift wood from the shores edge  
Roast you a potato  
Light a firework  
Give a party  
And bake a white wizard cake  
I would if I could  
My love of you  
And you of me  
Gentle kisses on my cheeks,  
Has helped me create a delicious dish  
A delicacy of Tanya, Jenna and Guy  
My white swan wings and my owl eyes  
are on your shoulders now

To fly and guide  
You on your way this new millennium.

**10. Times past and Water song:**

And if I could have undone,  
those love's feelings,  
that I have not done,  
if I could have grasped moments edge,  
taken hold,  
of,  
those things unsaid,  
of moments hold,  
I would have known you better,  
now departed,  
left alone to reflect,  
I know that in grasping moments edge,  
alone I reflect,  
on love's moments hold,  
of time's edge,  
of intangibles,  
taken hold of,  
and let go of,  
and in the moments grasp of you,  
I know you better,  
more than in holding,  
in loving,  
taken hold of now departed,  
the solitude of a moments edge,  
shadows reflecting,  
ground up,  
awareness created,  
I know you better,  
and me less.  
and grasping loves nettle,  
palm up prickling,  
holding tight,  
a quick pincer movement to alleviate the pain,  
the smell of the nettle on my palm now,

leads me to consider loves tingling rash,  
to move forward  
and come away,  
and in my palm now,  
I hold the nettled rash of love.

### **Water Song:**

and in the trickling stream of my dreams,  
water cascades,  
a rippled river flowing,  
gently across,  
the quietest of moments,  
the most peaceful of places,  
a water lullaby,  
of contentment,  
a song of poetry's sisters,  
still and rippling,  
moments of minds content,  
leading to a sea's edge,  
a waterfall of dreams,  
cascading,  
free-flowing,  
the exquisite beauty,  
of the water land of the mind,  
slow,  
racing,  
still,  
moving,  
free flowing,  
at thoughts edge,  
dipping my finger in to feel the trickle now,  
a cascade releases me,  
poetry sisters water song,  
a lullaby of thoughts.

## 11. Her skin and the gaze:

On Sundays I watched her bath  
Smelt her skin cream as she rubbed it in  
To her skin  
I watched her and loved her smell  
She gave loving attention on Sundays to her body  
Her dry skin  
Needed the creams  
It was the one day she washed  
And I couldn't stop gazing  
At her olive skin  
It was the same routine every week  
No deviation  
The bath, the towel, the close attention to her skin  
And then she answered the emails,  
And all in the half glow of light  
I became aware of how as a child  
I loved the other  
I loved their closeness, their presence their being  
The one to the other of four sisters in the bed  
And now as I watch you rub the cream on your skin  
I delight in my childhood sensations  
Of memory's lust for lost things  
Of how I wonder searching for them  
And find in you and your olive skin  
A time more real than any other  
The time on Sundays I watched you.

### The gaze;

Sitting at mountains rest  
You gaze star bound  
Mountain high dreams  
In you grandmother's chair  
And when flying across mountain tops  
Our dreams aspire  
To nights sky  
Lost in thought

Sounds moments silence  
Of thought of you  
Your life  
Your flat  
Your dreams of silent thought  
Escaping to a familiar landscape  
Of minds rest  
You travel mountain high thoughts today  
Of Christmas and New Year  
And when my thoughts aspire  
To our loving  
Our tender moments in sleeps rest  
Entwined  
I remember the creams on your skin  
Watching you  
In your daily routine  
Of night's rest  
Of sleep and wake  
Of it all being too much  
Not quite right  
And then you find a spot  
In your mind's rest to comfort you  
From cold life  
From life frost bitten by  
Being not quite right  
And then you lose your temper with it all  
Protest in argument  
Despair  
And protest  
Then minds rest takes you to new landscape  
Of thought  
Today you aspire to mountain dreams  
And rest  
Before you take off  
To chase your dreams  
Who knows where  
Catch them if you can  
Because they fly so quickly  
Like nights sky  
And the star you see before you now

Twinkle  
And as it winks at you  
Knowingly  
Your dreams disappear  
Hold tight to your mountain tops  
To your silence  
And your grandmother's chair today  
Clench your olive skin fist  
Round mountains dream  
Like the girl with the balloon at our Christmas party  
Stick your toes to the floor  
And hold tight  
My love goes with your dreams  
And I wish you stars chasing thoughts  
As we move in different orbits now  
With memories entwined  
But lives apart  
Take what you will and leave the rest  
Dear thoughts of you  
With olive cream skin  
Rub more in  
As you rest tonight  
Don't let your beauty dry out  
Hold onto the string of your dreams  
For humanities hope rests with them  
In your grandmother's chair  
As you gaze at mountain tops  
Tipped with snow  
And a New Year beckons for you  
Take rest in it  
And every hope I can wish  
Goes with you now  
Dear friend of cuddle tight land

## 12. Diana of the blue lagoon and dragons breath:

Diana of the blue lagoon  
Dances with you  
Tonight  
She glides round the ballroom floor  
Knowing your dreams more closely than you know them yourself  
She glides through the door and greets you  
Smiling and gliding on by  
Diana of the blue lagoon dreams with you  
She holds onto your dreams  
As you grasp at hers  
And Diana of the blue lagoon  
Carries a sword  
By her side  
She battles with you  
Fights the noble fight  
Of noblemen and women  
Diana of the blue lagoon  
Slays dragons  
Riding on their back tonight one leg high  
She sits side-saddle on the dragon's back  
And glides on through the office door  
At lunch today the dragon is parked at the meter  
Waiting for her return  
Just as you might expect dragons do  
And Diana is catching the dragon tonight  
To fly to a new kingdom  
Across nights sky  
And then a trains ride to the North  
Her home  
And a garden to plan  
Diana of the blue lagoon glides home  
Air in her shoes  
A dragon's breath blowing hard on her heels  
Blow dragon blow  
Take Diana home  
To rest  
And dragon please be sure to bring her home to us  
Dragon's spirits high

Diana of the blue lagoon jumps on dragons back  
To fly  
Here today  
Don't take for granted her sweep into the room  
A dragon's energy  
Brings her here today  
So blow wind blow  
Blow Diana onto the back of the dragon's breath  
Give her wings  
To fly to mountain tops  
Bring her on dragon's back  
That she may be my friend at my side today  
Diana of the blue lagoon  
Taking solace in the reed bed  
Of Iken's hike  
At waters rest we leave her today  
Watching night sky  
For her dragon to fly down  
Flight 606 to fairy tale walk  
And she boards  
Waves gracefully  
And dragon transports Diana of the blue lagoon  
To who knows where  
Dragons flight, she's home  
Friend departed

### **Dragon's breath**

I want to tell you about dragon's breath  
On white flames of fire  
She breaths upon you  
Dragons fire of the night  
And then  
White phantoms through the trees appear  
And one breath and they're gone  
The dragons teeth snare through the night sky  
Spiky back and chains of gold  
Watching over the woods  
The dragon's fire

Breaths on the leaves  
Flames alight  
And the fire glows  
Sweet dragon put out the flames  
Breath sigh breath  
On the woods tonight  
Save us from your snarly teeth  
Slay no more damsels tonight  
Curl up by the fire  
And dragon's wishes and tricks be gone  
Home to bed  
No more dragon's breath in the cold air tonight  
Fireworks high  
We see you breathe and from the sky they drop on us  
Breathe and be gone  
Take your breath home with you  
And let Spring come  
To the woods, the nests the trees  
Let the dogwood red of your shadows  
Bloom to allow air in through your glades  
Let my wood feel Spring's suns touch  
That the glades may glow  
With summers bluebell woods  
Walk me through them on your feet  
But tread carefully now sweet dragon  
For tame you are by summer nights  
Curl up and be warm by my hearth tonight  
Put out the flames don't give me a fright!  
White breath of my dragon fire

### **13. Whit flowered love and Of Possibilities:**

There's a white flower in Judy's garden,  
a fragile white rose that appears in May,  
paper thin and white hiding in a bush,  
it follows the nightingale's mating,  
the return of the bluebells to their wooded mat floor,  
the white paper rose appears in the bush,  
and as she leads you round the guided tour of the garden,  
the birds call to her ears,

sensitive she listens to their sounds,  
their cry,  
their leavings and arrivings,  
sensitive to nature's paths,  
she leads you another way now towards the hidden paths,  
round here,  
and out from the growth comes the strong colours of the rhododendron,  
strong red, strong pink,  
and the fragile white, paper thin rose,  
talks to you of the fragility of life,  
of loss and loving,  
of nature and care,  
of paying attention to and then forgetting,  
of looking,  
of lingering,  
of loitering,  
of the places of the body in which you have most carefully put  
the most sensitive of loves,  
wrapped in white linen cloth,  
stored away and treasured,  
the white paper thin rose reminds you of these places,  
of the fragility of what you had and hung onto,  
of how you didn't nurture and care for it enough,  
of how the things that you might have done  
you let pass,  
not realising what it had meant to you,  
to sit and talk in someone else's garden,  
enjoying the conversation,  
the pie and cream,  
of how when you got up to leave,  
a strong bond of intimacy had been created,  
and how now you take time to look at Judy's white fragile rose,  
tiny, prickly, thorns,  
and in stopping and looking you think of the moments you let pass,  
of what you forgot to do,  
not what you did,  
and placing hope only in tenderness,  
it is the most fragile sight of the white rose,  
one leaf bent over,  
injured,  
that moves you and leads you round the garden again.

## **Of possibilities:**

And I talk to you of possibilities  
Of love's feelings end  
Of new beginnings  
Of times hand on my shoulder  
Shaking  
Moving  
Leading me forward  
And when I speak to you of possibilities  
Of loves feelings end  
At times edge  
Would you speak to me too  
Tell me of your times end  
Of your cliffs edge  
Of your unspeakable thoughts  
Of memories hold  
Will you take, cleanse those histories  
So that merging  
We may become one  
And that, then, not divided by history  
But joined, entwined by her hand  
We tread through nights traumas  
To a golden land of dreams  
Of oceans edge  
Of waves splashing  
Of white surf  
And sparkling stones  
Take nights fears from me  
Joined in histories  
Your story  
And mine  
Taken hold of, grasped by the gentle hand of her story.

## **14. Pauline and Abigail is two:**

### **PAULINE**

You have to say the name in capitals like this  
P AA UUU L IIII N E

In fact  
It's Pauline Hunt  
Journalist  
Of the Cambridge Evening News  
Nothing misses her attention  
No detail  
No fact  
Just PAULINE  
Looking at this  
Observing that  
And declaring  
"I would have thought that she didn't live her life as she taught other opera singers to do"  
"But she didn't live as she taught, Pauline" I said, "She lived as she loved".  
"Well she wasted her talent", she pressed on, "It was power and money Maria and Jackie were attracted to",  
"You mean power not art", I say  
yes, yes, yes, yes,  
no, no,no.no  
Pauline and I in conversation  
The journalist talking to the journalist  
Wordsmiths crafting their art of gossip  
Over the dinner tables  
And in the auditoriums  
Chit and chat  
Chit and chat  
This and that  
This and that  
Exploring friends and friendship  
Love and loving  
Where to go next  
And where we've been  
Table cross talk chatter  
Over the dinner tables  
And in the auditoriums  
.....still waters run deep, my dear  
.....there's never smoke without fire  
a friendship kissed with chatter  
"This is good"  
a sudden laugh

chit and chat  
chit and chat  
this and that  
this and that  
PAULINE HUNT  
The journalist  
Gossipy girls together.

### **Abigail is two:**

Abigail is two. Two and singing. Two and dancing. Two and inquisitive to be told more. “Here we go round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, here we go round the mulberry bush....”. Abigail sings as she dances round the square kitchen unit in the basement of her Hackney home in Clissold Road. Minutes before, she’s been lifted out of the bath by her mother, wrapped in a towel and cuddled. Bliss. “He’ll huff, and he’ll puff, and he’ll blow your house down”, Alison tells her. “Straw house?”, asks Abigail. “Straw house, no good,” responds Alison. “Mud house?”, asks Abigail. “Mud house better”, encourages Alison. Bathing, and bedtime and ritual. Mother and daughter are close, waiting by the minute for Jonathan’s return from work. And then she’s up in her father’s arms, being hugged and greeted and swung round the kitchen. Intact, the child’s boundaries are completed, mother, and father and home. The intimate moments of loving that friends feel privileged to share. The bath, the story, the arrival home from work, and then, the fatigue. Child cries and mother, having given her attention all day, needs to be free and relinquish the responsibility of child loving. Up the stairs, Abigail in arms, and it really is time for bed. “No more Mulberry Bush?”. “No”, comes the reply, Abigail has to go to bed. More stories, more love, more cuddles and then sleep finds its way to this tired child of the day. Abigail is two and sure of her world. More sure than I am of mine. Two and the boundaries are clear. You can sing, and you can dance, and you can have bursts of this, and bursts of that, and help is always there. Armfuls of love to guide you through the day. Already school is being talked about. A letter sits on the worksurface. The headmistress writes, that she knows of another Abigail. Identity begins to home in. Abigail is quite delightful, a delight to behold, whole and intact, sure of her world, and those who love her. Exploring the boundaries, willing to be swept up in the arms of others, and repeat their names. “Boni here!”, “Yes, Boni here”, comes the reply. And she begins to trust in the wider circle of friends.

“I’ll sing a song of Abigail’s birthday,  
two today,  
two and cake,  
two and a party,  
two and friends,  
two and presents,  
two and excited,  
two and more stories,  
two and tired,  
two and bathtime,  
two and bedtime,  
two and “Daddy’s home”,  
two and “Nanny’s here”  
two and singing,  
two and dancing,  
two and puzzling over the pig’s house,  
two and putting shapes into a box,  
two and looking at the pictures of her story,  
two and a brother or sister soon to arrive,  
two and warm,  
two and safe,  
two and very sure of herself,  
two and talking,  
two and playing with words,  
two and loving her family loving her.

**15. Freya goes to school, Philippa is 21, A Millennium Wish for Sarah, Lotty – a nest of them, the Clown.**

And Freya is just seven and going to a new school,  
A girls school in Huddersfield,  
And I want to hold her hand and go too,  
“Me too, “Me too” “Take me”,  
but she can’t take me so instead, she takes my white love stone, and puts it in  
her top pocket to keep her company,  
she confides on our walk, the day before, that she’s nervous,  
more nervous than going on the big spinning wheel at the fair,  
and at our picnic, we share those loves feelings,  
of how scary it is to leave your friends,

of how you ask yourself, if you'll meet new ones,  
she asks me how to make friends,  
and I tell this loving, sweet tomboy, that she doesn't have to worry,  
that it's magic,  
her friends will meet her,  
and my lucky white love stone will help her to find them.  
In the morning she brings in her uniform and begins to dress,  
socks, vest and knickers first,  
then shirt, she needs her Dad, Tom to help with the buttons,  
skirt, then jumper and blazer,  
she looks so smart,  
and Diana, quite sensibly has allowed room for growth – as mothers do,  
Freya is nervous,  
More nervous than the ride on the big wheel at the fair,  
But she's plucky,  
Goes off to catch the bus,  
And I ring in the evening to find the day's end to Freya's story,  
And Diana tells me – the friends name is Anna,  
White, lucky, love stone, having worked its magic on Freya,  
Day 2 soon to be embarked on,  
*A new school, a new friend, and Freya, my god-daughter is growing up.*

## **Philippa is 21**

And Philippa dances with me  
At Mamma Mia  
Dances, dances, dances  
21, 21, 21, 21,  
chit and chat, chit and chat,  
dances about this and that, this and that,  
as a young wild toddler she stood on the table  
played tricks  
and Jane told her to get down,  
She got up on the table again  
Played more tricks  
“look at me, look at me, I'm here on the table”  
and Jane told her to get down,  
Nick and Jane came for tea at Woodbridge  
I goaded Nick the golfer to propose to Jane the physio

And he did,  
Then came the family  
Katy, Philippa, Jessy, and last then James,  
And then mine  
Tanya, Jenna, and Guy,  
And the grandparents of Philippa  
Beth and Stephen  
And Jane's lovely mum and dad,  
Granny this, and granny that,  
Grandpa one, and grandpa two,  
And then the greatest grandpa of them all  
Now 101,  
Families so alive with living and caring,  
Eyes that shine and conversation that sparkles,  
"Get down Philippa – stop jumping"  
jump, jump, jump, jump,  
Philippa likes jumping,  
So does Tanya,  
One to lacrosse  
The other to hockey,  
Aldeburgh summer fireworks watched  
Two families standing on Beth and Stephen's balcony by the sea  
And Bridget helping care,  
Whizz bang, whizz bang,  
Aldeburgh fireworks  
Making the very young howl  
And go to bed  
While the toddlers processed with lanterns  
Marching lights above their heads,  
Be careful,  
Ouch,  
"You've set me alight",  
Marching toddler lanterns  
Along Aldeburgh's front,  
And now Philippa is 21  
21,21,21,21,  
and dancing with me at Mamma Mia  
and later to a club  
thump, thump, thump music  
and little tiny second-one Philippa

not tiny anymore  
in fashion  
high flying London  
and maybe a First?  
gentle Philippa  
sweet Philippa  
jump, jump,  
jump, jump,  
*Philippa my love of you on your 21st.*

### **A millennium wish for Sarah**

And dear Sarah

I hope this millennium  
Every day there's a party  
one-thousand-years of dancing,  
fun, swinging and swaying  
snowboarding  
rollerberrying  
surfing  
and ski-ing  
fun this millennium  
for you and your friends  
and dear Sarah  
I wish you kisses on your cheeks  
And brush away  
Crocodiles, snakes, and gorillas,  
Horrible  
Be gone!  
Tears and frustration too  
Away with you  
Instead a warm cat snuggling on your bed  
For your head to rest on  
A cat pillow of fur and fluff  
And dear Sarah  
I wish for you this millennium  
Love in bundles  
Study, study, study,  
Read, read, read,

Get it done, get it done  
But have some fun, have some fun,  
And dear Sarah I wish for you this millennium  
Joy and tears  
Sadness and laughter  
Measure one then the other  
Surf on the wave of your tears  
Fly on the wings of your laughter  
And dear Sarah  
I wish for you this millennium  
Study, study, study,  
Read, read, read,  
One and the other  
Work then fun  
Dance, dance, dance, the night away,  
Party, party, party, in the small hours  
Swing and sway,  
Chase, chase, chase,  
Love and laughter  
Kisses on your cheek  
And dear Sarah  
I wish for you this millennium  
A life of expectation  
Fulfilled  
Homes and happiness  
Friends  
And lovers,  
Work and endeavours  
*Successfully completed*  
Meet a friend, have a drink  
Ski and board  
Skate and roll  
Fall over  
Stand up  
Try more, try more,  
You will, you will,  
I know it  
And dear Sarah  
I wish for you this millennium  
Fun

Sweet fun  
Tickle me now  
And hear my laughter  
I can dance,  
I can dance,  
I can dance  
And so can you  
And I wish for you dear Sarah  
This millennium  
Your sweet dreams  
Come true  
From me  
To you!  
*Much love,*

**Lotty – a nest of them:**

I've discovered a nest of them  
Three blonde blobs  
On the sofa  
In the small room  
In the large house  
With a moat  
A nest of blonde things  
Sitting pretty on the sofa  
A threesome joined by me  
The three blonde blobs  
Are having fun  
Kissing and snuggling  
They by themselves  
They love to be close  
To watch something, this or that,  
And then to embrace the other  
Snuggle up  
And smile  
And touch  
And cooo  
The three blonde blobs on the sofa  
Are sitting by me

And there I am aged fifty-three  
With the best gift of all  
The gift of someone else's love  
By me  
Three blonde blobs on the sofa  
Smiling and kissing with me  
The little one  
Little ones always get so much attention  
And have so much fun  
This and that  
This and that  
The three blonde blobs  
Are having fun  
With me  
Aged fifty three  
On the sofa of love  
In the very small room  
In the very large house  
With a moat  
And now, dear children, we adjourn for tea  
*Toby likes toast*  
Jessica her baked potato  
Lotty her baby mash and milk  
And me  
Well, needless to say, I like them  
The three blonde blobs  
who are sitting close to me  
*Snuggle is fun.*

## THE CLOWN FOR MY GODCHILDREN

Tie me up, tie me down,  
Picture a smile,  
Picture a frown,  
Roll over,  
Roll over,  
Stand up,  
Stand down,  
I'm your simple red nosed CLOWN

*Picture a smile*  
 Picture a frown,  
 Standing up  
 And standing down,  
 Fall down  
 Stand up  
 Roll over, and over,  
 Tie me up, and tie me down  
*My clown eyes*  
 My clown nose  
 My clown red lipped mouth  
 Opening and shutting from North to South,  
*The buttons on my long coat*  
 Twirl and whizzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz  
 Revolve round and fzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz  
*I'm the roly poly clown*  
 Standing up and standing down,  
 Squirrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr here's the water from the flower on my lapel  
 Hoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo here's the noise from my horn  
**Smack in the face here's my custaaaaaaaaaaaaaard pie**  
 And ooopppppppppppppppppppps I've fallen over  
*Laugh and rumble*  
 Fall and tumble  
 I'm the roly poly, red nosed clown  
 The falling over one  
 Remember?  
 The tall straight one picks up  
 Each tripping over the other  
*Fall and tumble*  
*Trip over you*  
*Trip over me*  
 Dust myself down  
 Pull you up  
 Heave and hoe,  
 Back on my feet, both on the floor,  
 Standing up and standing down,  
 The red nosed falling over CLOWN  
*Picture a smile*  
 Picture a frown,  
 Standing up and falling down,

Tie me up,  
Tie me down  
I'm the CLOWN  
Picture my tear here  
just under the makeup below the eyes  
for all my laughing  
makes me cry  
tie me up, tie me down  
the falling over  
tender CLOWN.

## 16. Saying goodbye to Tom.

Saying goodbye is not easy. But then Tom never wanted to say farewell. He hoped, he said as I sat by his bedside, to see Christmas 06. I hoped that his hope would be met. It wasn't but his curiosity and generosity of spirit endured to the end. He maintained an interest in life and in others and rallied to hear the latest news. We joked about much – the cake eating ceremony, Fitzbillies, and his memories of how it used to be. We liked the moist cakes, and enjoyed tasting one against the other, just like our own wine tasting ceremonies. Latterly, he could not drink wine so I brought cake instead. Lisa continued to cook and entertain and Tom joined in. The warmth and love in the family home was a tribute to their life together, their children, and their friendships. It was the most open and social of deaths, and Tom died at home. Five days before his death we had a conversation. He wanted to talk of his life and his wishes for himself and his family, should he die - a two-hour tour of remembrance. He said he thought Lisa thought death was close, but he never used the word itself – death that is. Instead when I recapped on some of the arrangements, the poems, the music, the funeral, the last wishes for Lisa and his family, several minutes after he had run through his list, he seemed to have moved on. He merely looked at me quizzically and said “oh that” – he'd had enough of “death” and was more interested to hear of my political news and readings from the paper that day. I showed him my skirt, the slit in the back, the red shoes (apparently he didn't like red shoes) the T-shirt and I asked if he thought they needed adjustment. Tom had, as those who know him best know, a permanent “twinkle” in his eye. What I forgot to tell you also is that we always kissed on the lips. His lips never lost their sensation and intensity, and he made a point of never letting me by-pass the lips and aim for his cheek instead – even the last kiss was on the lips. It had meaning

and feeling. Lisa allowed and encouraged our flirtation – their love was a bond beyond the reach of the kisses of others. It had, unlike many loves, endured. The next day – in the afternoon about teatime strangely, he died. It was the most human of humanist’s deaths – at home, with the noises and daily routines of the house to comfort him. I took autumn flowers but it wasn’t enough. I can cry tears too, but they aren’t enough. Tom spoke to me of Lisa, his life, of his hometown and moving around with his parents – the church was his spiritual background and “no” he didn’t believe, but he could in his last days feel the presence of others - a “continuity” of life and death if you like. He used the word “continuity”. He also spoke of how he had got used to and knew the meaning of a “companionable” silence. I can cry and I can feel the tears, but would he have wanted them – well certainly “yes”. The kiss and the bothering to the end to make sure it was on the lips, spoke of his enduring spirit his emotion – the humanity of the man whose wit, intelligence, interest in others and their works, love and affection endured. Kisses and tears go together, one is not complete in some way without the other, and if I hadn’t kissed I wouldn’t have cried. Tom liked my three birthday cakes, July 6<sup>th</sup>, he loved our cake ceremony when Lisa was out – and I don’t doubt that he’ll sit on my shoulder and eat cake with me again. It is hard to believe that his spirit won’t endure, that his living spirit won’t inhabit us all in some way. Wordsworth, he said, expressed best his feelings about life and the after life. There I am crying again, but Tom I never wanted to say goodbye – I just want another kiss on the lips and to ask if you can pull the zip on my Armani dress up to the top. Your home and your hearth were inhabited by love and intelligence. The companionable silence that you spoke of was part of the intelligence that surrounded you. And we will of course, look after Lisa for you. She’s in safe hands. Your caring for us means we will, always care for you. Your silence, is indeed, companionable. You were the most companionable of intelligent of men. Lisa was your most intelligent of companions.

## 17. Shapes in a tin – Christmas and Isobelle

Are the shapes in the biscuit tin yours?

Please forgive me for asking but, “did you borrow them from nature?”

When I look into your biscuit tin I see shells on beaches edge

Clouds pass, rain beats, sea rises higher, my feet get wet,

When I look in your biscuit tin I see shores edge

Marshes, reed beds, waters run storm, clouds gather and birds fly past

Water high, tide's dangerous edge rises too  
So when I lift the biscuit tin I see devil's forces jumping out,  
The high tide, the danger, the winds rush and sea splashing,  
May I close it now, just a little fearful that sea's edge might submerge me,  
When I open it again I can, of course, see storms passing and gentle tide's  
come in  
Swoop and soar, clouds pass by  
And then out of the tin comes birds kingdom the shape of shapes delight  
Close it now in case the Swiss cookies go stale, we wouldn't want that?  
Eat slowly, nibble at the edge, hold the shape just a little longer and before  
you go to bed close the tin tight,  
Swoop and soar, as I eat the cookie I hear tide's flow, see shores edge, hear  
birds call and marshes bullrushes sway as storm comes overhead,  
Keep the cookie tin safe, and when you want to hear shores edge open it  
again,  
Like holding a shell to your ears, those cookies can beckon tide's time  
round  
Swoop and soar in my cookie Merry Christmas tin  
All the shapes and sounds of the beach are there

And now my story begins  
All creativity starts on the kitchen table  
Did you learn to cook from your mother?  
I did, Miriam's girls absorbed the baking in the air, the yeast rising in the  
cupboard we could cook before we could walk  
Cook and shine the dishes, fly through the air to get the jobs of the house  
done,  
Whose house? All the houses, we soared and swept in, swept up, talked  
cheerfully and left  
And if your mother taught you to cook, tell me now, tell me did she give  
you a secret recipe?  
It's the one you bake but always forget to write out  
That's it, you know it in your fingers, it's on the tip of your tongue but you  
can't quite remember it for others  
Tell me too, tell me now, I want your mother's secret recipe  
If I eat to the bottom of my shell shaped cookies will you have placed it in  
the bottom of the Merry Christmas cookie tin, I hope so?  
Please do, please do, I must have your mother's recipe,  
You see if you don't please me I throw a tantrum, look at me now  
climbing on the furniture, skipping over the chairs, causing havoc,

I'll stop if you give me your mother's recipe,  
Bake it now, bake it now, the secret is in the tip of your fingers,  
Lights delights, your fingers move to the rhythm of your mother's baking  
tune,  
Did she sing or whistle while she cooked?  
I hope so, mine did, or we did  
The smells as we came home  
Miriam's girls at schools days rest  
Clean house, warm hearth and jam on the table  
Cooked from the hedgerows,  
Did your mother gather in the berries, red, green and blue  
Damsons, gooseberries, redcurrants,  
Did she pound and beat them,  
Boil them until they squeaked?  
No that was the lobster in the pot, I remember how it hated being  
submerged in the water,  
Did she pluck and dress the chickens,  
Draw the goose's neck, hang the pheasant for a week until maggots got to  
its neck  
Then take the gizzards out?  
I hope your mother did for hungry girls need something on the boil  
At the end of their school day toil  
Fight and biff, biff and bash we wrestled with our enemies,  
And at homes turn, bikes ride away  
We heard the saucepans singing their cooking tunes,  
Whizz, bang, fizz it's pie tonight  
And what has she put in it?  
Shepherds, rabbit or chicken  
My rabbit or yours?  
Who can tell but the hutch is empty  
Jam on the table,  
Put my finger in, did your mother let you do that?  
Has your mother told you her recipe  
Will she let you eat jugged hare?  
Pickled walnut?  
Or gooseberry jam?  
Miriam's girls hold the recipes in their finger tips  
A moments notice and we can serve them to your table  
But on my table today  
Is your Merry Christmas tin

Did your mother give you the recipe  
If so ensure you keep it secret until next year  
Dig deeper in the tin and I might discover your secret  
Analysis your crumbs  
But is that heaven in my mouth as I crunch?  
I hope so.  
Mother's heaven in a recipe tin  
Did your mother teach you how to bake?  
I hope so.

**18. Miriam's girls and Miriam's soup (both abridged):**

We are you see  
Miri's girls  
So defined in one phrase  
That you can stare us straight in the eye  
And we'll tell you  
We're Miriam's girls  
We can, you see  
Do this and that  
Set a table  
Scale a tree  
Swim a lake  
Cross a lagoon  
We can dance all night  
And cycle you home  
We are you see  
Miriam's girls  
Working, trained in the precision  
Of setting a table  
Cooking a meal  
Lighting a fire  
And carrying home the logs  
But wait a moment  
Is that music that I hear?  
A dance, a jig, a song to carry with us in our head  
I hear that song all day  
It carries me away  
And as I work my thoughts carry me across time

To where you are  
Nothing separates us  
We can spare no time to see you  
But our dreams are there at your side  
Miriam's girls,  
Big dreamers in our work today  
We wash and scrub, and varnish and polish  
Side boards, floors,  
Scrub and rub  
But look at our feet  
Listen to our head  
And what do you hear?  
Not words but music by our side  
Tunes and tunes and tunes  
To carry our dreams to our lover's side  
And when work ends  
Where will we be?  
In our mind's eye  
Our head  
Our thoughts of resistance  
Of not being here but there  
Of where our dreams take us  
Across fields and lakes,  
Mountain tops and snow Rub, scrub, but really we're not here  
Smile and hoop  
Give us another task  
We'll do it kindly Sir and Madam  
If you please, why yes  
You see we're Miriam's girls  
Our arms are strong,  
Our legs take us far  
But our head even further  
Dreamers all of us  
Dreams of dancing, in your arms, in their arms,  
In arms we delight and our feet start tapping  
Shoes and heels  
Heels and shoes  
Tap feet tap  
We may be here  
But really we're dancing in the fields

Sky and moving clouds  
Rivers and streams  
Running water of our dreams  
Thunder and lighting  
And cycling home in the dark  
Cruel frost  
Cold toes, cold nose  
We're Miriam's girls  
And we don't fit  
Our dreams are too loud for the classroom today  
So out of the window we fly  
At the top of the tree  
Swinging from the branches  
We can outdo any boy  
We're Miriam's girls  
And please and thank yous we've been taught  
But in our head the music is saying something different to us  
Tap your toes, stamp your heels, pick up your feet  
We're dancing now,  
Gliding across the landscape with our cook's dishes  
Washing up  
Waiting on table  
Frying the pan  
And boiling the water  
But really you see kind Sir and please Madame  
We're not here with you today  
Never were and will not be  
In defiance of waiting on you  
Our head dances the beat of the drummer  
Our thumbs tap the tunes of the lover  
And you may not know this  
I hardly did myself but  
Miriam's girls have rhythm in their bones  
And we spring from here to there  
At the speed of the sparrows  
With the knowing eye of the night owl  
And the familiarity of the robin  
But we are cuckoo's in your nest, in your home not one of you  
But in your nest  
Fluffing and puffing your cushions

Cooking your meal  
Putting you to rest  
Tell me a story, tell me a story,  
Of witches and landscape and fairies  
We can tell you a story  
Of our dreams tonight  
We can cycle you home in the dark if you take fright  
We're Miriam's girls  
With tunes in our heads  
And our dreams to carry us far  
Dream with me  
Dream with me  
But could you please polish and scrub a bit quicker now  
The silver on the table next  
And please do try to keep up  
These dreams you see move so fast  
Now I'm here and now I'm there  
Tunes in my head  
See me move  
I'm dancing you see  
Not cleaning not cooking  
But dancing to the tunes in my head  
Take my arms  
And you can dance across landscapes dreams with me  
We're Miriam's girls  
And our work today is done  
So dream with us  
And scrub that floor  
So that toes may tap on a mirror tonight  
So that we might see our own reflection  
Looking back at us  
Can we come to your ball?  
You don't need to invite us  
You see we're already there  
In the landscape of our dreams  
Ours  
But tonight we might lend them to you  
Take them with us  
To let you join in our dance  
Miriam's girls

Dancing on table top  
Legs high  
Gay abandon  
We are dancing with you  
Laughing at how you could ever have thought  
It was your ball tonight  
When all along we planned, scrubbed and cooked for it  
Picked the flowers  
And danced our toes to the party songs  
Miriam's girls  
On table tops  
Performing acrobatics  
Of love tonight  
With our dreams  
Never doubting loves hold on us  
Tip, tap, you see our toes won't let us forget.

## **Chapter 2:**

Miriam's girls will spit in your eye  
Ride right past you  
And ride on by  
Miriam's girls travel light  
They ride their bikes home by moonlight  
Miriam's girls  
Will be your guide  
Hike a lift they will let you ride  
Taxi hire bikes  
Will ride you home at night  
Miriam's girls aren't allowed to take fright  
Cycle fast, now faster  
We're there and back in a jiff

## **Chapter 3 abridged.**

## Miriam's love

Miriam's love comes in a jar  
Wrapped in cling film  
And in a carrier bag  
Miriam's love  
Feeds us  
Honey soup  
Syrup down  
And exotic flavours  
Of blue grass  
And Thai fragrance  
Miriam's chestnut stuffing  
Fed us nectar today  
Light gourmet  
Delights  
Top chef  
Top cook  
Miram's soup  
Carried home in a jar  
Wrapped in her love  
Fed us today  
Screw top jar  
Not one thrown away  
Mriam's love  
Gathered from the hedgerows  
Cooked in pan  
Not a recipe in sight  
Just her imagination's delight  
In it goes  
Ingredients flavour her love  
"Not enough", "well more"  
ladle it in  
soup of her love  
wrapped in her bag today  
in my fridge  
safely home  
"no spilling, take care"  
Miram's girls  
Aged 50 still not trusted to carry it safely

But here it is and so I look, and look at my mother's love in the fridge,  
Days go by  
.....(abridged)  
A symbol of Miriam's endurance,  
Her love  
In my fridge to stay!

## 19. Bluebell woods 1 and 2:

And today I trod through bluebells,  
Azure blue, stepped through a field of bluebells, and saw light reflecting  
through the woods onto them,  
I wanted to bring you to the wood,  
see the shadows reflecting through the branches,  
white green, green white,  
in and out of the morning light,  
Azure blue, I wanted the bluebells to become a feast for your eyes,  
to communicate to you through their vigour,  
stepping through the bluebells,  
treading paths in and out of the woods,  
tenderises the heart,  
smashes it to a pulp,  
a secret wooded place,  
where the bluebells grows,  
and only a treasured friend leads you to them,  
takes you to her secret feast,  
so that you to can feast on the blue,  
Azure,  
and then you, think of your friends who could share the delight of sharing  
the bluebell woods,  
and leading one another through the fields, hearing the nightingale sing in  
the morning as it sang last night,  
leading one to the other, the other to the one, to the secret places of the  
heart,  
the spots which capture us and keep us transfixed,  
where we tread back to the same place, the same time, next year,  
just the feast of azure blue,  
keeps us here in this place,  
a place we know is a home, a resting place, a treasured spot,

and just in case others should find it too,  
we lead only those we trust, those most intimate to us,  
and then sensing the joy that standing alone here has given to the other,  
I want to lead you here too,  
so that you can see my friend's bluebell wood,  
and share her secret too.  
Azure blue,  
wild bluebells,  
as rarely they can be seen today,  
and standing at a gate late last night we heard the male nightingale sing to  
it his lover,  
trying to capture a mate to come and sit by his side,  
and perhaps if I lead you to the bluebell wood,  
the mate would be found,  
but then standing here alone is enough,  
feasting on the feast, the harvest of bluebells that in just a few weeks will  
be gone,  
bulbs hidden beneath nettles, beneath scrub land in a wood,  
you couldn't suspect that in the spring such treasures would unfold,  
unless you had discovered the discovery of the woods,  
the secret it hides through summer, autumn and winter under the scrub,  
and then as the heads come open,  
who could have imagined that this was the real colour of a bluebell, of  
bluebells,  
who could imagine that you'd want to find yourself sharing them,  
because sharing, the acknowledgement of the other, the desire to share  
again,  
is what the bluebells give to you,  
so that you too can show someone else the secret of the Azure blue  
bluebell woods,  
out now,  
just a few weeks, and then you know you'll be drawn back again next year  
on May 1st,  
and the bluebells and the nightingales are what will hold you down to this  
spot,  
provide a door frame that you can lean against, rest on, rely on,  
and provide the food of the inner self of the imagination,  
of the places your mind hides in, escapes to, rests besides in the winter,  
so that you wait, and long for the azure blue,  
blue bells,

bells so blue,  
that resting on a tree in their midst,  
closing your eyes,  
and still sensing and seeing the shadows of the woods,  
the bluebells work a magic on you,  
that fills blue, azure blue in your mind,  
and pulls you back to them,  
in Spring, on May 1st each year.

## **Bluebell Wood 2:.**

Holding hands I'll take you to the bluebell wood,  
Judy's treasured spot of Azure blue,  
Lead you with me there,  
through shadowed woods,  
the smell of gorse seducing the walker on the way,  
the scent of grass,  
the cuckoo calling over and over again,  
he too is seduced by the sunny spring day,  
the pink blossom, the dew on the green grass still,  
and the calls of the wood,  
if you held my hand I'd walk with you there,  
to this treasured private spot in a secret wood,  
trail you through gorse and broom, yellow glowing,  
tread you through wood violets and crimson pink campion, white too,  
You may have seen the red robin on the branch of a gorse bush,  
Judy's friend in her garden saying good morning,  
her friends sing to her, and she greets them at dawn,  
"listen," she tells you, "Can you hear how noisy they are",  
and the nightingale at the gate at night sings too for a mate,  
trailing through paths of common land,  
If you followed my hand you could be with the bluebells too,  
The sheer surprise of Azure blue,  
spread among woodland scrub,  
a field of Azure blue,  
with dappled tree light falling on them,  
tread carefully for not a single six-headed bell should be broken,  
don't bend a single stem,  
peeping from the field outside into the woods the purple of the blue,

sings to you from the wooded light,  
“feast on me, feast on me, come in to my secret world”,  
purple and blue, rich scented invites you in,  
leads you through its maze, its growth,  
and the bluebells dance in the shadowed tree light,  
form patterns around you so intricate that your head goes dizzy,  
dizzy delight of azure blue,  
feasting on colour in a wood,  
on May 3rd, a third visit,  
and now I want to lead you there with me,  
take your hand gently so that you can see the wooded carpet of the fairy  
bell heads of the bluebell,  
and the seduction of the bluebell wood, the heavy scent of the forest of  
bluebell,  
walk in and out, weave between them, careful now you don’t want to hurt  
the fairy six leaved bell, not a single one should be broken,  
take care,  
over her,  
come now,  
this way,  
it’s dark now, then light as the sun trickles through these giant trunks,  
would you like to dance the bluebell dance, hold hands and circle the tree,  
feel your feet crunching on the wood and scrub,  
feel the magic the bluebell works on you,  
intoxicating your senses, seducing you back to her for another day,  
and in a week’s time when she’s gone,  
when she hides her dance beneath the canopy of the wood and branches  
and trees,  
she’s knows for certain that she has you in her grasp,  
that you’ll be back in May next year,  
she’s conquered you, held you in her bell head until all you can do is give in  
to her colour and her scent,  
and going back to the robin the red of the robin on the gorse bush in  
Judy’s garden,  
I’ll lead you back through woodland paths,  
crunch your feet under the tree,  
climb over fences,  
walk you across sandy tracks, swinging a stick,  
and then you can hear the cuckoo again,  
the din of the forest birds, one calling to the other,

walk you back through the gate,  
to the scented pink blossoms of Judy's garden, the long grasses and  
dappled light of her silver birches,  
and birds calling there too,  
and a rosemary bush purple in bloom,  
and the seduction of the scents of May, a spring garden forest wild,  
and you can sit on the bench and share the movement of the shadows  
with me,  
watch them sway underfoot, following the movements of the trees and  
bushes,  
as the shadow follows them,  
would you follow me and come to Judy's Azure blue, bluebell wood on  
May 3rd next year?  
hold my hand, and we'll soon be there...we're treading now under the  
dappled light of the branches, so be quiet, shut your eyes and you can see  
them,  
.....the feast is about to be unveiled,  
scented azure blue, six leaved bells of the bluebell wood,  
are you seduced too?

## **20. All the loves – an epilogue May 99.**

.....and if I take from my body,  
extract,  
all the loves that were,  
that I am,  
if I took those moments as one moment,  
and peer in to the whole of me,  
would I find vacant spaces,  
a white hollow,  
or would those places lead me to a rich valley of wild garlic flowers,  
white?  
a scent so strong,  
that I know only that in looking at my need to love,  
to be loved,  
to give love,  
that I did what I could to love you all,  
to match my imperfections with open arms,  
that allowed you to come to me,

and that in the act of leaving,  
me of you, you of me,  
I store you in rose petals,  
place you to the most sensitive parts of me,  
that soon I won't feel the absence only the wholeness of loving,  
and if all the loves that I have,  
lead me only to emptiness,  
then it is only my failure I encounter,  
not loves richness, its knowledge, its strong scent,  
its flowering,  
its potential for growth,  
its yellow warmth,  
the glow that leads me back to love,  
through all my failings,  
and if I'm angry with you love,  
for taking away what I have loved and known,  
then forgive me,  
I had wanted to cling to you,  
for ballast,  
to keep me stable in case I might fall over,  
but now I see myself standing,  
I realise that you are no prop,  
that in the loving of you,  
and the shy reaching out to touch,  
I did what only my human frailty allowed,  
that having loved, I attempted more,  
again I ventured out of my shell,  
walked at the sea's edge and talked,  
and it is the tiniest things that I do,  
to lead myself back to those loving spots in my body,  
that allow me to encounter my humanity,  
leads me back to failure and loss,  
strikes down my pride, my arrogance,  
and in the tenderest act of loving came,  
humility,  
of my own tears,  
and remembering how when I held those things I loved,  
I gave no thought to when they would be taken away,  
when in the act of leaving,  
I valued them more than when I held them,

and tiny white flowering rose,  
fragile, one leaf bent,  
winds me round the paths in her garden,  
to a bush where I wrap your love,  
in a rose petal,  
and join it to my skin,  
and then all the loves I've ever had,  
all the loves I've ever been,  
fill me,  
not with despair,  
but with yellow light,  
that glows,  
attracting me to love again,  
that it will bear some resemblance to,  
the fragility and sweetness of you,  
a paper thin white rose in a bush,  
in a May garden.

**End of part 1.**

**Part 2:**

**All mermaids together:**

(at attempt to write a very long poem it does go on somewhat!)

**A poetic story of family, friends and love:**

**Scripted to one of Gwen Joy Royston's paintings of a heart**

*(abridged)*

I found my heart today  
Tears splashed on canvas  
I found my red, red, heart  
    Bleeding, beating  
        Today  
A broad brush on a canvas  
    Tick Toc, tick Toc,  
        My red heart  
    Beating still with love  
        Heart 1,

Heart2,  
And heart 3,  
I found my heart today beating, beating, beating,  
The light  
The gold red Fen sun set  
Sinking, sinking, sinking,  
And my heart  
Rising, rising, rising,  
I found my heart  
Reclaimed it for myself  
Leap and bound, leap and bound,  
Found, found, found,  
Place your ear here  
See hear it tick Toc, tick Toc,  
Lost and found  
One heart  
Returned to sender  
And when you get out the paint  
And spread your heart onto the water splashed canvas  
Paint  
Paint  
Paint  
Gwen's red, pink and blue  
A peeping white friend sneaking through  
A white dove of love?  
Let the red heart rise over its white friend  
Red, pink and blue  
Eclipsing  
Pounding, beating, breaking through  
Run, run, run,  
To Gwen's heart today  
Wild and brave  
In its landscape home  
Turn twirl, turn twirl,  
Skip hop, skip hop,  
Leap bound, leap bound,  
Fall over, over, over,  
Tumble "Alice in ~Wonderland" down  
Falling, falling, falling,  
Gwen's red, pink and blue

Splashed, splashed, splashed,  
On canvas today  
Paint, it now, paint it now,  
Quick as a flash,  
Paint it now, paint it now,  
Quick, quick as a flash,  
Gwen  
Here she is  
Splash, splash,  
And I found my heart today  
Sinking red Fen sun setting over Fen's black soil  
Watch it, watch it, watch it,  
Sink slowly inching lower  
Down, down, down,  
Splash, splash splash,  
Pity me, pity me,  
Tweedle dee, tweedle dum,  
If I asked you now  
Put your hand on your heart  
"Tell me is it so?"  
Question, question, question,  
Too little too late,  
More not less,  
Enough now  
Begone  
re-established the bond  
of hearts delighting  
drip, drip,  
paintdrop, paintdrop,  
picture tears  
picture laughter  
moon, sun and earth,  
stars twinkle  
and birth  
sky upward  
bottom down  
fooling around  
now I'm a clown  
and I found my heart today  
paint splashed on canvas

red, white and blue  
stuck on me  
here place your hand on my breast  
feel it, feel it, feel it,  
see still in my chest?  
(what do you think, am I right?)  
“tell me more, tell me more,  
Does she have a car, ah ha, ah ha?!!”  
And with each step my foot trod  
A beat came back  
Heartbeat, heartbeat, skip and jump  
Pinch and thump  
And I found my heart  
Lost property  
Returned to sender  
In the sinking sun,  
Land, earth and water  
Nature her daughter  
And in the soft blue sky at night  
Hearts leap and delight  
Splash trickle paint on canvas  
Gwen’s pink, red, blue fireball ignites heart of mine, heart of mine, heart  
of mine,  
Home is where the heart is  
And I found my heart today  
Shaken  
A bird stirred  
In a wild landscape  
On a soft sunny January day  
2,000, 2,000, 2,000  
give me a brush I want to paint  
get a pot  
large enough, large enough  
stir the brush, stir the brush,  
here and now  
paint it today, paint it today  
brush in a twirl  
heart in a whirl  
(large leaping heart on canvas, Gwen’s red, pink and blue)  
brush strokes speaking soooooooooo

and I found my heart today  
 ever so gently listen here  
 hand on my breast  
 tick Toc, tick Toc  
 I found my heart still beating,  
 Have you  
 Gwen asks  
 Found yours?  
 Tweedle dum, tweedle dee,  
 “But will she still love me tomorrow?”  
 INTERLUDE, INTERLUDE, CURTAINS UP, CURTAINS DOWN  
 And then I went out to supper with Bill  
 Dark drive through the Fens  
 And we spent the night singing  
 To his wind up gramophone  
 “why does a prune have wrinkles on its face  
 and young ones only slightly fewer”  
 and the words told us “prunes have hearts of stone”  
 even prunes  
 hearts of stone maybe but hearts!  
 Young hearts  
 Old hearts  
 The heartland  
 A landscape dripping in magic  
 Colour down  
 And if I told you of magic today  
 Of a journey so fantastical that it would lead you to a coat of many  
 colours  
 Jacob’s coat  
 Worn  
 Trod over  
 Furnished  
 “A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse,”  
 Horses and knights  
 Coats and colours  
 Love and loss  
 Leaving and tragedy  
 Slam door  
 Be gone!  
 Away with your heart today

But where's my coat?  
 I left it behind  
 My coat of many colours?  
 Joseph's coat  
 She wore it too  
 A prune with a heart I hear you ask  
 How can it be?  
 Quiet now  
 Would you like me to tell you how the prune got its heart  
 And the coat its colours?  
 Settle down and I'll begin  
 "Once upon a time in a land of white doves and fast running rivers  
 there lived in a wood  
 a shrew  
 screaming and shouting  
 huffing and puffing  
 he blew, and he blew  
 this wicked old shrew  
 he blew and he blew, through rage, and anger  
 his own house down  
 phewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww  
 down it fell  
 to the ground  
 and sitting by the side of his house sobbing  
 (the wind heard his tears)  
 picked them up on a south-easterly and stole them away to the land of soft  
 blue sky  
 of white doves and love  
 of tender caresses and soft sea-shores  
 and on the sea-shore sat a painter  
 gazing  
 sand on her toes  
 and wind in her face  
 gazing far out to the land of white doves  
 of waves and love  
 twirl and whirl  
 whizz and fizz  
 Gwen's red, pink and blue canvas  
 Appeared in the night  
 Of soft dreams and carried away

These were the thoughts for the day  
     Of love  
 And the wind heard her love  
 Picked it up on a north-westerly and rushed it away to the land of sobbing  
     tears  
     And fallen houses  
     Of anger and rage  
 Of knights in shining armour clad  
     Gleaming silver in sunshine  
 (see the stars are out tonight!)  
 but anger and rage won't hurry love  
     “no you just have to wait”  
 and the shrew waiting in rage  
     heard the wind coming  
     quick hide  
     no wait,  
     think up a plan  
     think up a plan  
     sobbing tears of rage  
     fell from the skies today  
 “rain drops keep falling on my head”  
     skip dance, skip dance,  
 a painting falling from the heavens  
     the rain brought it in  
     washed it up from the shores  
     clap, bang, thunder  
     quick run hide  
     the rain is coming  
     and I feel moody  
     trickle down, trickle down  
 a painting PLONK on the head of the shrew  
     a gift falling down from Gwen to you!  
     Have you followed the story?  
 The paint dripped down the head of the shrew  
     Pink, yellow and blue  
     And turned his coat into many colours  
     From that day on he was called Joseph  
     And all that was left of him was his coat  
     he disappeared  
 The shrew has turned into a beautiful butterfly

Fly shrew, fly up into the wings of Gwen's blue, blue sky,  
 And if you tell me my story isn't true  
 I have to tell you it could happen to you  
 Skip and dance, skip and dance,  
 Love and prance, love and prance,  
 If you tell me my story isn't true  
 I have to tell you it could happen to you  
 And know I'm Don Juan  
 Love captured me today  
 But more of that later  
 I said I was going to tell you of Bill's song of the prune  
 Even young prunes have wrinkles on their face  
 And their hearts of stone?  
 Remember  
 The story isn't true, the story isn't true,  
 But no wonder, no wonder it's from me to you,  
 Skip dance, skip dance,  
 If the shrews heart was broken  
 The prunes never begun  
 Prunes you now can't have fun  
 Of love, of love, no matter  
 Even the prune in the pickle jar  
 Runs for fun, runs for fun,  
 And the prune was running so fast  
 Faster and faster until he couldn't stop  
 Run prune, run,  
 That she had no idea she'd left her heart in the sun to dry  
 Sun dried prunes, sun dried prunes,  
 Fun and frolic  
 Swept up on the hot shores of a blue beach  
 The prune's heart had been left too long to dry  
 Put it on a washing line, put it on a washing line,  
 The prune's heart had been left on the line too long  
 Drip dry prune, drip dry prune  
 But even a hard heart has a canvas  
 Look at the back, look at the back,  
 Always turn a canvas round  
 Twirl and whirl, spring and run,  
 The prune's heart wasn't dry it had only just begun  
 And the prune's story you cry, the prune's story,

“Tell me more, tell me more, did she have a car, a ha a ha!”  
     of course she did  
 and that’s how the prunes heart became soggy  
     walking on a wind swept beach  
         soft sand  
         angry waves  
 the car took the prune to the beach  
     a beach buggy ride for the prune  
     and a wave swept in  
     a tide the prune couldn’t control  
     no matter how hard she tried  
 and riding on the white wave the prune got wet  
     her hard heart softened  
 and sitting on the beach was a painter who saw it all  
 gazed at the white wings of the dove washing in love, washing in love,  
     and that’s how love arrives  
     it washes over you  
     swept by, swept in  
     love on a tide  
         sobbing  
         carried in  
         carried away  
 sssssssssssssshhhhhhhhh be quiet  
 Gwen’s painting her canvas today”  
     And the story of the prune  
     And the shrew done  
 I have to tell you of more fun, more fun,  
 Animation, animation, you want my story to move you shout!  
     Sssssssshhhhhhhhh be quiet  
         It will  
         It will  
         Gentle now  
         I know it will  
         Be patient just wait  
 Hearts that never meet, hearts that pass in the night  
     Hearts that break  
     Hearts that mend  
 Don Juan, Don Juan, I’m in love, I’m in love  
 And did I tell you I found my heart in the fens today  
     Well I lied

I thought I did but then I couldn't find it  
    Lost hearts  
    Lost hearts  
    Heart and soul  
    If I had a heart  
The heart plays its harp  
Music now to my soul  
    Hearts in harmony  
    A melody now  
    Of music so sweet  
    I'll tickle your feet,  
    I'll tickle your feet  
    Of music now  
    Of music so sweet  
    Tickle your feet  
    Tickle your feet  
    Of love, of love, of love,  
I'm Don Juan, Don Juan, Don Juan,  
    I can skip and dance  
    Sing and prance  
But my tears my tears my tears flood down, flood down, flood down  
    See I'm playing Chopin now  
    Sweet and gentle, strong and angry  
    Of love, of love, of love  
Will I stop, will I stop, not a drop, not a drop,  
I'm talking to you of love, of Gwen's painting  
And of how I thought I found my heart today in the setting sun and the  
    black soil  
    But then, oh then  
    I gazed at the stars  
How could there be so many hearts in one sky?  
    So many estranged lovers  
    Dead and gone  
    My love flew away with him  
    And her  
    Drifted into the heavens  
And it's at the night sky I now gaze  
    Wait for their return  
    On a flash of light  
    Appearing in the dark, dark night

Lost missing hearts  
That come down from the sky  
    To speak to you  
    And I, and I,  
    Hearts in the sky  
    Stars twinkling overhead  
    In soft blue night skies  
    Tears, tears, tears,  
    Flooding continents  
    Global warming nonsense  
It's the tears you know this millennium falling from the sky  
    The tears of the broken hearted warming our planet  
    Here you can have my handkerchief  
    Blow now blow  
Your tears with the south easterly or north westerly  
    Away,  
    Tears can fly you know  
Back to the nests of the white doves  
    Downy white soft gentle feathers  
    Drowning in tears  
    That's why the doves fly  
    Love from me to you  
They now how wet it can get  
    And of doves nest  
    And beaches  
    And soft tears  
    Swelling, rolling, flowing,  
    Down  
    Down  
    Down  
Alice in Wonderland falling,  
    See I told you so  
And the painter began her work  
Reconstructing her heart today  
    It grew and swelled  
    Twirl and whirl  
    Struggle and dance  
    And bang  
    Red, pink and blue  
    On canvas today

Gwen's canvas  
I carried it you know  
Up to my bedroom  
Struggling with high on the stairs was the light,  
Yes, yes, yes, the light in the Fens today  
Setting sun,  
Black soil  
A mystery land  
Of tales  
Many stories  
Old, old, old kingdoms come  
Prune stone hearts  
And Joseph's coat of many colours  
I can't stop telling the story now I've begun  
It's such fun, it's such fun,  
Today I'm Don Juan  
Mad?  
Of course love's driven me mad  
Paul this story is for you  
Paul  
Of our love and laughter  
Of soldiering on  
And why do so many people come  
To tell their story to me?  
You see, you see, they can see my hearts been broken too  
Come and tell come and tell  
Kiss and tell,  
Kiss and tell,  
Mad, of course love's driven me mad  
Wouldn't it do the same to you?  
And I'm Don Juan today  
Paul will like me  
Paul  
Brave heart in the Black Fens today  
Wearing Joseph's coat of many colours  
Soldiering on, soldiering on,  
Tell me the story, tell me the story, of your heart, of your broken heart  
splash there it is  
no not a star  
Gwen's canvas

See right there  
My tear  
For heart one  
Heart two  
And heart three,  
You see my heart is many coloured  
Red, pink and blue on canvas  
I went on the adventure  
Followed the trail of the “intimate history of humanity”  
Not in books silly  
But deeds  
Actions speak louder than words  
And my heart begun again  
It skipped and dance  
Played and pranced  
My heart, my heart, begun again  
And singing with Bill tonight  
“Oh why does a prune have wrinkles on its face”  
there’s no point at which your heart  
can’t begin again,  
gentle sweet, gentle sweet,  
touch and feel  
touch and feel  
stand up, sit down,  
twirl and swirl  
Gwen’s painting again,  
And one more story before I go  
Of leaping March hares in the Fens  
I saw one once, boxing it’s way out of fields  
“Mad as a March hare they say”  
of course Don Juan is mad  
he loved  
she loved  
they loved  
“The End of the Affair”  
but I played, I played, I played  
and when is a heart on a canvas not a heart?  
When it’s a prune of course,  
Twirl and whirl  
Leap and swirl

I want the dove's nest now  
The soft downy white feathers soaked in tears  
Sob  
Soft and broken  
Sob  
Wet, wet, wet,  
Cheeks you know  
They won't come back  
Look to the stars, look to the stars  
Heaven awaits  
But to unlock the gates  
You have to have loved  
Give me the key, give me the key,  
But there isn't one silly  
Your heart has to open it  
And heavens gates open if you've loved  
Hell you know is the place for those who haven't  
"all you need is love"  
Is it me writing this?  
Knock, knock, whose there?  
My heart, my heart, at heavens gate  
But it took me so long to arrive  
Wait, wait, wait, wait,  
"You can't hurry love,  
no, you just have to wait"  
at heavens gate  
send her back, send her back,  
she's not ready yet  
One more love, one more try  
Keys that open doors  
Other hearts unlocked  
And I did find my heart today in the Fens  
On a Wicken Fen walk,  
Heart one  
Heart two  
Heart three,  
I tell a lie  
It may have been heart four  
Who knows who broke my heart?  
But in those wide wild skies

The wind blew it back  
     Lost and found  
     Lost and found  
     But I caught it today  
     Listened enough to the wind and its movements  
     To hear my heart return through my walking boots  
 Keep walking, keep walking, if it brings your heart back  
     Play, play, play,  
     Twirl and whirl, swing and swirl  
 But it was Gwen's painting I struggled up the stairs with  
     And put by my bed  
     Did I think  
     Link the soft blue sky  
 Or was it remembering that she had a heart that flew?  
     Fly, heart, fly,  
     Cry, cry, cry,  
     On the wings of a dove  
 Gwen's painting and my walking boots bring you love.  
     Kisses galore  
     Shower on your head  
     Kisses, kisses, kisses,  
     More, more, more  
 I should stop but I'm talking of love  
 ANOTHER INTERLUDE, CURTAINS UP AND DOWN  
     But I can't stop acting  
 I told you of Chopin well what about other voices?  
     The wind cries  
     And there's always a swan  
 On the straight backed rivers of the Fens  
     Audrey Hepburn  
     That's who Don Juan is today  
 I want to tell you of actors playing other lives, other stories  
     Of my Audrey Hepburn love  
     Of two large hearts raging  
     Fighting,  
     Biffing and bashing  
 The battle of love down the Century  
     Played out on the stage  
     And stage fright struck me today  
     I thought I was in love

I thought I wasn't  
Stage-fright  
I couldn't do it,  
Ring then  
The phone wouldn't let me  
So I went out-doors  
And actors acting the part of lover's fall in love  
Of course they would, wouldn't you  
Why go home when you can fall in love on the stage  
Sssssshhhhhhhh be quiet I'm talking of love  
And my tears  
Of how tragedy turns to comedy in my house  
Of how tears and laughter go hand in hand  
So of course I get stage fright  
There's a history  
A casualty list  
Bodies crest fallen on the floor  
A landscape of broken hearts behind me  
A family history  
in love  
Standing on the handlebars riding my bike today I swung my legs in the air  
But I didn't fall off, I didn't fall off,  
I was just acting  
My Audrey Hepburn love  
And it still makes me cry  
And could I act too  
Other loves?  
Yes, but not today, now isn't the time I'll store them away  
I should you see  
The clown  
Should have seen the rain clouds coming  
Hidden her heart in her saddle bag  
Instead she rode off into the wind looking for more  
A south-easterly I told you today  
And the wind blew more love in  
From the doves nest  
I'm Don Juan today Don Juan  
And my heart won't stop  
Loving  
And I carried Gwen's canvas up to my bedroom today

A heart held together by string  
Red, pink and blue  
This is a heart that dances  
And her white dove wings  
In the soft blue sky  
Flies,  
Hearts fly you know  
Away to other kingdoms  
But her heart has a rock  
An ocean bed to swim to  
Her hearts striking out to the shore  
Swim Gwen, swim,  
And on the shores of a beach I told you I saw a painter  
Their feet treading in soft white sand  
Gazing out to sea to the nest of a dove  
And their gaze  
Was firmly fixed on love.

CURTAINS UP CURTAINS DOWN, INTERLUDE

Did you think I was going to stop  
What rot!  
I want to tell you of love on a hill  
Of flowers  
Blue  
What love, what love there was on a hill  
I think I'm telling you of heart two  
Of walks and wondering  
Of foxes and owls  
Of elves and pixies  
Of childhood woods  
And passion  
Yes passion  
Bedevilled and beguiled  
Love in the open today  
And I want to tell you of walks on a hill  
Of walks in reed beds  
Of walks and love  
But do I know you well enough?  
Scripting to pictures, scripting to pictures  
Paint on canvas  
love

Splashed on walls  
My love  
Taken for paintings  
Hanging now on a wall  
Don Juan, Don Juan  
“They did it, not me”  
For many years before this story begun loved raged  
And then I was told to write it down  
How could I, how could I?  
Paint on the walls  
My love had been kidnapped for paint on the walls  
And my mother always painted the walls  
My sister too  
When their love broke down  
High on ladders, high on chairs, they panted their rooms instead of  
painting the town  
And love led them on  
It does you know  
Lead us on  
It’s cruel, it’s fierce  
But when the wind blows love you have to block you ears  
And when our children are gone and our homes are broken  
We tell our stories of love  
Of our houses tumbled  
That’s when it comes out  
“The Women’s Room”  
that’s how it all begun all those years ago  
“A room with a view”  
I’m telling you more just wait  
I’m telling you of love  
If my story  
Of paint on canvas and how I got there  
Red, pink and blue  
Brought you this story today  
Struggling up the stairs with Gwen’s canvas  
I nearly tripped  
Not surprising love on landings is dangerous  
But that didn’t stop them  
Friends told me of their stories too

.....

Telling their stories of love  
Of passion  
And now I've told you mine too  
Red, red, red, love  
And now we've come to love three  
And I wish they would come back to me  
Fiery and wild,  
Biff and bash, biff and bash  
And play  
Dance in the wild, wild wind swept fields of Suffolk  
And they could play  
Two-halves of an apple

.....

I tell a lie  
That was love two, not three  
No matter  
Two and three, three and two  
I'm Don Juan  
Don Juan  
And ~I never could wait  
Begone loves on the wings of a dove  
Counting loves of others is of course silly,

.....

“You can't hurry love, no you just have to wait”  
and love four, I promised you love 4,  
“Tell me more, tell me more”  
Not yet, not yet, wait a bit  
Too many years, too many broken hearts  
Too many tears  
But the story is fun, the story is fun,  
Yes, yes, yes,  
What starts as fun ends in broken bones  
“And I've hurt my foot today”  
“Of course you have dear, let me stroke it!  
“There are you better?”  
No, no, no, of course, I'm not  
My foot still hurts  
And a broken toe too,  
Love four, love four, you can't hurry love  
“But my toe won't heal, it won't get better,”

“Well limp then, just limp and get on with it“  
And Gwen’s painting  
“Written on the Body”  
of heart and soul  
the white downy white feathered, wet dove  
broke out in a rash  
washed the soft tears away  
and red, pink and blue on canvas  
I found my heart today  
And struggled with a painting up to my bed  
That’s crackers,  
I know  
That’s why I’m telling the story  
Tragedy  
Rage comedy  
I have to tell you they turned love to farce  
But they wouldn’t listen  
Of love  
In my house  
My home  
From where I come  
Of love  
In my house  
My family  
Skip, hop and dance  
Swing and prance  
Tragedy turns fast to comedy  
Wet tears,  
Smiling faces  
But I want to end this love song  
Gwen’s canvas  
On a phrase so tender, so much used  
That I don’t know how to tell it to you  
It is quite simple  
And sweet  
Tickle my toes, tickle my toes,  
I  
LOVE  
YOU

(no stop it heart, stop it heart, stop beating! And now I’ve got tummy

gripes, pains and strains, all because I told my story to you)  
but I want this story to end  
gentle sweet,  
gentle sweet,  
on a phrase  
so much used, so much spoke and abused  
that if I said it now my tears would fall  
emotion, emotion, emotion  
choke tears, choke tears

I  
LOVE  
You  
Small me  
Large you  
Stage-fright  
And your touch burnt my skin  
Left holes  
And I couldn't ring  
Love  
Oh no, send it away, send it away  
I don't want to play with you, love today

I  
LOVE  
You  
Message in a bottle?  
No silly  
On a canvas  
Gwen's canvas  
Red, pink and blue  
Today I've chosen to send it to you.  
INTERLUDE AGAIN, SHORT THIS TIME  
And I wish you'd never told me of "Church Mice"  
But that's another story  
For another day.

If this story is too silly blame Bill and the prune song! It's his fault not mine.

INTERLUDE AND ANOTHER MORNING: CURTAINS UP  
CURTAINS DOWN.

Of other teenage loves now, your love not mine  
     The White doves of love  
     Two wings of love flying overhead  
         Of other teenage loves  
 I saw two lovers today kissing at the station  
 Standing on a platform and saying goodbye  
     Sad tears of farewell in their eyes  
 If you want characters not anecdotes go elsewhere  
     Here comes a red story  
     Flying through the air  
 Of “Seth and Ruben” and a “Cold comfort farm”  
     Of when the sap begins to flow  
     And bushes open  
 I’ll tell you of a teenage lover in green trousers  
     They looked wonderful  
     Heartbeat, heartbeat I fell  
 Why names? Why gender? They don’t matter only hearts  
     When I say “they” you can also read he or she  
     The heart of one and the other  
     Two doves of love  
     Gwen’s white dove  
     Flying overhead  
     And then the rain began to fall  
 A thunderstorm swept over them carried them away  
     “Women and man overboard!”  
     Jump off, jump off the ark is sinking.  
     “No” the ark is safe  
 “The History of Mrs Noah” comes back to me  
     of feet in mud  
     and love in sandals  
     squelching.  
     And this is the story of love one  
     Green trousers, tight hips  
 And your touch burnt a hole in my arm today  
     Red hot love  
     And the white wings of doves  
     Gwen’s dove of love  
     The twins  
     And if I walked far enough and come back  
 Would the tide have swept two crabs to a shore?

Answer "yes"  
Answer "yes"  
On the white sand of a Norfolk beach the teenagers made love  
But it started with a teenager in green trousers  
And ended with tears  
Two white wings of a dove  
Love  
The landscape of love  
A battleground  
Himmleblau  
Himmleblau  
And then thunder  
And she and he is loving me – still  
Because loving has no end  
You can't stop caring  
Teenager 2 could giggle  
Squirm and squiggle  
Two halves of an apple they said  
Headstrong these two teenagers in love  
Stand up, fall down  
They loved the classroom clown!  
And one did the homework for the other  
You probably did this too  
Theirs and mine  
They played saxophone  
After the wedding  
And now the other story  
Love on a station  
One says "hello"  
Another "goodbye"  
Farewell, farewell, loves weep  
Lovers leap  
Red, pink and blue, Gwen's leaping heart on a canvas  
Revives, refreshes  
"it leapt you know"  
believe me it did  
in the night  
kept me awake  
made me write  
and in the morning the sun shone through it

East morning light  
Shining through the canvas  
Delight, delight  
Radiant white, tinged yellow  
Gwen's white wings of a dove  
Yellow in their love  
Radiant red  
East light, east light, shine through the  
Himmelblau, himmelblau, himmelblau.  
"I'm in love with love"  
tell her then,  
stand up  
sit down,  
fall off your bike  
the classroom clown!  
And I couldn't go out today  
Didn't want to play  
"You're so lovely"  
"I can't help it!"  
strange reply  
of course you can,  
and there were fingers again burning my skin today  
of yesterday, or before  
of teenagers love in a stream  
and trickling grass  
on the beach today  
watching the white wings of a dove  
Gwen's dove of love  
Back to the painting and I'm telling the story  
And they wore tight blue jeans at the station  
I'll tell the story in pink today  
Their colours  
Splash my love pink on canvas  
"Call me the moment you get there."  
And I did  
Faithfully!  
Endings now  
"and why did they shut the door in my face?"  
I did have a vision of a fatted calf  
A sacrifice

Wouldn't you  
All that food!  
And beginnings  
"I'm writing it down, I'm writing it down"  
doing as I'm told  
to Gwen's painting  
to Chopin  
playing fast and then slow.  
Here I go, here I go  
Feet on my handlebars, arms out wide  
I'm riding my bike  
I'm wild  
Riding high  
To Gwen's painting and Chopin today.  
And now I have to tell you another story  
Shut your eyes if you don't want to listen  
I'm the storyteller today riding high on my handlebars  
The handlebars of love  
I'm Don Juan  
But she has to help me say it  
In London now  
Not the black soil of the fens  
January light in Trafalgar square  
Silver pigeons  
Feeding on ice  
Light, light, light,  
Himmelblau, himmelblau, himmelblau  
Soft white snow frost this morning  
And I'm writing it down  
Take the two white wings of a dove,  
Gwen's dove of love  
Sprinkle them with snow frost  
And you're riding on their backs  
From black soil  
To Westminster Cathedral.

#### INTERLUDE AND LUNCH WITH A FRENCHMAN.

And I danced on a sea of ice  
Took to the ice and snow

An ice-skater in the Fens today  
Gliding across white fields  
A white swan on white ice  
Gliding, gliding, gliding  
Alice in Wonderland across  
And if I could be in the fields today gliding I would  
“get it done, get it done!”  
Run, run,  
Gwen’s painting, Gwen’s painting get back to it  
Leave the frenchman at lunch talking to you  
Don’t go back tomorrow!

INTERLUDE, DARK NIGHT BUT SLEEP KISSES ME!

And now I have another story  
“take the story, tell it to a friend, why not, you’ve created it?”  
And the friends have their own stories  
reciprocal love  
chit and chat  
chit and chat  
this and that  
this and that  
tell the story to a friend  
“they took the key!”  
No “email” today  
Today, today, today,  
And last night I danced on a sea of ice  
An ice maiden on white  
White frost on black soil  
Sharp  
Hawfrost  
And I glided to a land of magic  
A landscape so beautiful  
That it tickled my feet  
Spring joy into my feet  
Glided me across sea’s  
Oceans  
Mountains  
Valleys  
And to a wood

“Juniper wood”  
in spring  
and a walk on a hilltop  
burnt gold was the colour  
trees  
sun  
and an artists gaze across landscape,  
I wrote  
They sketched  
A fox  
A game  
Playful  
And tumbles  
A chase through woods  
Juniper hill in spring  
But you can't stay there move on, move on,  
Sssssh I'm the storyteller I say when!  
And I glided on white ice today  
In the Fens  
Straight backed rivers  
Frost  
And a fireball setting sun,  
Glided across continents in my mind  
Landscapes  
And into Gwen's painting  
Gwen's heart of doves  
White doves of love  
Red, pink splashed and blue on canvas  
An ice maiden  
Gliding  
Twirling  
Dancing heaven's tunes  
And love tickles my feet  
And I'm dancing, dancing, dancing,  
Gliding between continents  
A swan with white wings  
Taking off  
With a flap so awesome  
You can't breathe  
Taking off and landing

A white fairytale  
Of tears and laughter  
“The unbearable lightness of being”  
in the snow today  
white ice toes  
frost on fingertips  
in nose  
frost – hawfrost  
covering the fens and a fireball sun.  
I can dance, I can dance, I can dance!  
Glide into your painting  
Your heart  
My feet pull away from the ground  
And my heart glides on ice  
Red with the fireball sun  
A red dripping heart  
Today in the Sun  
Come into my arms  
Dance with me today  
And their touch burnt my skin  
A fire dancing in my heart  
Gliding, twirling, swirling  
And I’m dancing in my heart  
Gliding, twirling, swirling  
And I’m dancing with you now  
See you have my hand  
Round and round we go  
Ice maidens on snow  
Have I met you before?  
Perhaps  
Which kingdom  
Animal, mineral or vegetable?  
Where do you come from  
Could I help you find your heart  
Broken  
Two halves now  
Disconnected  
With a silver thread running through?  
Here I can join your hearts  
Place them in the palms of your departed lover

Join kingdoms  
Entwine your love and mine  
Are you crying now?  
You should be  
I am  
And holding onto the hands of love today  
I'll glide you round  
Kingdoms  
Take you over the valleys and hills  
Down slopes  
Through mud  
Flying in a Peter Pan world with the angels?  
And if you want characters, I've told you I can't give them  
They don't matter  
They've never mattered  
Just hearts  
And a fireball setting sun  
Won't  
Shan't  
Can't  
Stomp feet.  
I'll glide you instead across kingdoms  
Come  
Over rooftops  
To enable you to stare at humanities gaze  
Humanities stars  
Of you and me in the sky  
And I found my heart today in a gaze in the Fens  
In Gwen's painting  
Not a prune stone  
Bill's gramophone  
But a dripping red heart with blood  
A wild heart  
That can fly  
And cry  
Love  
Laugh  
A wild heart of the earth  
With white fairy wings  
"let me go

“let me go  
“let me go”  
I hear you beg  
Or was that what I asked you?  
“come back,  
“come back,  
“come back,” you plead  
a wild heart  
leaping, dancing, crying  
an ice-maiden flying through the  
Fen landscape  
Hearts to one come home  
White doves of love  
Beauty in colour  
Only beauty in colour  
My blonde sister  
And friends  
Beauty in colour  
“Joseph’s coat of many colours”  
in my heart today  
gliding on ice,  
I tripped over my heart,  
Fell  
Well what did you expect?  
Gwen’s white doves of love  
Her party  
Her colours  
Her landscape  
Close your eyes if you don’t want to listen  
.....  
“and didn’t the lovers entwine on a bed  
feel the flesh of another burn their skin  
join as one not two  
on their bed today  
did their fingers explore the passages of love  
the chapter headings of beginnings and endings?  
Dip their toes in mud  
And their fingers in blood  
The touch of the skin  
You on me

Me on you  
And in that beauty entwined on the bed today  
Did the lovers find bliss?  
(No characters only hearts)  
did their fingers excite at another's skin,  
try and please  
and delight  
did the passages of the body  
open the passages of the mind  
Take you to the landscape of kingdom come?  
Wild berries red  
And the fruits of our loving?  
Did angels join in your making of love  
Did they help you to create joy today  
And when the flow of love stopped  
Could you not bear to part your skins?  
Keeping them together  
Did you stick to the other?  
Tell me  
Trust me  
I'm a lover too.  
A mother  
And when we created our children  
I flew into the wings of love with a dove  
Gwen's dove of love  
And angels gave them yellow hair  
And when your mouth let  
Finally  
Yours skins part  
Did the separation hurt?  
Burn your skin  
Your tongue  
For more

Red berries  
Opening  
On black  
A hawthorn hedge in winter.

And if through your skin in bed  
I touched spirits today  
Felt the white doves of love  
Gwen's doves of love  
Fly between us  
May I ask if I could beg for more  
(Why not if pleading helps, wouldn't you?)  
the lovers exhausted on the bed now  
head to toe  
toe to head  
exchanging gifts  
and if my fingers explored  
felt Joseph's coat of many colours  
in your skin today  
your heart  
may I touch you again?

INTERLUDE

I know you don't like the break but I have to travel  
On the bus now  
I'm Don Juan  
Don Juan flying on ice  
A dangerous character avoid me at all costs  
Love  
White doves of love  
Gwen's story.

INTERLUDE

More thoughts, more breaks  
Should I have rung?  
But I met the Frenchman again for lunch  
Wait  
No I didn't  
Yes I did  
Stories  
And how you tell them  
Love has no ending

“Auden”  
just more beginnings.

### Gwen’s story Act 2:

The lovers felt confident they could cope but really they were stranded  
Out of their depth

In love

“Not waving but drowning”

on their island of love  
the white wings of a dove

Gwen’s dove of love

and the lovers

thought

they were safe on their island as lovers do

“100 years of solitude”

“Love in the time of cholera”

on a boat gliding from island to island

sailing from coast to coast

I remember now

And as they sailed from island to island their love became more explicit

On the white waves they met a seal and played

Two women on a island stranded

But I told you gender doesn’t matter

Red, pink and blue

The colours of love

Gwen’s colours

“It’s fun, it’s fun”,

“but it will hurt soon”

take care lovers I can see you out there take care, take care

and as they sailed from island to island

together

entwined

in their boat

yellow hat

yellow coat

black boots

“they look ridiculous”

“yes, but lovers do”

you can always tell lovers  
too little, too late,  
they have a scent about them  
a look  
love  
and on the white sands of the hot island their boat turned over  
their balance lost  
the lovers swam to the shore  
“not waving but drowning”  
“hands up, bottom down”  
“clinging to the wreckage”  
and did they reach the shore?  
You can see their sandals washed up on the shoreline  
Toeless  
Half a shoe  
After you have loved only one foot ever reaches the shore  
The other stays with your lover  
They’re allowed to keep it  
tradition  
and when you find the other shoe that fits  
“Cinderella”  
The prince did  
You know that half of you has been returned  
The reward of love  
Of trying to love  
It’s never worth not doing it again  
Falling  
Over yourself  
Over them  
Him or her I told you it just doesn’t matter  
Wise up will you  
I urge you to try it  
What?  
LOVE  
On a sandy shore  
On a beach  
In a cove  
With your lover  
On a boat sailing from ocean to ocean  
Your body flowing into the white waves

“But I asked her to stay”  
And she left  
And my body flowed out with the tide too  
Until a seal swam back  
And I undressed on the beach  
Swam naked alone with the seal  
On my back  
On its front  
Felt divine  
Sand in my toes  
No clothes  
And swimming with my lover the seal in an ocean today  
On a beach  
Complete  
Complete  
Complete  
Two of me  
Not one  
Two of me  
Not one  
What fun  
And the two became one again  
Yes it is possible  
To leave your body and come back  
Find your clothes waiting on the shore for your return  
Feel the two halves of you join again  
Step in and out of yourself  
You could do it  
Impossible?  
You just haven’t tried  
Find your shadow  
step in and out, in and out, see two of you!  
Get in touch  
With the ocean  
The seal  
The sand  
Yourself  
And swim and play today, swim and play, swim and play, in the wild, wild  
ocean  
And now I have to tell you the lovers are fighting

Sad, sad, tears  
More kisses  
More oceans of tears  
Wars of fighting  
Biffing and bashing  
One then the other  
Bruises and shields  
Battles  
“the Charge of the Light Brigade”  
down a valley to their certain death  
and spectators finely dressed on the top  
that’s where spectators belong  
on the top  
not in the battle  
cowardly they don’t get involved just watch  
and we all know the spectators of love  
our friends  
our storytellers  
“tell him then, go on”  
“leave her”  
“did she do that”  
friends and lovers  
and the lovers become friends  
and the friends lovers  
you know the stories  
no more, no more  
I needn’t say more  
Red, pink and blue on canvas  
Gwen’s canvas  
White doves of love in the air today  
And I want to tell you of the lovers now their hearts still beating  
They couldn’t wait to get to the other  
Their island  
Their wet doves nest  
Laugh and cry  
The lovers white nest of love  
Doves feathers  
Gwen’s doves of love  
A white heart  
Turned red, pink and blue on canvas

What more could they do?  
But nest together  
Rest  
Love  
Play with seals  
Love and play  
Their hearts are beating and they're kissing now, soft, soft downy white  
kisses that fall from their lips  
And all lips are kissed  
Lips touching lips  
And lips touching lips  
Lovers kisses inside out  
On the bed today our lovers are drowning  
In fluids  
The soft juice of the other  
Our lovers can't swim, they can't see the tide turning and the sea growing  
angry  
"look out there's a wave"  
"Women overboard!"  
their raft afloat  
they clung to the wreckage  
Wouldn't you?  
Swim lovers, swim lover, swim  
We want love to succeed  
We want them to make the shore  
But their raft was awash in angry sea's  
"love me more, love me more"  
but the wind and the tide turned  
cruel wind, cruel tide  
and the seal swam out to another island left them alone, adrift  
and a seagull squawked overhead  
glided, surfed on the wind  
seagull swim, seagull swim  
but the raft is now stranded on the beach  
wreckage  
and the lovers apart  
legs together now  
no more kisses  
and you wanted the lovers to win?  
We do, we do and they did, they did,

They didn't stop loving,  
I want to tell you of the lovers now  
Their heart is still beating  
They still have kisses  
Don't be sad  
No tears  
No tears  
The lovers still have kisses  
Their kisses can fly  
From me to you  
Weeping emotion over the ocean their tears formed a black cloud  
Global warming overhead  
Who'd want to be a scientist  
Why believe in science  
When there's love  
Love made the world  
And love is good  
On day one love made one lover  
On day two love made two lovers  
Until by the end of the year there were 365  
And they went forth and multiplied  
I told you the lovers won  
"no more tears, no more tears the lovers won2  
brave hearts  
try it, try it again love  
thing one  
thing two  
mothers  
dads  
the lovers one!  
And I'm crying now, real tears  
For thing one  
And thing two  
If you'd "come out"  
You'd cry  
Tears to the ocean flow for thing one and thing two  
Brave lovers  
Wings of a dove  
Love  
Gwen's red, pink and white on blue canvas

Gwen's love  
Gwen's heart still beating  
And I can't stop crying  
Tears falling  
Of love  
"the End of the Affair"  
and look to the painting for the beating heart sill  
the book for the end  
the painting for life  
for love  
Gwen's heart  
On canvas  
Dripping red blood  
The blood of the lovers  
Today.  
And then she kissed me.

INTERLUDE AND DARK NIGHTS WASH ME AWAY

The White wings of a dove  
Gwen's Doves of Love  
The white heart  
Still beating  
"And You've got it bad"  
LOVE  
"It was the fens, the fens, the light"  
the ice on the landscape  
the setting fireball sun  
carrying me away on a sea of my dreams  
a trickling steam  
the lovers now are by a stream of water playing with twigs  
thud thump, thud thump. Their boots in the mud  
lovers carried away in love  
walking, talking  
safe on their island of dreams  
of landscape and loving  
and they kept walking and talking  
and they moved from one island of love to another  
our lovers are in reed beds talking to birds  
making bird calls to the river  
tall reeds behind a forest of brown

angry sea waves, white surf in front  
and they're holding on to one another  
January ice cold and it doesn't mater  
July sea and sand and wet toes  
The lovers hold on to love  
The other  
And they play  
Shadow spotting, picking up treasures  
Crab and shells  
And listening to the wind  
And now the loves are in one of the most treasured spots of all  
A sand dune in Ireland, the West coast and wild, wild sea's  
Could they be happier "no  
The white wings of dove  
Gwen's  
Doves of love  
Have visited them  
Today, today, today, nothing more  
And now the lovers are round the corner further down the coast  
Walking in hot sun  
Swimming naked  
With seals  
Playing  
And resting in one another  
Wild sea surf kisses on sand  
Holding  
Holding  
Holding on  
Falling  
Falling  
Falling  
Ever more into their island  
of crabs and shells and seaweed  
And the lovers stroll over hills  
Through bracken valleys and heather  
And are camping at lakes edge  
And falling through cattle gates after fine wine and good food  
And then up a mountain  
Wind and rain and bird calls  
Eagles and doves

Gwen's doves of love  
see the doves are above their heads  
dove island  
and they fall back into one another's arms into purple heather  
and mountain flowers  
they can name every one  
they can find a firm foot on the ragged paths  
and when they fall the other catches  
them  
the two are one  
in love  
and the lovers thought they were confident on their island  
safe sailing from place to place  
"Love in the time of cholera"  
that ended happily  
but our lovers do not  
hold your tears wait there's more  
the lovers felt confident they could cope with the tide's but really they were  
stranded  
the stones, shells and crabs in their pockets didn't save them  
in love a family history  
in Walberswick  
a marsh so old  
the spirits of the earth in their walking boots that day  
ice on the ground  
and still their love overwhelmed them

they were on their island with the white doves of love  
and "yes"  
they were cooing  
wouldn't you?  
Coo, coo, coo, coo, too  
And now the loves are fighting  
They can't part  
Tear themselves away  
So they fight  
Biff and bash  
One another  
They go home and slam the door

One leaves the other  
It doesn't matter which  
The door shut  
It hurts, and hurts, and hurts and hurts  
The pain is a constant  
A tear in the eye  
Today, tomorrow, yesterday  
Tears in the eyes  
And holes in their side  
Sad lovers now drifting in their minds between continents and the other  
"They won't come back"  
"They won't come back"  
"They won't come back"  
Such love  
Wild and sea salted  
Tender and bliss  
The lovers are on their raft adrift  
"clinging to the wreckage"  
adrift  
"I want them back"  
"I want them back"  
"I want them back"  
but they don't come  
and now the loves are fighting  
wars and battles  
"don't give up"  
"don't give up"  
"don't give up"  
their heart is still beating  
tears don't stop the beating heart  
not today, not tomorrow not yesterday  
and we are talking of hearts  
Gwen's heart  
Gwen's white doves of love  
Red, blue and white on canvas  
A rock  
Rock steady heart  
Their hearts are beating still  
He kisses her  
She kisses him

Lost?  
I told you the gender doesn't matter only the hearts  
Pay attention  
They're learning to kiss again  
For now the lovers are sorry  
Of how their love destroyed the other  
Sorry for what their loving has done  
Wars and battles and conquests  
They never meant to hurt  
The other  
Themselves  
But love most surely does hurt today  
Here put your hand on my chest and feel it too  
"And my guineapig died and my cat fell over, and my gran and my mum  
and my dad  
and my lover and my husband and my wife"  
on my chest today you can feel the pain of the lovers  
the hollow  
the cave of empty tears  
and no more laughter  
and now the lovers are sorry  
holding the white doves of love  
Gwen's doves  
In their hands  
And stroking their downy feathers  
White  
As they gaze at the beauty of the day  
Far out and land away  
The light brings them back to life  
Warms their now cold hearts  
Tick tock, tic tock,  
Makes it beat to the tune of the land  
Of creative joy  
And spirit  
And our lovers hearts are still lost in memories  
Captured in the glory of the day  
"It's sunny today  
We'll go out to play"  
And they do, and they will and they can again  
Play

Play  
 Play  
 Of the lovers, the others, one, two, three and four it matters little  
     Of love it matters a lot  
     Still holding on to the wreckage of love  
         They can't let go  
     And sail away to other island dreams  
         To other loves  
     Taking the other with them  
 And I told you our lovers can't part so they're fighting  
     It's true they can't stop  
         Loving  
         Wars and battles  
 They've given their hearts so now they'll put up a fight  
     One fist then the other  
     And they won't let go of their raft  
 Of their adventures from island to island  
     So they fight  
     And it's hot and it's cold  
     It's wet and it's windy  
         It's sunny  
     The stars are out tonight  
     And our lovers gaze to their love  
 Hoping to still find them there safely  
     I gazed to my love tonight  
         To heaven bright  
     Put on my wings and flew to their arms  
         Open still for me  
 The lovers secretly keep their arms open for the other  
     Wide, wide, wide  
     Hoping for their return  
     "I know this story, I know the chapter headings"  
     No more pain, no more pain, no more pain,  
 "but my rabbit's gone, my aunt my gran, gone, gone, gone"  
     sunk into the ocean  
     stars now every one  
     and it took two hours for the flowers to arrive  
         at the door  
 hoping the petals would ease the pain the sender wrote their name on the  
     card in black ink

and signed their love away,  
handed it to the other  
for their collection  
“tumble off your perch, tumble off your perch”  
down, down, down, Alice in Wonderland  
to the ground  
and the lovers now have closed their open arms  
they look for a go between  
but all have vanished  
will the bird on the branch send the message to the other?  
In it's shrill cry  
Will the nightingale sing  
In May  
For them again  
At the gate  
And the loves shut their arms, locked tight  
They sit through the long, long days of loving and longing  
I know this story,  
I know the chapter headings again  
Sit and wait, sit and wait, sit and wait  
Watch the tide  
The sand the surf  
The gorse, the bracken, the heater  
The birds, the sun and the stars  
For the return of the other  
But sun drenched and still dripping today  
The sheer beauty of the January millennium day this two-thousand  
captured their soul  
A bird flew through them  
Pierced their fragmented broken hearts  
And put joy back  
A fireball setting sun  
Straight backed ice rivers  
Frost on black soil  
Fen frost over ice  
Cry, cry, cry your tears into the landscape  
And joy and rapture and bliss return  
The sheer wonder of the beauty of the day  
Of the creative force of nature  
Of the himmelblau, himmelblau, himmelblau

And the white doves of love  
Flew from their red dripping heart  
    Into Gwen's painting  
        Gwen's heart  
    I LOVE I LOVE I LOVE  
Red, yellow, blue, white and turquoise on canvas  
And the white doves happily settled overhead  
    Flew into the canvas and rested  
    Talked and cooed of loves return  
        Nested in the sky  
        Rested with the stars  
The white doves of love  
    Gwen's dove  
        Gwen's painting  
        Slept with me tonight  
    A star in heavens sky  
    A guiding light  
    In my bedroom tonight.

AND THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN AND THE LOVERS REST  
    IN ONE ANOTHER'S ARMS  
        **BLISS.**

### **And of love – Gwen 3**

And if I could glide you round a sea of ice  
    An ice maiden  
        On water  
    Floating in my arms  
        I would  
        If I could  
Weave for you a coat of many colours  
    Blue, white, red and pink  
        Joseph's coat  
    And place a heart on each sleeve  
        I would  
Stay up all night stitching a lining of silk  
    To wear  
        Next to your skin

I would  
 And if I could like the silk be by your side believe me I wouldn't leave  
 And if gliding round my ice rink today  
 You took it to your heart to stay  
 I'd whirl, and twirl you in my arms  
 Lift my maiden off the ice  
 Arms height above my head  
 And if I could stitch fur cuffs to your lining  
 To keep you warm on our ice rink today  
 I would  
 Quite simply, my heart wouldn't allow you to get a chill  
 I'd shoot wild boar to keep you warm  
 Live off the fat of their bellies  
 Put their head in a pickle jar  
 Safe to behold  
 And if when you're high above me on the ice  
 My kisses alone could bring you down to earth  
 Then I'd kiss each cold finger and each cold toe  
 To bring you safely to the ground  
 I would  
 And if  
 Dancing with you on ice today  
 My ice maiden  
 I could take the chill from your heart  
 Of emotions wrenched  
 Then I would  
 And if I could wish for you cotton wool snow balls to throw in jest but  
 not harm  
 I would  
 If I could take you out to play on my ice rink  
 Beckon you to my side in the Fens today  
 Then I'd have you there  
 Walking at my side  
 And if the fireball sun  
 And the twinkling stars  
 Stood as fireworks overhead  
 Remember?  
 I would walk you home to a fire in a Coachouse  
 In a snowdrop wood  
 A forest of homes delight

And birds on trees  
Red,white and blue the garden today

And if I could wish for you  
Heavens harp of gold  
Played  
Until baby tears streamed from your face  
Trickling cheek down  
With joy  
I would  
Fairies and cup cakes and cherries at your table  
Feed them to your mouth  
I would  
Gliding on ice with me to our new home  
A mountain forest in trees  
Heavens descent  
And ice-cream snow hills  
I would  
For this is an empowering dream  
A yellow dream on ice  
Take my hand and glide too  
In and out of mountains and trees  
Trickling streams  
Glide into Gwen's ocean of love  
Her red on pink heart  
Her white doves of love  
Today  
Now not later  
Hold my hand  
Icemaiden  
And I'll gather in my arms soft pine needles from below the trees  
A soft blanket for you to rest  
On  
And I'll gather in my arms  
Ancient spices from the wood flowers  
Pluck each tiny bulb head of its secrets  
And bottle them for you  
Tightly sealed  
And if I could gather the summer flower heads for you in my arms today

Maiden

Pick the petals of the wood flowers for your delight  
A sense and smell of the forest forever with you

I would

And if I could gather in my arms today

For you

Tiny wood animals, stroke their soft fluff as a carpet for your feet

I would

And if I could gather in my arms for you today

Bluebells, snowdrops, elves and pixies

And mix them as a dish for your table

To surprise and delight you

I would

Let the elves and the pixies help you with your books

Turn the pages for you

They can by magic!

I would

And if the ice maiden was in my arms today

On ice

In the Fens

White snow

Black earth

I'd create for her heavens dish

Of earth's terrors, delight and pleasures

A battle, a war, waged and lost, waged and won

A celebratory march home

A fire, a banquet a celebration

In the streets

Candles

And dinners

People dancing and singing

Mirth and joy

A twirl and a whizz on ice

We're all celebrating now

See the party you've come to?

A party of humankind

Animal, mineral and vegetable

Insects and creepy crawlies

Voles  
And mice  
And fairies  
And the wars waged now ended  
I'd declare for your delight  
A millennium of peace  
No more fighting  
The celebrations never ending  
Under the feet of the people on ice today  
Are rose petals,  
Pick them up in the palms of your hands today and smell them  
Why don't you?  
And under the feet of the people on ice today  
Are histories  
Of humankind  
Feel them through your toes  
Let the flows and ebbs of the earth take root in you  
And your feet will never tire  
Of gliding on ice with me  
And if I could gather in my arms for you today  
More sweet things of human pleasure  
Sweet dreams  
Sweet thoughts travelling through the night to your bedside  
My dreams to your bed  
A yellow dream sent through the night  
A fireball in the sky  
Delivering a message  
Then I would  
Love's poetic thoughts on paper  
Made as a model plane to fly through your window  
I would

Has it arrived yet?  
A firework of the night sky  
The stars  
Silver on blue  
Silver on black  
Silver star of the night  
Tell me of your fright?

Are you a friend of the past come to be by my side  
Take care of me from overhead  
Are you my love?  
Silver star of the night  
Tell me what you know?  
Come and sit by my side on the ground tonight  
Tell me a story  
Please  
Of loving  
Of how you are now  
And we'll chat of me too  
Silver star of the night  
Tell me of the fairies and pixies and elves  
Are they taken care of in your watching of woods  
And badgers too  
Silver star of the night  
Fall from the skies to my side  
My I place you in my pocket  
And touch you for luck  
When needed  
Silver star of the night  
Come home to me, let me see you again  
I know we met once  
Silver on black  
Silver on blue  
Silver stars  
Floating on ice above my head  
An icemaiden landscape  
To treasure  
And will the pictures that I've made for you today  
In my red heart  
Gwen's heart  
The red dripping pink, yellow and blue on canvas  
Help you to travel to fairytale land with me?  
To join my icemaiden dance of the people in the fens today  
On a day with such beauty  
Such friendship by my side  
Four children laughing  
And games played on wagons  
Would you, please, take my open palms

And dance too  
A maiden on ice  
Black earth  
White hawfrost ground  
Fireball setting sun  
Red  
Himmleblau  
In Gwen's painting too  
Gwen's doves  
Two white doves of love.

#### **Gwen 4:**

And my lovers now are trailing through wet grass,  
The wet grass of memory  
Dew on toes  
Soft, soft, feather light grass on the soles of their feet  
And their toes sparkle with the morning light  
Toes through sandals  
Dew on feet  
They're walking hand in hand  
So sweet  
And our lovers' memories now glide back to the wet grass of their feet  
Of silver birch and woods  
Of their hand in hand memories  
By streams and rivers  
And over the styles  
One leg then two  
Come we don't mind three hands put yours here too with us  
Join our chain of memories  
Be our lover too  
See we can hold you close  
Keep you reigned in too  
Join our love chain  
Walk here too  
And the lover's soft feet touch their hearts today  
Cruel pain go away  
Our feet keep it at bay  
And the lovers now are wounded

Hurt  
Soft sole moments of the feet a lifetime away  
Our loves now are wounded  
Hear their screeeeeeeeeeetch  
Their animal call from the wild  
The shrill cry of a wolf  
Hurt and limping home  
And the village lit a fire to bring the wolf in from the cold  
To capture him and make him stay  
But the wolf wandered round the village  
Looking  
Seeking  
Hoping he would find  
And his leg was hurt, bleeding red  
Red heart on canvas  
Gwen's red heart today  
Dripping raw red blood  
The blood of the injured wolf  
Paint today on canvas  
Gwen's pained wolf heart  
And the wolf did walk towards the fire  
Heat warms the broken heart  
And the fire drew him in from the cold landscape  
Lured him to others again  
But the fire burnt the wolf  
He sat too close and his fur had not fully grown back  
To cover the scars of his hurt heart  
Too ready for the heat of the fire again  
He sunk away to the woods  
To look again from afar  
And that's why, I have to tell you, wolves today are still wild  
They know the fire burns and their fur has not grown back  
They feel it in their paws  
Their wet paws of the dewy morning grass  
Even wolf's have hearts  
Even wild animals feel pain  
The hunted fox  
The hunted badger  
The hunted eagle  
The hunted owl

The vole  
 The woodlice  
 The chicken  
 The rat  
 The hunted vermin  
 Low life  
 And the hunted deer  
 High life  
 Noble animals  
 Of the woods too all hunted all game for the table  
 The fat of the land  
 The pigeon  
 The pheasant  
 The rabbit stew  
 Hunted down for you  
 Even low life  
 Even the woodlouse has a heart  
 And at the top of Gwen's painting you'll see a green splash  
 That's where the woodlouse lives hiding her heart  
 In the corner of the splash she's made a nest and it's there in Gwen's  
 painting she wants to rest  
 Woodlouse stew  
 No thank you  
 The woodlouse isn't cooking anything up for you  
 Phew! Narrow escape for the woodlouse then,  
 Move on, move on, the story has to move now  
 And we go looking for the lover  
 Even the woodlouse  
 (a device, Julian Barnes: "The history of the World in 10 ½ chapters")  
 the woodlouse  
 needs a lover too  
 and today let's sprinkle a magic potion on our lovers  
 white dust over the soles of their feet  
 so they can fly hand in hand to their dream land  
 and the lost hearts go looking for the lover, the other in their dreams  
 in the intimate places they think they might find them  
 in the holes in their body  
 the memories wrapped in tissue paper next to their skin,  
 and they search  
 high

and low  
for the lost lover  
spots of beauty, places of memory  
for their wounded hearts  
wounded animals today our lovers  
sitting forlorn on heaths on scrubland  
purple heather  
a white cliff  
a wild sea  
white waves  
just looking out beyond and over  
and the smell of the heather invades their nostrils  
brings back the smell of the other  
so they reach out to touch  
but the other isn't at their side  
are they?  
They move round to look and the other  
Tender thoughts  
Tender memories  
Tender wishes  
Is no longer there

Blank space  
To fill  
And the lovers today are looking for one another again  
For the "Intimate history of the world"  
For their feet treading in wet grass  
And dew on the soles of their feet  
And wild red foxes morning and evening  
The lovers now are apart  
Heart weep  
Heart weep  
Heart weep  
Sob a tear here wet on paper  
Sob a tear here wet on paper  
Sob a tear  
The lovers now are apart  
And I have to tell you now of more intimate histories of the world  
In no more than 10 ½ chapters

And we go looking for the lover in places we think we may find them

In woods  
And valleys  
Up mountains  
By rivers  
By streams  
In bracken  
On grass  
In heathland  
A seagulls cry  
A wild, wild sea  
A setting sun  
A full moon  
A star

We look for the lover to be by our side

Wet toes in the grass with us today

But the lover has gone

A prune heart is all that's left

The shrew has stolen the red heart

Gwen's heart

Red, red, pink, yellow and blue on canvas

Has gone missing for the first time

The heart today has no home

It's been stolen by the elves, the pixies the wolf

Bring back, bring back, bring back my heart to me, to me,

And through the many years of yearning and sobbing

Of walking cold trails for nature to return

The grass begins to grow again

A robin on a branch in a garden

An owl cries on a birch

The hooper swans fly in and out

Magnificent wing span

A black squirrel burying its nuts

And the smell of lavender in your garden

The lover returns to your heart again

Which lover

Heart one,

Heart two,

Heart three?

No matter which lover

The lover lost  
 The lover found  
 The glory  
 The bliss  
 The beauty of the day  
 A shaft of light  
 A fireball sun  
 Have returned the lover to your side  
 Walk here lover  
 On this page now  
 Make an entrance  
 A return to life  
 And we go looking for the lover in the places we think we might find them  
 We do, we do, we do,  
 Sob tear here  
 Sob tear here  
 On a dance floor  
 In a bed  
 On a walk  
 By a shop  
 In food  
 In drink  
 With our friend  
 We seek the lovers heart returned to us  
 And if I take off your gold robes and your house of fine jewels  
 And all being equal  
 Would you lover return to me  
 Would the scales balance the distance between us  
 Would all being equal the lover return  
 And if I build for you a house of fine jewels and a gold robe for your skin  
 Would you and your finery fit in my house  
 Would you rest your feet at my fireside  
 And if I chopped, chopped, chopped and made a woodcutters house for  
 you  
 That no wolf could huff and puff and blow your house down  
 Would you lover return to me  
 And the one goes looking for the other today  
 As lovers do  
 And out of the black hole of despair  
 Of searching for love

Out of the black hole of ugliness of grief today came love

I LOVE I LOVE

And out of the black hole of ugliness of hearts wrenched came love

gliding towards you on a white landscape

Playing on a wagon

Four golden children

Playful

Alive

Vibrant

Walking

Talking

Family of the fens

And a friend

Out of the black hole of ugliness came love

Gliding on white ice

Two ice maidens

Floating through time in the fens

Dancing their sobs away

They can fly our lovers today, they can fly

And if their tears fall on your head

They will be kissed by magic

Magic tears falling through the sky from them to you

There's a teardrop too in Gwen's painting

Dripping paint, just below the dripping red heart

"Beat heart, beat, come back to life, I will you to live

life over death

love again

love again

love again2

And the heart lives for hearts most of all choose to live

Wild in love

Wild in love

A family history of wild in love

White doves of love

Gwen's doves on canvas

And himmelblau

And out of the black holes of ugliness came love

And the one goes looking for the other

In the places most likely to find their hearts

The one goes looking for the other

And now I'm talking of the families heart  
     lovers too in families  
 brothers and sisters, cousins and friends  
     children  
     mothers  
     fathers  
     gran  
     and grandad  
     step this  
     and step that  
 a circle of love that surrounds our lovers  
     family love now  
 and the lovers in all walks of life go looking for their history  
     the family history of broken love  
 "we don't talk anymore, me to him, him to me  
     We don't talk"  
 And uncovering the family history under a stone today  
     We discovered, at last, we understood love  
     Family love  
     Of brothers  
     And sisters  
     And how love was born  
     Of how their love made us  
     And the loves before them  
     Woven into cloth  
 A tapestry of the family in their home  
     Fighting  
     Biffing, bashing, and forgiving,  
     A family history of broken love  
     Of our imperfections  
     Of what we did to them  
 "and I'm sorry for family, I wish I'd known you better today  
     I wish I'd understood the tragedy that begot me  
     The catastrophe I sprung out of  
 And then I'd know how much you pained your own life to have me  
     Sob family, sob for your history  
     Make amends for your wild love"  
     But you can't  
 The family history is woven now, locked into the walls for all to read  
     Place the glass to the wall and the bricks will tell you the story

Walls can you know  
Talk stories still  
You only have to listen  
Not difficult  
Just be quiet  
And listen to the stories of the house today  
Of broken hearts  
And histories  
Of slammed doors and goodbyes  
And open arms to welcome you back  
The door and the walls tell you the story  
“hurry home, hurry home and I’ll tell it to you”  
family history  
mine  
theirs  
mine  
theirs  
the history of wild hearts and daring  
why not  
why be dull  
when you can branch out  
and walking through the bracken today  
in my wild landscape  
on a fortress hill  
in purple heather  
I ran through the bracken  
Over the hill  
To the childhood fortress  
“charged”  
with my lover  
One  
Two  
Or three  
And we go looking for the lover in the places we think most we might find  
them  
And I’m happy today  
Without the lover  
Just me  
Warm sun  
Purple heather

Bracken  
Silver birch  
A crossroads  
A valley to charge across  
I'm happy in September sun  
A sea, a winds spray away  
Happy child of my walks  
Child of my heart  
Happy heart skipping  
Turning somersaults today  
If you were on my landscape  
You'd be happy to  
Come into the birchwood and look for the woodlice with me  
The voles, the foxes, the mice the secret clay pit  
So much mud as a child, so much mud  
Slide and slippery "Alice in Wonderland" down  
My heart is safe in its landscape  
At peace  
At rest  
And sob, sob tears can't hurt me  
"Quick, I'll hide, they're coming"  
three sisters with me chasing  
run  
run  
run  
to the home and the fireside  
and if you know the rock of your heart  
where it rests  
in which mountain or valley  
on which grass path  
on which cliff top  
on which birds cry  
and wild animals plantiff cry  
even the wolf in the cold  
if you know the rock of your heart  
Gwen's rock resting as base for her red heart  
If you know how to stitch a new lining to your heart through the woods  
and the smell of heather  
Then your heart can love  
I LOVE I LOVE I LOVE

Your heart can send disease, pestilence and famine away  
Believe me it can  
“bring out the dead, bring out the dead, hearts on the cart today”  
and you cry  
and your body sobs for the departed  
you are sliced in two  
not one  
“look at your heart on the butchers slab, pick it up and examine it, red still  
but bleeding, an ox heart in two”  
put the ox heart on the cart and bury it with the dead  
“bring out the dead, bring out the dead, we’ll carry them away”  
and they brought out the dead but there were more  
dead bodies on the landscape  
the cart stopped at a crossroads  
and let the wailing weep at its side, then continued its journey of love to  
the graveyard  
a homage  
a tribute to the dead  
all those crosses  
all that marble  
and statues  
and those last minutes, hours days, what did you do  
well reproach yourself it wasn’t enough was it? You should have done  
more  
“I could have, I should have, I should have done more  
it was me that killed them look at my hands, dripping in blood, I should  
have done more to revive them”  
but you couldn’t  
the tale told now  
you couldn’t  
you couldn’t have revived them  
sob tear  
sob  
Gwen’s heart on canvas her family heart with its history,  
It weeps  
Red, white and blue  
For family too  
You couldn’t have done more  
It wasn’t you  
It wasn’t you

It wasn't you  
Sob tear  
Sob  
Sob tear  
Sob  
Weep your grief away on my chest today  
Did cruel death carry off your baby  
Your son  
Your lover  
Your husband  
Your mother  
Your father  
Your sister  
Cruel death?  
“cuddles help, cuddles help, cuddles help”  
no more  
the funeral done  
the cart away  
no more of the dead and dying today  
grief in our heart lives with every moment of loving  
fun heart  
fun  
wish life into you today  
and family history taken away  
“dance heart, dance, your grief away”  
sob tear, sob  
sob tear, sob  
leave the family history on the graveyard on the cart  
the dead have gone  
and now the lovers are treading through wet grass  
“tread lovers, tread, with your sandals and toes  
place your toe on the foot of the other and love  
tumble “Alice in Wonderland” on the ground  
to the floor  
tickle my feet  
tickle my feet  
giggle, giggle, giggle  
your feet are in wet grass on the clifftops today  
a seagull cries  
a sailor is drowned

wild in love, wild in love  
 sailing in clifftops up above  
 “tumble in the heather lovers, tumble in the heather, your love done, walk  
 home in moonlight  
 hear the owl cry  
 the bird screech  
 smell autumn coming  
 run lovers, run  
 warm your wet feet  
 place them on Gwen’s red dripping ox heart  
 red, pink and blue on canvas  
 fun, fun, fun  
 and live to walk another day  
 run heart, run to the lover  
 fun, fun, fun,  
 tickle my feet, tickle my feet  
 to the beat  
 of the others  
 heart  
 Gwen’s heart in  
 Himmelblau  
 Himmelblau  
 Himmelblau  
 Heart  
 Today  
 And out of the black hole of ugliness  
 Out of the wolves plantiff wild cry  
 Came love.

**I**

**Gwen 5.**

And the lovers today are on an island.  
 Of fairy cakes, pixies, elves and fairies  
 Our lovers today are in fairyland  
 Brave hearts  
 By a pond in fairyland  
 With stepping stones over water  
 To badger holes

And foxes  
The most loved childhood terrain  
Our lovers today are in fairyland  
    Floating on ice  
Ice maidens of the snow today  
    Gliding on air  
    Across continents  
    Wild in love  
    In fairyland  
    Throwing their legs in the air  
    Necking  
Our lovers today children are in love  
    Let me tell you a history  
    A story  
    Ssssh be quiet  
Now it's Graham Swift "Waterland"  
Our lovers today are drifting back  
    To their souls  
    Their childhood landscapes  
    Of wild woods,  
    Rhododendrons  
    Pixies  
    Elves  
    Badgers  
    And foxes  
Our lovers today children are IN LOVE  
    Childhood landscape  
    love  
    Let's continue the love

.....

Our lovers today are in love  
And the pixies and elves in the woods  
    are in love too  
The badgers spring out of their holes  
The fairies dance on the stepping stones  
And the water and the fallen tree roots trickle on  
The fairies are dancing today children  
in tune to the rhythms of the lovers  
    lovers in love

run children run  
 and the fairies dance on the backs of the lovers  
     as they dance  
     the tune of one another  
         back on back  
         stuck zips  
 the lovers today children are in love  
     their hearts  
 their red dripping hearts are still thumping  
     the tune of love  
         Gwen's heart  
 Gwen's red dripping heart red, pink on canvas today  
     The brave hearts of love  
         White doves of love  
     The lovers today children are in love  
 And now I'll take you to a new landscape  
     One painting into the other  
 Gwen's heart into the fairy land of David Jones  
     A fairytale painting in a fairytale house  
     The lovers today children are in love  
 And I'm telling you their history, their Waterland of love  
     One painting into the other  
         Topsy, turvy,  
     The lovers today are in love  
 Summer sun, summer heat and stuck zips  
     Elves and pixies and fairies  
         Life underground  
         Love up  
 A David Jones painting entering your red hot Gwen heart today  
     A travel through time  
         Earth's time  
         Owls hoot  
         Monkeys swing  
         Pixies dance  
         Badgers run for cover  
         The world of the other  
     Of phantoms and ghosts  
         Valleys  
         And woods and lilies  
 And wild smells of garlic flowers under foot

Our lovers today children are in love  
     I told you  
         A family history of love  
 And can you remember the landscape of tumbledown love?  
         Can you  
         Can you  
         Of wild walks  
         And woods  
         And bluebells  
         And nightingales at gates  
         Of magic superstition created  
         “David Jones” paint on canvas  
 and can you remember that while you’re asleep they’re awake  
         the elves  
         and the pixies  
         and the shoemaker  
         can you  
         can you  
         “hush don’t wake them A is sleeping and M!”  
         young children of a wood mother and dad  
         don’t wake our children of the pixies  
         of elves  
         and badgers  
         and foxes  
         and nightingales  
 they’re reading their stories of the kingdom to which they come  
         and fairytales bid A, M, and young dark B goodnight  
         “I love you, I love you, Godbless”  
         and they may, one day, be in love by the pixie pond too  
 remember their childhood landscapes of nights wandering  
         dark in sleep  
         but the storytelling helps  
         and to tell you now the story of adultcome  
         is sheer bliss  
 “do you know how I’ve got here, do you know the parts of my body I’ve  
         cut-off to bring this tale to you?”  
         Well you should  
         My swollen eyes will show you  
         Raw red tonight  
 And if children I ask you as Pied Piper now to follow my flute playing to

the land of pixie wood  
 Would you come too?  
 Or take you to David Jones Fairytale land  
 A land you can't trust by day  
 By night any manner of things maybe revealed to you  
 By night, by night, any manner of things maybe revealed to you  
 The pixies dance in a ring  
 The fairies fly with their transparent wands above  
 The elves make light work of their shoe making  
 And the beast turns to a beauty with a kiss  
 It can happen children  
 In the woods today  
 Tonight  
 Fairytales  
 Put out the light!  
 Not yet, not yet, don't go  
 "I'll miss you so"  
 don't put out the light on our painting tonight  
 Gwen's heart  
 The white doves of love on her canvas  
 And David Jones shining through her canvas of love  
 Red, pink dripping heart tonight  
 And our fairies won't stop dancing  
 Won't stop encouraging our love tonight  
 They wave wands at our side  
 Dreams flow of bliss  
 And if the fairies in the landscape tonight children  
 Tell you of my family history  
 "wild in love, wild in love"  
 then can I ask you to keep my secret  
 safe  
 in your story book  
 on your pillow  
 can I ask you not to tell my secret  
 of inner worlds trod  
 can I ask you not to tell of my indiscretions of tumble down love  
 blow out your lamps now  
 put the story book away  
 I've told you of love  
 Of a grown up day

And the lovers today are still loving  
 "I hear you ask what of the lovers today"  
 the lovers children are still in love  
 with pixies and elves and walks and fairytales  
 of a white landscape  
 ice on black fen soil  
 icemaids dancing through time  
 the icemaids today children  
 are in love  
 dancing, floating, gliding on ice  
 four children on a wagon  
 a fireball setting sun  
 four children on a wagon  
 and our lovers children are still having fun  
 in "Waterland"  
 in the Fens  
 on this January confessional day  
 Gwen's painting  
 Gwen's heart  
 Gliding worlds into worlds  
 "Wild in Love"  
 "Wild in Love"  
 the lovers today are in love  
 and gliding on ice with David Jones Fairytale land  
 the elves and the pixies  
 the undergrowth and the scrub  
 finds our lovers still in love  
 white doves of love  
 Gwen's doves  
**White hearts on canvas today.**

## Gwen 6

CURTAINS UP, CURTAINS DOWN: Of elves, pixies and fairies.

And our lovers today are in love  
 Not the frenchman in the café  
 Or the lovers on our floating island  
 Or our lovers in the fens

In heaven's landscape today  
A rainbow is born  
Himmleblau  
Himmleblau  
In love, in love, in love,  
With childhood  
With fairies and pixies and elves  
And stepping stones  
And water  
And magic woods  
And magic ponds  
Of pixie pond  
A secret place  
Etched into the hearts of the four sisters  
Today, today, today our sisters are in love  
Skipping  
Stepping over stones  
Giant strides for little girls  
And be careful they might fall  
And some days do  
Wet home to mother  
And they want to share this fairytale wood with you  
Rhododendrons  
Badger holes  
Foxes  
Wild flowers  
And pine needle smells from the furs  
Chestnuts too  
And squirrels, wood squirrels picking up the nuts  
Munch, munch in their jaws  
Sharp teeth pick away  
And in the autumn run to hide the nuts, bury them under the trees  
And pixie pond shares its secret with our four sisters today  
A fairy rises up from the water waves her wand  
And covers our sisters with magic dust for life  
Four magic sisters from a magic landscape  
Pixie pond has worked its magic on our sisters  
As they hop and glide and play "dare" over the stones  
From one side to the other they tread over this giant pond  
Peering down the badger hole for badger to appear

He never does  
So they plan a night watch  
Not morning, they don't want to get up  
But in turns, by rota they plan their badger watch  
Lying in wait  
“and did you know I had three sisters  
first, one, then two, then three,  
and every night before I went to bed I kissed my sisters  
first one, then two, then three,  
goodnight  
and did you know  
that now I need your kisses too”  
a poem to a lover written on a rainbow wing once  
years don't count,  
nor months,  
nor days  
in fairyland  
in the magic of the mind time glides by and past  
present, future  
time glides  
of no consequence whatsoever  
why?  
Have you ever sat on a fairy wing?  
I have  
And flown with her across the tree tops  
I have  
So there  
My fairies in their woods  
My fairy  
Carries me away, away with the fairies  
We sit on top of the fur tree  
My sister tries to climb  
I've flown there beaten her in the race  
I'm at the top of the giant fur tree now  
She's not  
So there!  
I wait at the top with my fairy  
Carried away  
For the fen rainbow to appear  
And it does

And the fairy and I talk about this and that, that and this,  
     Chit and chat,  
     Chat and chit,  
     The fairy and I talking, talking, talking,  
     Because that's what fairies do, talk to you  
 That's why they sit on your pillow at night, in one corner  
     To listen to your sweet dreams your fright  
     Fairytale, fairytale, fairytale,  
     I'm telling you fairytale  
     The fairy is the source of all stories  
 That's how they travel in the night in your dreams  
     Sleep was made for fairies  
     To put their spin on their story  
 "No, no, you say, stop, not fairies on message!"  
     this is a modern fairytale so I won't  
     a nonsense poem  
     nonsense, nonsense, nonsense,  
     splish and splash  
     biff and bash  
     more nonsense in my poem  
     but trust me  
     my story is true  
 the fairy in the corner of the pillow now sprinkles dust on the eyes of our  
     four sisters all in one bed  
     fairy dust sprinkled on their lids  
     they drift into the rainbow  
     sleep of red, white and blue  
     gliding on the wings of a fairy  
     a tale  
     from me to you  
 and the fairy and the young sister now are airborne together  
     sailing on their rainbow ship  
 "row fairy row, paddle your rainbow across skies, across continents and  
     into the stars"  
     and in star land the fairy is happy now  
     telling her tale to the young sister  
     and this is the fairies tale  
     the fairy from pixie pond  
     this is her tale  
     her adventures of love

the fairy puts her wand down  
on the rainbow she's safe, she doesn't need it  
and the sister is her friend  
chit and chat  
chit and chat  
this and that  
this and that  
the fairy likes talking to the young sister  
she breaks her silence to tell her story of solitude in the woods  
living in pine needles  
eating meals with the badger down his hole  
the fairy breaks her silence to tell of her adventures out  
into the sky on the rainbow cloud of pink, white and blue  
Gwen's canvas too  
Gwen's doves  
Two white doves of love  
And see them flying onto our fairy ark today  
The two white doves,  
Gwen's doves of love  
The fairy and the young sister  
Here they are gliding through the stars  
And the young sister has the wand  
A great honour in fairy land  
And she waves it, time and time again in a circle above her head  
And the rainbow flies faster, faster, faster through the skies  
And the young sister,  
The magic sister  
Waves her wand ever more  
And the rainbow now can circle the world in 10 ½ chapters  
She can see the history of the world from her great height  
And she's not going to fall, she's not going to fall, she's not going to fall  
"fairy overboard, take fright!"  
the fairy rests her head on her transparent paper-thin wings, straightens  
her dress and begins to rest  
fairies sleep too, fairies sleep too  
they don't just watch over me and you  
the white doves  
Gwen's doves  
Fly on and off the flying rainbow star bound  
"and I gazed at the stars tonight"

in love of you”  
and the star gazer looked up and saw the rainbow whizzing overhead  
twirl and whirl  
whizz and fizz  
“a shooting star, a shooting star,” she rushed in to proclaim  
and so it was  
the shooting star got its name  
and fairy dust fell on the star gazer tonight  
fairy light, fairy light, fairy light  
in the stars tonight  
“it shot through the stars, and look at the dust” our gazer exclaimed  
and that’s how the shooting star was named  
nonsense, nonsense, nonsense,  
nonsense maybe  
but this is a fairytale  
a story of the magic rainbow ride  
across skies  
pink, blue and white  
glide through your windows tonight  
and this is a story of fairy love  
of how the fairy fell  
head over heels  
tripped over her wand  
into our pixie pond  
Splash!  
And that’s how they first met  
How our young sister of four pulled her out  
Tug pull, tug pull,  
Heave ho  
The fairies out of her pixie pond and being dried by a pine needle fire lit  
by the young sister borrowing matches.  
The worst thing a young girl can do  
Fairy wand,  
Fairy wand  
Fairy dust excitement  
Our young sister is in love too  
With her fairy  
Wouldn’t you?  
And once in love with a fairy  
Your heart is lost

Gwen's heart,  
Gwen's canvas  
Red splashed heart on pink  
And the young sister fell, fell, fell through fairyland in love  
And her fairy stayed in her pocket  
Close  
Holding her hand  
She never went to school without her fairy wand  
Would you?  
And the fairies love grew and grew  
For the young sister  
Separated by worlds  
Gliding together only at night on their rainbow  
In their dreams  
Their sweet dreams of love  
A world separated them  
Of belief and make believe  
Of tradition and custom  
Of learned minds  
Of little knowledge  
But the young sisters mind was free to travel with the fairies  
"away with the fairies"  
in fairy land tonight  
and if you've loved a fairy you'd know of the soft water rainbow tears that  
fall when you have to part  
fairies aren't safe in all worlds  
and the young sister wanted to wrap her fairy in the tissue of her heart  
up her sleeve  
in her pocket  
a secret fairy  
from a secret pine needle pixie pond wood  
and by day the fairy flew away  
by night she sat on her pillow  
and together they'd journey on their rainbow through the stars  
faster and faster waving their wand  
tonight  
travelling by the light of the stars  
fairy head on hands  
sister conducting  
a symphony

look the stars are dancing too  
changing shape and colour  
formations  
contours  
the stars can dance the fairytale  
tell the story in the sky  
“Which star were you born under?”  
tell the characters of those born  
a fairy tale of horoscopes  
gliding down to land in the fur tree wood today under the giant pine  
buried by the squirrels  
is your star sign  
brought to earth by the messenger of your birth  
the fairy on the rainbow and the young sister  
magic created the bond between them  
strange magic from the stars  
and now the twins  
the two sisters  
can tell their story too  
the story of me and you  
but in the stars at night  
they prefer their flight  
rainbow journey at great height  
don't take fright  
you can journey too  
in Gwen's heart  
her white doves of love  
will take you heaven bound through the stars tonight  
shooting overhead  
the sister and the fairy playing a symphony  
for you  
the white dove symphony of love  
Gwen's dove  
Gwen's love  
And the fairy and the sister kissed  
Fairy head on hands  
Sisters waving the wand  
And the fairy and the sister kissed  
In bliss  
Stepping over stones

At pixie pond today  
The fairy and the sister met again  
Held hands  
And never parted  
Rode on and on and one on their rainbow of love  
Playing music to the world  
Sweet, sweet music  
Peace from the stars in heaven tonight  
And the doves flew back to their landscape  
The red, pink and blue on canvas of Gwen's heart  
Our doves of love  
Are home tonight  
Coo, coo, coo, coo,  
Me too  
In love

### **Gwen 7:**

And our elves today are floating on water lilies  
Tumble down  
Tumble down  
Through oceans  
Through waves  
To the bottom of the pond  
Tumble down  
Tumble down  
To elf land  
Two elves  
Elbows on knees  
Feet on green lilies  
Floating on pixie pond  
And this is a story of love  
Gwen's love  
Gwen's doves  
Her white doves of love  
Red splashed heart on canvas today  
Tumble down  
Tumble down  
Fall over

Stand up  
Love takes me today to our elf  
In a magic spot  
A magic land  
Of badger holes and plots  
Plots to do this, plots to do that  
Plots to gang up  
With your sisters, on your sisters, plot, plot, plot  
Pixie pond is plotting landscape  
No adults can touch you here  
It's children land  
Away from mum and dad  
Aunt and uncles  
Family

Only your sisters know of this spot  
Bliss, bliss, bliss  
You and them  
Stepping over stones

And the elf sitting on his water Lilly watches them glide magic over stone

.....

Our elf is set on adventure  
And our sisters are set on plotting  
So they plot, plot, plot,  
In love, in love, in love  
Today  
Today  
Today,

The elf floats on his leaf to the skipping feet of the sisters and sprinkles  
fairydust on their toes

He does, he does, he does,  
He sprinkles fairy dust on the toes of the four sisters  
First one,  
Then two,

Then three  
Then four,

And skipping from one stone to the other they fall, fall, fall,  
Tumble down,

Tumble down, tumble down  
To the ship of the ocean  
The ocean bed  
A coral reef in warm sea's

Blue sea, blonde beach and blonde sisters transported over oceans with the  
elves today on their Lilly

Two elves

Feeling naughty today

Elves are naughty

Work and hammer, work and hammer, work and hammer,

Toil and strife, toil and strike, toil and strife

This is our life, this is our life,

The life of an elf

But play today, play today with our sisters of pixie pond  
And floating with fairydust on their feet through oceans on a Lilly  
with their elves

Our sisters sing

“tickle my feet, tickle my feet, tickle my feet”  
tumble down, tumble down, fall over and laugh  
our sisters just want you to tickle their feet  
joy and bliss

joy and bliss  
joy and bliss  
tickle their feet  
our four sisters are in tumbledown land today  
sweet, sweet love  
come too, come too  
coo, coo, coo, coo,  
come too, come too,  
where elves and fairies meet  
on a coral reef  
and have you ever splashed your feet in water with a lover  
love 1  
love 2  
love 3  
have you ever splashed your toes  
so cold, so cold, so giggly warm and sweet  
your feet in water with the lovers today on a coral reef  
an island floating in the sky  
a planet amongst our stars  
a planet of blue water and blonde sea  
this is planet "Me"  
a nonsense planet of the universe  
life here is upside down  
the wrong way round  
kind  
kind  
kind  
to me  
a waterland  
of the stars  
an ocean in a galaxy  
with the sisters adventuring their life away  
"swing from the branch, swing from the branch  
Don't fall, don't fall,  
Swing from the branch, don't fall"  
And our sisters never do  
Our elves watch over them playing today  
One leap from a stepping stone and they've swung their young legs to the  
bottom of an ocean and into a universe of stars  
"watch over me, watch over me

tee he, tee he”  
and on the coral reef, on a planet in the universe  
our sisters dig in the blonde sand  
swim in the blue sea with the fishes  
fish and swim  
fish and swim  
fish and swim  
waves are rough, waves are rough, waves are rough  
waves are wet, waves are wet,  
wet waves  
rough sea’s  
and jewels to find  
sparkling stones  
on blonde sand  
jewels to find  
amber jewels  
red stones  
magic stones  
to keep in your pocket  
the magic of sisters to play, play, play with  
swing from the tree  
swing from the tree  
dive in the wave  
dive in the wave  
dig in the sand  
dig in the sand  
hide in the bracken  
make a den  
go home  
come back  
a coral island of play  
and when the moon appears in the light sky on the coral island the sisters  
know they must journey home  
the elves have watched over them  
no work for the elves today  
just play, just play, just play  
with our sisters  
“row sisters, row, you’re going home now”  
back on the Lilly the sisters eat sandwiches and cake and drink tea  
safe and snugly

home now, home now, dark is coming  
and the elves on their water Lilly with the sisters fly home  
“cover them up, cover them up, they’re sleepy now”  
the fairy dust on their shoes is now mixed with sand  
and on a ocean bed they land  
the bottom of a pond  
pixie pond  
and they venture up, up up again  
to a stepping stone  
hop, skip and hop  
hop, skip and hop  
our sisters now are going home again  
and the elves today are floating on water lilies  
they put their magic dust in their pockets  
and begin to hammer again  
bang thud, bang thus, bang thud  
our elves are burying their magic dust  
with the squirrels under a tree  
hidden in a nut shell  
the magic dust waits to be discovered  
for you to put on your shoes  
“start digging children, start digging, put magic dust on your shoes and sail  
on a water Lilly with an elf to a coral island of blue water and blonde  
sands and four sisters”  
“and did you know I had three sisters  
first one, then two, then three  
and did you know I kissed all my sisters goodnight  
first one, then two, then three”  
and our sisters are skipping across their pond  
away from their magic land  
to their cottage today  
red setting sun  
over landscape  
a fireball  
fen fireball  
their fireball hearts  
in life  
Gwen’s heart  
Gwen’s landscape  
Gwen’s red dripping heart on canvas

A sister heart  
A young heart  
A wise heart  
An old heart  
A dove  
A white dove  
Two white doves of love  
Gwen's doves  
In LOVE  
IN LOVE  
In LOVE  
Coo coo, coo coo, you too  
And one of our sisters has a white hood over her head  
A white coat and a basket  
She's little white riding hood  
Taking food and drink to her grandmother  
Over paths  
Across beachlands  
Through bracken and heather  
She arrives at the grandmothers house  
"knock, knock, knock, knock, come in, come in  
are you home"  
And the jewelled grandmother is home today  
And offers little white riding hood, food, drink and laughter  
"Merry gran, merry gran, merry gran"  
White riding hood has taken her happiness  
Her sister induced bliss  
To her grandmother to share  
tales are black  
Always black  
So sad, so sad, so sad,  
But they make you laugh, laugh, laugh,  
And skipping home with her basket empty  
White riding hood and her sister induced bliss  
Laughs and skips  
Laughs and skips, laughs and skip  
And the lovers laugh and skip too  
With you  
Holding hands  
The lovers laugh and skip too

Bringing their happiness to you  
Flying on rainbows  
Sailing on waterlilies  
Our lovers laughter leads you through the book  
Read, read, read  
More of them  
More of them  
More of our lovers  
More of hope  
More of dreams  
More gossip  
More tears  
More love  
In LOVE  
In LOVE  
IN LOVE  
With you  
Our lovers today are in love  
Through the blankets and the sheets  
Through the physical twirl and whirl of their tangled lovers bodies on the  
bed  
Our lovers today  
Have ventured today to the land with the fairies, the elves and the pixies  
And all magic  
Is theirs  
On the bed today  
No landscape denied them  
No door they can't open  
Take my hand  
Come to  
Coo, coo, coo, coo,  
Come to  
Come to  
To our land  
To the ecstasy of love on the bed  
And our elves today are floating on water lillies  
To a heart  
On a canvas  
To fen light  
Himmelblau

Himmelblau  
Pixie pond  
Ice maidens  
In Fairyland  
Today  
Today  
Today  
In time  
In time  
In time  
Two loves on ice  
Tumble down worlds  
Tumble down worlds  
Tumble down worlds  
Of love  
Red,yellow, pink and blue on canvas  
White doves  
Of love  
Gwen's doves.

### **Gwen 8.**

And never forget children  
What it's like to be in love  
Away with the fairies  
And of pixies today  
In pixie pond  
On rainbows in the sky  
On clouds of love  
Flying  
Floating  
On water lilies  
Over oceans  
And our pixie is the naughtiest of all  
He wanders here  
And he wanders there  
Playing with fairy dust  
Waving wands madly  
Ordering the lily to fly

And the pixie  
Lives with the badger  
In a hole in the ground  
Close to the woods  
Secret woods of the heart  
Gwen's heart  
Look there it darts  
Skipping Gwen heart in the sky  
Skip heart, skip, fly, fly  
To the moon to the stars  
To coral reefs  
Fly heart fly  
"wild in love, wild in love, a history of wild in love today"  
and the pixie is up to no good with his fairy dust  
he's on the first branch of a tree overhanging pixie pond  
legs dangling over wood  
he doesn't need to hold on he has a perfect sense of balance  
for "he" read "she"  
it really doesn't matter  
our pixie can see from afar  
she can watch  
over waters  
over lands  
over horizons  
to wide oceans away  
wide oceans away  
wide oceans away  
landscapes of the mind  
landscapes of the mind  
today  
our pixie too children is in love  
the four sisters are on their stepping stones  
"wild in love, wild in love, wild in love"  
our sisters today are on their stepping stones  
over moons  
in the stars  
away with the fairies  
gambling  
over grass  
over hills

in holes in the ground  
in clay  
on mud  
up trees  
charging over hills  
walking in silver birch woods  
at a crossroads  
looking at the setting sun  
the moonlight take them home  
to a fire  
to food  
to love  
and stories  
and piggybacks  
and love  
and the pixie comes too  
home from pixie pond  
with the four sisters  
in love  
in love  
in love  
with a heart  
on the wall  
on a canvas  
the pixie goes to school with the third sister  
but there were really more sisters  
children  
there were more sisters  
and the pixie came to school with the third sister  
to help her fight her sister battles  
to stop  
sad sister tales too  
of loss and leaving and grieving  
sad sister tales  
of love  
and the pixie and the third sister in the classroom today  
don't want to be there away, away  
third sister tricks  
she doesn't have to think  
away, away with the fairies today

the pixie sits on her desk and stops those teacher tricks  
let me tell them to you  
“are you sitting comfortably?”  
teacher trick to get you to listen  
you don’t have to  
“now we’ll begin”  
block your ears, block your ears, shut them tight  
baton down the hatches tonight  
the teacher will make you listen  
take fright  
teacher trick, teacher trick, teacher trick another one coming your way  
“Once upon a time”  
there never was a once upon a time  
the times in your mind  
make them go, make them go  
wish, wash away with so and so  
thing one, and thing two  
me not you,  
wash those teacher thoughts away  
and let the pixie play, let the pixie play  
the story begins with the pixie today  
pull a chicken wish-bone and you’ll find him in your pocket  
she’ll sit next to you  
and the pixie is a clown she can make you laugh  
fool around, fall over, stand up  
the pixie is a clown  
and the pixie is a storyteller  
your own once upon a time  
not the teacher  
and the pixie is a friend  
in your pocket  
a kind snuggle to touch  
and the pixie runs ahead of you sprinkling her fairy dust, waving her wand  
floating on a rainbow  
sailing on a water lily  
to a planet of stars  
the pixie is love  
your treasure  
your jewel  
your gift

place the pixie in the hurt places of the heart  
     Gwen's heart  
     Red, pink and blue on canvas  
     Place the pixie near the damage  
 The bits of cruel flesh the lover took with you  
     Place the pixie  
 In the pockets of love that lay hidden in your flesh  
     Place the pixie next to you  
     Unwrap the tissue paper  
 The treasured place where you keep the lovers memory deep  
     Unwrap the tissue paper and let the pixie in  
     She'll wave her magic wand today  
     Sprinkle fairy dust over the dents  
     Wish a wish  
     Splash some paint  
     Mix and stir  
     Mix and stir  
     Mix and stir  
 The pixie is now in the most tender pockets of your love  
     The most treasured places  
     The jewel the crown  
     Of your lovers love  
 And the pixie sits comfortably in tissue paper  
 She can be quiet you know she can, she can, she can  
     And with magic at her side in a bottle today  
     From the stung skin  
     The pixie created love  
 Sweet thoughts come through from me to you  
     Sweet thoughts of love  
     Today  
 Pixie dust love on a canvas  
     Pixie dust love  
     Pixie dust love  
 And the pixie has a trick  
 And she can tell it to you  
     The pixie has a trick  
 She can make you laugh  
 Kitzelt mich in der nase  
 Kitzelt mich in der nase  
 Kitzelt mich in der nase

The pixie can make your nose tickle  
And if your nose tickles you have to laugh

Are you

Kitzlig

Kitzlig

Kitzlig?

I hope so, I hope so, I hope so

Kitzlig ju

Kitzlig ju

Kitzlig ju

Pixie dust

Pixie dust

In your nose

Don Juan

Don Juan

Don Juan

The pixie is in love

Paul this story is for you

And when Gwen's red heart

Dripping on pink

Beats on the canvas today

Himmelblau

Himmelblau

himmelblau

I give the pixie to you

I wish my pixie

My treasured spot onto the canvas too

See there it is for you

A green splash of paint at the top

My green pixie

Himmelblau

Himmelblau

Himmelblau

In the sky for you

Green splash

Green flash

A treasured jewel of my heart

Given to you

And when the lover's love is done

And the pixie sits close to you

A pocket jewel of my heart for you  
And you feel again the beat of your heart  
Red, pink and blue on canvas today

The white doves of love

Gwen's doves

Overhead

Herzschlag

Herzschlag

Herzschlag

Herz

Herz

Herz

Don Juan

Don Juan

Don Juan

Skating on ice today in the fens

An ice maiden at your side

Gliding across continents

A twinkling star in the sky

The lovers eye

The lovers gaze from the galaxy

Act

Jetzt

Jetzt

Jetzt

Today

IN LOVE

With stepping stones

Leaping, hoping heart in mouth

Girl bound, girl bound, girl bound

sisters

Heart in mouth

Fearless

Step one

Step two

Step three

Step four

Step five

Step six

Stepping stones leapt across

Skipping, hoping on one leg now  
See look, see look, see look,  
At me  
Leaping  
Stepping stone bound  
With my pixie at my side  
Come too  
Come too  
Come too  
Coo coo, coo coo,  
Come too  
And the sisters come back  
Many years forgotten  
A hidden place of the heart  
A hidden jewel  
And now the sisters' children are here too  
Years pass  
They do, they do, they do  
Lovers hearts  
Years pass  
Children bringing children  
To their heart  
In woods  
Secret bushes  
Pink flowers  
Fairies, elves and pixie pond hearts  
Badger holes  
Blonde places of the heart  
Of love, of love, of lovers  
The lovers in love  
With three blonde creatures  
Creatures of loves creation  
lovers on the bed tonight  
in love  
tangled and bound  
in bodies one  
Child one  
Child two  
Child three  
The third sister

Has three of her own  
 Loves creations  
 Tangled bodies on the bed today  
 On stepping stones too  
 Adventuring at pixie pond  
 Stepping with sisters and brother  
 Playing the same childhood games with her loves  
 Her cuddles, and snuggles  
 Child one  
 Child two  
 Child three  
 Gifts of love  
 Buried treasures of the heart  
 Fond places  
 Leaping, stepping with sisters and brother  
 Stepping stone hearts  
 White doves  
 Of love  
 Gwen's doves  
 Jewelled heart  
 Open heart of family and friends  
 Love of them of you  
 Loving us  
 Herz  
 Herz  
 Herz  
 Don Juan  
 Don Juan  
 Don Juan  
 Floating in a himmelblau sky with an ice maiden  
 Star bound today  
 With your pixie in your pocket  
 In tissue paper wrapped in tender love vallies  
 Herzsclag  
 Herzsclag  
 herzsclag  
 my pixie  
 my jewel is there for you  
 pixie pond heart  
 green splash on himmelblau

my pixie  
today  
in the painting for you  
my jewel my heart there too  
a white dove of love  
Gwen's doves  
Coo, coo, coo, coo,  
Paint splashed on canvas  
A lovers gaze  
Red, pink and blue heart  
Gwen's heart  
Himmelblau  
Himmelblau  
Himmelblau  
Blown with a kiss  
A pixie on the wind  
A fairy on a rainbow  
An elf on a lilley  
To you  
Fee, die kobold  
Fee, die Kobold  
Fee, die Kobold  
Kitzelt mich in der nase  
Kitzelt mich in der nase  
Kitzelt mich in der nase  
A pixie in your pocket  
A pixie in your heart  
A jewelled dove of love  
Gwen's white dove  
Skipping red heart  
An ice maiden of the fens  
Dancing  
In my shoes today  
Don Juan, Don Juan, Don Juan  
Join us  
Gwen  
Fee, die Kobold  
And you  
Join our dance  
Come too

Coo coo, coo coo,  
Coo coo, coo coo  
White dove hearts  
    We too  
Kiss splashed canvas  
Kiss splashed canvas  
Kiss splashed canvas  
    Coo coo, coo coo,  
    Coo coo  
White dove hearts  
    We too  
Coooooooooooooooooooo  
Coooooooooooooooooooo.

### **Gwen 9.**

A morning sun rises in the East exciting my waking dreams, to light I  
    awake.

And did you think the story would stop  
With fairies, pixies and elves?  
    Not, not, not, not  
The story won't stop  
    Walk and talk  
    Walk and talk  
The story won't stop  
When the floodgates open  
When the dam bursts  
The story won't stop  
    River of story  
    Sea of dreams  
Floating on a waterlily today  
The story is hidden on water  
    Cascading  
    Flowing  
    Down  
    Down  
    Down  
Tumble down thoughts today

The story won't stop  
 Loving  
 Carries me away  
 And I've put my story in the waterlily  
 To float downstream to you  
 Pooh sticks it's stormy  
 But the story sails on  
 On tides across oceans the story sails on  
 Past reed beds  
 Round snake corners  
 Through winds  
 Wiping round sailing cloth  
 Snake story to the sea's edge past river estuary and out to sea  
 "sail story sail, sail story sail"  
 and wind out to sea  
 the story blows north easterly today, the story blows north easterly today  
 sail story sail, wind rage, wind rage, sail story sail, wind rage  
 blow, blow, blow our story out to sea  
 and the story does sail on  
 can you hear a bird cry?  
 The grey white seagull of the north sea  
 Gliding, surfing on the wind today  
 See it float, zig zagging on winds tail  
 Sail story, sail  
 Can you spot the sea poppy on the stones?  
 Yellow flower  
 Grey green leaf  
 My heart  
 Gwen's heart  
 Red beating heart  
 On the beach  
 I didn't forget my heart today  
 And can you see where tide's edge has been?  
 How far along the foreshore has it come today  
 Blow story, blow, out to sea  
 Rough sea, rough sea, rough sea  
 And my story sailing on  
 And can you see the boat?  
 White oval sailing for fish  
 A blob on the ocean

And yellow clad fisherman  
Casting his net  
Blow story blow  
Blow story blow  
On rough sea  
To shores edge you'll find my story in a bottle  
Open top  
Flat on stones  
Washed in on a spring tide  
At shores edge with the tiny crabs shells  
Scuttling sideways to shore  
And red stones  
Yellow stones  
Shining wet stones  
Picked up  
Thrown down  
And flat stones  
Sciffing stones  
Over waters edge  
Artfully caught by waves edge  
Sciffle one  
Sciffle two  
Sciffle three  
Sciffle four  
Sciffle stone, sciffle, fly stone fly over waters back  
Flat stone surfing on waters back  
Riding on the storm today  
Grey seal sea  
Yellow poppy mountains  
And purple scrub on heather  
My landscape my heart, my landscape my heart at shores edge today  
Sea, sand, birds, foreshore, beach  
Of things  
Tangibles  
Silk sea, seal sea  
Sea  
Ocean  
A landscape of waking dreams  
Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth  
The rhythm of life

## Movement

Sea to shore, sea to shore, sea to shore  
Speak to me, speak to me sea  
I can listen to your moods  
Grumpy today  
Don't get moody  
Don't raise your back at me  
Higher mountain waves rising, rising, over me  
And my nightmare the sea  
Flooding over me,  
Elements larger than we  
Sea rising, sea rising,  
Spring tides spring tides  
And calm now I've appeased the sea  
Soothed it with an old fisherman's song  
Sung to the sea not to drown me  
Childhood frights of the night  
Sung to the sea not to drown me  
Lullaby sea, lullaby sea, you won't get me, no you won't get me  
Lullaby sea, lullaby sea  
Look I can dive in your waves, I can surf on your back, play games in your  
stomach  
Tickle your belly  
Kitzelt mich in der foot  
Kitzelt mich in der foot  
Kitzelt mich in der foot  
Tickle your belly  
You won't catch me sea  
You won't catch mich  
Wer, ich  
Wer, ich  
Wer, ich  
Sea  
And in the waves today as an adult  
Surfing on the back of my seal sea  
In love with my landscape  
Don Juan  
Don Juan  
I'm in love  
Gwen's heart

Gwen's doves  
White doves of love  
In love with seal sea  
Diving through white spray  
Waves larger than me  
I play  
Seal seal games  
Light on white  
White sparkle spray  
Tiny reflections of light today  
A fizz on the waters back  
Fizzzzzzzzzzzz light, fizzzzzzzzzzzz light, fizzzzzzzzzzzz light,  
Yellow poppy mountains  
Sparklinggggggggg stones  
Wet sprayed waves  
And the seagulls surfing the wind  
Blow wind blow  
Blow wind blow  
"north easterly, south west"  
blow today wind, blow  
zig zagging the seagull to the shore  
catching a ride on the wind seagull friend, catching a ride on the wind  
seagull friend  
blow my seagull to me  
down  
down  
down  
from sky to sea  
to  
beach  
from sky to sea  
to beach  
blow down  
blow down  
seagull friend  
to waves back  
shores blonde sand  
blow seagull  
to land  
blow seagull to land

glide gracefully seagull friend  
glide  
down  
down  
down to land  
sand on shore  
sand on shore  
blonde, blonde blonde beauty in the sand  
and a white wave laps onto your back  
wash sand wash  
wash the sea back to the shore  
wash sand wash  
sea from shore, sea from shore  
stop her rage send her back to her bed  
sea to bed  
sea to bed  
sea to bed  
wash sand wash  
sea to bed  
and settling now  
quiet  
the waters stilled by sands blonde beauty  
the waters calm now  
I can rest  
Sleep in my bed  
The spring tides at bay  
Nightmares rest  
The sea asleep too  
Tucked in bed by the sand  
A story read  
Of the seagulls flight  
Tucked in bed by the sand  
Blonde beauty  
The seagull rests  
Standing body on leg asleep  
The seagull rests  
Storm over  
Woman overboard  
In love  
Don Juan

Don Juan  
Don Juan  
Gwen's heart  
The white doves of love  
Rest now  
On their beach  
Nature calming the storm  
Elements talking to the other  
Wind  
Rain  
And fire  
Elemental chat  
This and that  
This and that  
Elemental chat  
And the rain talked to the wind  
Gush and rush, gush and rush  
Gush and rush  
Gush and rush  
And the wind talked to the fire  
Getting hotter, getting hotter, getting hotter,  
And the fire talked to the rain  
Splish and splash, splish and splash, splish and splash  
Gush and rush  
Splish and splash  
Gush and rush  
Splish and splash  
Getting hotter, getting hotter,  
Phew  
Splish and splash  
Splish and splash  
Gush and rush  
Gush and rush  
Wind, rain and fire  
Chit and chat  
Chit and chat  
This and that  
This and that  
Wind, rain and fire  
In harmony today on the shore

Fee, die Kobold  
Fee, die Kobold  
    Kitzlig  
    Kitzlig  
    Unsinn  
Fish in water  
Bird on land  
    Sky bound  
    Sea bound  
    Sky bound  
    Sea bound  
Swim fish swim  
    Fly bird fly  
    Fly bird fly  
All conflicts resolved  
    At shores edge  
Seagull flying on the wind  
    Full heart  
    Gwen's heart  
    Full heart  
    Of love  
Dove heart, white dove heart  
    Today  
    Feet wet  
    Toes in water  
    Kitzelt mich in der nase  
    Kitzlet mich in der nase  
    Kitzelt mich in der nase  
    Tear splashed canvas  
    Hearts dance solo  
And from your window today  
    A circle of squirrels danced  
    Swing squirrel swing  
    Swing squirrel swing  
    Branch to branch  
    Large leaping black squirrel  
Leap squirrel leap with your heart  
    Leap and cling  
    Leap and cling  
    To branch

Grey squirrel leaping today  
 A circus act in the furs for me  
     Fool around play  
 On your blown down branches today  
     Fool and play  
         Clown  
         Tumble down  
         Tumble down  
     Thoughts today  
 And the squirrel in the air  
 Gliding thoughts through furs  
     To sea's edge  
     To shoreline  
     To my heart  
     To landscapes love  
     Childish pranks  
         Play  
 Seal sea gliding through my squirrel circus  
     Rising light of the morning  
         Waking me  
     Joy and bliss, joy and bliss  
         A circus today  
         Morning light on bed  
 And my black squirrel performs for me  
     Brings her friends onto the stage  
     And grey and black leap for me  
 Fur to fur clinging tree, clinging tree, for me  
     Black squirrel and fur tree  
         Great heights  
     Great acts of daring  
         Clown squirrels  
         Acting for me  
         And light today  
     Carries me away to the sea  
 Fizzzzzzzzzzzz silver on grey seal sea  
     Fizzzzzzzz silver  
     Fizzzzzzzzzz silver  
         On sea  
         Fairy light  
         Fee, die kobold

Fee, die kobold  
Fee leicht  
Fee leicht  
Fee leicht  
And the sea carries me  
Carries me  
Carries me  
In it's arms to its bed  
Carries me to its ocean bed  
A ballet under the waves  
Of dancing feet  
And music sweet  
A ballet of feet  
On oceans bed today  
An ice maiden in my arms  
So sweet, so sweet  
An ice maiden  
Of dancing feet  
And on the ocean bed loves tides turn  
Turn tide turn  
Wash my love to me  
Swish and swash  
Swish and swash  
Wash love to me  
And I met love on the shoreline today again  
Skiffled a stone on water  
And met love  
Two white doves of love  
White doves  
Flying with the squirrels in their circus  
Great leaps of the heart  
Gwen's doves  
Gwen's loves  
Great leaps from furs  
Our lovers children  
Today  
Are in love  
Don Juan  
Don Juan  
I'm in love

Unsinn  
Unsinn  
Unsinn  
Half-hearted?  
Not me  
Sea heart  
Wild  
Giant waves  
Surfing through  
Giant waves  
Over me  
Surf through, surf through, surf through  
Run on the sand  
Run on the sand  
Run blonde, run blonde, run blonde sand on sea  
Dripping heart on canvas  
Red, pink and blue  
Dripping heart  
Do, do, do  
Dripping heart  
On the bed today  
Our lovers are in love  
Bound and tangled  
As one  
Kisses seagull gliding  
Back and forth  
Kiss me  
Kiss you  
Seagull hearts surfing the sea  
Sea scavengers  
At lips edge  
Licking waves away  
For hearts delight  
Lick me  
Lick you  
Licking lip hearts  
Drinking of the sea  
Salt water  
Sea juices  
Dance in their shoes

Head to feet  
Toe to head  
Our loves today can't part  
At shores edge  
Beach combing  
Our loves hearts are one  
White hearts  
Dove hearts  
Gwen's heart  
On canvas today  
Our lovers today are in love  
Don Juan  
Don Juan  
Kitzelt mich in der nase  
Ice maidens  
Waiting for the thaw  
Dance with me  
Dance with me  
Tanzpartner  
Tanzpartner  
Tanzpartner  
Tanzerin  
Tanzerin  
Tanzerin  
On ice  
Kitzelt mich in der foot  
Kitzelt mich in der foot  
Kitzelt mich in der foot  
Gliding on laughter over seas seal back  
Grey on white water  
Gliding on laughter  
Zig ziaagging with the seagull to land  
Gliding on laughter  
Through kingdoms come  
From squirrels circus  
To oceans bed  
Carry me on laughter to your stars  
To the twinkle in the sky  
Carry me on laughter  
Light laughter

Loves laughter  
Carry me  
Jump on my back  
To the heavens today  
To the fireworks of loves symphony in the night sky  
Stars away  
Stars away  
Stars away  
On rainbows back  
Carry me to  
Sternenlicht, sternenlicht, sternenlicht  
Carry me to  
sternenlicht  
tonight  
to kingdoms come  
of night  
to hearts meeting place  
race, race  
to hearts meeting place  
of sternenlicht, sternenlicht  
and sternenlicht on the beach today  
kitzelt mich in der foot  
kitzelt mich in der foot  
through ice  
over oceans  
in and out of pixie pond  
I'll guide you to sternenlicht  
To hearts meeting place today  
Don Juan  
Don Juan  
My feet are in love  
Dance feet dance  
A jig  
Create a symphony toe up  
Conduct with your feet  
Tell the orchestra what to play  
Chopin in your toes  
Play feet play  
Jig, jig, jig, jig  
With your ice maiden on ice today

Play feet play  
Play  
Glide through kingdoms on the seagull back  
Grey seal seal  
Fzzzzzzzz on water  
Paint a picture  
Compose a symphony  
Write a poem  
Don Juan  
Don Juan  
The lovers today  
Children  
Are in love  
And love can take you anywhere  
Jump through its rough waves  
Glide with the seagull  
Come to pixie pond  
The lovers today  
Children  
Are in love  
And from love creation comes  
A poem  
From me to you  
Kisses seal sealed  
At shores edge today  
Kisses seal sealed  
On blonde sand  
Kisses seal sealed  
On seagulls back  
Sea salted kisses  
Of love  
Of hearts  
Open  
And shut  
Of doors  
Gone through  
And back  
Open the door  
Go through  
To loves land

Loves landscape  
Of shores edge  
Yellow poppy mountains  
On sea's edge land  
Take my hand  
Take my hand  
I plead  
If pleading helps  
Take my hand through the open door  
To Gwen's doves  
Of love  
To Gwen's heart on canvas today  
Her white doves of love  
Her rock heart  
Standing, leaping, flying through open door  
Fly heart fly  
Run, run, run  
To the sternenlicht tonight  
To the regenbogen  
Regenbogenforben  
Regenbogenforben  
Regenbogenforben  
All the colours of the rainbow  
Joseph's coat of many colours  
Are in your heart tonight  
Your painting on the wall  
Gwen's doves of love  
Take flight  
Through your open window  
Through your open door  
There's a  
Fee, die kobold  
Fee, die kobold  
Gwen's doves of love  
Are in my hand  
Today  
I blow them from my painting  
To you  
Regenbogenforben  
Regenbogenforben

To you  
Loves all  
My children  
Me to you  
Regenbogenforben  
Me to you  
Gwen's doves  
White doves  
Two doves  
Of love  
To you  
Set free  
Lovers all  
My children  
To you  
Tear splashed on canvas  
But the story won't stop  
It's on stream now flowing  
From me  
To you  
Regenbogenforben  
Blown to you  
With my lips  
I blow  
My kisses too.

### **Gwen 10.**

A heart break hare on the landscape today  
Children I tell you I saw it  
A heartbreak hare on the landscape  
Running through yellow cornfields high  
Run hare run  
Run hare run  
With my love  
Away in the fields  
Black soil  
Alive  
With spring offerings

Of plenty  
A hare, mad hare boxing for a fight  
Run hare run  
Fight fight, fight fight  
A lion hare  
On landscape  
Loved by two  
A lion hare  
Fighting  
Through cornfields yellow  
On two legs now  
Standing straight  
A giraffe hare  
Tall  
Take fright  
Take fright  
Mad hare on our fen landscape today  
Mad in March, mad in March  
March hare  
Summer high fields  
By a straight backed river  
Of the fens today  
Lovers hare  
Come back  
Mad hare  
Stay  
In the fields today  
I watched for the lover  
The other  
And saw a hare  
Mad with rage  
Mad with rage  
Boxing through yellow  
On hind legs  
And the two doves of love sat in a tree  
Watching from afar  
Sitting on a branch  
By a lake  
Where the lovers kissed  
And the doves

Of love  
Sat in wait  
Watching the mad hare box with fright  
Box hare box  
Box hare box  
Box your love today away  
Mad hare  
love  
Away  
In the fens  
Black soil  
Yellow corn  
Straight river  
Today  
And the hare boxed my love away  
And the doves spoke of love  
Coo coo, coo coo  
Love two  
Doves  
Of love  
Gwen's doves  
Gwen's heart  
Boxing loves part.

### **Gwen 11.**

Of loves small touches now  
My hand on her head  
The small touch of love  
A kiss  
Kub  
A kiss  
kussen  
Tea to your bed  
Cherries red  
Cup cakes  
And snails  
And ballet lessons  
And singing in the car

Of stories  
Told at bedtime  
Of cats two  
Of trips  
Of outings part  
Of zoos  
Of sun  
Of journeys  
The blonde hair  
The kisses  
The love  
Thumb in mouth  
Walking fast, walking fast  
“He laughed, he laughed”  
to his sisters nursery rhyme  
The small touches of love  
In my home  
Of snuggles  
And cuddles  
Snuggles  
And cuddles  
Small touches of love  
Of bundles and babies  
And cherries red  
And fairy cupcakes  
Of a kiss goodnight  
kussen  
And switch off the light  
Of small loves  
Of small offerings  
Of love  
One to the other  
Of fights too  
Screams, and rage and tantrums  
And biffing and bashing  
Biffing and bashing  
Of loves hurt feelings  
And bedrooms retire  
Of the small touches of love  
One to the other

Giving

Three doves of love  
 On the canvas today  
 Children I told you so  
 This story is a mirage  
 The doves two  
 Gwen's doves  
 Are three today  
 Of bundles and babies and kisses  
 Of arms full of love  
 Of touches, caresses and blonde sand children  
 On the shoreline today  
 On my landscape  
 With them  
 On the beach  
 Buckets and castles  
 spades and digging  
 higher, higher  
 more, more  
 small gestures of love  
 on our landscape  
 the rock of the heart  
 Regenbogenforben  
 Regenbogenforben  
 Regenbogenforben  
 Sternenlicht  
 Sternenlicht  
 Sternenlicht  
 Kitzelt mich in der nase  
 Kitzelt mich in der nase  
 Kitzelt mich in der foot  
 Kitzelt mich in der foot  
 The three doves of love take hold of me  
 Skip, skip,  
 Hop hop  
 Three doves of love take hold of me  
 And nanny skips too  
 A skipping household three  
 Skip hop  
 Skip hop

Loves three  
Sssssssh now  
the lovers are on the bed today  
tread quietly  
Making the three  
Creating blonde caresses  
And the two lovers are one  
Touches sweet  
Gentle  
Tongues gliding  
The lovers are on the bed today  
Making three  
Knitting, sewing, weaving the three  
Loves  
Skip hop  
Skip hop  
Merrily  
Creating loves harmony  
A symphony  
Sternenlicht, sternenlicht, sternenlicht  
Of creation  
In tune  
To one  
Disentangled now  
The lovers come unstuck  
Shifting, moving figures on the bed today  
Conceiving three  
And we danced on the bed today  
To creations tune  
In harmony  
One, two and three  
Blonde, blonde, blonde  
Legs and arms  
Legs and arms  
As one  
And of the small touches of love  
Life one  
Two  
Three  
And those lives took hold of me

Joseph's coat of many colours  
Regenbogenforben  
Don Juan  
Don Juan  
Don Juan  
I'm in love with blonde three  
Children  
children  
I'm in love with three  
Baby bundles  
Holding me  
Kiss  
Touch  
Kiss  
touch  
And bundles love now set off  
Their landscape feet  
Away, away, away  
Blow wind blow  
Rock wind rock  
Blow and rock  
My loves three from me  
Blow and rock  
My loves three from me  
Their landscape feet  
Away, away, away,  
Take flight  
Today  
The doves of love  
Gwen's doves  
White doves  
Are blonde three  
And the small things of love  
cherished  
A kiss goodnight  
Switch off the light  
A child on the end of my bed  
Talking goodnight  
And a blonde head on my legs  
A comfort rest

And love takes hold of me  
    Don Juan  
    Don Juan  
Bundles of baby love resting on me  
    Fee, die kobold  
    Fee, die kobold  
    Fee, die kobold  
    A pixie pond love  
    Green on canvas  
A secret treasured landscape of love  
    In my heart today  
    Of small things now  
    Of loves small jewels  
    Taken from the chest  
    The jewels  
Are stored in my heart today  
    Gwen's canvas  
    Her red heart  
    The jewels of blonde hair  
    Three doves of love  
Are in my landscape today  
    Away,  
    Away  
    Away  
    Jewelled love  
    Squirreled  
In the ground today  
    Stored in a hole  
    In my garden  
    Nibbled at  
    stored  
    In my heart today  
A red dripping heart  
    Huge  
    On canvas today  
Gwen's doves of love  
    Three  
In my painting today  
    Rock at the bottom  
    Sea

Sea  
Sea  
Sea  
Rock at the bottom  
Ocean deep  
Ocean deep  
Sea sea  
Sea sea  
Blonde love three  
Rock me.

**The End**

