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Kaleidoscope

Tamara Smith

In every moment there is a kaleidoscope of colours
Thoughts, feelings, smells; bottled up essences of life lived
Sticky fingers poking at your cheek
Stabbing pain as you stand on a hidden toy while cooking
Laughter that makes your heart break free from its box and fly
Cries of anguish that leave you unsure how to cope
Hugs, bony knees, a body that is growing,
Clambering, tumbling tousles of hair laughing and then growling
Sighs... I can't hear myself think

Moments of wonder as the clouds show all versions of silver
The hills capture the last moment of golden salutations from the sun
Then pots left begging to be scrubbed...
Another meal to cook and cupboards are flung open, grubby fingers like tentacles
Searching to fill hungry tumms
No, no, nos...hugs...laughs...sighs... Sore muscles begging for attention
Ah to stretch and be in the silence of my thoughts
I glance in the living room, hoping for a little island I can lie horizontal on
But no, there are cushions and boxes everywhere
Only a discerning eye can see these are campervans with swinging doors
And bonnets of cars open, awaiting getting fixed
Jumble yards of love and chaos I wish to bottle for it is perfection.

The Letter

Tamara Smith

Bunting and bird song
Path strewn on the floor
Little feet bouncing and murmurs
Humour and joy
Dimples

I am an atom waiting to be split in two
As it sits there
On the dining room table
White and creased
And filled with venom

How do you go through the day
When the white dove has landed
And is sitting stern upon the table?

Sun God

Tamara Smith

Be still these trembling hands
For the time has come to roar
We stand on shifting sands
With the tide beating at our shore

*And they called out to the sun
Let these shadows be undone
And a seed fell like a tear
Upon the earth, cold and bare*

These lips and hips and thigh
Dunes of sand, loess and clay
Kissed by wings of a dragonfly
And pierced by a hungry blade

*And they called out to the sun
Let these shadows be undone
And a seed fell like a tear
Upon the earth, cold and bare*

This gift to you I give in blood
From cord to cord we build a tree
No salt can blind my bond
Nor depths of this endless sea

*And they called out to the sun
Let these shadows be undone
And a seed fell like a tear
Upon the earth, cold and bare*

This dappled light beats in my mind
A thousand silhouettes I am
If you could speak what would I find?
Could you ease these trembling hands?

*And they called out to the sun
Let these shadows be undone
And a seed fell like a tear
Was there warmth I felt just there?*

Hour Glass

Tamara Smith

We are granules of sand
Washed upon some unknown shore
Small, unseen, we sparkle in the hands of a lover
We tickle the toes of a child
We lurk in the shapes of driftwood
We know not the moment the tide will take us

We will be remembered in the feel of the sun on their faces
The curve of the beach like a crescent moon
The smell of the ocean
The feel of bare feet rejoicing
In all our entirety, we make the beach