

Pathways

by

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Published by William Cornelius Harris Publishing

In collaboration
with
Second Chance

Supporting Mental Health in Performing Arts

ISBN 978-1-911232-00-1

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Second Chance
you may need it next

Dedicated to my Mum and Dad who have supported me.

EXTRACT ONLY

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Milestones

Kristy was the girl next door
Our world a sea fan silk of dreams
A wall, the wagon for our wild west waltz
Then we would cram ourselves with candies
In our Aladdin's cave
Memory fragments, kaleidoscope of camera.
But we grew up.
We ventured through the woods and groves
Country lanes, then fields and hills.
Our world enlarged.
We swapped our friends and tales
Behind the rustic inn
Knew which girls had ponies
Who played japes on Halloween
Which boys played kiss and tell.
These rainbows twist and merge then disappear,
Forever to replay at will and whim;
A world that's far away.
They led me here.
The world is open still.
There is a road ahead.
I'll follow it.

January at Arnside Shore

We strolled
spied a heron surfing.
Cloud and drizzle cast grey
on sky and sand.
Herring gulls coasted
on silver pools
rippling and restless.
In the distance slate branches beckoned
with cadaver fingers
to black hills beyond.
Beauty ruled
a winter palate in charcoal
before the rainbow of spring.

Enemy in the Midst

1

The children pranced beside the pool
Unchained from toil or care of rule;
unthinking, brave, with laughter true.

2

Like eagles' wings their arms spread wide.
In arcs they swooped as over tide
and swift their play in boldness grew.

3

One boy a bow with arrows made.
A knife he owned with hilt of jade
and whooped salutes proclaimed him king.

4

The soldiers wild, they heard a cry
so soft at first, then footsteps nigh
and scream so shrill around them ring.

5

The squaw she fell before them there
with clothing slashed, dishevelled hair
and bruises black upon her back.

6

Pursued was she, so swift as gale
their knight took aim. (He could not fail.)
Form fled with groans, no man to track.

7

And all his courtiers flung themselves
around the maid, like gallant elves,
their lady fair to soothe and save.

8

They brought her gifts from nature's fare;
a crown of daisies for her hair
and berries blue from woodland cave.

9

She sobbed, beguiled, and trembling, smiled
Invaded worlds, so saved by child!
She raised her head, met azure eye.

10

Hand pointed far to distant hills
the cougar's lair who lurks or kills
and underfoot the snakes to lie.

11

Yet all arose; walked hand in hand
together trekked on barren land
until her father Chief they saw.

12

She spoke, excited, in her tongue
with lilting tones her soft voice sung
He raised his hand, then smiled; no more.

13

They bowed, then left, adventure done,
and marched on home, their glory won
their secret locked within their hearts.

14

No more they pranced beside the pool
nor sought the hood so slain with tool.
For future years were warriors' arts.

The Shore at Bolton-le-Sands

Tawny seafloor stretches
misshapen, feral
thrills ear with squelch,
delicious.

Oasis-like, pools stand;
film over lichen-wrapped rocks
while ahead lays the sand worm's traces
and scattered stones
with etches of footprint and paw.

The story of today vanishes
sea- eroded
to revive in a green day;
Time's cycle,
Eternity's law.