

## HOW YOU AND I DO IT DIFFERENTLY

by JEUNE PRICE

I've been thinking about keeping bees  
I've been thinking about keeping bees  
for as long as twenty years.  
  
In that time  
you'd have kept bees,  
eaten honey  
hung a notice on the gate  
started a candle-making business  
set a trend  
sold up  
found a new hobby  
three times over.

I'm still thinking about keeping bees  
I think I'll join the Beekeeping Association  
maybe go to classes  
about keeping bees.

© Jeune Price, Notts

## CROMFORD JEWELS

by HILARY CAVE

More worthwhile than diamonds,  
these glittering drops of rain  
arch the blade of grass  
from whose narrow edge  
they hang, swaying, glistening,  
tremulous in the deluge.

© Hilary Cave, Derbys

## AND WHEN YOU THOUGHT

by MARILYN RICCI

And when you thought  
it was long gone, here it is,  
up your sleeve, in your pocket,  
tucked under a sleeping cat.

You pull it out, let it fall,  
drape it over both arms,  
admire its improbability

a thin-air hammock, woven in light,  
to be flung up  
between

a cold house and a home,  
harsh words and a smile.

Lie in it. It will hold you.

© Marilyn Ricci, Leics

previously published in *Rebuilding A Number* 39  
by Marilyn Ricci (Happence Press 2008)

## A KENNING FOR KITTY

by JAYNE STANTON

paw dangler  
fish pond angler  
bird stalker  
tightrope walker  
fine diner  
mouse diviner

fur licker  
city slicker

vase breaker  
mischief maker

caterwauler  
back yard brawler

bed warmer  
nessun dormai

© Jayne Stanton, Leics

## STILLNESS

by MAUREEN SANDLER

It's hanging heavy in the orchard.  
You could reach out and touch it,  
pluck it from its stem,  
cradle it in your cupped hands.

How you long to preserve it,  
wrap it in soft tissue,  
lay it down to mellow  
in your cool, dark storeroom.

You imagine how, when the storm breaks,  
you will take one polished orb,  
pare and slice it,  
flood the dark with silvered moon.

© Maureen Sandler, Derbys  
previously published in *Smith's Knoll* magazine

## FEDORA

by RIVER WOLTON

He's been telling that story again.  
The one where he gets thrown out  
of the Marlborough Club in 1926  
for wearing a fedora and not a bowler.

I don't know what any of it means.  
Where his hat was, a freckled dome now shines  
with lank grey strands on which I practise plaiting  
while he dozes.

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previously published in *The Purpose of Your Visit*  
by River Wolton (SmithyDoorstep 2008)