

Rachel Cunniffe

A Shard of a Second

The koi carp had a world map
Running through its scales
Orange, blue, mauve, brown, silver, black, green.
Landmasses not an orderly rainbow.
Continents condensed latitudinally
Stretched longitudinally.
The boy's hand cast a shadow
As he reached to dip it into the pond
Algae waved when his fingers entered.
The fish flashed in a nose dived.
Africa and India merged.
The afternoon dissolved.

Anonymous

Don't want to be
broken necked herring gull
Don't want to be hugged by a heron
Don't want sharp falcon talons

In hawthorn, small and brown,
A sparrow.
Dappled camouflage
In spring sun.
To survive all I need,
spiders...berries

Wondering

Could be permanent daylight
If you let it....
Dip fingers in tepid water
Outstare a blue-eyed bear.

There are gulps to be taken,
Flies to be swatted
In a tremulous landscape.
The words "See translation"
Won't help manage ice/fire.

I'll breathe through my mouth
Write passwords in the air
Which no one can read.

About the Poet

Rachel Cunniffe is based in the North East of England and has written a wide range of poetry since being a teenager, has an MA in Writing Studies gained in 1995 from Edgehill University College. Real jobs stifled her creativity for 16 years and she has recently been able to partially retire and spend more time writing again. She has been a member of several creative writing groups one of which has been in existence since 1991. She read regularly at the now sadly no more Callender Poetry Festival in September during that time for about 9 years. She lives with a large black dog and two cats.