

 ilkley literature festival

Be All Write

#ILFWritingChallenge

Prompt: Write a poem inspired by the theme 'A Quiet Spring'

Quiet Spring at Doon Hill

New lamb born,
Fresh to the stillness,

Diluted senses blur
Her experience,

Sound and space,
An imagined place, constructed

Colours she can make out,
Just about, with gooey eyes.

Warning bleats guide her steps,
Toward an ineluctable cloudless hill.

Watchtower leaning toward the
Future, whatever that looks like.

Be the stillness, occupy the pause!
A motherly voice whispers – hopefully

– Frances Wilde

Solace

Solace sought
Beneath lofty blossom boughs
Trees put on
Their Sunday Best
To turn our eyes and say
"This too shall pass
Like the seasons."

– Julie Wilkinson

Seaside spring

The town stirs, murmurs quietly,
still half asleep, as winter
drains away,
fades away,
like the
Cheshire Cat,
teeth last.

Somehow an hour has disappeared;
maybe the cat
swallowed it.

Accumulations of wind-whipped sand
loiter
in inconvenient corners
Grimy windows
blink
myopically in
watery sunlight.
as the smell of fresh paint
wafts optimistically
from cavernous arcades

The seasonal tide is turning.
Migrant workers
drift back
from winter feeding grounds.
Flowers and jobs
begin to bloom
side by side
eager to make the most
of an ambivalent summer
until the long days
shorten
into autumn putting an end

to this particular cycle.

On the bright side
the lost hour will return,
coughed up like
a sixty-minute fur ball.

– Alan Carlton

Newlywed

Newlywed, devoid of means,
They pine, like sex-starved,
Love-struck teens,
At his parents' small house
In his childhood room,
On a single bed that squeaks
And dampens their "va-va-voom".

Newlywed, burning with fire,
Not wanting parents, in-laws,
Overhearing their desire
They wait and fret,
Their faces frown.
Frustrated, hungry,
Love trapped in lockdown.

Newlywed, too shy to risk at night
Audible evidence of
Fresh married delight,
They wait, grow tetchy
And evermore vexed.
A honeymooning bride and her groom
Both oversexed.

One Tuesday, shortly after lunch,
The doorbell rings, his parents smile,
"It's for you, we have a hunch".
In the drive our young lovers find
The most marvellous thing,
A double bed, brand new, with
A quiet spring.

– Gavin Dimmock

Twenty Twenty

Good Friday that year
was like it used to be.
Easter eggs on the shelves
since January

were still there in May.
You could see stars in the sky
even in the city,
were not woken by

drunks in the small hours,
could hear the clapping
for NHS workers
at 8 PM on Thursdays.

You wove to neighbours you didn't
know you had, and would talk
to people whilst out
for your daily walk.

The days dragged,
the weeks flew.
Before it was over
we thought we knew

how we would look back on it.

– Peter Donnelly

The Quiet Spring

Singular silence smothered the streets
While woods welled with symphonic song

Bustling birds built nests;
We idled within ours.

Lonely footsteps are loud, we learned,
but the Blackbird is louder; her voice
ready to reclaim the stolen air
as we ebbed; a muffled existence.