Entry to NZIPP Poetry Competition 2020

 Poetry & Psychoanalysis At Times Of Lockdown

4 Poems written during 2020 Lockdown

 1

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 2

Pre Lockdown

16/3/20

There’s a hush,

Spreading across the world.

Angel of Death rising,

Plague in its wake.

We’re going on hold,

To break its death grip,

Into waking slumber

A suspended animation.

Across oceans,

Some are dying….slipping earthly bonds

Gasping for that elusive air,

As others,

Through self interest

Slip deliberately through cracks

Carrying it around the world

To the moon (in mockery)

And back.

 3

So come,

Join me in a ghost dance,

For distance will not exempt us.

There are few exemptions,

Though we may attempt

In vain

To ignore its background whisper

*“They call me Covid and having walked Europe’s capitals,*

*Now my eyes sweep distant horizons,*

*To the moon (in mockery)*

*And back.*

Te-Aroha 2020

 4

 Lest We Forget

1/4/20

(Reflections upon commemorating Anzac Day in Lockdown)

Did the go for this?

Fathers,

Brothers, husbands and sons

And those women

Who also served

Too long unsung and un-named,

Sistas

In the footsteps of White Mouse.

Sacrificial blood,

Spilled on distant fields.

Was this to be their legacy,

Bitterest koha

A plague to smite their children?

Here in Aotearoa

Where now we lay our scene,

 5

Where creeping death

Makes

All of our hands,

Unclean.

Lest we forget.

It is well for those who sleep,

For their due reward

Is peace.

While for those who remain,

In gratitude,

It will be our honour

To stand at dawn.

Te-Aroha 2020

 6

 Unrest

28/4/20

(Written as New-Zealand went to Alert Level 3)

Silence broken,

As bubbles burst,

Releasing the tumult.

Oh resting earth,

We can hold your peace no longer,

For the dam has burst,

The stage set

For commerce’s re-entre.

It must come to pass,

This aching return,

Tho our living

Is to be at your expense.

Our emergence centre-stage,

Will send your teeming multitudes

Into the shadows again.

 7

Where the rush of wings,

Gleam of silver fin

In sunlight,

Freshness upon our cheek,

Will be a memory

Lost soon in time

Exit….stage….wronged.

Te-Aroha 2020

 8

 Covid Trail Of Tears

2/5/20

(Lockdown for some was a time of grieving and trauma. This was written after hearing stories from some of those affected)

We heard,

Your Sorrowful Mysteries

Laid down.

Tearful offerings

Of death,

Loss and lonely despair.

Quiet passage

Un-mourned & Solitary,

Uncelebrated birth,

A new-born’s cry

Breaking

Upon empty air.

You made a country weep

In the hearing,

 9

Forced us

To bear witness,

And

Drink with you that bitter cup

Of pain.

When our own way

To be kind

Could only be distant,

Our tears

Unseen

For the tears

We yours,

As you drank in solitary

A cup of bitterest gall.

Te-Aroha 2020