

Person Poems by Teachers

Animus

My son has become nocturnal
and closes the blinds of his room to shut out the daylight.

He can be tempted out only by the promise of food or water
and he will shuffle like a spectre to the kitchen table—
if the sun has dropped below the mid point of the sky.

As soon as dusk creeps into the house his spirit rises
and he strums his guitar and sings along to a happier tune.
Friends appear.
They listen to music and share laughter as they talk of things unknown
and later they will call out as they leave for home.

Still, he does not rest and he will read and play music long into the depth of the night.

In the morning, I secretly ease open his door to watch
the rise and fall
of his bed covers as he breathes and dreams.

I have learned to let sleeping boys lie.

Hazel Redpath

There was a little girl, who had a little curl....

She stomps past
Mouth flapping
Arms flailing

Assaulting our ears with a cacophony of wailing.

Instilling a nervous caution
she impels us to freeze

All life in the house has come to a stop
Like rabbits caught in a spotlights shock

We wait to again feel at ease.

We wait for the tirade to disappear
And for tranquillity to again permeate the air.

The hurricane passes
As fast as it starts
And a regular beat can return to our hearts.

What's the problem?
She says

As she notes our despair

Mercurial temper beware.

Philippa Grace

Washday

I remember my Mother's frenetic outbursts
 Erupting from the humidity
 Of the washhouse door—

Smelling tension
 I would scuttle and run
Predatory anxiety would ominously loom,
 and nervousness would deftly soar.

With beaded sweat on her furrowed brow,
 which eagerly snatched at grey and tendriled hair,
With demeanour wild,
 and calmness all askew—
 Frustration escaped with a sailors curse,
 she would emit a hollow, harpies wail.

Ringer washer, tantrum maker
Sodden sheet, puddled floor.

I remember quietly watching
 Engrossed by the desperate unfolding of a housewife's tale
 Warily crouching
 With a scowling cat
In our washday haven behind the door.

Philippa Grace

Arrival

Your body thrusts through the tight-clipped hedge,
disregarding geraniums that fight for recognition
to gain an open window.
You vault inside bringing a book
a tenuous excuse
for reacquaintance.
Bringing your life
a braided river whose threads touch
then part without regret.
Your embrace is warm
long with rememberings
but scratchy as the frieze of Grandad's jacket.
You look at me with kindness
gentleness
a cat's paw on water.
Sky deep eyes
reflecting thistle down thoughts
floating
settling lightly.
I read your inner hunger
for what you have no right to ask.
I see your dreams
still lost beyond the horizon.
You are with me
but when will you come home?\

Robin Mills