

Open workshop - JENNIFER LANGLEY

A piercing moment

White feathered arrows scream harsh tunes
Swooshing through blood-soaked air.
Spinning, falling, pinning down our bones
To the bitter, mud-soaked earth.
Our shining armour offers no protection.

The Young Exile

My heavy flannel skirt swishes on these cold rough Bailey stones
Oh, how unhappily I wish I were running through
The soft green fields of home.
Normandy: I miss your warmth and fun.
If only mon Papa would be bolder
And refuse to be King William's soldier.

Secret places where we can dream a little,
Hear the whole universe chorusing together
Songs to the glittering heavens.