

My Bag

By Lynn White

I have a lifetime of projects,
unfinished or unstarted,
that I carry round in a plastic bag.
A paper bag would be more
environmentally sound,
but plastic is more durable.
And it needs to be.
It has had to last a lifetime,
my bag.

A lifetime of ideas and thoughts.
Doings and sayings
carefully annotated and stored
for use sometime later
in my life.
To be finished, or started
sometime later.

I carry it around so I can
add an idea,
capture a thought as it occurs.
Write it down,
as,
written down, I cannot lose it.
I know it will be there,
safe,
in my bag.

I shall keep it stored for a future time,
a more appropriate time,
when it can be taken out
and finished,
or maybe started,
separated from the others
which are still waiting.
Waiting for the right time.

Writing Raw

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It's getting heavy
my bag,
with its lifetime of ideas inside.
Who would have thought that dreams
could be so heavy,
even encased in paper.
Just
scribbles on paper.

It's getting full
my bag.

So is my life empty
with everything on the inside,
needing emptying out
of my bag.
Perhaps now is the time.
One at a time, though,
and with care.

It's getting late.
But not too late,
I hope,
to empty my bag.

Story Tellers

By Lynn White

I'll tell my stories.
My life stories.
My rememberings,
meanderings
never written down,
but taken in for telling.
Waiting now
to be put outside again. So I'll tell my stories.
I'll put the inside out.
See if I can find
my lost past self
and keep it still
for a snap shot
to be taken. But my dream stories,
they were never outside.
They're the secret ones.
Unrevealed
as yet
staying inside.
Trying to stay apart.
Trying to stay separate. Maybe later
I'll tell my dream stories,
let you into my fantasies,
put them in the mix.
Let you read into my lives.
Let you into my stories.
Let you get lost in there,
as I did.
And then
all of you will see
all of me,
maybe. And then later,
there'll just be my stories.
Only stories.

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I'll be part of your stories
then.
Will I be there still.
Or will I be lost,
still lost.
Lost in them.

War Tourists

By Lynn White

Take the train or plane or cruise.
The choice is yours when
you visit the green fields
of France or Belgium.
And you can stay close or take
an optional excursion.
It's your choice.
Well, there's money to be made.
But, you'll be moved to marvel
at the spectacle of it all
stretched before you,
as a giant art installation.

The brightness of those green fields
over fed with mashed body parts
and blood sucked out by
the vampires' fangs.
Look, see the white teeth crossed
in their rows upon rows
and stand proud with respect.
Snap, snap,
click, click.
Take a few pics
to join to join those of
last year's beaches, cathedrals
and other art installations.
Immortalised,
lest you forget.

Respect them in their death
the ones who died
for whoever and country.
Whatever the country
it's the same tale.

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Respect them in their death,
never in their life.
The yes sir, no sirs
of war and of peace.
The ones with no other choices.
Remember them.
But remember the vampires too.
They live still
as vampires will.

Or perhaps venture further
across time and space
to cruise the Crimea.
It's very cheap out of season.
Nothing to see much on the
expensive optional excursions though.
And only a few souvenirs to purchase.
But there's money to be made,
so there will be more coming for next year,
manufactured in China,
lest you forget.

And you'll learn
from the talks of the amateur historians
of a military bent, who'll tell you tales
of battle strategy and glorious death,
to make sure they're not forgotten,
the ones who died.
To make sure
they'll be respected in their death
the yes sir, no sirs
of war and peace
with no other choices.
Never forget.
But remember the vampires too.
They live still
as vampires do.
Sucking the blood
and making the money.

What is Written

By Lynn White

You ask me how I am, how I feel,
what I've been doing,
if it is me that I write about.
Is it honest what I'm saying.
Well, what is honest and how would I know.
There are many sides to honesty.
It's impressionable.
My impressions, yours, someone else's
all joined up by me.
Redesigned in the selection process
to fit that moment only.
Is that honest enough?

Lynn White bio: Lynn White lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy and reality. Her poem 'A Rose For Gaza' was shortlisted for the Theatre Cloud 'War Poetry for Today' competition in October 2014 and has since been published in the 'Poetry For Change Anthology by Vending Machine Press. Poems have also recently been included, or are forthcoming, in Harbinger Asylum's 'A Moment To Live By' anthology, Stacey Savage's 'We Are Poetry an Anthology of Love poems', In The World Of Womyn's 'She Did It Anyway' anthology, the launch issue of Anomalie and Callope and Phizzog among others.