

Messy threads

A poem is a messy thread
you pull out from your brain
and use to stitch a picture
to make some sense again

you take the thoughts all jumbled up
and sew them into lines
until your stitches make a shape
and you're left feeling fine

and if you read a poem
that someone else has sewn
the pattern might be quite like yours
and you'd feel less alone

so pull those messy threads out
and weave them into art
and you'll be left with tidy brains
with space for thoughts to start.



Signs

Have you ever seen a feather
softly floating from the sky
and watched your parents pick it up
then smile and happy cry?

it's because they feel these feathers
are signs from someone dear
someone we can no longer see
but our love keeps them quite near

and some people choose pennies
and see these as their sign
that angels in the heavens
are requesting them to shine

for some it's redbreast robins
who chirp a caring song
is it the song our loved ones sing
are these birds passing it on?

and rainbows drawn in colours
across the rain-drenched sky
are often someone's happy sign
that loved ones are close by

all these signs bring comfort
when we feel far apart
reminding us that love is all we need
to heal our heart.



Summer is funner

Summer is funner, everyone can agree. The trees are in full bloom and nature is riotous, colourful and almost as ecstatic as leaving school for summer holidays. Summer is ice-creams and late nights, where even the sun doesn't seem to want to go to bed. It is life at its most lifelike, summer. As though all the other seasons are just preparing us to be here in this moment, running through sprinklers and eating ice-cold watermelon. Picking daisies for our hair, birds singing their encouragement as we play and the feeling we could run and jump the entire summer day. Summer is funner. And the only thing to do when summer is upon you, is throw your hands up in the air and jump in.