

Glove

Gloved hands against the glass
The same hands Marigolded cleaned the
dishes, dusted the house, shined windows
with newspaper and vinegar, each task done
to perfection, pride in work, a life of love
hands that cuddled me, the breath of my life
from the bed I watch helpless, breathless
brittle and broken as they wheel me to ICU.

I wish
I wish
I wish
I could touch that hand once more.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

Palette Story

Post-box red, scarlet rage, angry heart, bright red eyes
Hatred spewing, sobs as one is left bereft, alone.

Pearl white iridescent, oyster perfect, ocean foam
Clean slate, new life, new loves a bouquet of white roses.

Terracotta, amber, coloured bronze with emotion
calligraphy of love words on bow-tied browned letters.

cerulean blue, age spots veined hands, grasping for
breath the blue, blue inside of the corona'd lungs.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

Hope

hope springs eternal, as the moon waxes and wanes
feelings of hopelessness, fought hard by emerging hope
both crash inside, a battle rages as news headlines clamour
more deaths, victims to the virus, invisible, a new enemy
yet mankind works, sings, claps, moves hearts with kind acts
stay home, stay close, with loved ones, help neighbours
save lives and look forward to the new dawn of love, as
seas clasp hands, oceans of blue flow together,
the sun rises and clouds float in the azure skies

and cherry blossom carpets the grey pavements.



Leela Soma, born in Madras, India, now lives in Glasgow, Scotland. Her poems and short stories have been published in a number of anthologies and publications. She has published two novels and two collections of poetry. She has served on the Scottish Writers' Centre Committee and is now on East Dunbartonshire Arts & Culture Committee and The Scottish Pen Women Writers Committee. Some of her work reflects her dual heritage of India and Scotland. She was nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2020.

~ *♦*♦*♦* ~

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