

Bare Back Rider

He was used to bareback riders,
he had been a circus horse
after all,
but she was different
as bare as Lady Godiva
covered only by her long hair.
He could feel her auburn curls
tangling
with the curls
of his long black mane
her flesh was on his flesh.
He felt it touching
felt her warmth
against him.
The audience would have felt it too,
his audience and hers.
He rolled his eyes
and stole a glance
behind.
He opened his mouth
to tell her
to cling on tight
but no words came
they were unnecessary
she knew he would help her,
help her escape them
as he carried her towards the light,
transported them both into a brighter future
possibly.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

The Suitcase

Back then, we had a theory.
We thought that a suitcase
was easier to get into cars
than a rucksack and thus,
drivers were more likely
to pick up hitchhikers
with a small suitcase.
It worked like a dream
and it carried our dreams.

Yesterday
I came across our old suitcase
buried in a heap of debris in my attic.
It was battered from its long journeys
and even longer vacation.
Its clothing was torn
exposing its cardboard credentials.
I haven't opened it yet
so it's unclear
if it's still full
or if it's empty.

Once we packed it full
of our dreams,
but now
I wonder
if any remain,
caught in the lining perhaps,
or if they've all have been carried away
with our lost memories
or buried in the debris
of the past.

~ *♦*♦*♦*♦* ~

Spaghetti Head

Everything is in such a tangle
it's impossible to explore
where the threads lead,
impossible to work out
these coloured threads of a life
intertwined like spaghetti
scrambled in my head.
The outside is much simpler
much more solid
more concrete
building blocks
of comprehension.
But even so
I can't make sense of them
can't manage to put the shapes in order
and as soon as they enter my head
they are shredded into looping noodles,
beautiful hoops and tangles.
And beauty seems more important
than compressibility.
Perhaps I'll grow
to understand them in time
those colourful threads of life
intertwined round and round
like spaghetti inside my head.

***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. She was shortlisted in the Theatre Cloud War Poetry for Today competition and has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and a Rhysling Award. Her poetry has appeared in many publications including: Apogee, Firewords, Capsule Stories, Light Journal and So It Goes.*

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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