

## STOLEN LIGHT

*In the summer the sun shines through the  
Windows and onto painting and sculptures  
And you can see them in different guises  
In the the darkness of winter can you  
Appreciate the qualities of stolen light*

The way out of here

to my world is through that painting,  
The one over there it's just behind you.  
(Oh no it isn't!)  
I actually love the way we let ourselves in through  
the back door, just as if we were coming home.  
If I could I would jump into colours, wrap them  
Around me like a shawl I'd become a bird of paradise,  
Or a parrot with green feathers.  
Yes, it's like a new dawn trumpeted by an ordinary  
brown bird with a stunning voice- the nightingale  
perhaps, because it symbolises night and day.

(One flew over the cuckoo's nest!)

The views of the countryside draw you into the paint  
Where you cannot escape; a riot of birdsong in your head.  
An escape pod to a place I'd rather be.  
Thank goodness we got here!

## A gallery full of pictures

And time on my hands. He's not coming after all.  
But then maybe that's just as well  
Just thinking about what he did to me all those years ago  
when he sold my picture that I loved so much and  
thought he was doing me a favour getting  
the asking price but that's why I priced it  
so high because I never meant to sell it. Ever.  
FOUL. It was of a windowsill and a jar of flowers.  
A watercolour from my cottage on the islands  
a souvenir of those years, the happiest and saddest years of my life.  
We went to the Sunday school outing with five shillings  
half a crown to spend on fish and chips. Ice cream.  
The saddest time was coming home again.  
Memories drip slowly like falling rain each  
Picture opening another door into yesterday,  
Where we have been  
or where we would like to be.