

A close-up, black and white photograph of a hand holding a large amount of sand. The sand is falling from the fingers, creating a thick stream that tapers as it descends. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape, possibly a beach or dunes, with a warm, golden light. The overall mood is contemplative and evocative, suggesting the fleeting nature of time.

It's about time

Malcolm Cooke

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But if in your thought you must measure time into seasons, let each season encircle all the other seasons, And let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing.

Kahil Gibran - The Prophet

Contents

Beginnings.....	1
Waiting.....	2
Love poem.....	3
Woman.....	4
Back to Back.....	6
Love in the Shadows.....	8
Heart break.....	10
Ghost.....	12
Moment of acceptance.....	13
Revelations.....	14
Sacrifice.....	16
Sunsets.....	18
Driftwood.....	19
Dreaming of dragons.....	20
Leaf fall.....	21
March.....	22
Moments.....	23
Sepia.....	24
For lovers of preposterous beauty.....	25
Kith and Kin.....	26
Night Skies.....	28
The Greening.....	30
World Events.....	32
Surrounded by Mountains.....	34
The Plimsoll Line.....	36
How to cross safely.....	38
Twilight.....	39
All that I am.....	40
Such a day.....	42
Encounters.....	43
The love song of Mr Cafferty.....	44

I have Facebook	45
I do not remember	46
You are missed	48
Nature notes	51
Your Turn	54
Snow	56
Temple woman.....	57
The passing of a prodigal son.....	58
Evening Rain	59

Beginnings

We met and didn't notice the meeting.

It began like that.

An old, old story waiting to be retold
and in the telling I learnt your name.

And when, casual, you asked me mine,
I told you shyly. As though confessing.

Oh, I was, I was.

And if I'm asked where it all began,

I will say that moment then,

in that second of unknowing,

before the coming of the Judas kiss.

Waiting

My hands move,
empty gestures.
My mouth talks,
empty words.
My eyes see,
empty spaces.
I am not here.

The clock moves,
not enough.
The coffee pours,
not yours.
The phone rings,
not you.
You are not here.

I've been sitting,
I've been counting heartbeats,
counting the breath.
The hours falling away slowly.
I am sitting waiting.
There should be more beats,
more beats and less breath.
It's taking too long
this waiting for you.

The Plimsoll Line

Twenty four caskets of white
on white drifts of mourning.

Are you sleeping heart?

Shores awash with bodies,
a cumulus of unknown faces,
their stories stolen, hidden in waves,
buried as numbers in a news report.
Did their clamour for life
not wake you?

Are you sleeping hurt,
maybe moved to murmur,
wondering where love has fled.
Dust and blood, ochre, red,
marooned in silver gilt
whispering here, here.

Are you listening heart?
The voices have gone,
cast off
one by one,
And in the silence do you yet hear
their call?

Are you still asleep heart?

Look.

A child's plimsoll, washed clean
of its previous life,

lifts and rolls, pirouettes,

destitute on the water's edge;

A solo dance without a dancer,

a script with the wrong line.

Are you mute heart?

Twenty four caskets of white

on white drifts of mourning

await a voice.

Twilight

Travelling the twilight.
A day dying in the last post
of a lone blackbird;
distance dimmed, colours gone.
Flit of bat, from the corner
of an eye, a shadow breath.
I stand time leached,
poised at the gate
of death and rebirth.
Alive and ready.