

## **From The Sunday Times**

On a Sunday afternoon I turned water into wine.  
I thought I was God, so I could.  
On that Sunday afternoon I had time.

I had straw coloured hair, blue eyes and I didn't care.  
I ran in the fields, sang some folk songs  
And counted the frogs by the pond with a glare.

Then I whitened my teeth and put the see-through dress on.  
Because I had a figure to be envied by women- a lot.

I put the red lipstick on and had a sip of the wine  
Leaving no marks on the glass-  
It was after all- a Chanel lip sublime.

And then the orchestra started playing a song.  
I fell into the pit and broke the piano and G#7 string note.  
But nobody noticed- they sounded alright-  
Or so I was told by the lady outside.

I turned myself into a man and asked for some change,  
The Covent Garden crowd ignored me- how strange.  
Then I took a rabbit out of a hat  
Some children clapped, though it was a cheap act.

On that Sunday afternoon I had time, so I turned myself into a  
clock.

Tick.  
Tock.  
Tick.  
Tock.

TikTok.

On Monday the soldiers will come and I will fall pregnant with the  
Son of the God.

But as long as it's Sunday- I'm the one in control.

## **In Blue**

He said it was blue. His blood- blue.  
From Estonian duke or a noble of sorts.  
I was sitting there in front of my beetroot soup,  
Debating the origin and the truth of his talks.

Coz if that was the truth- I looked at my veins-  
I had also that colour painting my brains.  
But noticed it had I never- not once,  
Even though my skin was cut open many a time and many to come.

Then she came around with a bowl of potatoes in hand,  
Placed it on the table and sat facing Grandad.  
"And have you asked for some proof?" She looked at me with a wink  
in her eye.  
"Never, o never should you trust an old man with no alibi."

"The dust of the curtains and the lights of the stage  
Are deep rooted inside of his veins.  
But this theatre has burned deep down to the roots,  
So all he has left, is his imagination and you."

I put down my spoon and tried to look in his eye,  
But he found an apple in the basket besides.  
And at that moment I knew, that the blood  
Was not only inside but that it was also in blue.

c.2021

## **Hamleta**

To be or not to be, that is your question.  
To wonder about the purpose of thyself:  
To be, to die, to dream, to sleep- Good luck!

My question is- is how to be?  
I have nine thousand names, you add another seven more:  
A lover, mother, sister, whore and many, many more.

But I am just like you- I also toss and turn and wonder:  
Is my existence of a less importance?

Don't have I also lands to conquer?

No. Because I am a she:

I'm to be had, to be looked at,

And be an add-on to thine image

But not a person of my own.

My body's under your command

And therefore, I do not qualify for the condition-

The one, the human I'm referring to.

And you are right.

I am the daughter of the moon, the sister of the night,

The mother of the sea, the lover of the wind.

I am a cycle.

I need to run, to see, to scream and to create.

I am enough- I know I am.

But shhh, here comes my man- the fearless Eugene.

I better close my eyes as if I am asleep

And once he is inside me,

I'd better concentrate on him and his existence-

I have no dreams, remember.

Here, have my body because I'm so much, so much more.

c.2016

### **Sunday Gospel**

Come and say 'hi' when you have met Eli,

When you gathered the pieces and learned something new.

Come and say 'hi' when you followed the road and lost all your  
gold,

When you need wooden benches or something as old.

Come and say 'hi' when you run out of silence and myrrh,

Come- borrow some candles to put in the earth.

Come and say hi'- I promise, I'll hide.

c.2022

## A Song

There is a song I never wrote because I know not how to sing.  
There is a song I never wrote because my guitar is missing a string.

But music in my ears I have- it rings, it rings, it rings

A melody of thunder, laundry and mundane,  
A song of grief, lost self and the green lanes-

It rings, it rings, it rings

I saw a fox crossing the road yesterday and I got rained,  
My bike lock is rusty now, so it's difficult to open it, but hey-

It rings, it rang, it rung

There is a song I never wrote because I'm not in Cabaret.  
There is a song I never wrote because I'm late, I'm late, I'm late.

The bus hit the pigeon and it died instantly.  
But nobody cared because it was just a pigeon- obviously.

And then it rained, it rained, it rained

There is a wind in my hair and in front of my face  
Because I'm riding a motorcycle like a star from old days.

The big heavy truck hit me- I died,  
The driver was quite shook but the police told him he's fine.

And then they zipped my body up- as they should.  
That's the procedure- no helmet- case shut.

There is a song I never wrote because I never had the aim.  
There is a song I never wrote because it's now a wee bit late.

But then it stopped- no rain, no rain, no rain.