

A Selection of Poems created by Members of the public for the The R-Words Poetry Project

Poem 27

When all this is over and the dark has called the season's last orders,
I will go
to a place we've never been before.
With new air in my lungs
I will call for another round of drinks.
We will make a thousand toasts.
To the new season! Cheers.
To new brides and grooms!
And new born babies.
I will do a silent toast on my own to the end of the season and this
new place I have found.

Roseanne Watt, Simon Reekie, Guthrie Arnott, Anonymous

Poem 23.

Come intae the body o this kirk an aye mind
Yer stretched oot airms shud embrace a' kind
Fir in this kirk is rich and poor
fresh faced bairns and old yin's covered in stoor
For none oot runs this de'il disease
Vaccinations work fir us please.
Cos then I will yank yi in fir a bosie
squeezes and squishes till our cheeks are rosie.

Stuart Paterson, Peggy Mackay, Tina Mackay, Donald Hamilton

Poem 12.

The first words I'll say to you will be...
Life can be hard, but not all is bad,
Silver linings to be ripped open and turned inside out
twisted and knotted into whatever shape you want.
When life gives you lemons, squish them to pulp.
Forget the lemonade and make a cocktail.
Share it with your friends and tell them
that I spoke to you about
silver linings turned inside out.
And cocktails. Don't forget the cocktails.

Nadine Aisha Jassat, Jenny Catalano, Alison Stegert, Kate Marr, Alan Wood, Craig Randall, James Kidd, Stephanie Marr

Poem 11.

The first words I'll say to you will be...
Life can be hard, but not all is bad,
Silver linings to be ripped open and turned inside out
Shaken like an old purse, emptied of its coins.
You can be a magpie, taking the shiniest to your nest.
If you need more then come back for the rest.
Life can be hard but not all is bad,
Because you are strong, little one.
Little magpie pecking at silver linings with your beak.
Shhhhh.

Nadine Aisha Jassat, Jenny Catalano, Alison Stegert, Stewart Pullman, Simon Reekie, Nadia Sabbagh

Poem 3.

My mother, her mother, her mother, their stories passed down
become me.
Every wrinkle and mole, every hair, every fold, every land travelled
over the sea.
My body is a map of voyages. goosebump greetings, sinewy
departures //
my mother is more than a vessel, as am I
My ancestor's stories run in my veins and it's these that I will pass on
Our existence is an act of defiance
we shall never know the secrets of the past
And I am not my mother
I eagerly await the journey that awaits my bloodline
My child, their child, their child, our stories will flow and change

Emery Hunter, Leyla, Genevieve, Rachel, Iman, Katie, Josephine, Ross

Poem 5.

I find myself saying your name
And your name is all I can say
Though the words stay locked in my throat
Your name now engraved in my brain
I sink under the bath water, watch your name become pockets of air
Bubbles of all my pain form, bubbles of 'I love you' again.
Love. Pop. You. Pop. I. Pop. Love
How sweet love is, how predictable, how sticky, how tangy
I don't love love, I barely like it so why am I like this?
The bath water has no answer.

Emery Hunter, Leyla, Genevieve, Rachel, Iman, Katie, Josephine, Ross