

Natalie Crick

Let It Rain

Trees are like songs
In the air, sighing,
A green blush
To evening sky.

Raindrops on the windows
Are already starting to melt.
The mourning dove
Coos lost love.

I am a held breath,
Face turned to beaten sky,
Dark and purpled.
I am the bowl.

I am the collector.
Let it rain
Liquid solitude,
Translucent at dusk.

Autumnal Gems

Branches shudder in growth.
Roots twist and suck.

The ground dapples.
Shoots rise:

Soft, lush,
Dripping,

A pulsing thing
Exposed to wind,

Exhaled into open sky,
Forgotten, ghosted.

Russet leaves catch the light
Open mouthed as infants

High on sugar,
Passing out,

Their glutinous gems
A promiscuous showering of treats.

Ghost

Night is an open mouth.
Her touch minnows the water,

Whispers leaves as if
Through lace to some

Forbidden ear,
Combs my hair with glassy fingers,

A memory of her breath
Heard beneath the door,

The warmth apparent
That haunts her absent lungs.

Ghosts are there to see by.
You remember.

Swan

I scrub mouse blood from the floorboards
Imagining ice,
Imagining throats.
The dead stay dead.

A necked Swan
Sits disgraced,
The pale bone poking through, a
Sword rising from a lake
Sharp and still sheathed.
The bone is so white
I could have carved
It from wax,
Soft as bees,
A candle without a flame.

Forever Winter, the sky
Looks cold, pink as a clot
In the mouth
When the lights go out.

Swiss Sunshine

Today sky's clouds
Are God's fingers.
Sun scrapes across Winter
In its numb chariot,

Blushing to a fervor,
Garmentless,
Blood thrumming through its acres
Flaming, fruit,

Rendered opaque,
Purpling to magenta.
Each day the sun fashions a perfect death,
Pumpkin moon spiked, luminescent.

Natalie Crick, from the UK, has found delight in writing all of her life and first began writing when she was a very young girl. Her poetry has been published or is forthcoming in a range of journals and magazines including *Interpreters House*, *The Chiron Review*, *Rust and Moth*, *Ink in Thirds* and *The Penwood Review*. Her work also features or is forthcoming in a number of anthologies, including *Lehigh Valley Vanguard Collections 13*. This year her poem, 'Sunday School' was nominated for the Pushcart Prize.