

Pelmanism

A patchwork poem for National Poetry Day 2011



I had such high hopes for you.
We were so strong on paper,
both on fire. The last time
we'd played was in the old house,
six stolen weeks, secure in your den,
me listening to your stories,
then climbing the ladder
to play a different game.

What games shall we play today,
foul play and slapstick?
Kiss chase, spin the bottle,
not fun like they used to be.
You leap and stretch in High Definition
like a striker taunting home fans.
If you look at the ball closely
you'll see it has bloodstains.

Now we are too tired
to remember the rules.
I am small again, a little girl,
alone and chartless,
separated by legal distance
stretching into infinity,
bewildered on the brink of tears,
fishing for wishes in the long loch-dream.

We get to the heart of the thing -
war games, the unbearable logic
of how it's taking part that really counts,
plenty of time to rest up later.
The game becomes lacklustre,
scrappy, no great shakes
when the moment comes,
same old same old.
We are playing for pride.

**This poem was created
by taking a line from
contributions by the
following writers :-**

*Peter Alexander
Deborah Alma
Anne Berkeley
Di Chorley
Giles Comisbee
Rafael de Swarte
Ian Dubig
Maurice Gartsbore
Gwen Grant
Niels Hav
Ailsa Holland
Isaac Hughes-Dennis
Janet Jenkins
Wendy Jane Muzlanova
Stella Pierides
Alison Raybould
Heather Reid
Nicola Robson
Ian Searvey
Elizabeth Taylor
Judith Taylor
Sheila Templeton
Angela Topping
Alice Walsh
Deborah Williams-Kurz
Rodney Wood
Erik Zoha*

**Poem collated by
Andy Jackson**