

S

SEAL

S H-D

●
Seal
asleep
among the
rocks, resting
like a shaggy
sack, you're
rusty as an
ancient stone
a voice that's
cracked, all grunt
and moan. Yet if you
slip into the sea, you're
so graceful, soft and sleek
among the weeds your rust
turns gold and where you
dance, the waves unfold.
I wonder if you ever wish
you could sleep there like a fish.
On a pillow of salty green, the songs
of shells to fill your dreams.
But you must
lumber
filled
with lead
to slumber
on your rocky bed
picked on by the bully
gulls, glitter drying like
your soul.

enguins like to
stand together
keeping

warm by
sharing feather,
some in the centre
hug, some out, all
take their turn, and
turn about. Their layers
of feathers form a roof
to make them wind and
waterproof. They keep their
chicks warm on their feet, and
can recycle body heat, their
bills and flippers small in shape
to help stop any heat escape.
Penguins sound like trumpets
talking and look most comical
when walking, but on their
stomachs they can ski over
the ice fields to the sea,
and when they dive in,
'just like that', they

turn
clown to  from
acrobat.

Giraffe
 Is made of
 speckled light,
 his head's a long
 way
 from
his
 knees
 and if
you
 doubt
he
 looks
 quite
 right,
it's
 so his
 tongue
 can reach
 the trees. At his
 birth he drops six feet
 and soon must balance
 on his own four. I don't
 suppose he gives much
 thought, to all the stuff
 that's on the floor.
 The ant and gnat
 are all you see
 as far from him,
 as star from sea.
 So he looks up
 as he goes by
 and as he does
 he sniffs the sky.
 He has no time
 to study toes and



S SEA STAR

Liz Brownlee

she wanders in a ceaseless, starless night. **D** Deep under sea, a sea star sighs, no brain,
no breeze, no changing skies, no light, **S** sea in her soul, its stroke her sight, no moon,
no blood, no beating heart, no eyes.

in the shallows poised to seek a fishy treat with long
black beak, on neck that curves as rivers flow, through
feathered
falls of soft
white snow, the winding, slender silhouette, of the elegant

S

SNOWY
EGRET

by Liz Brownlee

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g
r
e
t



No one can make a tiger, by collecting
darkness.

Like ebony, or find his eyes, in old boxes
painting his stripes
branched



of amber
beads,
by threading



them, on cut

None can make his
crescents of night. spirit, fearless, as
thunder, voice, or his

his stealthy heart, nor heavy footfall light
on unbroken soil, unsnapped leaf,
to leave untouched,
the shrinking forest, green, unquiet.

No one can make a tiger,
no one can draw him, no one can write him.

no dark magic gives him life..

The Song Thrush

Liz Brownlee



A word cloud in the shape of the letter 'M', composed of various words in blue and black. The words are of different sizes and orientations, filling the shape of the letter. The largest word 'SMOOTH WAVES' is central. Other large words include 'CURVES', 'WAVES', 'SOUND', 'SINGING', 'WAVE', 'TUNE', 'SKY', 'SWIM', 'DOLPHIN', 'WHISTLE', 'TIDE', 'TOUCH', 'REMEMBERING', 'PLUNGE', 'SMOOTH', 'WHIM', 'LEAP', 'WIND', 'MUSIC', 'REMEMBERING', 'SMOOTH', 'SWIM', 'WIND', 'MUSIC', 'REMEMBERING', 'SMOOTH', 'SWIM', 'WIND', 'MUSIC'. Smaller words include 'SHIM', 'DOLPHIN', 'WHISTLE', 'TIDE', 'TOUCH', 'REMEMBERING', 'PLUNGE', 'SMOOTH', 'WHIM', 'LEAP', 'WIND', 'MUSIC', 'REMEMBERING', 'SMOOTH', 'SWIM', 'WIND', 'MUSIC'. The words are arranged to form the outline and interior of the letter 'M'.



A lamp for a
 nightingale, a pocket
 for an owl. They shook
 their heads at fresh air, at rats
 beneath the beds. *Cleanliness!*
 They mocked her, as they carried
 out their dead. My mistress took
 a fine, stiff brush, scrubbed her
 fingers raw. She opened every
 window, wrapped her patients
 clean and warm. She shook
 her head at gangrene, the
 stench of rotten flesh,
 the
 She boiled up all
 My mistress has a gentle face,
 sure the sick were fed.

Men and made
 she has an angel's soul. A lamp for a nightingale, a pocket for an owl.

Otter
Liz Brownlee



Nightingale

Liz Brownlee

Hidden

he sings to the sky at night. Singing alone. The loveliest
for being the same as all the other birds, with their repeating calls -
in the heart of darkling leaves he calls, notes flow in rivers and rapids
and falls - he doesn't care

song of them all