

**Sue Ballyn**

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Bone cold morning -  
stiff, I get as far  
as the deck,  
balancing  
my volcanic coffee  
on the rail,  
abstractedly  
watching  
its vapour  
slip fog-like  
into the garden.  
Following its  
slowly  
dissipating path  
I notice the she-oak  
decked out  
in Rupert's drops,  
hanging precariously  
from twigs  
stirring to bud again  
should spring come  
soon enough.  
Recoiling  
from such beauty  
and hope  
I go inside,  
taking refuge  
under my duvet.

Tasmania 2012, from the Collection *Water Whispers*.

## **The Who**

This poem formed part of a photo-poetry exhibition of the Rock Band “The Who” in 2009. The photo shows a very young blond barefoot girl among the fans at the concert in the Locarno, Stevanage.

*For Isabel Alonso Breto who encouraged me to submit a poem*

Sitting as she always sat,  
Same place, posture,  
All day, every day.  
no visitors, flowers,  
no letters, cards,  
forgotten by all  
whom she could not remember,  
silent, expressionless,  
arousing neither interest  
nor compassion  
though she would understand neither  
if she did.  
She watched the TV screen  
not even blinking,  
wide-eyed and blind  
to colours and plots,  
reading the screen  
a chaotic kaleidoscope  
of madness.  
So nobody noticed  
when her body tensed  
her eyes focused briefly  
on the young blond woman  
stilled on the screen...  
two words short-circuited  
her brain “Who?” “The Who!”  
millionths of a second  
clear-headed her to the blond,  
to “The Who”,  
before the great blank  
steamrollered in once again.

**Mieko**

8:16 a.m August 6th 1945

She lost her sight  
The day the sun exploded.  
Later, she knew why.

She knew people  
shied away  
from her deformity,  
her patchwork skin  
scaly, brown, pink, white.

She harnessed  
the moon's subtle energy,  
her body responding  
to turning tides and moon.  
Such luminous harmony  
with her inner moon  
took her to the shore  
each night, to her rock,  
her gnarled feet  
tingling in the French lace  
of incoming waves,  
her two moons streaming  
light through her body  
that only she could see.

**Sue Ballyn** is an occasional poet, writing sporadically over the years and with prizes in various competitions. Only one volume of her poetry has been published, *Green Roots*, in the 1980s. With other completed volumes in her drawer she sometimes revisits them and rescues a piece.