



And



BLOOM and BIRD LIFE

By

Alan Lake

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes*

Alan Lake is nothing if not engaging. In 'Bloom,' "growing older, hopefully / not worse. I spread my wicked seed / with only enough guilt to add / a bit of momentary colour / to the cheek." 'Bird Life' is a darling: "There's love in her eyes / that wills him to come." "she's there when he calls / because he is 'The One'"...."She will live all alone / all the days of her life...He's built other nests... with many a wife." It could sound quite chauvinistic, if it wasn't so ornitho-logical. (Spacing is poet's own.)

Five Stars

Bloom!

My aged grandmother used to say:

'You're growing like a weed,

(then add) *a bad weed'*.

These days, despite or because of
my glaring badness, I'm a grandparent
myself, growing older, hopefully
not worse. I spread my wicked seed
with only enough guilt to add
a bit of momentary colour
to the cheek.

Bird Life

She waits in her love nest

How long she has waited!

There's love in her eyes

that wills him to come.

That crow she hand-feeds,

that pecks at her heartstrings;

she's there when he calls

because he is 'The One'.

And she fancies herself

his darling, his only –

half the village seduced

by his harsh little 'song'.

Each night she just waits;

it's not often he slips in.

Gets a loving reception

then he flies before dawn.

There is no happy family,

no happy ending.

She will live all alone

all the days of her life.

He's built other nests

in many a treetop

and crows in all weather

with many a wife.

THE POET SPEAKS: *The 2 poems included in Fleas both began with something that really happened then took off for parts/verses unknown. That's often the way with my work. The Muse pokes me during the mundane and the mundane ceases to be so everyday and looks slightly revelatory. Potential for poem takes hold and the obsessive work begins and only ends when the Muse says, 'Okay, it's coffee time' OR 'Go ahead, be a devil and submit that thing.' And I usually wait for the Muse to make her moves before I make mine.*

I scribbled many a poem on a serviette that got lost before I decided to get organised and give myself to making/publishing poems. It helped greatly that I met poet Tim Thorne in Tasmania who gave me a needed push. I published 70 last year and have now been published in 17 countries so I'm persistent. Rejections? Water off a duck. I have about 150 poems under submission at the moment. I have 4 collections out there wandering the world. I've won a few things, been published in enough fine lit journals to know that poetry – not golf or duck hunting – my thing.

The poetry light really went on when I encountered Ferlinghetti back in the 1960's and that led to the discovery of William Carlos Williams, Emily Dickinson, Matthew Arnold, Coleridge, Walt, Atwood, E.E. and many, many others, including the divine Sarah Binks. But at the same time I was discovering my own inner poet and writing up a storm.

Allan Lake,

currently writing from Sicily

AUTHOR BIO: Allan Lake is a poet, originally from Allover, Canada, who now writes in Allover, Australia. Coincidence. His latest collection, published by Ginninderra Press, "My Photos of Sicily" contains no photos, only poems.