

Voices for Change Poem Submission

INVITATION

You'd really enjoy being where I am,
next to two parks, Endcliffe and Bingham,
I cycle home past the pond and the stream –
its water alight with stillness and stars –
and its water alive with water-stream noise,
and in Bingham the path between houses and trees
has a vista beyond of the city lit up;
We're at 49, I'm home you can see,
you might visit, I think –
and you can!

Shirley Cameron

NOTHING

Somedays I fill with nothing;
but nothing comes in different kinds,
it comes clear, bright,
even in the rain,
or sodden with the way things seem,
a blur of nothing