

Poetry Series

Tallie Kane
- poems -

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Tallie Kane(24th December 1987)

Welllll this is an update!

Ive actually gone through a major facelift of my poetry so the stuff on here has probably been spun around a bit because ive realised they needed work. Im also wary of putting stuff up on here because Im entering a few pieces or their now edited forms to competitions and such and they are arses about copyright and publishing and im not sure if them being on here counts as being published into the public domain blah blah blah. So sorry if it seems like Im just being rubbish and I will get to updating them when I get the time, which will hopefully be soon, so lots of fresh stuff soon!

Kathleen

You suited white, English Rose
So fashion lent a hand to sheets
that reek of TCP and comedy.

Paper Hands, with glints of gold
Dennis, now her bands play out
her debut into Kellar Ward.

At home, you wander lonely halls
Awake, attached to mocking lungs.

Tears, absent of sorrow
but of open mouths
made blind by palms,
Lay chorus to the tone
of green lights, flashing,
overthrown,
But better this than wheelchair born,

For when You sat to sleep
He pulled you out of
marriage white with iron arms
And left us with your
subtle charms, and bands,
there are no need for them
except to signal, Duty's end.

- 23rd February 2006

Tallie Kane