

Wish you were here
Morgan Westwood-Cooke

In some collage of emotion assembled in a study
of how the sunlight affects the expansion of your pupils
will have some footnote definition of whatever
was never said when rooms were full,
when rooms were just full of you.
The wooden floors do not creak in the rhythm of your feet,
the radio gathers dust on the dials last touched in some other lifetime.
This sharp loneliness is dull in some lights
like tea stained memories of slow
circles drew by the soft tips of your fingers
against the calluses of mine.
As night beckons in the day,
the forest I stumble through in mist
chasing a form, a figure, white rabbit:
images of delusion and you.
The tenderness of moment against retrospect
cannot shield themselves from the painted blows;
an urn I would fill with their original images to lay to rest
still closer to their true form than the decayed sliver that flickers
by the light of my closed eyes.
Any map marked with crayons, pens and crosses to scream:
Home is here
-have been carried away by other travellers.
The paths are lost and overgrown to the point they could never be known.
but I swore to the grandfather clock that it has borne witness to
a kingdom built by tired and caring hands,
constructing bricks of sand without the West's mocking sunset.
Storms and songs calling out between
the beats of some distinct drums and melody that
someone once called the pair of doves.
The light was chipped and dipped with gold,
the rhymes were so old,
disease fumes and concrete were the unvarnished reality,
the box apartment of possibility.
In the tiny spaces your voice whispered expanses
my tired feet would journey through them all just to find the marks of where
the moments of you moulded their existence, with a small smile and staring
eyes.
A shadow of the whole of you would be a burrow;
a hole big enough for rest and harsh reminiscent that
I keep for myself as though the iron in my mouth
would be enough to buy out whatever divine being
with the coins of nothing more than me.
Flowers bloom in the absence of words, but my family name
bears no resemblance to gardener and your
skyward eye never looked at the ground,
stating you could feel everything you needed by the souls of your feet -
everything between you and me.

Poetry

Section Editors:
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The nights of dancing on cold floors like fools,
if you hear what my clumsy feet tried to say to you
afraid of words and all that they mean
in the air outside of the steady heartbeat.
Clumsy tongues and reckless poets - everything had been corrupted
Midas's touch was too rough and destructive just because it shone doesn't mean it-
never knew what it was like to hold you close
full of blood and poets love,
determination to return to the shores
that trash my memories that always come with day break.
Shaking hands once traced your palms
creating beautiful lies of a future promised to you
by the pulse in my fingers writing a name-
mistranslation of an oracle
the heroes are dead and all forgotten
your dwelling is nothing more than a grave

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