

Madrigal

By Linda Ibbotson

You played
a Madrigal for me
this hot June afternoon.
Burgundy peonies
nodded in approval
beside the wrought iron gate
that separated you
from the eyes of the world.
Your cravat, askew,
decorated with the ash
from your Gauoise
draped between gnarled fingers
that once coiled around
clarinet and nubile limbs.
Chintz, hung in the air.
Pretty girls wore georgette
and street corner smiles.
Carcasses of dead fish
lay on the quay,
rich pickings
for marauding gulls.

You wrote,
but no longer.
Your mind too weak
to hold a thought,

your fingers too weak
to hold a pen.

The scent of peonies
and fading notes
drifted into the breeze,
and carried you
with them
in their arms.

The Pianist

He played
Chopin
on the
Steinway
at the
Conservatoire
In Paris
to the
Italian Countess.
Picasso paintings,
Venetian chandeliers
adorned the
Baroque halls.
White plaster
and marble
resonated with
rippling arpeggios.
Like a lover
he caressed

the ivories.

Fingertips reflecting

in highly polished mahogany.

Dark eyes

capture her gaze.

Black keys

unlock

the Italian Countess

baring

the nakedness

of her

crippled soul.

Oh...

How..

he showed her...

a space between notes

How...

Loves' diminishing tones

fade to silence.

How...

to ease crushing solitude

with desire

How...

to relinquish fear

as new skin she caressed

How....

scarlet threaded lips

weave melody into her soul

and

How...

to make love

In harmony
and not
discord.

He played
Chopin
on the
Steinway
at the
Conservatoire
In Paris
to the
Italian Countess
and
How....
The Baroque Halls
resonated with
rippling arpeggios
and
How.....
the Picasso paintings smiled.

Artist

(En plein air)

You paint
In a frenzy,
before light

and your eyes
have grown dim.
Your intuition
filled with longing
as silence unwrapped
a gift on the breeze
and blew words
that canvas embraced.
Born from a fusion
of red ochre and breath
Vibrancy sang her chorus
to the blind,
and shade
that you no longer see
turns to darkness
as your palette,
sgraffito layered
and scoured
with the sharpness
of your perception
surrenders,
and waits
for the paint
to dry.

Bio

Linda was born in Sheffield, England, lived in Switzerland and Germany, travelled extensively throughout Europe and Morocco, spent a month in India before finally settling in Co Cork , S Ireland 17 years ago.

She is a poet, artist and photographer. Her poems have appeared in the Blue Max Review, the Mad Swirl, the Porter Gulch Review 2013 and The Inspired Heart. She has had poetry read on Phoenix fm radio in Australia and write a regular poetry feature in Musicians Together on line music magazine.. Recently too She has been interviewed by Mel Ulm for Rereading lives blogspot.ie , written a feature for Plum Tree Books and also been interviewed on CRY104fm local community radio.