

Waxing and Waning



Your face of silver
lights the sky
a perfect plate
of pale moon pie

and if I took
a bite of you
then I'd be full
and you'd be new

Elena de Roo

Gumboot Weather

When we can't hear the telly, it's raining so hard
we grab Mum's umbrella and run for the yard
then together, we giggle, my brother and I
in our drumming, umbrella hut under the sky

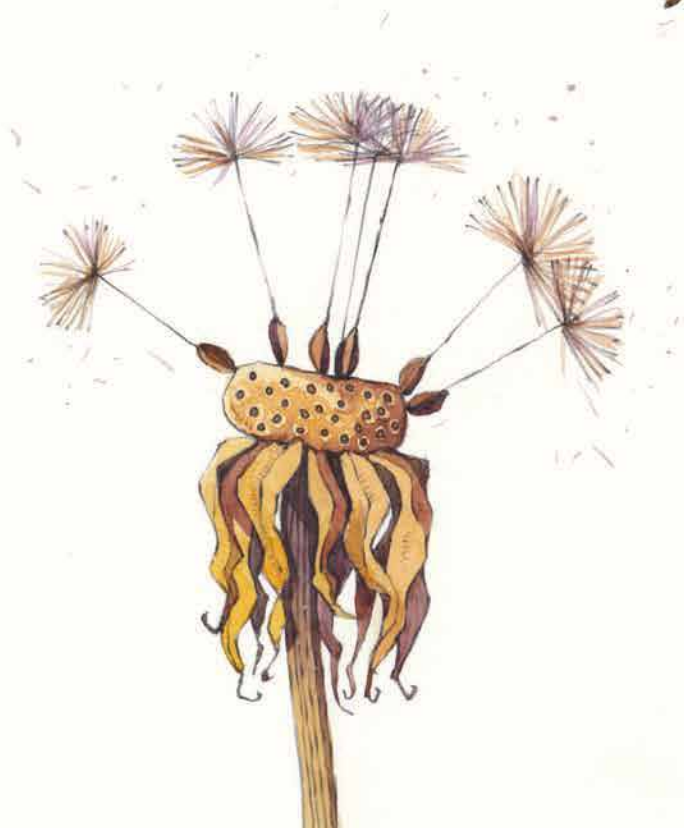
Elena de Roo



Empty Hutch

Pepper's gone
she's left for good
I think she's found a neighbourhood
where dandelions fill the breeze
and carrots
grow as tall as trees

Elena de Roo





Snorkelling

I'm travelling with turtles
down deep in the sea
down where it's silent
nothing but me

only the green
of the sun shafted sea
and the touch of a turtle shell
brushing by me

Elena de Roo



My Kind of Day

I like a day with a windy whistle
that rips your words away
a blustery gust of a day
that buffets and shoves and shouts in your face

One with an icy blast
to whip and sting your cheeks
that tackles and trips and cheats
pushing you back like a rugby scrum

Then screams you on from behind
roaring a gale
calling your name
as you run, run, run
with a dive for the line

Elena de Roo



Words

Some words just feel nice
like green apple butter
and blue lemon ice
or soft mossy pillows
by whispering willows
and tamarind trees
in a hot summer breeze

they sing on your tongue
no reason to be
some words just hum
like the cat on your knee

Elena de Roo



Ghost Bride

Want to end up wide-eyed?
Feeling like your stomach died?
Presented with the greatest pride
Welcome to our wildest ride

Like it on the chilly side?
Smile so wide, it's freeze-dried?
Keep that seat-belt firmly tied
Disembarking now denied!

Just a little terrified?
Perhaps a tiny tongue-tied?
Wait until you meet your guide
You'll wish you never took *this* ride

Teeth, as green as snake's hide
Blood of pure formaldehyde
She'll turn your marrow cold inside
Say hello to

Ghost Bride!

Elena de Roo

