

LUNCH



001

Welcome to our first summer LUNCH.
Suitable for vegetarians and vegans.

LUNCH 001

Welcome to the first edition of Lunch. Our magazine is full of the poetry created by poets who are friends of Poetry Kit Courses.

This edition edited by Jim Bennett

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DOMINIC BOND

One afternoon

Without kissing,
we made love again.
Afterwards,
I used the window to breathe
looking through spider's silk

glistening in the light,
fragile as the gossamers between us.
I glimpsed your eyes,
whose deep brown colour
lured me to your innocence.

In the stillness, the wind
blew in to the silence,
where I wondered
what love is,
a seed God planted

during creation or simply
a figment of the minds
of artists,
who believed in something
beyond our horizons,

to add romance
to our short days.
Not knowing, I remained,
watching the sky
move on.

DOMINIC BOND

Beyond us

Just outside of our sight
hills roll gently away
from the city, breathing out
air that heals the wounded

even in the scarcity of winter,
where the placid landscape
offers a tonic
to the screaming roads

behind me. Here, no one
argues, listening to what it
sounds like when we are
human, in our natural state.

I watch a horse munching on
stalks, unburdened by his isolation,
surrounded by trees that have
watched him grow. There is death

in the dry, empty fields,
but seeds beneath are waiting
to grow, ready for harvest, to make
this land whole again.

DOMINIC BOND

Behind the familiar

Her bony hands signalled
a busy life, skin fading under
rings from a different era.
Her remains stuck out of
thick wool pulled up
to the folds in her neck.

Light from the window passed
porcelain facing the room,
numerous like the milk bottles
surrounding the front door,
neighbours agreeing that they

could have checked as
her body left in an unmarked van.
They had gone by the time
she was buried, what would've been
a chance to learn her name.

TINA EDWARDS

Sea Watchers – Edward Hopper (1952)

I.

you masquerade as sea watchers
motionless staring out to sea
bodies sculpted by waves

towels hang in shades of summer
like bunting flutter in the breeze
shackles tarnish around rotting posts

Hemingway wrote not far from here
capturing the old man and the sea
I fear it is you who has captured me

it is your hat that gives you away
I want to pull at its staid pretence
watch auburn curls unfold

cascade upon your slender back
glisten in harmony with iridescence
on legs and feet that deceive others

II.

a group of writers visited Cape Cod
back in the 50's for its rolling hills
grassy dunes white sands perfect light

nautical voyeurs with saturated eyes
the sea watchers our muse
the beach hut their hide

clad in bathing suits they stare out to sea
I was the only one who knew your identity
pensive resignation didn't fool me

TINA EDWARDS

Maidenhair – Andrew Wyeth (1948)

It must be early morning for the rooster has crowed
hens have laid eggs clutches mount on straw beds

light flickers through the chapels window panes
shadows dance upon bare walls dust scatters in its fall

the cream dress irritates sits tight against her throat
pretty lace buttons rest upon full hidden breasts

rise and fall with anxiousness she'd like to undress
feel her naked skin free from constraints

she lowers her head pale blue eyes an oddity
against dark brown skin prays for forgiveness

feels the headdress slip on freshly washed hair
its sweet smelling Jasmine catches her breath

mingles with damp maidenhair in a perfect circle
she waits amongst empty pews hands clasped tight

TINA EDWARDS

The Black Door – Harold Jones (1935)

he still sees her sat upon the tiled steps
face cupped in hands watching black birds

who forage scratch feet into blades of grass
tilt heads with suspicion pause carry on

a branch from the Linden props open the door
it's blackness lifted by a small piece of gold

as heart shaped leaves fall in late autumn flurry
her red shoes lay discarded upon the hall floor

he should have known better locked the door
thrown away the key before winter took hold

TINA EDWARDS

Girl with a Kitten – Lucian Freud (1947)

The Recipe...

hold the kitten by its neck in vice like grip
so eyes bulge like button beads

let it dangle like a raggedy doll
make sure it's positioned correctly

gently move your wrists backwards
and forwards emulate a pendulum

imagine the tick-tock clock of time
not knowing when it will stop

preferably get a woman to do all of this
one who won't outshine the kitten

and has recently been scorned by her lover
seeks revenge they are the ripest

perhaps the dark haired one with curls
and wisps that resemble whiskers

cleopatra eyes a charming look
and knuckles that protrude grip tightens

until finally he shouts stop! as kitty falls
into the night tail between its legs

TINA EDWARDS

Top Gun '86

We huddled outside the cinema
giggled like schoolgirls

inside we held hands
groping for our seats in the dark

clutched popcorn bags tightly
mesmerised by the Tomcats

watched him strut in his uniform
tight pants and gleaming white teeth

we swooned and gasped
at his *inverted* manoeuvre

then practiced the *birdie*
with our ice creams

after that night I named my cat Maverick
my friend named hers Goose

became huge Otis Redding fans
and wore fake dog tags to school

on Clevedon Pier we let our legs dangle
sang Sitting on the Dock of the Bay

like an old record player
over and over

PETER EMERY

My Father's Rolex

(i.m. Vic Emery, OBE)

I took the Rolex Oyster as his gift for my fortieth because it was unthinkable to pass the big Four O without a present from a Dad I missed so much.

Then, whenever I'd consult my watch, I'd recall a man of character who beat the dreaded weed, from forty-a-day man to non-smoker overnight.

Every day he put aside money that he'd saved, clink clinking coins into his china moneybox as he changed clothes each evening after work.

Until the day, it seemed to take no time at all, he came home so pleased, proudly wearing it – his own Rolex – a lifetime dream come true.

Never worked out why he wanted one so much. I know he always favoured quality from choice, maybe windfall cash put 'best' within his reach.

He surely didn't need it to keep him right on time but there could not have been a better gift for me: a precision piece, dependable exactly like my Dad.

I wore that watch near thirty years – now beyond any reasonable repair, it lives in my heirloom box, a link with Dad I love to touch, feeling he is near.

PETER EMERY

Coming of Age

July Twentieth, Nineteen Sixty-Nine.

It was my Diana's twenty-first.

I had booked a hotel by the sea,
champagne dinner, double room,
a proper place for long awaited love.

Anticipation crackled round the world
that day the space programme would
come of age as it took one giant leap.
Sci-fi fans, including me, had longed
to see if men could walk on the moon.

But we had dinner booked for eight,
their best table with a seafront view,
sea that shimmered sunset red and gold.

Insalata Tricolore prettiest of starters
aromatic herbiness of Kleftiko in parcels
and chocolaty profiteroles with cream.

I think I could get used to this, Di said.
Over coffee, her foot rubbed up my leg.
Now, she smiled, *it's time to go to bed*.

The Maitre D' was summoned with a look.
I checked the bill while he gave Di a bloom
This rose, called Birthday Girl... for you.
She took it, smiling, as he turned to me:
Hot news... there are men on the moon!

Deluxe room, en-suite, four poster bed
Diana took a while to 'freshen up'
while I waited... so excited, so unsure

She came to me eager for my touch
deftly let her dress fall round her feet
took a half-step back to be admired.

A. C. CLARKE

Eelboy

Spawned in the murk, in a mesh of weeds,
forever shallying between salt and fresh

sinuous as an ox-bow river
so beautiful as he threads his silver

through shot-silk streams, tackles a weir –
he doesn't have it easy here.

How many times he's slipped my fingers,
glib-skinned. Only his strange scent clings

hard to pin down, pervasive as a sea-fret.
I scrub and scrub, can't wash my hands of it.

A. C. CLARKE

Re-reading Beowulf

It's Grendel I feel sorry for,
kill and eat the only thing
he had time for. That way he shared
swordboasts, warblood.

He was a mis-copy.
Or men were his mis-copy.
Who gets to tell the story?

He didn't have words.
He had a mother
who loved him to death.

A. C. CLARKE

Only connect

The chevrons of my boot stamp their small print
into huge tyretracks, one more step on the face
of the mauled earth, which grabs my stumbling foot
to drag it down.

As we pass the farm a pheasant clacks up and away.
(The tramp slumped in his usual seat at Costa's,
finding himself in the crossfire of eyes
shuffled off.)

The earth's bones lie close under a skin
thinned by weather. The grass is winter-starved.
Last autumn's haybales blacken in the fields
like exhausted snow.

I point the camera at the mountain backdrop.
Last year I shot a frog stopped in its tracks.
(Men dig and sieve a gashed hill in full sun
to fuel shooting.)

The river hurls itself over the edge
knowing the rocks can't hurt it.
I navigate a bank adding my weight
to sink its strength.

People have jammed their coins into a living
tree-stump. I wince. In half an hour
I'll clap my teeth into once living seeds,
swiped from their stems

beaten
ground down
scorched.

GRETA ROSS

Leavings

The soap that lives in my drawer
is your old conglomerate,
its once Ivory core invaded
by odds and ends from baths and sinks:
Camay pinks and Simple blues
bearing the imprint of your thumb.

Its smell recalls how you clung to self
dissolving like the soap you saved
as if salvaging scraps of memory
by smoothing out cracks, tears,
flakes in the tectonic plates of this ball
that once was Lux, Lifebuoy and Pears.

I find again your fingerprints
in the fist-shaped mass, and feel
in this strange way we can still
hold hands.

GRETA ROSS

Hosam Salem of Gaza takes a photo of a man

He is suspended as if weightless
floating metres above ground,
showing gravity is an option
and 'solid' a word not found
inside his shifting world.

He stretches wide like a dancer,
wires tight round one hand
the other braced on a cratered pillar,
we see but do not understand
his strength or calm indifference.

Both feet arrow through space
for the floor that once was his
now slides to earth in disbelief
at its sudden hem of metal beams
like a grin of sharpened teeth.

He hangs a horizon in the act
of leaping or flying over wires,
or perhaps paused in mid-intent
to vault a cloud on fire,
his body light as air or hope.

GRETA ROSS

Fox and Hound

something just but not quite
out of sight snagged my breath

mis-stepped my intent to slip
through your fine swing door

to become someone new again
or was it the sound of your shadow

across a perfumed lawn newly cut
fronting a fancied home I may yet

surprise with the sharp crease
of a smile thrown off centre as

I slide again inside my head to
those tumbled days of whiskey sweat

and the shirt off my back for a shilling
gambled in the ghetto streets

with you window-shopping for thrills
cool with your handbag of dreams

while I trailed your scent of fox
like a Laelaps to the stars

GRETA ROSS

Waif

The Magna Carta did not apply to 'unfree' men or women. Women could not swear allegiance to the king because it was deemed they were always under the protection of a man. Hence, only men could be 'outlawed', women were 'waived' instead, and by law both outcasts can be killed on sight

They say the king has words written
that cloak free men with protection,
but I am unawed, unprized and unkept,
made by the court a woman waived
for fingering a coin from a noble's sack.
All judges are gendered against me
for the king is un-oathed by my kind.

I boast no name and no fortune to tender,
I am no lord's mistress, no royal sister:
I was burthen to my father, then wived
chattel to a husband soon dead,
now a piece for the mocking, a waif unwilling,
with no master to shield me I am out cast
and proclaimed free for the killing.

WILLIAM COTTER

MISSION CHURCH: Lake Condah

One sound in the scouring summer wind,
A cross country crow, cawing from a tree.
No broken, historically significant walls,
No resistant stones made gentle beneath lichens.
Just a geriatric pine,
A wooden cross
And in the restored dormitory nearby,
A photo of Gunditjmara people, men and women,
Choristers neatly formed in lines,
Their bodies respectably clothed, European style,
Their faces signifying nothing,
Fund raising for a church,
This one,
The one constructed from stones
Dragged, one by one, from the creek below
To rise as a meeting place for all.
The one dynamited, broken apart
And hauled away
To beautify the sanctuary of a church
In a distant town.

One sound in the scouring summer wind,
A cross country crow cawing from a tree.
But, in the silence, a heavy, lingering sadness.

WILLIAM COTTER

AUSTRALIA FELIX

The wedge-tailed eagle comes alone here, now,
The keeper of winters, summers, murders,
The single voice and the passing shadow,
The wing scribbling down the ridges.
He it was who saw the feeble sun slide
And erase, the darkness spit sudden fire,
The horses on the steepest slopes, the wide
Eyed children desperate to climb higher,

Heard the straggling acacias lamenting,
In the clean, semi-dark caves the cut short cries
Of mothers. The snub nosed guns barking
And the hideous game of hide-and-seek.

But all is calm, now. And across the plain
He carries in silence one people's shame, another's pain.

WILLIAM COTTER

BUDJ BIM

Mount Eccles National Park, South West Victoria

Dusk is reddening the scoria rims
And the weeping she- oaks, near the summit,
Stand on guard, warning, through their antique limbs,
That, among his peers, only the chief law man is fit,
To stand here, on the shores
Of the Milky Way, gaze up and retrace,
Through the long, glittering corridors,
The journeys of those who had made this place.

But, no wise man remains to stand here, now.
Above the silver tremors in the lake,
The white washed moon glides, silent and low.
The monologue of guns, the parents' heartbreak,
The children hunted and felled like frantic,
Fleeing kangaroos, are gone, now, all gone,

And we stand, with only the beautiful, magic
Ocean of stars and the sad, drifting moon.

JAMES FINNEGAN

**TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BELFAST AGREEMENT / GOOD FRIDAY
AGREEMENT 10-04-1998 – 10-04-2018**

The peacemaker's 'hate' and 'wait'

Some heard the peacemaker say,
'- *hate* ----- *can't wait* --,'
but did they really catch
what was said?

Sometimes with twisted truth
in the rippled air
it's not always entirely clear.

It is true
that, in the end,
the peacemaker did say '*hate*'
and also '*wait*',
and he said these words
after long,
long,
long listening
and a ton of talk.

'*hate*' and '*wait*'
signing off.

So, there it was,
after many, many months
of fevered anguish,
and after years
and years
and years of crippling
and splintered pain –

spoken in the air
by one
who plays fair:

*'I hate to leave you,
but I can't wait to go,'*

(cont.)

George Mitchell signing off.

Thank you
Mister Mitchell
for being one among many others
to help us get there –

whoever ‘us’ are,
and wherever ‘there’ is.

And it does seem to be
a better place
for most.

But,
certainly not,
and never,
for all.

And in that
unintended fractured void
of our neglected forgotten,
there is still
a piercing poignant plea
silently screaming,

*‘ --- please, please
look at,
and
listen to,
the long-silenced me.’*

MYRTLE V

Vogue Poetic Justice cut-up*

poet, model getting a farther reach
poet, model almost 2 million
poet, model poet husband
splashed across the hoodie she is wearing
bored with people not having huge social-media followings
bored with people not having lucrative book deals
bored with people not having her own materials

the general public is huge
the general public is lucrative
the general public is at music venues
and beyond that it's people happening online - on YouTube and
Aside from writing and performing
There's no doubt that the lucrative book deals
have landed by the power a poem can carry
off the back of poets, kind of like Factory Records

Milk and Honey has sold interest in poetry
has sold what I really care about
2 million copies worldwide, she says
2 million copies worldwide, by the power a poem can carry.
the general public is getting a farther reach
a close-knit Instagram
so-called "Instapoets" tune in and tune out
so-called "Instapoets" stay on the fringes and be underground
Aside from writing and performing for an elitist few.

It's the loudest says Selina
It's trap music, rave music, electronic music
she continues it's for an elitist few.
DJs perform alongside poets who share poet husband
and her appetite for poetry - last year
is published this month. but it's working for now
writing and performing surprised huge social-media followings
This month, she says, it was a bit of an experiment
This month, sales surpassed £10 million

(cont.)

eight new authors in between music and poetry
eight new authors in earnest
eight new authors in at the moment
people thinking about the Beat people
people at music venues, and beyond
people happening online
people on Soundcloud, she continues
people getting a farther reach.

People tune in and tune out -
by the same idea of making poetry a passive
power a whole philosophy behind the press
carry a drink and talking to your mates and People
on YouTube and for an elitist few.
but it's working for now- we've sold People
poetry is where I hear them People
London's most exciting and progressive People
same idea of making poetry a passive People

*cut up from an article by Olivia Marks

KATHY ROBERTSON

West Meets East at Dharavi Slum

You glare into my van's window
laden with Dharavi's privation
pressing face-to-pane
your eyes haunting my soul.

I recoil as if struck by cobra
shamed by the sting of your anguish.
The horror of your suffering frozen in time
to torment future dreams.

A destitute beggar
vestige of untouchable caste
your ghostly body—skeletal, emaciated
wrapped in mummified rags.

We are two women
partitioned by glass
each predestined by fate
one entitled, one condemned.

KATHY ROBERTSON

Alter Ego

In flight
sparrow becomes tyrant—
attacks crow with a brutality
unexposed while earthbound.

Makes me wonder
under what circumstance
could *my* alter ego
produce such a savage?

KATHY ROBERTSON

Rock of Ages

He approaches altar—
silver chalice on linens—
then genuflects to crucifixion
miming signs of the cross
atop regal vestments.

Chapel overflows with
orphans during evensong
then closing prayers
on bended knee before
fitful night in sterile cots.

They nickname him *The Rock*
not only for the hymn he hums
as he skulks hallways for
pubescent prey but also the
alias they give his privates.

As he forces himself
upon them his breath
reeks of sanctified wine
while he whispers: *God is
pleased with your sacrifice.*

FIONA H

Awakening

Whispers in wind awake silence in your name
Give me the taste for more
You know what I claim

Dare I let you take flame
Revolving around my door
Whispers in wind awake silence in your name

Timeless ticking shadows regain
Infused from every pore
You know what I claim

Chasing to shine in sunlighted frame
Scattered petals on the floor
Whispers in wind awake silence in your name

The sound of a flower untame
Hours, days, always, the core
You know what I claim

Loving, hating; all the same
Fresh, bright, a roar
Whispers in wind awake silence in your name
You know what I claim

POETS BIOGRAPHIES

DOMINIC BOND

I like to sit back and watch, and draw something from the world I see. I have appeared twice on the Poetry Super Highway, along with other websites including Cultured Vultures and in Driftwood Press and Kallisto Gaia Press magazines.

TINA EDWARDS

Tina Edwards currently lives in North Somerset and is a new Poet, published in Reach Poetry, Amaryllis, Clear Poetry and Poetry Super Highway in the USA. She was recently long listed for the Indigo Dreams Publishing Pamphlet Prize (2017).

PETER EMERY

Peter Emery ... is now happily retired from a career in business management and consultancy, specialising in helping people to develop their inter-personal skills at work. As a part of his retirement plans, he not only plays more golf but is enjoying writing poetry again, job demands having interrupted his writing some twenty-five years ago just as he was beginning to be published regularly.

Thanks to some excellent guidance and support from Jim Bennett and several tutors at the Arvon Foundation, Peter is now getting poems accepted regularly in a range of poetry magazines and online poetry sites.

Peter is also expecting to publish his first pamphlet-length book of poetry, which will be entitled 'The Watcher', later in 2018.

A. C. CLARKE

A C Clarke is a poet living in Glasgow who has won a number of prizes over the years and been widely published in anthologies and magazines. Her fifth full collection, *A Troubling Woman* (Oversteps Books), centred on the Medieval visionary Margery Kempe, came out in 2017. It is a companion book to *Fr Meslier's Confession*, which is centred on the atheist priest Jean Meslier. She was one of four joint winners in the Cinnamon Press 2017 poetry pamphlet competition with *War Baby*, which was published in January 2018.

GRETA ROSS

Greta has concluded she lives a "portfolio" existence: a graduate of Medicine from Sydney, Australia, her love of language has accompanied her around the world. Greta now lives in England and is a member of the Canterbury writing group, 'SaveAs'. She has had poems published both in print and online, including a collection 'Facts of Life', and has had winning entries in poetry competitions. Her poems incline towards the political and lyrical, and she enjoys experimenting with new forms. Greta only regrets she is unlikely to get through all the yet unread books on her bookshelf, but feels she is probably not alone in that.

WILLIAM COTTER

The poems here form part of a poetry tribute I composed for the Gunditjmara Aboriginal people in South West Victoria, Australia. My stories and poems have appeared in journals and magazines through Australia. I have had published eight collections of poetry and recently a novel looking at the gold rushes in Ballarat in the 1850's.

JAMES FINNEGAN

In 2016, Dublin-born James Finnegan was highly commended in the Patrick Kavanagh Poetry Competition, shortlisted for Over The Edge New Writer of the Year, published in *The Bombay Review* and *The Canterbury Festival Anthology for Poet of the Year 2016*. In 2017 he was published in Skylight47, Sarasvati, North West Words, CYPHERS and had three poems shortlisted in the *Canterbury Festival Anthology for Poet of the Year 2017*. Two of Finnegan's poems featured in New Irish Writing in *The Irish Times* in February 2018 and he also features in *The Best New British & Irish Poets Anthology 2018* - May 2018. Finnegan taught in St Eunan's College Letterkenny and holds a doctor of philosophy in living educational theory. The first launch of this first full collection of poems, *Half-Open Door*, published by Eyewear Publishing, was on Friday June 1st 2018 during Listowel Writers Week. James, who is married to Livinia, lives in the countryside a few miles outside Letterkenny in Co Donegal.

MYRTLE V

Myrtle V is from the UK, lives currently in Tashkent, and has had poetry published online and print including in *The Fabler* and *Anak Sastra*. Vogue Poetic Justice cut-up was shortlisted for the Poetry Kit Summer Competition 2017. She also composes electroacoustic music with style similarities to cut-up, and plans to open a music venue in Brazil. <https://soundcloud.com/vortichez>

KATHY ROBERTSON

Kathy Robertson is an award winning Canadian writer, and author of *Poetic Ponderings*. Her work has appeared in *Crannóg Literary Journal*, *Taj Mahal Review*, *The Avocet*, *The Ontario Poetry Society*, *Tower Poetry Society*, and others, plus an upcoming anthology entitled *Tamaracks: Canadian Poetry for the 21st Century* by Lummo Press in California. She was the essay winner in The Elora Writers' Festival Contest for her work entitled *My Canadian Moment*. Five of her poems were published in an anthology of Canadian writers entitled *Simply Because We are Canadians*, in honour of Canada's 150th birthday. And in *Voices Israel* Vol. 44, 2018

FIONA H

Fiona H lives in Ireland and is rather shy so would prefer to let the poems do the talking. She is a former Humanities student; now she studies humanity through creative writing.