

A photograph of a long, empty wooden stable aisle. The floor is made of light-colored wooden planks. On the right side, there are wooden stalls with white-painted lower panels and dark upper sections. The ceiling is made of dark wooden beams and corrugated metal sheets, with several bright skylights providing natural light. The left side of the aisle is partially obscured by a white-painted wooden wall or fence. The overall atmosphere is quiet and somewhat rustic.

little stories

by

jenny ransley

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dedication

i am grateful to my children mark, shaun and amy
who inspire me
my husband jeff who quietly encourages me
emma and andrew of windermere station where
it all began
mum who instilled in me a deep
love of poetry
and my brother norman who
walks beside me

Little Stories

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Although previously published, this publication has taken on a fresh format and has been updated. As a result is the soul property of the author and publisher, Jeanette Elaine Ransley

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when I find myself in times of trouble...
i follow the river



my soul

when my soul aches
i take off my shoes
and walk a while

sharp stones remind me
that my life has just begun
and i'm grateful
for the pain beneath my feet



dusty songs

sweep
sweep
sweep

brittle straw
dances
over brick and
concrete steps

a warm
honey
voice
sings dusty songs

my voice



i lost my voice

but in a land
barren
stripped and broken

my loss glowed small
beside a nations cry for freedom

i found my voice
in a foreign land

inside me

around me

everywhere

babies



dragging scruffy blanket bits
pyjama clad thumb suckers
stumble into outstretched arms

a soft cotton apron
blue and green
smelling of sweat and wood-smoke
wipes away tears and snotty noses

we clung to her as monkeys to their mother

now it's my turn

i lift your child
and hold her with my soul

a story



a story is a simple thing
keep the words you need
and ditch the rest

chlorocebus pygerythrus



here he comes again

screeching

clawing

retching

sinking septic teeth into shoulder-bone and muscle

the heart pumps puss

one squirt at a time

through empty passive vessels

into waiting passive cells

repulsed by the taste of toxic passion

the b

o

d

y

lies

help

less

tort

ured

ex

haus

ted

stripped

naked

he dances on my soul

this monkey on my back

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