little stories

jenny ransley

by

little stories

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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

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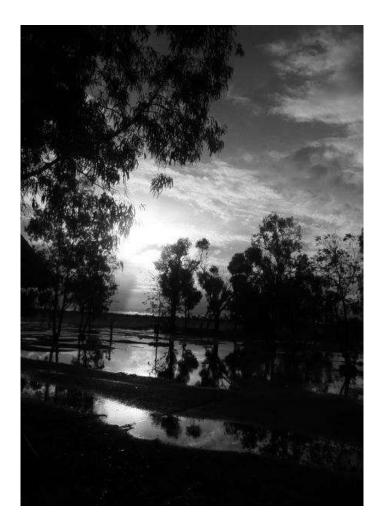
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when I find myself in times of trouble... i follow the river



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



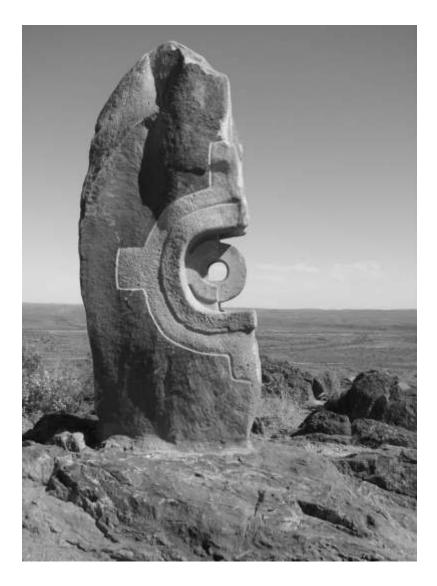
dusty songs

sweep sweep brittle straw dances over brick and concrete steps a warm honey voice

sings dusty songs

3

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

every where

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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