

Initials in the old oak tree

Carve your initials with me
in the bark of the tree.

let the leaves cover our footprints
hide where we have been.

let us frolic like children a while
let us remember we are still wild.

of autumn days a random discovery with me
as I sign of still is meant to be.

years may go by
many seasons fly

A sense of memory
by perchance a random discovery

There is no predicting what is meant or not meant to be
but I let my fingers retrace the bark and smile at the memory.

of the chill in the air of Autumn days long since erase
but here it remains for all to see.

A girl and a boy whose company was joy
in the chaos of things they were not ready to be.

for old time laments carve what is meant

our names side by side on the old oak tree.

Love you

He was not a poet or a man of words
He kept his love you's true, few and simple
Functional but effective, for sinking ships
For desolation, to encourage hope
Then, this love you
So unexpected
Made her draw her breath and heart race;
For it was true, it was meant.
The blush in her cheek
And smile on her face
Gave her away to the moment.

In need of...

Could do with cosy, could do with coffee, could do with cuddles
in need of you.

Could do with quiet, could do with time, could do with a crackling
fireplace,
in need of you.

Aly O'Neill is a poet and spoken word artist from Cornwall, United Kingdom. Her debut poetry book was published by Wildfire Publications in Summer 2017: *Poems Worth their Salt; Tears, Time and Tide* available from lulu.com and Amazon. Her next book is due in summer 2019. Inspired by the beautiful world around her, nature, love, also writing on humanitarian issues, Aly is passionate that poetry and writing therapy can have a positive impact on mental wellbeing.

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