## **Voices**

My life hangs on a string.
Carving of a sea bass, glazed ceramic.
I'm not alone in this.
There's the scallop shell,
The seagull and the crab.
Together, we form an ensemble.
Making music is our passion
Though the means to it
Remain at times elusive.

Stale air makes no music, Don't you see? What are we without the wind? Dumb.

Our voices are not ours to claim
If they need to be rustled
From without.
So we wait,
And we wait,
For our strings to be tugged,
Our bodies to collide;
Puppetry of another kind.



## After D.H. Lawrence

Today, before breakfast, I was reading a poem By D.H. Lawrence, A rather unabashed declaration Of his amorous affections To his lady -Mr Lawrence hoping to Spend eternity with His face down buried Between her breasts; His still heart full of security And his still hands Full of her breasts. What a way to spend eternity I thought and wondered how I should like to spend mine -Me with my face down Buried between books: My still heart full of

A confidence in An inexhaustible supply Of books and my hands, May they never be still But be found turning Leaf after leaf after leaf...



## The Inexorables

Pearly not-so-whites -Misaligned with room for A whistling tune or two.

Cheeks -No, more like saggy pouches. If only one's money pouch could Sag as much.

Lines Need I convince you
On Time's perverse pursuit
In the fine art of etching?

Clumps Not again.
That smart alec drain stopper
Brings to your attention
Each time you shampoo.

Eyes -No matter the long or short Of them, Observe their comrades With unforgiving acuteness still.

After all, what is the body
But an exoskeleton, a receptacle?
More often than not,
A phoney representation
Of the contents you carry inside.
Then again, when did
One's sense of mortality not sting?

## Life.

That long train of inexorables -Which someone else paid For your passage, Thinking it would be the ride Of your life.



**Ellen** exchanged her corporate heels for paintbrushes in 2007 and had since embarked on a journey from Singapore to Thailand as a self-taught artist. When she is not painting, Ellen enjoys going on solitary walks in woodlands and along beaches where Nature's treasure trove impels her to document her findings and impressions using the language of poetry. Her works have recently been published in The Ekphrastic Review.

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