

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.

[illegible]

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

[illegible]

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

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

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

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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