**Segments March 2020. Lighting**

**Poetry inspired by the workshop**

**LIGHTING by Gill B**  
You lit up my life and you lightened my load.  
You flickered and sizzled, you burnt my eyes.  
You were constant.  
You were unrelenting.  
You made me shine brightly, I glowed for you.  
I was a rabbit in your spotlight, a singed moth.  
I was star-struck.  
I was on fire.

But stars explode and candles gutter.  
Fire goes out and lighters stutter.  
Burnt finger throb and then go numb.  
Burnt eyes water burnt eardrums hum.  
You made me flare up then stole my heat.  
You blanketed my heart then stifled its beat.  
You shine and shone you shone and shine.  
You kindled your warmth, extinguished mine.  
You lit up my life and you lightened my soul  
Then doused me entirely then left me unwhole.

**Lighting up Lives by Susana Harthill**  
Never, in all my speculating, did I ever envisage this –  
UK, Easter morning: day nineteen of this savage lockdown.  
I think of Giles, patron saint of outcasts –  
citizens without high office, status or power.  
When I stop thinking I cry,  
tired of trusting, believing, praying.  
Tired of feeling guilty,  
for not being there:  
Libya, Spain.  
Despair.

Hope,  
it’s antonym.  
Do we dare?  
If nothing other, and  
we care, this we must –  
stand united for our vulnerable; for  
the sick, and all key workers, whom  
we owe so much! In rainbow colours  
we show our love, clapping hands while at  
safe distance, as Capt. Tom marks time in paces…  
He’s gone the distance! Brought some smiles to sombre faces.

**LIGHT by David Winbow**  
I miss the smell of evening light,  
hot metal, oil and glass,  
our heads bent into its pool  
for knitting, homework, news.  
The splinter-groups of flames between the bars,  
glow behind Light, Luxembourg, and Home.  
Shadows on the stairs.  
Candles pinched for fear of fire – the tang of smoke.  
Then dark.

I miss the sound of Sunday light,  
Tilley-hissing over pitch-pine pews, harmonium,  
Sundaybest, and surreptitious-throatsweet,  
Moody and Sankey.  
“She’s no better than she should be either”  
“Hush – least said”  
Pulpit retribution roaring. Bike lights home.  
Then dark.

**Half-light by Maggie Sanderson**  
Half-light across a Herefordshire field  
A crisp cleanness in the air.  
A dewy dampness around my toes  
Adds a quickness to our morning walk.

My dog eagerly leads the way,  
Stopping to ‘point’, ceasing to play.  
The birds chatter, squawks filling the air  
A kaleidoscope of colour transforms the sky.

Blush pinks, apricots, steely grey  
A contrast against the solid shapes of branches and leaves  
My senses sharpen, then suddenly  
The day moves from mystery to mundane.