

Just Three Words

Joy Kuang

In fresh flowers by a grave,
(clean water and a sparkling vase),
Surrounded by teddy bears and windmills
Keeping the weeds from the neighbour at bay.

In a sneeze at the bus stop,
Excuse me

Bless you

Thank you

You're welcome

Between strangers muffled by masks
And a gap of six feet.

In the kitchen before school,
With no bustle of breakfast (and lunch) being made,
How silent, how nice,
(how lucky)
To relish the stillness of an empty house.

In my phone on the bus,
We're homeee
Get home safe!

Thanks almost there!

Tell me when you're back
(after a sudden Ikea trip
planned twenty minutes before leaving)
I'm home:)

In fake flowers by your grave,
Looking the same as they did four months ago



Taken In by Belle Villar

(and ten and twelve and sixty-eight).
One day we'll leave a potted plant,
You'd always found cuttings a waste.

Work in Progress by Amy Groves

