

A YEAR IN THE LIFE ROOM

(in haiku*)

life room baptism
charcoal smudge on brow like ash
you leave with first scrolls

breath blink swallow halts
stillness my occupation
patience calcified

you draw my still skin
as rain falls on windows
I stretch and walk home

sunlight lands teases
fickle highlights dance cruel jig
shadows shift: rub out

you covet my thoughts
secret kernel self stays locked
behind my mask gaze

every size shape mass
only once in fifteen years
looked back with brown eyes

art marks my timeline
babies gravity takes toll
witness my aging

body caste you draw
my mother on your paper
odd you've never met

my ghost rises up
a beachcombers paradise
lives lived from my plinth

blood dammed in gutters
neurons paralyse in shock
cramp scream no-one hears

sounds fall overboard
nib scratch jamjar paintbrush chalk
I collect like shells

tan migrating south
mourn gold deckchair skin molting
pale limbs born beneath

winter dressing-gown
church sells christmas cards through fog
sneeze cough your absence

draught on spine shiver
heaters breathe light rosé warmth
wait for break hot tea

charcoal black footprint
oil paint casualty on clothes
white spirit burn tears

year blooms confidence
paint ink collage sticks catch fire
express your calling

final shows hang proud
locked by fixative or frame
from walls I stare back

easels wait silent
varnish floor on year of paint
I garden. I move

(* 17 syllables. 3 lines. 5-7-5.)

by model, Deb Pearson.