

Telling Tales

There are no new stories in the world
But no man tells the same story twice
Or in quite the same way
And so in the round of the centuries
They turn and return

Till Macbeth is my neighbour
Lear cries the tale of his daughters
In the street
Cain sharpens his knife against his brother
On the whetstone in my kitchen
And look! Is that the Prodigal Son
Washed in tears upon my doorstep?

There are no new stories in the world
Just the tales that you and I carry
Rattling in our pockets
warm from the hands
Of our fathers

Touchstones
Small hail
To fling in the face of that dark sunnor
Who comes at the close
To say 'The End'.

Venita Coelho