



# Metamorphosis

*A Federation of Writers Scotland Patchwork Poem for National Poetry Day 2018*

Every year I am losing people, finding gaps.  
Café seats fill, empty, refill. I hear voices  
in the hide-and-seek orchards. There's nobody there,  
an in meh pert o Scotland  
cars go by; they've come from nowhere,  
along the road that snakes the village,  
ghosting through copies of brittle, empty days.

We used to cook from scratch with ingredients,  
chicken soup for a childhood cold,  
two innocent alchemists playing with time,  
keeping the big wheel spinning,  
bestriding the stars.  
A love we thought would outlast time, didn't;  
we have swapped the stars for searchlights.

Close your eyes. Imagine you're a pearl,  
or an island on the rim of the world,  
a far-away country thousands of miles away.  
When I stop breathing my kindred spirit soars,  
change whirls through like wildfire.  
In deepening dusk, I look to the Pole Star:  
beautiful things can rise from the darkness.

I still feel like a new youth -  
watch my final flight up the hill.  
I walk through life with brand new drums  
bought with loose shrapnel.  
Fathoms of air above me shift and part:  
it is time to fly out of the shadows,  
open the wintered heart to a brightening dawn,  
raise my voice and sing.

*This poem was created  
by taking a single line  
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the following writers :-*

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*Poem collated by Andy Jackson*

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