

Poems by Linda Ibbotson

A Celtic Legacy

Rising from Celtic mists,
calloused white boned fingers
on goatskin
unravel lyrical etchings
on ancient stone
that weeps beneath wounds
swathed in redolent moss
and pink veined thrift.

Stone that cleaves to breath
from Uilleann pipes
shaped to spear the horizon
of Atlantic blue,
carrageen and crab.
Flint and turf furrow
Skellig spines
that once housed the faithful
and guillemots.

Ribs of currachs
kneel before
Ulysees and crosses
scoured by silent storms as
ancestral skin stretched
to beckon retreating tides.

Anchored between the sacred
and calloused white boned fingers
the Book of Kells
lay bleeding.

Woven in Paris

I saw the lilac dress
on a wire hanger at No. 27.
Rive Gauche perfumed
the now shabby petals
of aubergine and rose,
rooted in georgette.
Flecks of paint recall
how Picasso rearranged
your aching breasts.
Was this the dress that lingered
behind peeling blue shutters
as you shed another layer of your skin?
or the dress you wore when Fleur
clung to your hem of stability
as you chopped thyme
for the Bouillabaisse,
when all along it was you
who hungered the most ?
Was this the dress you sullied
while on your knees in Sacre Coeur
searching for your lost virginity
beneath the sanctuary of a stranger?

Your mothers' clock counts the minutes
before you depart.
Pink porcelain with chimes
as sweet as the scent of freesias
on an Spring Parisian breeze.
In Montmartre, peeling paint hung as heavily
as the Avante Garde,
the free thinkers on an abstract plateau
searching in Chagal, Seurat,
and the pointless in pointillism.
Conformity and mediocrity imprisoned you.
The Ballet Russe mis-shaped your choreography
as dust, caught in the lilac folds
danced freely in the warp and weft
and settled as you pirouette
through the final curtain.

BIO

Linda Ibbotson was born in Sheffield, England, lived in Switzerland and Germany, travelled extensively throughout Europe and Morocco, spent a month in India before settling in County Cork, Ireland 18 years ago.

A poet, artist and photographer her poems have appeared in the Blue Max Review, the Mad Swirl, the Porter Gulch Review 2013, the Inspired Heart, Epistome and Virtuoso. She has had poetry read on Phoenix fm radio in Australia and has been interviewed on CRY104 fm.radio in Ireland. She writes a regular poetry feature for Musicians Together “on line” music magazine and formerly a fortnightly feature for Plum Tree Books focusing on poetry, music and arts events in Ireland.

Linda was invited to read at the Abroad Writers Conference in Lismore Castle Ireland December 2013.