



# NEW LIGHT

Four Poems

Olivia  
Douglass





## Ripe

– after summer 2020

there I was all up in it the ripening twisted into oiled  
loxx all loving each living inch all over kissed over  
fire I gave thanks for these loyal bones green fingers  
the rolling night all wine all wonder mirror caught my  
body twirling out of sage smoke I was all ready  
kneading the song soil sweat of it knowing  
nothing of a binarybondage a bountiful mess of  
myself everything under the sun is changing all the  
time all my skin soft lovers flocking to the river  
all water leads to my centre filling slowly with true  
there I was all set in my ways all of them blooming

When, then, at once, pale skinned and rushing in, they  
came. All mouth and muttering. Spouting something about  
lifting me up, out, elsewhere. Talking about my voice space  
and their voice space, how they are learning it all from  
books I'm in. Thick white smoke & promise lies. Of course,  
they came with coins too, all shiny, well kept, ready to be  
thrown. Came talking about something, looking for what.

I sat holding all my things staredstaredstared  
did not lift a finger






**Memory Aches**

**#1**

what was  
done has been done  
is still doing in me           in me  
the done is never undone  
always  
echoing

**#9852**

I don't want the words of this loss  
what sense is there to make  
only a dance around it  
no music no light not even floor  
just body weight forgetting  
its own rhythms






#73

so

each day is new light  
to be born into  
again again & again





## Pronoun

I won't answer for this assigned language

. No.

when you say *I just get confused* *it's not grammatically correct* & *grammatically correct* arises in our air like smoke

I think

.yes &

that too ! could be.


beautiful

that you might call me in multitudes -

that I might come in my thousands

what punctuation: would you put here?

(here) where a chest protrudes into a life sentence,





## Playground

white kids plunge their hands through my hair  
I slip out across the hopscotch

one with blue eyes yellow curls wants me to chase her  
so I do

behind the big gate I give her my small tongue she takes  
my mouth

I want this to never name itself or be caught

bells ring our mums talking of tea play

saturday we make a den & I wriggle all over her in  
pyjamas

I feel everywhere inside me become

by monday lunch owen is her new  
boyfriend & the whole

class knows

he is really good at football she tells people they will get  
married

when they are older

I can run fast too I can kick hard

