

## A Sonnet

BY Clare Bishop

The Key was in the door,  
Once again my stomach hits the floor,  
All I can think is what mood is he in?  
And God forbid I have committed a sin,  
The air in the house just turned to lead,  
And I wonder what is going through his head?  
I creep to my room,  
And forever expect impending doom....  
BANG!  
The nightmare has begun,  
His fist hits the door,  
I don't wanna be here anymore...  
I wonder where did this begin?  
And how did it become all about him!!

## Render

BY Clare Bishop

Before you look back and reflect,  
You will always feel a level of neglect,  
Everyone has that hole they wish to fill,  
But swallow that jagged little pill.  
Some wounds are not meant to heal,  
Those are the ones we wish to conceal,  
All those individual marks,  
Help us to remember,  
All them we have rendered,  
Then those negative marks,  
become bright sparks!!!

## Near and Unseen!!

BY Clare Bishop

The empty gapping hollow belly  
Im not hungry!!  
Thats not it  
It's the space between  
Near and unseen....

Where it happens,  
Where it looks and finds me  
Like a monster seeking prey  
That feeling finds me.

## **Glass Mask**

BY Clare Bishop

Blank, Empty, Translucent.  
The fall of descent,  
The clear barrier.

Invisible, Hollow, Plain.  
Why does the world feel insane.  
The separation of the self.

Nothing, Quiet, Still.  
A big hole left to fill,  
That thing that I wear.

## **Blank Expression**

BY Clare Bishop

I don't wish to give you the wrong impression,  
Its the modern worlds invention,  
To hide yourself away,  
Hide the way you play,  
Show the world what they want to see,  
Instead of who you want to be!

## Memories

BY Clare Bishop

Remembering things, Never easy,  
Of days gone by,  
They seem to be the world,  
And why?  
Because people they turn away,  
Ignore the signs,  
And let them play.

Between the laughter and the tears....  
A constant reminder of all those years.

## Avin a canta

BY Clare Bishop

Avin a canta,  
Arr, er wuz gasssin,  
But no one eva sez why that is,  
She should be mindin there own business.

After all, it ay as if her az anything good to say,  
Mindya no-body listens anyway.

Every estate as one, standin on the doorstep,  
Whatchin us all, every move ya mek.  
No one eva mentions that they dow wanna no,  
They just listen, it guz in one ear n out the other.

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