

## POETRY

*Jan Richards*

Why  
do we run  
to our hiding places  
for capturing  
our souls on parchment?

Is  
it not  
in the midst of our worlds  
that our deepest emotions are borne?

Do  
I lose something  
by waiting  
to come here —  
to sit beneath this tree  
to gaze out over rocks to water  
to feel the breezes below sky —

Do  
I lose something  
by waiting  
when  
POETRY  
is simply

my heart singing the notes of my selves  
as I  
move into sunshine against the body  
of the woman I love  
as I  
colour laughter with the hugging of  
my friend's children

or  
remember  
those I lost  
but  
still  
miss...