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Concrete Poem Diary

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White Lines of Demarcation

Early morning, I'm
listening
to ras-

ping rooks
calls cack-
ling

gar- gled
laugh- of crows
ter
d
i
s
c n
o o
r a t h t
d n e i i
- t s t n
-g
build-
ings

c
rat- h t
this a- a e
tat t r

s
l f f e from
i r a c the
d e l h gabled
i e l o school
n - e roof
g s

is foreign
frac-
tious
a slapped

domino
in volatile shebeen
each clack

a threat
of snap-
ped tempers.

Not for them the sensual cooing, throaty coaxing, of pigeons, when the playground
empties. That's tame!

This ras- crows screeching coal-tar,
ping of and is shadow birds
rooks un-leashed re-proof
the ack-ack gun of bituminous bile, and feathered foul language,
rever-
ber-
a-
ting

anger, thrilling beyond
the white boundaries on tarmac.

MURMURATION

	canvass.			
splashed on a wetted		The starlings		
black speckles of ink		fill the air		
Moving, spreading		with static crackle		
rises and falls in unison.		of wings beating,		
billowing,		shocking the hush		
shaken,		of evening.		
quilt		Whirling, they		
a		deviate		
like		pulsed hesitations		
um –bell- ets		like a breath	held	
clus-ter-ed		defying	death	
		languorously	paused	
in			now	
silhouetted			wheeling	
of the flood plain			Through the twilight,	
Caressing the borders			r	
takes flight.			u	
the surging cloud form			s	
citrus-hued horizon			h	
the			and	
into			drop	
Lifting				
		in the	waving	alight
	b	r	s	i
	e	e	e	n
	l	e	e	g
	o	d	d	
	w.	beds	heads	on

KAREN BARTON is a neurodiverse poet studying The History of Art with Creative Writing for her BA at the Open University, Milton Keynes. She lives in Wiltshire, UK, close to Stonehenge. Her non-poetic occupations have included: magician's assistant, dancer, and art and creative writing tutor. She is the founder and co-editor of *Matryoshka Poetry* and has been published in *The Curly Mind*, *I Am Not A Silent Poet*, and *Quatrain Fish* and is forthcoming at *Thank You For Swallowing*. Her work can be found at: <https://thepapercutpoet.blogspot.co.uk>