



post-it note poetry

forbidden | delight

volume two

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Marking time
til it hurts
this time for real
not along the road
but in the head
the heart
the blood
its poison twisting
on itself
while these trusting souls
wave goodbye again





It's time to stop the flow
of money, jewels, gold and blow
the things that make
a billionaire glow
though they say he's on the wage
of a mere public servant page
Now it's real for those without
the palaces, gold toilets
and mega yachts
His wealth is as uncountable as
the pain of the people
he purports to protect

Others have felt
the sting
of this ubiquitous
thing
It is getting close
drawing in
pawing, clawing
gnawing away at
our consciousness
before it finally
inevitably
strikes





In the plastic bubble
hard to penetrate
all those texts and emails
disseminating hate
Well into the night
fingers flick the screen
I'm tapping on the surface
seemingly unseen
But no, there is a light
glowing underneath
showing depth of care
that everything's alright

Long lines of snaking metal
From above
a glowworm
no beginning no end
showing the world
a community
desperate to leave
this situation
at this late hour
A nation
at the mercy
of one man's
power





ROBIN BOWER is a self-professed poet and writer who struggles with procrastination. She has a very long TBR and loves trying to beat her own Goodreads reading record.



my body, with its
silent anticipation
of an imagined touch
curls into
 ancient shapes in a lost language
Yours, in response,
the translation

meet me at the gentle
intersection of starlight and
tall grass
(i am already here,
i am already star-held)

where the silence is full
of
blushing potential



we can rest here
(if you
like)
we can
sit in the glow of the
night bugs and the stars

we can rest
(if you want to) here
(i hope you want to)
and not even need
to say anything



i took a bite of the moon
while I was waiting for you
(it rattled around
inside)
i waited (for you), soft and kind with
the moon inside,
for a long while
before realizing i
should have given that softness
to myself
all along



it isn't easy to
unbutton the moon
(it isn't easy
to do, but
 i try)
moving slowly,
trying not to startle (trying
 not to surprise)

it isn't easy to unbutton
the moon
(and it isn't easy to
 talk to you, sometimes)





LEANNA CHRISTIE is rediscovering a love for words. Her poems are about her heart, and maybe yours.



I feasted
on every inch of them

lips
breasts
heart
thighs

we alternately devoured each other
rapture in the orange garden
would have been our name

Adam and Eve
were behind the best
pleasure parties

the strange behaviour of
their poor old fathers prick
led to the fury
and the myth





why, Floss, you darling, you're clinging
the rosy tongue from her throat, ringing
how long with it be
till the coming of me
my prick coursing through sins twinkling



she dances awkwardly
her old self pirouettes away
she flicks her fingers
and as the lights fade
necessary couples
delicately thrusting four ways

bring the camera
I want to show you how to
fornicate like the
heathen gods





CHRISTINA HIRA is a poet, artist and bewildered human. She uses her creativity to make sense of the world and loves sharing this with others

The Muse

a star
between dream
souls

wearing gardens' lace
maple leaf
blue rivers half-heard

Are we prepared
to listen?





Saturn

Through the painted desert,
let us open Ancient dream windows

smile black, the stars
a smoky blue, the moon

Shameless ...

I enter the masquerade
ripe.

February

Beneath the hollow
string of beads

Your lips blizzard-rough
are Arctic chill

my
tender
heart

snowed-up with ache.





a Sunday spell

a prayer floats
Like a flawed blossom on quiet
waters
wistful magicians rising in the grass

Their poetry
blessed rites
of a great mystery

I want to wake me up,

And I do.

Bees Know

My dreams bridge the stars,
hold lovers heaving sighs

Only bees know the night's
hot feverish call

Pale lips
half unfolded
colliding

with pink silk.





K.ANDREWS (@a.commonplace.mystic)
is seeker, painter, magic maker and
sometimes a composer of poems.
Looking for messages in the everyday
and following my curiosities.

Tugging at my coat,
The wind called,
"Don't forget, today!
Don't forget!"
The sun smiled
And my heart cried.



Clothes donned
radiator warm,
and the comfort
of fingers wrapped
around a coffee cup.
February chill.





You built your empire
On the destruction of mine.
Climbing up
On my bricks and bones.

Sound erupts
Shattering peace
Like the shriek of a saw
Slicing through silence,
Screaming, destruction of life.



DENISE SPARROWHAWK is a reluctant writer. She dabbles with words, writing very short fiction and even shorter poems.





To pleasure herself
is to love...

she is not
unwilling
to
delight

_____ Erotic desires _____

_____ are _____

_____ mysterious _____

by _____ choice _____





—— Opening her lips ——

—— she began to —— re-
ceive _____

_____ while —— he

—— lengthened ——



Between you and me
let's
stop
pretending



we made delicious sweet
melody
without hesitation
harmonious and honeyed

JESSICA MORGAN, aka VJWild, is a writer from Pittsburgh PA, USA. She enjoys dabbling in poetry, quirky micro-fiction, memoir, and the occasional essay.





Story shapes

We fly
with time
and her sisters
making our murmuration
between heaven and earth
We lift, thicken, shift, dive —
swoop
A story forever on wing tips
Forever rebreathing
Forever reshaping



Titivillus

I see you in the corner
Your shape takes shape
Only when I shift my gaze
From where you stand, longing
You lurk heavy, gazing at my page
Waiting to collect
My quill's missteps
A lost letter for your bag
A ligature for Lucifer's hoard



Mindfulness

Please take my body from my head
So that at last I might
think,
see, speak, hear, know
clearly
Unencumbered by touch
And such longings
unholy

A love letter

With the flight feather of a swan
cut to a sharp nib, dry
I wrote my heart on your skin
in perfect insular minuscule
My words will be there
Words to live beyond time
Beyond the day your flesh rests
and decays, feeds the soil,
frees your soul
A manuscript of love to bind





Sinew

The hare stands still,
cheating time,
glaring at me, amber-eyed.
Our fear, our freedom
coiled in sinew
till suddenly, releasing all,
it bounds
from the margins
off the page
into me

MARION TAFTE is a Melbourne writing student who spent this month writing poems from inside the mind of a young 10th Century English scribe. Just for fun.





A thumb-stroke ignites
the Zippo flame, flat pyramid
held to a cigarette.

Even after twenty years,
crinkle - inhale - feel it fill
your mouth, nose, head,
lungs...



Flavours. Forbidden. Ever unforgotten.
Each taste sensation savoured in its turn:
white cube, black log, green diamond, orange sphere...
No more Sports Mixtures, Midget Gems, Wine Gums
- and when did I last taste those Cherry Lips,
or sink my teeth in toffee? Licorice?
I dare not risk the sweet delights of youth;
they took my crown, three fillings, and a tooth...

How we choose the things we throw away

The jammed cassettes?
I have no decks to play.
Your clothes are empty,
letters out of date.
And frankly, I no longer
need that hate.





Today I took
my double-ended
fibre-tips
and dropped
all thirty-six
out of their pack
into a pile.
I'm going to put them
back again
with all the colours
mixed,
just to see
what happens.
It will be hard.
Wish me luck.



Picking
your fingers, toes,
heels, nose...
Picking your scabs.
Picking your scars.

JUDITH MILBURN is a writer looking out to sea from Hartlepool in the North East of England.





She caught his scent
Heady and sensual,
Juices began to flow.
She wasn't sure if they
were hers or his
Only that they were
Forbidden.



Paint me black and gold
Spread into an infinity
Of shining particles.
Exploded, no more need
For the small stuff
For I am the universe
And the universe is me.

Sweet lemonade kisses
Rise against soured
Magnolia walls,
All cause for reason absconded.
I would willingly
Abandon sense for
That novaturient time.





Selenophile sitting,
Under your clouded
Orb,
Praying, pleading
Show me your smiling
Face,
That I might receive
Your blessing.

I'm watching your hands
Carve the Sunday roast
Surrounded by family
Chattering away.
But all I can see
Is how those hands
Worked me this morning
And suddenly I'm ravenous!



SARAH KEANE is a South East London born witch living in the Wilds of West Wales. She enjoys using words to weave her magic.





Iso Dreaming

Iso read

Iso eat

Iso sleep

Iso dream

Dream of the library

Dream of the cafe

Dream of sweet

forbidden

Freedom



Valentine

Cupid's arrow missed the mark
A poisoned arrow broke her heart

Touch the moon

Raw emotion, spirit mired
With all strength hold back the tide
Words of comfort lifts the tune
Spirit leaps, touch the moon



YVONNE SANDERS is an Australian writer of historical fiction, crime fiction, short stories and flash fiction. Poetry is a welcome challenge with form and brevity.





Voracious for words and worlds
Fill me up, yet find me still
wanting more-
a drop in the
ocean of thoughts

Loving and devouring
so quickly
Knowing there is
truly never enough

arson of the heart
guilty as charged
sparked from
the inside-out

only a Phoenix
comes back
from fires
like that





to know you
is to know my self
sense to sense
ebb and flow
creation long before
galaxies collide
no edges, no ending
merging duality
for infinity



Take the leap.
I'll bring you so deep,
where pools of the
most subtle of depths reign -
exploding your heart, mind and soul
with whatever it takes
to make you feel again

surely we time travel,
we've got it all wrong
a book, story or song
transport us to a moment,
a glance, scent, touch-
feeling them all so much
infinite time & distance...
is instant



TRISH WEILL is a passionately curious artist, professor, digital designer, teacher and student of art, movement, life.





Tiny wild footprints
interrupt the frosty path,
glittering tiptoes across
my morning.



He wandered lonely as a cloud across
my notebook page.
In classic iambic tones, I learned,
from a teacher oh, so sage.
Poetic rules I long forgot from school
so far removed,
But Google them I did, because I had
nothing else to lose.

The pen is silenced,
The keyboard wireless
My mind spins round and round.
Are pills the penance?
Doctors flummoxed,
“It’s from the virus” one of them
expounds.





There once was a nurse named Lori;
When the call bells rang she would worry.
 ‘What will I find
 behind the cloth blind?’
When she looked she was always sorry.

You left
and I held my breath.
Will I see you again?
Or am I destined for pain?
The question remains.
I am bereft.



SUSIE QUINN (@journosusie) is a Canadian journalist, storyteller and lapsed poet with a weird collection of hobbies, like flying planes and knitting.





Look no further.
Fire will tell you.
Let yourself coil.
You are creation's
essence.

Imagine the
intricate treasures
returned to you.
Spread your legs
and feel your gift restored
as you find yourself
in nature.





You are
wondrous,
admit it
you luscious fruit
of love.

Let go, approach
the gentle world
and ask for healing.

You will know
when it is time to
bring yourself back.



PERSEPHONE:

Disintegrate
and descend
the ancient
spiral dance
the web of life
watch all things
part and rise
undulating
and sumptuous
lade with sway
rich as autumn's
ineffable wisdom
in dying.



DEVILS

taken bodily
out of hollow
domain
bless us
lead us astray
fanciful strange beings
bearing mischief
mighty and awesome!

MALLORY DOWD (@mallorydowd) is a professional intuitive tarot reader, artist, teacher, theatre-maker, mystic, and witch. She currently resides in Seoul, South Korea.





From the _____
_____ violet

— flower _____
_____ A bit _____
_____ of mouthwatering _____
_____ Divine _____

The Muse visited me in a dream again
I woke up with goosebumps covering my skin



We find pleasure where they want us to hold shame
We dance while they are watching





I close my eyes to envision the words
that want to com through
But all my mind can see is a person

The poem is you.



Endless visions of possibilities
Introducing themselves through my dreams
Stunning, mind-opening fantasies
Begging to be seen
Heart beating
Needing
Please



MICHELLE BENNINGTON (@cheloqunce)
Is an inspiration alchemist lost in a love affair
with the Muse. She speaks through collage,
communion with nature and uncensored
emotional truth.

she holds a whispered
conversation with a tree
in a forest green with moss
--in itself no wonder--but for
the sake of hope she wants
to know everything



stumbling blindly, wildly
through empty trust

falling down on years
of silence she wandered

slowly towards the right
question and she began

to understand something
that was herself believing

she was real and she
could find another story





she started on her pilgrimage away
from a ritual existence of non-being
a private grief, a useless dead language

allowing herself one dangerous hope
like a deer waiting for the hunter's scent
like a bone knife beneath her skin

and though she had not yet learned
a new truth, a mysterious breeze
touched her, played within her

she waited for a change of heart
to take her, to create a living part
of who she was, cool and smooth as joy

and now at dawn
the small pool reflected her face
the sky turned pale, the rain still
falling over her feet on its way
underground to nourish peace
for a moment she knew
the sound of her name
spoken by the wind





REBECCA @crowsister is still seeking beauty, one found word at a time.

UNTITLED

reaching from earth to
sky
expectations
 take us higher
you become aware and
alert, transformed into a
seed,
love is the flower,
 your fragrance
released.





EXPANSION

love enters you
your body
Open
your heart new
gods
gods
more

WILLIAM BRIAR (@brassvessel) is an author and occultist. He uses divination to inspire both his poetry and short fiction.





from the
coffee cup to the notebook
trying long enough to make
familiar
the bewilderment
inside myself

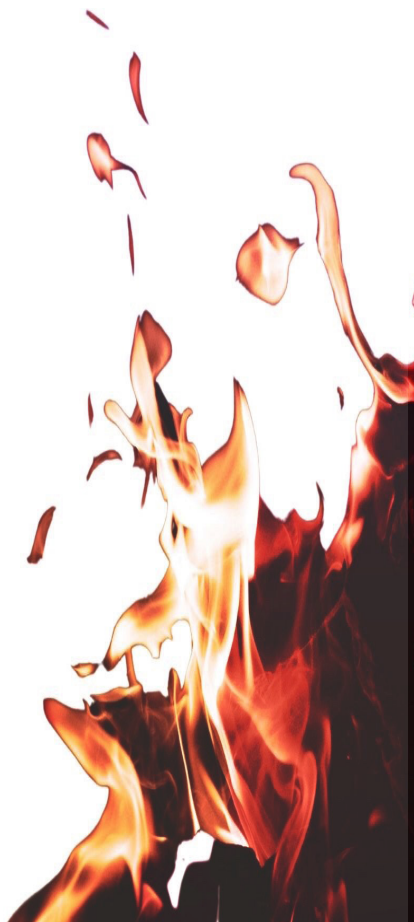
my favourite story
had dark gouges
along the bottom of the page
like a frightened ghost
in the old family photos





ghost fingers meander along
skeleton flesh
leaving a graveyard of
haunted butterflies
across the shadows of scars

curse words coursed through
the madness
my dreams were dark but high hopes
were still alive





the door's heavy but
the old thing creaked open
leading the way to
bigger infinities forever”

KIM ALLENBY (@heartlandmagic) is a registered social worker, writer, poet and witch. She writes for her own mental health, and yours.





my spirit forest king

the first time i saw Him,
He was still free & formidable.
majestic & undaunted, had not yet
been driven mad by pain &
humiliation. not yet becoe legend.
myth, dream. fantasy. figment.
phantom.
harbinger.
i saw the King of the Forest.
before He lost His crown.
& i saw Him after too.
i loved Him then.
I love Him still.

florida kaiju (linked haiku)

a cryptid newbie
a horse made of kudzu vines
outside of J-ville

gives truth to the line:
the vine that ate the south
and maybe a horse





or bastard lovechild
twixt a Japanese yokai
and Scottish kelpie?

come together to
scare the crap out of truckers
in North Florida

Bigfoot Envy (linked senyu)

I'm not one who would
pass judgement on you for your
misanthropic views

envy your skills to
observe and not be seen and
vanish in a flash

i go to your woods
not so much to search for you
but to lose myself





far from the mad world
I'm forced to inhabit...
filled with shitty humans

the unbearable
price of being born human
full of self-loathing

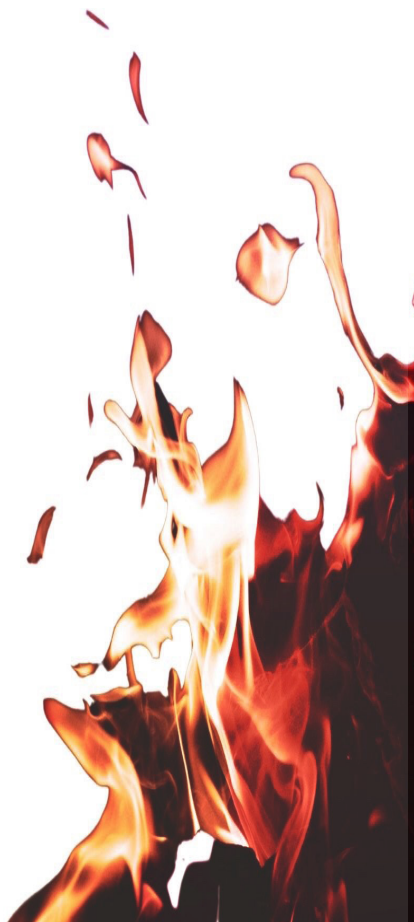
M.X. KELLY lives in Florida with her partner, Val. Her writing has appeared in *Bards & Sages Quarterly*, *Star*Line*, *Queer Sci-Fi*, and other publications.





I hadn't switched my phone quite off
when left in plain view,
you snatched it up, looked through it,
scrolled through messages and kind.
I have to wonder why, and
what did you think you'd find?
The thing that wounded, wounded true,
that there was no mention of you.

I am running
late at night, headphones in,
on my own.
I am walking
down the street,
talking on the phone,
and the only voice I hear
is the one I have selected
not some howler-monkey numpty
whose male pride has been rejected.





To be that girl again,
as thin as the first time
I complained of being fat.
To be that girl again,
but the me inside,
forged from biting back.
To be that girl again,
knowing that I did,
and so you can.



You smell of a square bottle from
the bottom floor in Boots
all fancy stopper and gold logo,
but when you sleep
I creep beneath the covers -
the sharp sticky mouldy-orange smell
from navel-gazing grazing, I dwell -
the powdery parmesan/
dead brazil nut tang
from beneath your toe nails I know it is wrong -
but I breathe you in, your farts, your goo
and I place my face in the other scent of you.

That half an hour of feet up
coffee cup in hand
with nothing but my thoughts
no required retorts,
no looking for hidden things
in plain view; no cabbages or kings -
just me, and the chimney gale
whirling inspiration higher,
the window shaking trees,
and my notebook on my knees.



SUSAN CARTWRIGHT-SMITH is the City Selkie, who creates, facilitates and often berates in the name of poetry, artistic expression and nature appreciation. Open water, a big sky and headspace is all you need.





#7 (Ruby Rose)

his heart was torn from a dragon
his mouth a volcano
and his cock woke at dawn

he built a bonfire and burned
where we lay

I can still trace
the cavity of his throat
and the forgotten angle
within his lines

#25 (Green Bamboo)

We are

shadows and urgency

bruised and bleeding

the full and new moons

proud and broken-hearted

the future as a place we already know

wild and secret and quiet

contradictions

hidden between lines

here

and yet

we could not be together

in one place





#8 Cottage White

it started quietly enough
falling in love
under the cover of darkness

he was forbidden and
we made love as often as possible
tending the urgency
to fire the heart

I might as well have asked
for the bones of the moon
burying love-notes to satisfy the longings

#15 (Lemon Sparkle)

I had visions of stoking her furnace
with the mysteries of matter

she was an alter ego
it was only a fantasy at the beginning...
who was fierce and powerful
whose mortality has mutinied and run wild

whenever I called her I felt myself
swell and abandon common sense
she was my days and nights
without seams or shatter marks

I do not measure time now
time measures me in units of her





#26 (China Beige)

my divided heart
this wild place
is not linear
it is always back and forth
ever conscious of living another life
in a different way

running from myself – at the speed of life
running from uncertainty and confusion
thickening like a genie from a jar
but most of all
running away as a running towards

denying I am searching for
the intersection of time and
the lines of your body

JODI CLEGHORN (@jodicleghorn) is a word witch with a penchant for twisted narratives and uncomfortable truths. She is the co-founder of Post-It Note Poetry.





Now for the experimental fringe of this year's Post-It Note Poetry Challenge, where the themes of the delightful and forbidden inspired boundary-breaking in the best possible way.



*What the Wave Meant*¹

I'll get you into
agenda penetration,
if it's all for you.

A generation
rose the stairs, turned their lights on
with meditation.

Love is stupid, con-
tagious. I will show you fear
in a handful.

Come

here.

We are now, dear,
under this red rock's shade — do
entertain us here.

Can't stop the spirits when they need you.
This life is more than just a read-through.

¹ This is a cento, but it's a fucked-up² one, a mish-mash of misheard and misappropriated lyrics from four different songs³ that I was initially going to call Bad Cento⁴, and then Bad Rap⁵, but then a misremembered line or two from T.S. Eliot's⁶ *The Waste Land*⁷ crept in there, so I used a rejected-for-this-poem lyric from one of the four songs⁸ instead, to echo a section title⁹ from that poem that (of course¹⁰) I actually do know inside out and backwards and didn't misremember at all; unlike the song lyrics.¹¹

² And not only in the sense of 'misheard and misappropriated lyrics' — those last two tercets broke up and went off in odd directions before I even understood what was happening to them¹². So the lesson here is, don't throw someone else's mystical rocks at ordinary poems or you end up in weirdly oblique *Passage to India*¹³/*Picnic at Hanging Rock*¹⁴ territory.

³ *Smells Like Teen Spirit*, Nirvana (DGC Records, 1991); *All The Small Things*, Blink-182 (MCA Inc., 1999); *Put Your Lights On*, Santana (feat. Everlast) (Arista Records, 1999); *Can't Stop*, Red Hot Chili Peppers (Warner Bros., 2002).

⁴ By 'initially' I mean for about a squillionth of a nanosecond because I mean, come on — what a shit title.

⁵ Bad Rap was more appealing than Bad Cento by several orders of magnitude, partly because of the rap sensibility (and almost-rhyme) of Can't Stop and partly the rippling-outward-other-meanings inherent in things getting a bad rap. But, when you get right down to it, it is also a shit title for a poem. I mean, at least Bad Rap sounds like a coolly ironic late-90s band name, whereas Bad Cento sounds like a melancholy out-of-season Alpine spa town in a Wes Anderson movie. Still both crappy titles for poems, though.

⁶ Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888-1965): poet, playwright, essayist, literary critic, editor, publisher; Modernist extraordinaire, Nobel Laureate; banker. Cats is his fault.

⁷ Eliot's magnum opus, a 17 page poem with eight end-pages of famously not terribly explanatory notes. So yes: like Cats, I am also his fault.

⁸ Can't Stop, Red Hot Chili Peppers

⁹ Section V, What the Thunder Said

¹⁰ I first read *The Waste Land* in the latter years of high school, and it, along with Philip Larkin's *This Be The Verse* ('They fuck you up, your mum and dad. / They may not mean to, but they do.'), and Alfred Lord Tennyson's *Ulysses* ('... for my purpose holds / To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths / Of all the western stars, until I die' — that was probably my favourite line, back then, aged 16 and insanely hopeful; now, other lines ring more true) — these were

the works that ignited poetry in me and have burned bright in all the years since, despite multiple efforts to subdue them with less horribly canonical dead-white-maleness. So really, if you want to blame anyone for me imposing all this agglutinous ‘creative’ shit on your social feeds, blame them.¹⁵

¹¹ Except the final couplet. Those two lines are taken verbatim from Can’t Stop. They are a perfect-for-my-rules-and-purposes nine syllables each, and say in a fairly straightforward 17 words what the previous four over-torqued 17-syllable tercets only manage to vaguely hallucinate.

¹² I still don’t understand what happened to them.

¹³ Not going to explain this to you.

¹⁴ Or this.

¹⁵ Strike that. Blame me.¹⁶ They’re my goddamn poems, and it’s my goddamn social media account I’m choosing to post them on.

¹⁶ You have only yourselves to blame for choosing to read them though.



Home is where the heart
et cetera, where two souls
blah blah blah apart

and every speech moles
bunkers down through bedrock, down
through darkness, through wholes

split wide—sore astound
was one them souls, and stricken
was his name, what drowned

in brackish liquor
his only stony heart, lamed
by love's cruel vigour.

“‘Twas not me,” said he, “what could be blamed!”
[Horseshit. Nothing censored, nothing feigned.]

What? I don't have to do footnotes.



How many of us
are in here, all these lost selves?
Do we need a bus?

How deep did he delve
to loot all these dialects—
there's, what? at least twelve

who—that?'—might affect
his functional sanity,
bardic intellect,

emo agony,
whatever. As distracting
as owt scantily-

cladded lass wi' dodgy acting
chops—[Stop! Too many. Have to do some subtracting.]

¹ Which? *thinking emoji*



1

Heart a volcano
torn open by a dragon²
at its crescendo —

thrown on the fire; gone.
Waking at dawn, in ashes;
an empty flagon

where cold they lay, dashed
to fragments on the angle
of the rock; gashes

laying his strangled
throat open, great cavity
of his voice, tranquil,

resounding, echoing majesty;
now void — old meat, gory, maggoty.

¹ While not strictly a cento, this poem does steal lines from someone else's poem³ in order to repurpose them into a sequel, of sorts, to a previous poem of my own, posted elsewhere, about which I do not wish to say anything else at all, ever.

² I was never afraid of dragons. Didn't matter if it was Tolkien or Chinese myth or George-&-the, they always just struck me as greedy, manipulative, insecure bullies. Annoying, aggravating, frustrating, anxiety-making, and many other unpleasant things, sure; but always basically just... unlikeable, I suppose, more than actually scary. And then I read Grendel (Gollancz, 1971), John Gardner's superb monster-as-antihero rewiring of Beowulf, wherein Crispin Glover, prior to having his arm pulled off by Ray Winstone, who then murdered his mother, Angelina Jolie... no, wait, hang on, that's not [version conflict][please resolve] wherein Grendel, prior to Beowulf pulling his arm off and murdering his mother, has a couple of deep-&-meaningfuls with the Dragon — the same dragon who, we assume, is eventually to put an end to Beowulf, many decades hence; and/but the dragon who is also, somehow, Grendel's conscience, Satan, God, the World, what-it-is-to-be-human, the Writer, the suave banality of Evil, and Jesus-pointy-Christ alone knows what all else. And that dragon I have been mortally terrified of ever since. Because that dragon is real.⁴

³ The poem in question is Jodi Cleghorn's⁵ glorious #pinp22 Day 7 poem, 'his heart was torn from a dragon'. (See page III of this collection.)

⁴ All the other dragons are still basically just covetous, swaggery, gaslighting bullshit artists though.

⁵ Jodi Cleghorn — poet, fictioneer, editor, publisher, word-witch — is the good-&-true friend who got me into Post-It Note Poetry in the first place (so yes, you can blame her too). She has been mentor, muse, collaborator, family, wordsmurfer, coffee-coimbiber, tarot-herder, and a hundred other things to, for, and with me over the years. Repurposing each other's poems has become a standing #pinp tradition every February, and long may it continue. Jodi, this is your very own personal footnote.



I want you to know
that I am happy for you.¹

I am.

But below

joy is hatred too,
like Wulf's wife in the poem²
(who is me, not you —

this mirror, koan,
rebus, riddle, maze,

prayer

will grow a rowan³

if we do not care).
It's not fair to deny me
of the cross I bear.⁴

(The bear I cross? daily,
is how it feels to my [poetic] vanity⁵).

¹ Alanis Morissette, You Oughta Know (Maverick/Reprise, 1995); first verse.⁶

² Wulf and Eadwacer, author unknown, from the Exeter Book, c.8th-9th Century AD. See also Dr Laura Varnam's (@drlauravarnam) Instagram post of 10/02/2022.⁷

³ The rowan tree, *Sorbus aucuparia* — also mountain-ash, quicken tree, whitty pear, service-tree, chequer tree, cwic-beám (Old English), cairtheand (Old Irish), cerdinen or crafol ('the lamenting fruit', Old Welsh), caorunn (Scots Gaelic), reynir (Old Norse), dogberry, bird-berry, wayfarer's tree, portal tree... etc, usw — surely one of the most mythologically overburdened plants on the surface of the planet.

⁴ Alanis Morissette, You Oughta Know (Maverick/Reprise, 1995); chorus.⁸

⁵ Aaaaaaaaand cue Carly Simon

⁶ Yes, this is (yet) another (sort of) cento. Sue me.

⁷ See footnote n.6.

⁸ See footnote n.7.



ROBERT G. COOK is an Anglo-Irishman in antipodean exile. He is a dad, nurse, and poet. He is a contemporary of Sgt Pepper, and enjoys footnotes.

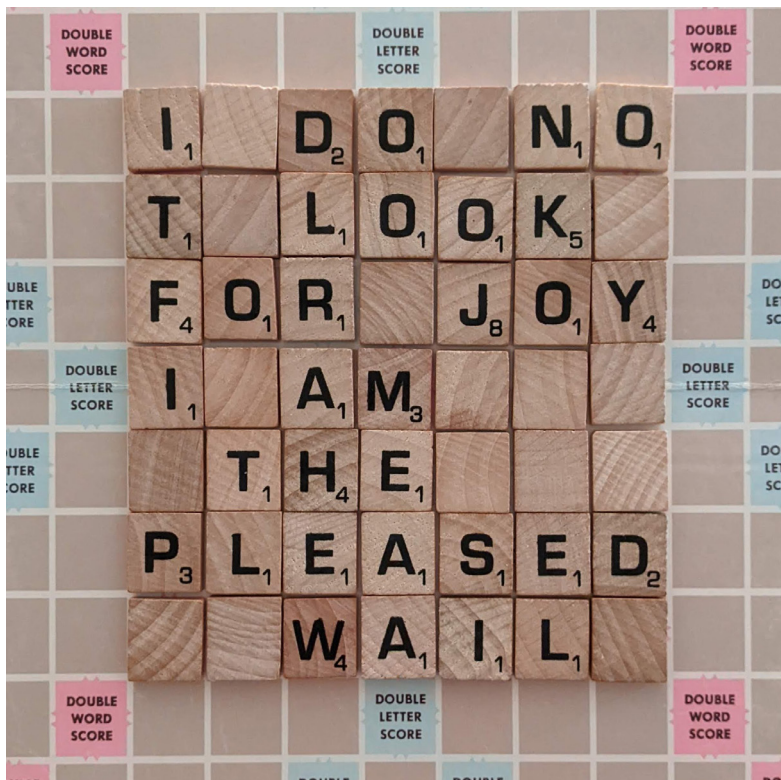
49 TILES

Photo puzzle-poems by Vanessa Condez

Code tips:

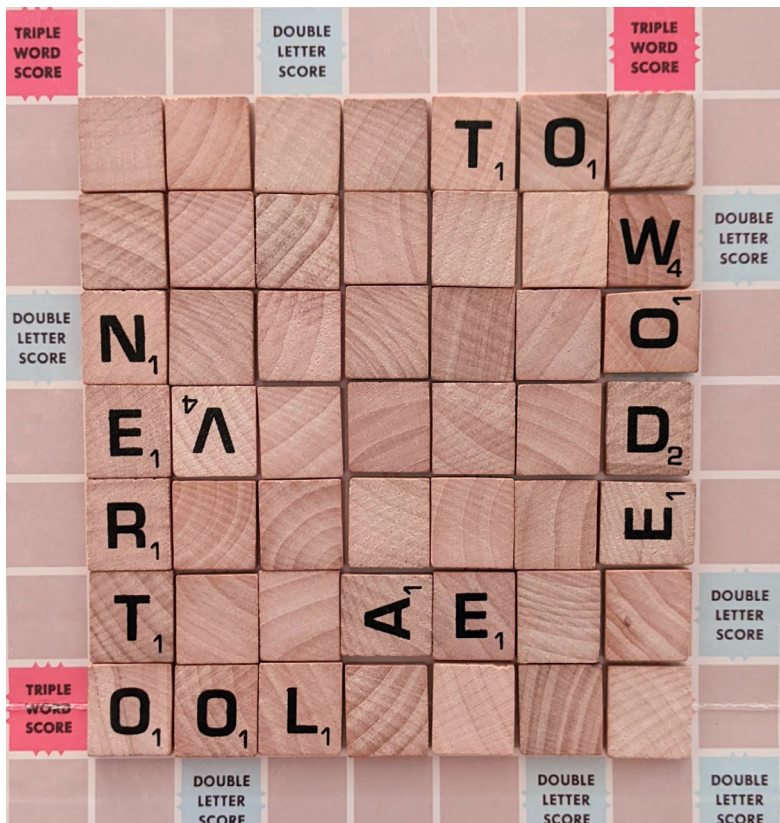
- Start at the closest letter to the top left.
- Always follow letters touching each other. (If a continuous line stops, resume conventional reading direction.)
- If tile rotated 180° = reverse reading direction one time (go left or up) and then resume conventional direction (down or right).
- If tile rotated 90° = connect with just (one) first letter in that direction, then resume current position to the next letter you would be at if you had not jumped.

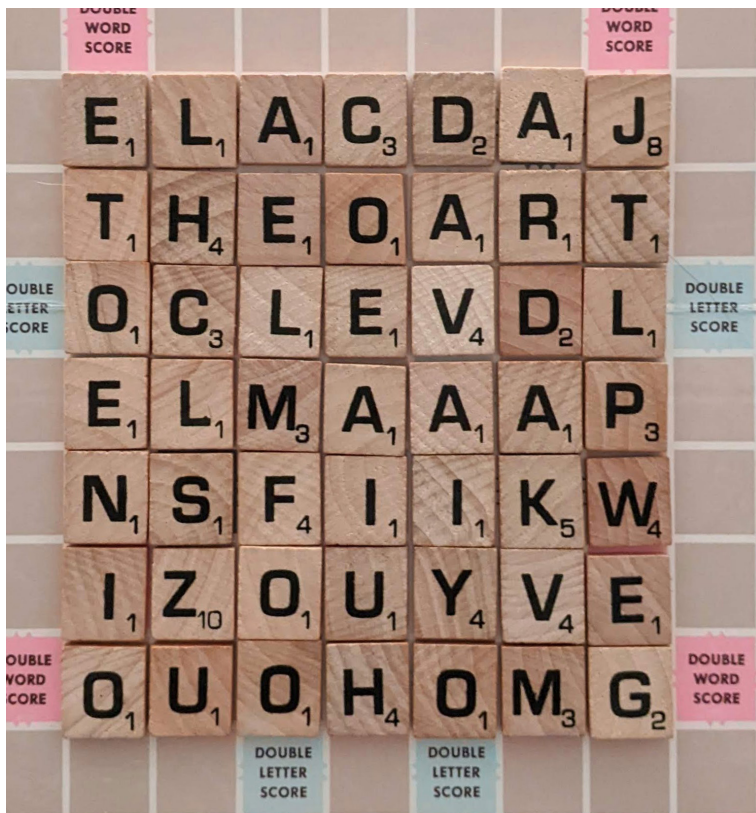
note: see page 139 for poem reveals











the same 49 letters use for each puzzle-poem

POEMS

1 - I do not look for joy. I am the pleased wail.

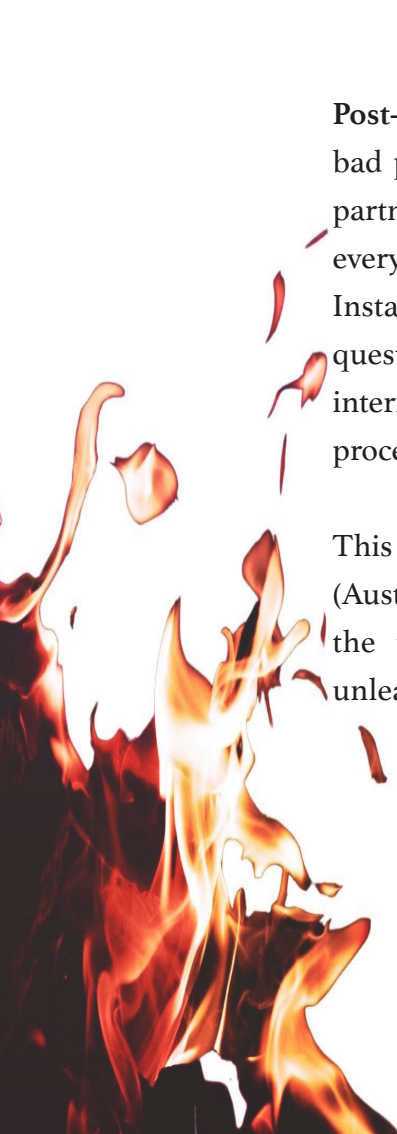
2 - While he loves you, I am forever.

3 - Worry is in my to do list.

4 - Forever is a long time to give up.

5 - Never too late to wonder.

VANESSA CONDEZ is a recovering artist, making her way back to writing and illustration. For pinp22, she reconnected with her magic by playing with words in an unconventional way.



Post-It Note Poetry began in 2013 as a dare to write bad poetry on small sticky squares between writing partners Adam Byatt and Jodi Cleghorn. It has run every February since, leapfrogging from Facebook to Instagram, collecting poets and non-poets alike in the quest to write 28 days of small poems that bypass the internal critic and incite a love of the poetic form and process. 2022 marked its tenth continuous year.

This year's event was co-curated by Jodi Cleghorn (Australia) and Christina Hira (New Zealand) under the theme *forbidden | delight*. It unapologetically unleashed a very different kind of vulnerable poetry!

This second collection is a snapshot of an extensive body of work that can be found by searching *#pinp22* on Instagram (ignoring the smattering of conference photos that used the same hashtag the weekend we finished!)



The Post-It Note Poetry collections are published with the assistance of The JAR Writers' Collective, a small independent writing project, publishing books that embrace the transformative, passionate edge of writing. You can check out their bookstore at:
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