



Post-It Note Poetry

collected poems (vol 1)

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In A Dream

Dark-brown messy hair

 Crooked teeth on a perfect smile

Water splashing, she laughs with her friends

 Her 12-year old eyes meet mine

Our images too familiar

 A reassuring nod

A future reflecting back at her

 Content she swims away





Digit

Girth towering African skies
Menacing yellow teeth
Her calm breath
Comfortable in virgin growth
Comfortable in the wild
HE became her friend
Digit was his name
Side by side now
In DEATH they sit



Thira

1956

Thira

babes asleep in mothers' arms

05:12

island breaks

homes collapse

eyes witness

sea retracts

angry earth

angry ocean

run to the wild Fig tree

Santorini

2011

Santorini

World's best island

Mass production

Tours galore

Money

MONEY

Still broken

Still raw

Ghosts wake



Love

Brave hearts step out

The universe small

Sailing past cosmic stars

Shields erect

Protecting life

Protecting Love





EFFIE KATRAKAZOS is an emerging women's romance writer, who likes how poetry pushes her into the unknown. Inspiration niggles at her, so here she is.

Birdsong

Birdsong stills in summer's blistering glare,
Dragonfly wings beat the shimmering air.





Forest Orchestra

Exquisite forest orchestra
Enchants my morning walk

Farewell

Farewell, my friend, dark night is slain,
The valley crossed, annulled the pain.
The journey over, flesh demise,
Dawn's breath compel your spirit rise.





Angel

Every day where e'er I step
Dropped just where I'll see
My angel leaves a feather
Revealing she's with me

The Colour of Life

Tincture of green
Inspire the sun
Their intimate dance
Ignite the fire
of life





YVONNE SANDERS is an Australian writer addicted to fiction and creative nonfiction. She writes historical fiction, a little crime, short stories and dabbles in poetry.



to think that one
day, the act
of tying my shoe laces
will be beyond me
and death will say
"Let's go for a walk"
and I will walk
with laces untied

I talked to you over
the fence as you picked
oranges
you let me pick the ones
on my side
I compared their roundness to the shape
under your t-shirt
and relished
the stickiness of marmalade





we danced in parallel
kept to the briefest
of heart's touch
holding distance
at a heartbeat's length
secured by the hems
of our past we refused
to restitch and make whole
washing out stains
but never mending

you and I
sat in the shallow end
of our conversation
knowing we both
pissed in the pool
and never ventured
to the depths
where we would
have had to rely
on each other to breathe



rainy windows
create a pleasing distortion
I bend and warp
between the rivulets
of our argument





ADAM BYATT is a high school teacher and literary dilettante who will do almost anything for a doughnut, hot chips and a strawberry milkshake.

I don't remember at all
and I know my way blindfolded

remember
remember nothing
remember
is it not enough to leave a place





What do you say,

you swaying gently
you holding spears
you so far removed

don't you know
you are welcome here

I must set off again

soaked leaves watch me remember
it is the mysterious
breaking, not the armour

that has saved me
from autumn's muzzle





Listening to the beauty
of the mountain
even panicked the believing

possess me steep one

they sank into today

even now,

even as comfort moved on





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.

I walk here
like a woman waiting for the cliff

I've been out here more than once
wondering at the heat each of us
leaves in our wake





it was dangerous
who I wanted to press against
I was reckless
putting targets up and down
which is why I didn't know myself
and didn't seem to care
riding down to hell



the moon spilled through holes in her tears
while the sea crawled against the strangeness
of something important
just out of reach
the way everything is
before the long, silent walk back
to one honest piece of kindness

I saw sunlight in the scorched remains
of who you needed to be
an old doubt that nobody noticed
the flesh beneath the airless words
like hung washing
and a hot rush of gratitude
I cannot remember
lest I disturb
what was meant for me
where the dirt tracks gave out gracefully
into the shimmering distance



you had neither the words
nor the will
to be a great story
yet

when you're lost
there's nothing left to say
and if you did
none of it would be true

so you take it home
and stash it in the cavity
beneath the discomfort
to come out in intervals
between breaths





JODI CLEGHORN is a word witch with a penchant for cut-up words and uncomfortable narratives. She is the co-founder of Post-It Note Poetry.

Words that melt
like snow
but leave their tracks
like water over rocks
for millennia.
Choose them wisely.





Slow snowfall
reminds me
grind culture
is a symptom
of the disease of capitalism.
Don't fall for it.

At the end of the cycle
the void welcomes me home.
recharge and be reborn,
again and again.





Scientific advancements
going to far places
only to return
to the Center of ourSelves.

The emptiness is ripe
for creation.

Meet me in the dark.





DIANNA MANJARREZ is a creative explorer and spiritual seeker who is on a journey to unearth her gifts through creative expression.

Langour

I think on the coming of longer days;
Days when the sun languorously travels
In high arcs,
And the days with their warmth and light
 Feel as if they might never end,
 No matter what age you are or feel.

I think of vibrant waters
 Reflecting a cloudless sky
 Filled with light and warmth,
While I unconcernedly cast a line into the depths,
 And sit without a care
 To reflect on the world about me.





Terror

I laid my grandson down last night
To sleep in his portable crib.
I have not heard him stir or vocalize
The entire night.
The old terror of being a new mother
returned to me;
Visceral and gripping.

I made my way to his crib
Laying my hand upon his tiny ribs.
Relief flooded me
When I felt their rise and fall
With each of his little breaths.

Fraud

I often congratulate myself on how well I'm doing;
How well I keep my life together,
For establishing a normal life.
Look at me! I've done so well!

Look at me! I'm so sane
Considering what I've been through.

Then there are days
I feel like a huge fraud.
Who am I kidding?
I'm not keeping anything together.

Sanity is a mask I wear.

Why the hell is sanity
So damned important to me anyway?





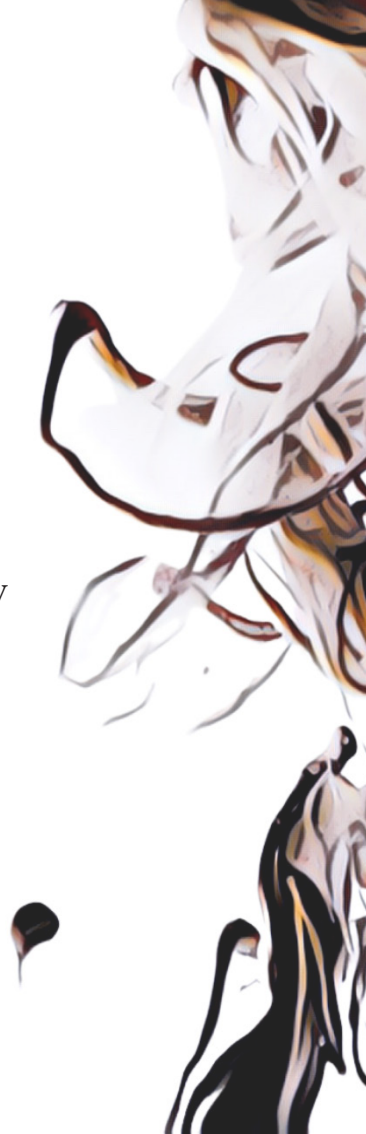
Hamster Wheel

Another block of five. They blend together,
These days occupying a cubicle.
Every problem is different,
But they all have the taste of sameness.
Repetitive. Mundane.
A worship of running on a hamster wheel.

Will this work make a difference
In five, ten, fifteen years?
Maybe not in the grand scheme of history.
But I'm not responsible for history, am I?
Only for my own life.
And yes, in that context,
This work makes all the difference in the
World. And so, I will keep the wheel turning
So long as my feet will keep going.


Paintbrush

I want to paint my world in haunting beauty
With whatever paintbrush I may.





NICHOLE PACE uses writing to catch snapshots of her life and as a therapeutic tool, taking moments beyond memoir and transforming them into art.



THREE
III / I (iii)

REPORT ON A PERVERSION OF LOVE : case histories
of early betrayal / phantasy of sanction, of
chasten / erotics of the watched

GROUNDING THEORY : epiphenomenology of desire :
teleology of the third person / [textual
analysis : participant observation]

CONCLUSIONS : are difficult. There are no endings.
Every heart is in motion till it stops.
Constant. Never the same death twice.

THREE
VI / II (iii)

Make of your lovers' hearts your own heart's home:
love enough to fill each room and give it form;
ache enough to bar the doors to night.

Let both your lovers' jealous hearts align and banish
thought of fault or flaw; forge the fledgling bond,
clear discord's brambles from the way.

Choose truth over kindness, for truth is compassion;
make of your own heart a home for them
of windows and no walls, no doors.





THREE
IX / III (iii)

Just breathe. Know that all the power is in your
open hand. Understand that I understand
your refusal of it.

Power to punish. Power to preserve. Power to
abdicate, for where there is power
there is resistance.

Breathe. Be only yourself. Hide nothing.
No lesser version of you is worth being.

Dare your vulnerable heart.

ROBERT G. COOK (@robgcook) is an Anglo-Irish Brisbane poet and registered nurse. **THREE** is a sequence of interrelated poems on the theme of complex desire.



“gather my words”

gather my words at their edges
fold them half over and
then a quarter
smooth the creases
tuck in the stray corners
stack them on the shelves neatly
neater than the words themselves
which were arranged just so





tanka moon

the moon looks so low
hanging over the water
i feel i should take
the rowboat out on the lake
and rescue it from drowning

channeling william carlos williams into haiku

so boldly i claim
nothing much ever depends on
a broken wheelbarrow





“hummingbird babies”

hummingbird babies
in their adobe home sleeping
dreaming of chrysanthemums



raven built the world

this is how raven built the world:
from stick and straw and mud and ivy.
in the vee of a branch of a sparse oak tree
where below a caveman rubs spark to fire
from her cast offs. she caws complaint;
the man looks up curiously — a new spark
entering the eyes en route to the brain.
stuff a stick in there, tuck a leaf in here
wiggle a straw there, there, there:
and thus! raven invents
architecture!

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.



Soft-centred memories
Encased in
Bitter-sweetness
Not a day for words
Today.
A day for feeling.





Your words flow
Across and through me,
Images and emotions
Battering and soothing and
Disarming.
This! This is poetry!

Powder snow
Loosens from windscreen
and Radiator grill.
Lifting like confetti,
Clearing the car
Covering me,
Head to toe.





Strange
how technology
connects
And disconnects
us.
Brings us close,
But not close enough.
To see, but not to touch.
Arms outstretched across
an endless chasm.

Meet online.
Rain batters windows.
Workman hammers next door.
Internet glitches.





DENISE SPARROWHAWK is a librarian from North East England. She hosts a monthly writers group and dabbles in very short poetry and flash fiction.

Starry are the eyes of beasts
We keep in gold rib cages
Sharpened are the claws of time
Scratching ink in pages
Bitter are the leaves of tea
Steeped in tomes of ages
Quiet are the perfect thoughts
When desire slowly rages





I sigh these days
With weight of planets digesting
I lie these days
With tongues of ghosts
I cry these days
With manufactured convalescing
I try these days
Because the future sees me



Blue is the colour
Of my favourite eyes
My lips will be azure
By the time they rest
Crimson stories they will tell
To the ones they know so well
Then fade to secret apricot
My ears will wait in peachy truth
For winds that pass through
They murmur in translucence
That I was here
Dressed in white

Lead me lead me garden path
Tell me where to settle
In between the veggie patch
And the stinging nettle
On the grass limbs lay breathing
Plant the past in shallow beds
Pick the petals stop them grieving



Knitting thoughts with paper skin
Thinning hairs of where we've been
Constant ponder
Slow decay
Memories seize in mortal clay





FIONA-MARY is the pinkestgalah. Pink of cheek and philosophy, with healthy sweeps of grey. Prosetry to explain the mess ... she sees ... and makes

RETROGRADE LOVE

Darkness is my cage.
Let's never pretend that
Your love sweetens my tongue,
Hope lifts me up and
I'm home.

(Reverse it)





When she's not making poems, JANETTE DALGLIESH is a feminist life coach, science nerd, Lego fan and magical unicorn, living with her sweetie in Ballarat.



I taste the sun in your morning kiss

A thought floated by, and I didn't invite it in for tea



Love isn't a miracle or a mystery
it's having the courage to listen
to a tiny whisper that says
you are beautiful





maybe someday your eyes will wander
but today I'll stand before you
unrivaled and pure

golden light
in an azure sky
crisp air
stings my bones
clinging
to a perfect moment





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

She burns the
candle at
both ends
only to
find herself
playing with fire





She ripped
her own heart
out
to show him
her love lines

They were dripping with him



She saw herself
in a different light.

And she shined.

Finally, she pours herself into her art,
and becomes a masterpiece.



She found herself
in the pouring rain
and yet
she did not
turn into
a puddle.

Imagine that





TIARE SNOW, Author of *SHE: a collection of you, me, her, and Blogger at Fly In My Wine*, is also a wife of one and mother of three. Wine, writing, and building book clubs fill the in-between moments of her daily life.

The twisted dead moonlight
Turn a greedy heart
To smoke





These flawless little squares
Are but a mask
Perfectly hiding
All our flaws and imperfections



I call her Dolores,
My lady of Darkness,
A woman of sorrow and despair.
Her claiming mark carved on the back of my mind,
Nothing but a villain of the worst kind.

You will no longer get my fragmented self;
The parts and pieces that fit nicely
Into whatever box you shall prescribe.
You will only get me in my raw and real wholeness;
My complete self that you will either take,
Or you will leave.



Gentle Reminder:

You cannot do it all.
But you can do enough.

This is the distinction
Between what is burnout
And what is achievable.





KIM, who operates under the handle **HEARTLAND MAGIC**, is passionate about mental health, and works as a social worker. She truly believes writing saves lives.

Spider lilies
growing/bleeding
in the silence
between us
I will wait until
they wither
watching the
magnolias
growing buds





Midnight cravings

let us drink the moonlight
with stars crackling
under our theet
until we are ablaze
with the cosmos
celestial exalted
and free

Cathedrals
dripping in gold
spires of incense
a s c e n d i n g
echoes
calling
- and yet -
I cannot enter
for I have lost
the keys
a lifetime ago





Like moon phases
my mood goes through
light and darkness
I will wait patiently
- until the night
is not so bleak
- until my lips
curl into a smile
waxing crescent

I don't write love poems

In my dreams
I rest my head
on your legs
so warm
but while awake
I remember
I don't know you yet
and it's been
so l o n g
without a touch
without a hug
only fingers
briefly brushing
behind
plastic gloves





KNIGHT_OF_CATS is a sometimes writer, sometimes tarot reader, always a cat lady, who drinks too much tea, and has a mountain of notebooks to fill.

Are trees the dwellings
of fairies and spirits?
Do they lurk in the branches
waiting to wreak havoc on our dreams?
Or are they benevolent unbeings
wishing us well?
Touch wood our knock means
Thanks not fear.





If thou were a bird
Wert thou be a lark?
In the sky far and high
an early view of morning?
Or wouldst thou be an owl
Hooting as day ends
Owling on a branch
Preying on a mouse.

The soft purring of the overhead fan
is a motif at morning light
as awareness grows
The sound of crows
mingles with the call
of a lone butcher bird
But wait till you've heard
the morning ease
with the yarp of a bichon frise.





Sugar and Joy
led the way
in the great technology fight
Our news was at stake
freedom of speech
or was it just dollars that count?
Both have claimed victory
with two flags flying
On top of the media mount.

There's a bit of hoo-ha about the 14th
back as far the eye can see
to a saint who joined two souls
and Spring helped new life be
Now it's meant as a confession of love
With gifts of violet and rose
For those whose mate is near or far
How easily love shows.





ROBIN BOWER is an award-winning writer who has published three books, and 50 articles in Hong Kong, Perth and Melbourne-based publications. See more at www.robinbower.com

opposites are
exquisitely endless
never truly mixing
infinitely touching





tether me
to the moon
for my spirit
is already in
the sky

how deeply
do you seek
what is free
beyond
what is sensed?





what you know is that
there is a place
deep within
where all love
is home

spinning spinning
gaining speed
feel the feelings
find the edges

fall back to find
edges and feelings
are simply your mind





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

February 4:

- my not-known grandmother's death
- my mother's funeral
- my hand held across a table
- yesterday





All week, the storm:
wave against wave.
'Constructive interference'.
Not much of that on land...



As if the world
might be cocooned
within a dome
of ice,
holding
the necessary space

We have been
burning things
forever.
Trees,
leaves,
books,
your letters,
each other



Opening my Mother's Paintbox

Your watercolour blocks are out of place:
Rose Madder should be next to Ivory Black.
So many years ago, what made
your fingers, fluttering, move them?





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

Lake Swimming

Milfoil sways in silty green waves
like tiny trees drowned in a breeze
Hosting leeches, larvae
Feasting rainbows, redfin, browns
Tips reach for a sun beyond sky
My face breaks the surface
Waves slap pink cheeks
I'm a babe baptised, reborn
In reeds and weeds and silt





Paper Dragon

Her folds pressed in place
by a thousand well-meaning hands
forwards, back, corner-to-corner
yet the lines loosen
and she struggles
to hold her shape
struggles to hold her breath
afraid she will exhale
be phoenixed by her own fire
reluctantly reborn



Peel the onion
Cut
Gather the aches
Feel
Steep in tears
Breathe

I'll write you a nice poem, promise
Not one that keens, screams, cuts, guts, aches, dies
Nor snags in brambles, nor drowns in bogs
Nor reaches depths not meant to be reached
Nor prods at wounds, picks stitches undone
Such words will find you, but before then
Sharpen my quills, they thirst for black ink
Your poem will be suns, silver, steel
To warm you, shine you, bind you to me



Melbourne 2020

She pulls the loops
Winces. Elastic stings
in raw grooves
behind her ears
A woman should remove
one thing
someone said
She checks the mirror on the wall
Smile drops
Such a well-worn mask
needed, no more





Former journalist **MARION TAFFE** is a little girl still dreaming beneath the weighted blankets of life, work, study, parenthood and social media rants.



With your hand so tightly gripped around my heart
and your words so thoroughly tangled with my thoughts
it's no wonder my life started to resemble your own

Longing to be the me that I was born to be,
don't think we've met though,
it's just so hard to see.
Like searching for a stranger
in a sea of faces
when it turns out the stranger here is me.





The darkness hides in the shadows of light.

Slowly encroaching,
unveiling the truth that claws you back
at the passing of the day.

Sun kissed skin covers up
the burns we caused our selves.
Permanent marks we should learn to love,
show us where we've been
and how far come.
We are not the mistakes we've made
but the lives we've chosen to lead.



The wilderness holds my gaze,
how tempting to get lost
in the secrets it holds.
Untold stories waiting to be found,
dreams yet to be realised
draw me into its depths.

But the light of hope brings me back
to the dreams already being lived
and stories only partly told.
The wilds and dark don't offer enough
to walk away from the reality
unfolding before me.
I'll continue on the untrodden path
I've already begun.
Who knows to what wonders
it will lead.





JEN BYRNE is a poetic fur Muma and lover of crafts, rediscovering her meaning in life through poetry and trying not to kill her plants.

my grief
is a terrible angel
a complicated intermediary
between ordinary
and sacred

I enter
my story and look
for passage





there's a hunger
drawing near
I'll welcome it
and let it enter

I'll become
a burning wind
an awakened missile
my words unwavering
like a hunter's
prayer

caressing
the fullness of the moon
my hands are oracular spirits
my body becomes fruit
for the living; my heart
pours honey for
the dead





cherish
the bones of grief
weave them with stars
and the moon's breath
reclaiming stories of hope
in the dark magic
of your
heart

I found sorrow
wandering ragged
in my heart
a warrior guest
looking for entry
into the divine





REBECCA BIELIK ZICK is a seeker
of beauty, one found word at a time.

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.

In 2021 the event was co-facilitated by Jodi Cleghorn (Australia) and Christina Hira (New Zealand).

This is the first collection to come from Post-It Note Poetry, but hopefully not the last.

