

Patchwork

a poem by © Brenton Cullen

A writer's mind
is a half-stitched quilt
of motley scraps of
fabric, woven
from mangled leftovers
and questions of
What If
the lonely lady on the bus
is a witch?
or
the checkout guy
harbours
rockstar dreams?

Like loose leaves
crumpled on cracks of
Autumn concrete,
I will rake,
unrumple,
iron
them out to
find golden
slivers of
technicolour thoughts
then try,
try
again.