

of the Deep

IDF Andrew

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Second Chance

You may need it next

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The Author

Throughout her life, Ingrid Andrew created art and wrote poetry prolifically. She later added music and song to celebrate her love of the natural world and humanity, also her fears. Here you will find quirky humour too and affectionate observation. Ingrid died in 2015, but her creative website www.ingridandrew.wordpress.com is still there to both stimulate and soothe heart and soul

Ingrid's first volume "The Bird of Morning" is also available from William Cornelius Harris Publishing.

I am a Mermaid

I am a mermaid *of the deep*;
I cannot walk; I may not sleep.

I'm a dark flicker in the blue;
to myself I'm always true;
I will not share my heart *with you*.

I am a mermaid of the deep,
I do not sleep, I cannot weep;
I'm swimming now in cloudy seas;
I like to sing; I like to tease.

You'll catch a glimpse of my womanly form;
and then I'll leave you *quite forlorn*.

I am a mermaid of the deep;
my promises I always keep,
and ships may come, and ships may go;
and civilizations ebb and flow.

But I am promised to the deep;
that other company I keep;
when I catch a glimpse of *her* womanly form;
that's when I know ... I'm truly home.

I am a mermaid, of the deep.

January's gift

We are just at that moment when the evenings open up; when trees against pale turquoise and orange skies are like inky paper cuts; when along the old avenue the street lights come on one by one, like bright snow drops.

And shadows grow longer and richer, and hold the promise of days to come.

When January, harsh and unforgiving, after the tinsel and comfort of December, is opening up a sky, that every day lessens a little the iron grip of night; a sky that in its immensity can hold all our sufferings and anguish, and all our sorrows.

Now January is the surprising gift;
if in austerity embraced; returns us to the
growing of the light!

January shows us what must come;
always, transience, inevitable sorrows.

But when resistance softens and lets go;
here you are carried into the new year, through
January, until one lightening winter afternoon, in
the top-most branches of still dormant trees;
you'll hear the small birds sing;
you'll sense the excitement of rebirth, and the

**first,
faint glimmerings of Spring!**

Every leaf is a green cup

Every leaf today is a green cup;
raised in thank fullness to the rain.

Every branch, every twig is lined with rain drops,
glinting silvery on the pale sky.

Every leaf is a green cup.

As I rest on the solace of my bed;
with the blue grey curtains pulled aside.
and I let my self *dissolve*.

As rain keeps falling from the blank, white sky.

I could live here forever
with the murmuring of the radio,
the butterfly I drew in stained glass inks
upon the window.

Every leaf is a green cup.

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