

*Brian D'Arcy*

**It's Ecology - stupid.**

Loud I heard a woman's laughter.  
Stripped of light, stars fled the heavens.  
No cruci-fiction on the hill.  
Guided by the umpire's finger,  
Mother Nature stamped and strutted.

She who laughs last            laughs last alone.

**No Ice - Scream**

Rebels chasing failing freedom.  
Heads hiding deep in shifting sand.  
Tempting as a poisoned apple -  
Abundance of absurdity.  
Existential - not a reason.

No fairy tale,      No ice - high C

### Inheritance

Church bells rusting in the silence.

Shattered glass lies suicidal.

Blossoms shrivel in the lost-land.

Broken dreams no longer matter.

Togetherness now worlds apart.

Children whisper            to their shadows.

**Brian D’Arcy** was born in Rossendale, worked in the cavalry, aeronautics, and higher education before retiring from Sheffield Hallam University. He is a prize-winning poet for children and adults. His latest collections include: *Ghost Horses Dancing* and *Hidden Haiku*. He chairs The Healing Word, a cancer support group, and is Treasurer of Mini Mushaira.