

The background is a solid terracotta color. In the top left, there is a branch with several pointed leaves in shades of purple, magenta, and reddish-brown. In the top right, a large, detailed yellow maple leaf is shown. In the bottom left, two acorns are depicted on a branch, rendered in dark brown and tan watercolor. In the bottom right, there is a smaller, lobed leaf in shades of yellow, orange, and red. The text is centered in the middle of the page.

POETRY PACK

TO SOOTHE & REFRESH WORN-OUT YOGA
TEACHERS THROUGH THE AUTUMN



BAREFOOT
BODY
TRAINING

MORNING

by Billie Collins

Why do we bother with the rest of the day,
the swale of the afternoon,
the sudden dip into evening,

then night with his notorious perfumes,
his many-pointed stars?

This is the best—
throwing off the light covers,
feet on the cold floor,
and buzzing around the house on espresso—

maybe a splash of water on the face,
a palmful of vitamins—
but mostly buzzing around the house on espresso,

dictionary and atlas open on the rug,
the typewriter waiting for the key of the head,
a cello on the radio,

and, if necessary, the windows—
trees fifty, a hundred years old
out there,
heavy clouds on the way
and the lawn steaming like a horse
in the early morning.

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A DOT IN A PAINTING BY MIRO

by Moniza Alvi

I would like to be a dot in a painting by Miro.
Barely distinguishable from other dots,
it's true, but quite uniquely placed.

And from my dark centre
I'd survey the beauty of the linescape
and wonder-would it be worthwhile
to roll myself towards the lemon stripe,
centrally poised, and push my curves
against its edge, to get myself
a little extra attention?

But it's fine where I am.

I'll never make out what's going on
around me, and that's the joy of it.

The fact that I'm not a perfect circle
makes me more interesting in this world.

People will stare forever –
even the most unemotional get excited.

So here I am, on the edge of animation,
a dream, a dance, a fantastic construction,
a child's adventure.

And nothing in this tawny sky
can get too close, or move too far away.

WITH ONLY ONE LIFE

by Marin Sorescu

Hold with both hands
The tray of every day
And pass in turn
Along this counter.
There is enough sun
For everybody.
There is enough sky,
And there is moon enough.
The earth gives off the smell
Of luck, of happiness, of glory,
Which tickles your nostrils Temptingly.
So don't be miserly,
Live after your own heart.
The prices are derisory.
For instance, with only one life
You can acquire
The most beautiful woman,
Plus a biscuit.

Translated from the Romanian by Joana
Russell-Gebbett with D.J. Enright

AVOCADOS

I like the way they fit the palm –
their plump Buddha weight,
the sly squeeze for ripeness,
the clean slit of the knife,
the soft suck
as you twist the halves apart,
the thick skin peeling easily.
Naked, they're slippery as soap.
I serve them for myself
sliced and fanned
on white bone china
glistening with olive oil,
or I fill the smooth hollow
with sharp vinaigrette
scooping out
the pale, buttery flesh.
Every diet you've ever read
strictly forbids them.



BAREFOOT
BODY
TRAINING

THE INGREDIENT

by Martin Stannard

Teacups have it.
I don't know why teacups have it,
but teacups do.
Horses turned out into a cold field have it,
as do the smouldering remains of a bonfire.
Mugs do not have it.
That's a certainty.
Sacks of coal at the back gate have it,
and jig-saw puzzles have it,
and a river meandering through life has it.
A canal seems to have it, but it hasn't.
A bike has it, if it is a very very old bike.
Coloured pencils have it.
Leg irons are said to have it, but that's a joke,
and a very cruel joke at that.
This hasn't got it, but neither has a bottle of turps.
A Del Shannon 45 on the London label has it,
although a compilation LP of his Greatest Hits
doesn't have it even though it's tried really hard.
Ham salad has it.
Or rather, ham salad can have it but it doesn't always.



Leather gauntlets have it, if they are brown leather
gauntlets.
Discarded silk at the foot of the bed doesn't have it,
although sometimes it's worth pretending that it does.
Night has it, if it has been snowing.
The sea has it, even though it is saddened by oil,
and I am happy to live by the sea.
Aircraft do not have it.
Parks used to have it, but most have lost it
and are unlikely to regain that which has been
squandered.
But ducks and swans have it.
Especially swans.
And certain dreams have it.
Not all dreams, but certain dreams.
Some photographs have it.
Some photographs do not.
You do not have it, but not having it is not everything.
I rarely have it, and even when I do
it seems as if I am not quite myself.
Perhaps this explains how come teacups have it
and mugs do not.

