

Isolation – by Sophie Stoakes

They said it was noble, brave
For him it was, for her it is.
But still it was she who had to surrender him to fight for victory.

The ghosts in her mind:
Whispering and wandering,
Whispering and watching.
The ghosts in her mind.

Spirit breaking, legs shaking;
He can never know the despair and pain tantamount to his own
And the battles fought on different fronts.

The ghosts in her mind:
Whispering and wandering,
Whispering and watching.
The ghosts in her mind.

The glances, the tears,
The pity, the fears:
All that is left for her besides fond, caustic memories and tattered dreams.

The ghosts in her mind:
Whispering and wandering,
Whispering and watching.
The ghosts in her mind.

Tears trickle through the grooves in her face.
The bloom of a blushing bride withered;
All she can cry with a hand clutching his grave is,
“Let me go home.”

The poem I have written is inspired by the strong phonological features in Artmann's poems and also the fact that he fought in the Second World War, an experience which could have potentially provided inspiration for many of his poems.