

# CAUGHT IN THE NET 74- POETRY BY EILEEN CARNEY HULME

Series Editor - Jim Bennett

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## Introduction by Jim Bennett

Hello. Welcome to the next in the series of CITN featured poets. We will be looking at the work of a different poet in each edition and I hope it will help our readers to discover some new and exciting writing. This series is open to all to submit and I am now keen to read new work for this series.

You can join the CITN mailing list at - <http://www.poetrykit.org/pk1/index.htm> and following the links for Caught in the Net.

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at Kelvingrove Art Gallery  
we loop the chantries  
of Old Masters and Impressionists  
but it's the Pre-Raphaelites  
who capture my soul

from;      by Eileen Carney Hulme

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#### 1 - BIOGRAPHY: Eileen Carney Hulme

Eileen Carney Hulme now lives in the far North of Scotland. She has lived and worked in Europe and London as a library assistant and as a practitioner and tutor of complementary therapies. Her first collection of poems *Stroking The Air* was published by Bluechrome of Bristol in 2005 and the book was awarded third place in The Purple Patch Best Collections Award 2005. Her second poetry collection *The Space Between Rain* was published by Indigo Dreams Publishing on 1<sup>st</sup> June 2010 and has received a number of excellent reviews.

Her poems have appeared in poetry magazines, anthologies and internet poetry websites. She has won several prizes and been placed or Highly Commended in many competitions including; The City Of Derby Short Story and Poetry Competition, Coffee House Poetry Competition, Hastings International Poetry Competition, Partners Annual Poetry Competition, Indigo Dreams Press Poetry Awards, The Sheila Nugent Awards and The Dawntreader Awards.

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Publisher: [www.indigodreamsonline.com](http://www.indigodreamsonline.com)

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## 2 - POETRY

### Sacred To Lovers

Jumping off the train  
at Glasgow Central  
we collide with the day  
scoop the rhythm  
of the city, the chill  
of shadows cast

at Kelvingrove Art Gallery  
we loop the chantries  
of Old Masters and Impressionists  
but it's the Pre-Raphaelites  
who capture my soul

downstairs in the café-bar  
nuzzling hot chocolate  
and ruled by Venus  
I decide to buy a miniature framed print  
of Hesperus, the evening star,  
ruled by Mars  
you do not view this as a risk.

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### Goodbyes

There is no unfolding of gentle day  
the rhythmic churn of bodies turning  
uncurling bones, the scattering of ghosts

there are no sighs  
as though a season faded  
slowly, the fall of leaf and branch

there is only the ambush  
of night, doors and darkness  
and the trembling weight of rain.

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### **Sifting Karma**

I wanted to ask you  
about Hesperus and early  
mornings like this in the North  
where the brightest star  
is a talisman and a crimson lake  
floats on a faraway sky

I wanted to know how  
you slept and if your dreams  
were white clouds trailing over  
distant mountains and if your hands  
held blossoms or snow

I wanted to tell you  
that on countless walks  
I have gathered these gifts-  
leaves, pebbles, a melted  
moon and three leftover kisses  
from a picnic on the dunes.

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### **Mary**

For years my mother  
polished brass and wood in church,  
her tiny hands performing miracles  
on a daily basis

During school holidays  
or sometimes on a Saturday  
I shared her working day

At first I was afraid  
of empty pews and pulpit,  
silent saints on stained glass  
or marbled, staring back at me

A room full of vestments

threaded red, gold and purple-  
outfits for any occasion

My mum's voice like a prayer  
would call out  
to fetch more polish or a clean duster

It was as holy to me  
as any hymn,  
her smile circling every corner

Now when I go to church  
and it isn't often,  
I look at the shiny candleholders,  
smell the beeswax mixed with frankincense

I hear the sound  
of my mother singing  
and light a candle  
giving thanks.

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### **Hand-Picked**

In the shed I find  
dried teasel and sea holly  
your old gardening gloves  
the big pot you used  
for winter soups  
filled now with crab apples

I imagine you sitting  
in your favourite spot,  
watching bees, butterflies,  
birds feeding, planning your recipe  
of crab apple and chilli jelly,  
I know you liked the kick

Never one to play safe,  
I remember the photographs,  
you in khaki uniform  
tracking incoming bombers  
married to a gunner, my father,  
days of Spitfires, air raids

And eerie silences  
a promise of peace  
a last dance.  
I put on your gloves for protection  
pick up teasel and sea holly  
begin a blue wreath.

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## **Love Song of the Boatman**

At the old boathouse  
after you'd shown me  
your stone skimming skills  
I say 'we're in danger'

As you breathe orange-blossom  
secrets on the bare of my neck  
we are unwrapping summer  
like children at the coast

Kidnapping the sun  
building invisible sand castles  
treading barefoot over rocks  
slip sliding on dreams

You say 'angels once lived here  
watching over the boatmen'  
for a second we are still  
listening for their presence

On the wooden beams we scroll  
hieroglyphs of lovers long travelled  
water hums and your fingers are feathers  
beating the drum of my heart.

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## **The Soldier's Wife**

I bring you Longjing tea  
bought from the street hawkers  
in Hangzhou

scented sweet-  
we sip in silence-  
the wind outside settles to a whisper.

Tomorrow you will travel  
without me and the months ahead  
will burn to dust

with orders to follow  
you will be trapped  
in a land of broken dreams.

When you cannot sleep

count the steps up to the temple  
at Hangzhou's aromatic mountain

remember how I read the leaves-  
their slender shape  
life-giving and waiting.

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### **The Bigger Picture**

I know you would have liked this tree  
its ghostly branches cast as runes  
against the glow of late October

Sitting here without reason  
with nothing to say,  
thinking of your heart  
keeping time with mine,  
dancing barefoot on the kitchen floor  
or grass, or on the sand,  
thinking that perhaps you might come  
here, to find me

There are pebbles in my pocket  
from my walk on the beach.  
Was that yesterday? I forget now.  
I turn them over and over  
hoping they might have something to tell

But I wait in silence  
with a tangle of thoughts,  
the day dispersing,  
watching this space, a thumbprint  
of life without you.

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### **Missing**

I said your name  
six times today, out loud  
asked six people had they seen you  
lately, near the orchard  
where the apples thrum  
and gaping mouths await

or perhaps they'd glimpsed  
your shadow in the dunes,

whispering secrets to the marram grass,  
walking to where the waves break  
with the sea shaping  
wrongs and rights

no-one knew where you'd gone  
or how long you'd been away,  
doors and windows boarded up,  
the dull of sea-salt mouldering the past  
and our almost days and nights  
somewhere else, distant, un-lived.

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## **Jock**

August is autumnal here in the North  
the subtle change of air-  
its scent, its breath

today, walking, I'm reminded  
of you and the years I lived  
in the Gardener's Cottage

you were the gardener and the cottage  
rented out now

daily you'd pedal to work  
with your bicycle clips on,  
I would hear you whistling

cutting logs, placing a brown paper bag  
filled with fresh vegetables  
outside my door, its contents  
a reminder of each changing season

sometimes I would come to find you  
in the wood-shed or in the grounds  
your back bent to the task

your life reflected in your hands-  
top of one finger missing  
a black thumb nail

'I've just put the kettle on', I'd say  
you'd lay your spade or saw to rest  
and happily we'd pass the time of day

when I told you it was time for me  
to move on, I said keep in touch  
I'll send my new address

you replied you were not one for writing  
and that you'd think of me often

years later a mutual friend wrote to tell me  
you'd died, in the tool-shed I picture  
your worn work jacket with  
the stray wood shavings hanging on its nail

I think of your smile-  
your complexion-  
your life complete.

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### 3 - Publishing History

Sacred To Lovers Published in The Space Between Rain  
Goodbyes Published in The Space Between Rain and winner of The Forres Library Poetry Competition  
Sifting Karma Published in The Space Between Rain, first published in Poetry Scotland and Highly Commended in The Indigo Dreams Poetry Awards  
Mary Published in Stroking The Air  
Hand-Picked Published in The Space Between Rain and voted 3<sup>rd</sup> place reader's vote in Reach Poetry  
Love Song of the Boatman Shortlisted Partners Annual Poetry Competition published in Aspire  
The Soldier's Wife Published in Reach Poetry  
The Bigger Picture Published in The Space Between Rain, runner up in Coffee House Poetry Competition  
Missing Published in The Space Between Rain  
Jock Published in The Space Between Rain and Reach Poetry

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### 4 - Afterword

Email Poetry Kit - [info@poetrykit.org](mailto:info@poetrykit.org) - if you would like to tell us what you think. We are looking for other poets to feature in this series, and are open to submissions. Please send one poem and a short bio to - [info@poetrykit.org](mailto:info@poetrykit.org)

Thank you for taking the time to read Caught in the Net. Our other magazine s are Transparent Words and Poetry Kit Magazine, which are webzines on the Poetry Kit site and this can be found at - <http://www.poetrykit.org/>