

**Impressum**

Marina Ama Omowale Maxwell: After Six

Length: 68 lines

e: mamaomowalemaxwell@yahoo.com

e: info@rochdalewriters.org.uk

© 2004 Marina Omowale Maxwell

Date: 2004-08-00, Mk1.2

**EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION**

A poem about the ages of (wo)man

**Marina Omowale Maxwell:  
After Six**

We are dawn for twenty years  
And blazing midday for another twenty  
Then after 6  
The burnished autumn leaves come down  
Turn moonlight  
After 6  
For another twenty  
To our soft midnights and lingering pre-dawns  
Before another cycle rolls the ball again.

From dawn to midday  
We are floundering flyers  
Tilting on air, flickered by every breeze  
Leaping to mornings  
Bruised knees, burnt fingertips  
Tender tendrils, fragile rainbeams  
Still dreaming...

At blazing lunchtime  
We plough the seas of shadows  
Seeking disasters/courting crises  
Furrowing and burrowing  
Worrying and scurrying  
Believing we can change a hair - on the cat's paw.

Slavering hormones, rice and rose-petals  
Sweat , and sometimes we are tears.

At blazing noon  
We are the trumpets  
Lilies and strumpets  
Bold tall heels and whirling curlicues.

Banners and bread, armies and dred  
Ploughing the seas of harsh sunlights  
Brilliant arachnids, pellucid orchids living on air.

Slowly comes pain  
Uninvited, incongruous  
Beginning to lead us towards soft midnights

Brilliant summers still  
At the top of our game  
Moonlight seeping in at the edges  
We emblazon our time ,

But we are hearing the footsteps in the alley  
Listening to the same person caught inside  
But we are changing, changing shape shifting outside  
like lilies oozing water.

Cooling beacons/glowing in the dark  
Still full of laughter and scheming  
Joys  
and too many memories

What will we become  
When outside changes and inside  
Somehow still remains the same ?  
What will we/can we make of After Six ?

Depends as our ancestors say  
"from where you do set out" , and where you went.

Did those bird-filled mornings and sun-sharp noondays  
Did they teach you ,  
how to sing ...?

August 2004

eof