

The Women's March
Twenga #10

5 October – 27 December 2019

#twenga is an annual renga
of 100 Verses on Twitter

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Rubbia Rubbia @rubbiarubbia
Jo Dacombe @jodacombe
Anum Jamal @anumajamal
Dan Sumption @dansumption
Luc Pheles @lpbikeko

#1
falling leaves
the women's march
turns into a revolution

#2
together we plant
spring flowering bulbs

#3
the slinky meander
of a worm
across sodden mulch

#4
under the bridge
is where we take a piss

#5
politics look different
when I don't know
where I'll sleep tonight

#6
last year's swimsuit
smells of suncream

#7
cycling slowly
down the salt coast road
is that you?

#8
my doppelganger
leads me across the border

#9

avoiding the hunters
the elk head north
in their Winter coats

#10

a woman's lost soul
possesses an icicle

#11

too remote to
respond to the call of
melting glaciers

#12

A and B's long term
land line love affair

#13

spreading myself over
three quarters of
the double bed

#14

the crayons put back
in order as on the box

#15

fresh colours
to be arranged as
tulips under the tith

#16

bullfinches
in the plum blossom

#17

watching the bugs
come out bug out
doing their bug thing

#18

another bag of glue
behind the garages

#19

sticky fungi dripping
silky threads
around the wounded tree

#20

in the moonlight rain
tastes like the sea

#21

with the squall furious
in my face I steer for
home and hearth

#22

no more exchange trips
nor twin towns

#23

last year's jumpers
no longer fit
the life left in us

#24

water seeps into
the gated community

#25

dog effigy pots
Techichi companions
at Casas Grandes

#26

an unmatched pair
of stolen number plates

#27

shirts v skins
on the patch of grass
over the way

#28

entwined together
in a forest of bracken

#29

I love it when
you bring me tea
this early in the morning

#30

the kids both demand
extra bubbles

#31

across the rooftops
sharp suited magpies
call to each other

#32

Beijings trousers
striding the city district

#33

the whole afternoon
collecting ten cents
to enjoy a dollar

#34

Arte Povera gives me
space for thoughts

#35

we talk of how
we planned to visit
the Ice Hotel

#36

the moon the blizzard
our warm teepee

#37

he sleeps best
snuggled up tight
between me and his mum

#38

grandad gives grandma
allotment cauliflowers

#39

life makes sense when
our bodies are entwined
together lying still

#40

learning to climb up
through the glass ceiling

#41

stuffed in a vitrine
the last Dodo
reminds us we're stupid

#42

jerk drumsticks
smoking in the barrel

#43

the evening light
elongates a day
spent at the office

#44

fishing mid-Nile
from a felucca

#45

our neighbor's
window now mended
after a years wait

#46

when you're at Download
revs per minute mean nothing

#47

Deutsche Bahn
tracks the landscape
with effortless grace

#48

the flaneuse spends
a cold day in Toronto

#49

A&E
Nathan re-ties the scarf
over his cousins eye

#50

her pupils line up
to give her flowers

#51

counting down
the minutes since they
peed on the stick

#52

Jesus died for
his own sins not mine

#53

If you want to know
of the disabled
ask the disabled

#54

alder flutes whistle
at the faery moon

#55

boxing hares
and the mild madness
of spring fever

#56

the x to the z
of newborn fauna

#57

a poisoned lake
four stunted trees
are all that's left

#58

cheryl's red lipstick
remains on my cheek

#59

close to tears
as I watch my girl
watching her girl sing

#60

the ants can't resist
the cyclamen's sticky seeds

#61

samhain to solstice
as darkness enfolds us
we gather round fires

#62

burn down parliament
not the guy

#63

clearing cupboards
I find Dad's free bus pass
in an old wallet

#64

women at the door
weeping for the future

#65

too hot to sleep
we dive into the moon
from the jetty

#66

ice cream and candyfloss
never grow old

#67

this land was our land
Haudenosaunee
women its stewards

#68

I'd like to talk
to your manager love

#69

harmony maintained
by taking turns
and splitting the bill

#70

a toothsome grin
from a wooden mask

#71

our christmas cactus
dangles its bright pink
zygomorphic flowers

#72

climate change
can lower a mountain

#73

only snow leopards
ascend this world
of one colour

#74

following the sun
without a tracking device

#75

towards lake tanganyika
all the way beyond
its ending

#76

the mangrove trees
are being annihilated

#77

Lisa practices
at least once a day
to love herself

#78

the elastoplast
squeezing of hands

#79

forgetting the drip
her teddy held high
for the last photograph

#80

glaciers guarding
the south utopia

#81

rain on the skylight
the moon and I throw shapes
against the attic wall

#82

after the day of the dead
the dead are still dead

#83

he wonders
if little kids still wear
gloves on a bit of string

#84

holding his waist tight
we motorbike to Prague

#85

a battle within
to choose chaos
over hysteria

#86

lessons of the past
lost in propaganda

#87

sounds of carpets
being beaten
across the tenements

#88

the mountain hares
turn brown again

#89

I glide the razor
over my cranium
down towards the nape

#90

Jackknife clam cuts
slowly disappear

#91

bees find a paradise
in the flat purple
of French artichokes

#92

shimmering heat
over the top meadow

#93

as our motorways
give way to forests
new forms emerge

#94

eating a banana
into the weekend

#95

silver moonlight
outlines the coat
of an urban fox

#96

collecting cobwebs
in the mist

#97

equinox circles
witches gather seed
thrown for the birds

#98

flour, sugar and fat
weighed against eggs

#99

they're comforting
the sounds
down on Jollity Farm

#100

scented with yesteryear
silk scarves in a drawer