

For my twins.

You are my earth, my self, my people and my memory.

Connections

Connections to ourselves—our inner strength, our
growth.

To others—the people who shape us, hold us, and
sometimes leave us changed.

To the Earth and nature—the grounding force beneath it
all.

And to memory—the moments, places, and feelings that
linger long after time has moved on.

These poems trace the threads that bind us, weaving a
quiet reminder:

We are never truly alone.

Earth

Themes: Nature. Spirit. Mystic.

The beginning and the end of every circle is the Earth.

We are born from it, and when the sun sets on the final season of our lives, we return to it.

So, the cycle continues—forever turning.

The universe hums with quiet magic, if only we pause to listen.

Self

Themes: Mental Health. Self—love. Inner Child.

After the world, there was you—stardust, born again.

One of the most vital bonds you will ever nurture is the one with yourself.

To learn who you are.

Or perhaps, simply to remember who you've always been.

People

Themes: Love. Loss. Friendship.

The people we share our lives with shape us.

In the quiet warmth of laughter, the comfort of shared glances, the strength of open arms — we are reminded of who we are.

And when we open ourselves to love, to trust, to simply being known, we bloom in ways we never could alone.

Memory

Themes: Nostalgia. Longing. Reflection.

At the end of everything, it is memory that remains.

After the birth, after the journey inward, after all the connections we forge, what endures is what we remember.

Held quietly as the world turns on, and the next cycle begins — with the Earth.

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Earth

Nature. Spirit. Mystic.

The Moon Whispers

The moon whispers
Can you hear it?
A hush in silver breath
That brushes the soul
When the world is too loud.

She longs to tell you
Things you have forgotten —
The lullabies stitched
In the folds of night,

The way your name
Once shimmered on water.

The moon wants you to recall
The way you believed in your own power —
Before the world told you
To hush your howl,
Before you traded your fire
For something quieter, smaller.

As she pulls in the tide,
You can hear her on the edges of your soul —
A hum beneath your heartbeat,
A voice older than time
Telling you: *you were never lost*,
Only waiting to be remembered.

Still

I asked the wind to tell me
The secrets of the world.
It danced around my question,
Laughed through the leaves,
And tugged at my sleeves like a child.

I asked again, more softly —
What do the mountains remember?
What songs do the rivers still hum?
What stories sleep in the stars?

The wind brushed past my cheek,
Carrying the scent of rain,
And something older —earthbound,

Yet too wild to name.

It did not answer in words.

But in the hush between the branches,

I felt the truth unspoken:

The world is not hiding its secrets.

It's waiting for you

To become still enough

To hear them.

Nature Provides

Nature always provides,
She will give you what you need.

When the nights are long and haunted —
She gifts you with the sun.

If the day is loud and fearsome —
The moon will hold you in its embrace.

When you feel you have had enough,
Or you have made your last mistake.

She waits, turns and whispers.

“Not yet, a new day is coming.

Be patient my love. It is time to try again.”

The Muntjac

From out the bush a muntjac came,
Tentative, unsure,
Its bright eyes caught the one it sought,
The soul it was destined for.

The goddess breathed into its ear:

"Go, carry forth my tale.

Find the heart I name to you —

This task you must not fail."

The woman swerved her moving car
To miss the tiny deer.
It stood as still as ancient stone,
And showed no trace of fear.

Through glass and light their gazes met,
And though no words were shared,
A weightless knowing filled the air —
A message in the stare.

A river stirred within her chest,
A calm both fierce and right.
She drove into the waiting day,
As the muntjac slipped from sight.

The Empress

Powerful and wise,
She moves through the world
Amidst the whispers and rumours,
She is content with her truth.

She does not shrink,
Nor shout to be heard.
The flowers bloom in her silence,
The earth bends to her stillness.

She nurtures with presence,
Not performance.
She gives, not to be seen,
But because she loves.

Her crown is not loud,
But rooted —
In every seed she's planted,
In every soul she's held.

Let them talk.

Let the world spin.

She is already whole.

She is already home.

Stardust & Storylines

Everything we touch is someone else's yesterday.

The rain remembers.

The wind carries laughter, signs, final breaths.

The sunlight spilling across your floor may have once warmed a battlefield, or a kiss on a doorstep, or a child chasing shadows in the grass.

That's the truth, the secret, the spell.

We are all stardust and storylines.

We are all made of the same recycled breath, the same sky water, the same shimmering pulse of time.

The past doesn't die, it disperses.

It settles into bones, rivers, lullabies.

Into you.

And yes – it is magic.

Not the kind with wands or tricks but the magic of essence. Memory woven into matter.

The moment you notice it – really notice?

That's the universe breathing a sigh

“Ah, you have remembered me.”

The Path Grows Over

No footsteps now to press the grass,

no hands to brush aside the thorn.

What once was carved in careful pass

has softened, blurred, and been reborn.

The brambles knit where boots once trod,

the moss has claimed the stones below,

the wind forgets each whispered vow —

the path grows over, slow and low.

I do not know where it began,

nor where it led, or who I was.

But in the hush, the earth forgives,

and closes round without a fuss.

For time does not resent the still,
and nature does not mourn delay.
She merely waits, then gently weaves
herself across what turns away.

Golden Hour

The world exhales.

Light spills like warm syrup
over rooftops, through trees, across skin.

Time slows,
but does not stop.

A bird gliding low.
The outline of a child's profile, backlit and glowing.
The way shadows stretch
as if they, too,
want to hold on a little longer.

Golden hour is not loud.
It does not ask to be seen.

It just arrives — soft,

Sincere,

And fleeting.

Where the World Breathes

The scent comes first —
rain, before it falls.

That soft, metallic promise
that the sky is about to weep.

Bare feet press into grass,
cool and damp,
each blade a quiet prayer
between earth and skin.

You close your eyes.
Birdsong rises like incense —
sharp, bright, alive.
A single call becomes a choir,
a chorus of now.

Time forgets itself.

You are not a person
with tasks or titles.

You are breath,
and warmth,
and listening.

And the world,
just for a moment,
breathes with you.

Language of Leaves

There was a time we understood —
when the rustle meant rain,
and the hush meant stay.

When branches bowed not in wind alone,
but in greeting.

In sorrow.

In reverence.

Now we walk past
heads full of clocks and concrete,
never hearing the whispers
that brush against our skin.

But the leaves still speak.

They speak in sighs and songs,
in the hush of dusk and the hush before storm.

They murmur of things we've forgotten.

Be still, they say.

Be still and listen.

The language is still there,
waiting
on the wind.

Self

Mental Health. Self-Love. Inner Child.

The Duvet

Sometimes the duvet comes over,

Telling you that it is warm inside.

That it is the only safe place.

That the world outside is too cold and hard for you
to bear.

Sometimes the duvet comes over,

And it embraces you and suffocates you.

It is the only thing you can feel,

Can hear, can see, can smell.

Sometimes the duvet comes over,

Smothering everything from outside.

Muffling words from others,

Muffling kindness, joy, inspiration and motivation.

Sometimes the duvet comes over,

And it needs to be felt and hear and seen.

Sometimes it needs to snuggle and be held,

Sometimes it needs to be accepted and heard.

Sometimes the duvet comes over,

And it is understood.

Its arrival can be foretold,

Signs of our own behaviour tell us the duvet may be arriving soon.

And it makes the duvet easier to accept, to lie with
and to fold away in the cupboard when its season is
done, and the time is right.

Sometimes the duvet just comes over.

The Hermit

I sit alone and listen
To the whispers of my soul
What have I done right
Where do I go next?

The road to not lying to myself
Has been hard and long
But it's one I've had to travel
To sit here in this space

Not empty – but waiting.

The lantern I carry
Burns with a light I lit myself
Through tears,

Through silence,
Through choosing not to run.

Let the world move without me
I am safe and still
In my space
Meeting myself.

I Carry Her

I carry someone with me.

She's with me all the time —

When I speak unkindly to myself,

When I fear I am not enough.

She's there when I doubt my reflection,

In a world that loves to judge.

When I question my strength,

And whisper that I can't.

She watches as I study the mirror,

Tracing time in every wrinkle,

Every crease a story

I wish I could rewrite.

She's with me when I lie awake at night,
Regretting the past I cannot reach.
She hears my quiet promises to do better,
My vows to change,
My faltering steps,
My slips into old, familiar pain.

She knows every part of me —
Because once,
She *was* all of me.

Small.

Hopeful.

Unmarked by time.

Wide-eyed, brown-haired, wrinkle-free.

She is still here.

And I am still her.

I carry her with me —

Always.

The Beast & The Ring

I stumble by the wayside,
fall into the suffocating deep.
I cannot find my way back up
from the beast that does not sleep.

I knew this time was coming,
I saw the warning lights ahead —
but the lights could not protect me.
the beast ran through the red.

It claws at me and pulls me down,
whispering words of hate.
I cannot seem to find the door —
no escape. It is too late.

The beast now sits atop my chest,
murmuring, “All will be okay.
Stay here in the dark with me,
you will never leave this place.”

I hear a banging on the door
that stands behind that thing,
and something rolls across the floor —
a rose—gold wedding ring.

A token my mind has sent to me,
while trapped within the dark,
to remember those who shield me —
my safety, my life, my ark.

I remember those who heal me,
who love me at any cost,
who will search until they find me,
and guide me home when I am lost.

After

There is a moment
after the body folds in on itself,
after the heaving and the salt
and the fists pressed into eyes,
where nothing moves.

No thought.

No grief.

Just breath, barely.

You lie there,

not broken —

just empty.

And for the first time in days,
the world doesn't hurt.
Not because it healed,
but because you have nothing left to give it.

You stare upward
into the ceiling,
into the dark,
into the nothing –
and it feels
like peace.

Hold Myself

I used to wait for someone else to say it —
that I was enough.

That I mattered.

That I was worth soft things.

But now,

I say it to myself
in quiet ways.

I touch my own cheek gently.

I smile in the mirror,
even when my eyes are swollen.

Especially then.

It is choosing love
where once there was only
waiting.

And some days —
some days I forget.

But I come back.
Again and again,
I come back.

To this body,
to this heart,
to this voice that was always mine.
I hold myself.

The Light

It is hard to be the light
for others when you feel dark and bound.

When your world is heavy
and the day long,
and every word you speak
feels like a lie
told through gritted teeth.

You smile,
because that's what they need.
You say I'm fine, because it's faster
than unpacking the truth.

But inside,
a storm settles on your ribs,
quiet but constant.

Still — you wake.

You show up.

You breathe.

And maybe that is the light.

Not the brightness,
not the shine —
but the choice to keep walking
when the road is cloaked in shadow.

Awake

It's always quieter at night —
until it isn't.

Until memory slips beneath the door,
sits at the edge of the bed,
and begins to speak.

Not loudly.
Just enough.

You know you can't change it.
What was said, what wasn't.
Where you stayed too long,
or left too soon.

You tell yourself it's done,
that the past is a locked room.

But still —

you press your ear against the door
just in case
you hear the key turning.

Sleep will come eventually,
but not before the silence
asks its questions.

Not before you answer
with nothing but breath
and aching.

Healing

Not all healing arrives
in grand declarations
or radiant dawns.

Sometimes,
it slips in quietly —
like light beneath a door,
like warmth in the cup of your hands.

You wake one morning
and the ache is still there —
but softer, no longer sharp enough to cut.

A bird sings,
and you don't cry.

You breathe,
and it doesn't hurt to do so.

This is how peace returns:
not like thunder,
but like moss growing back
over the place you once broke.

You are not whole.

You are becoming.

And that is enough.

Becoming

The greys came slowly —
soft silver strands
woven through years of becoming.
Not a loss,
but a layering.
Like moonlight in your hair.

Lines crept in next,
around the eyes,
the mouth —
tiny trails,
left behind by laughter.
Etchings of every joy
you chose to feel fully.

And when you catch your reflection,
there she is —
your mother,
in the shape of your smile,
in the furrow you wear
when the world needs your worry.

This face tells stories
no mirror could ever diminish.
It is not worn.
It is written.
And it is beautiful.

People

Love. Loss. Friendship.

Eternal

You are my torchlight in the dark,
My shelter when rain should fall,
The anchor that stills my drifting soul,
The answer when I call.

The ways in which I love myself
Were shown to me by you.
You are the mirror I look upon,
The eyes I am seen through.

You are the laughter on my lips,
The twin thread of my soul,
My compass when I am wandering,
The way in which I'm whole.

We Were Made

We were made of late nights and songs,
Of secrets whispered and echoed back.

We were made to be endless, unbroken —
Something more than this.

Pillars

Pillars wiped out.

A grandparent. A friend.

A sibling taken from you too soon.

Childhood pillars knocked down.

A family rift. A conflict.

Separating you from people who were once your world.

Memories missing.

Connections to places, times, things.

No longer connected to the other person, its counterpart.

Anchors lost.

Holding you down to the earth.

Steadying you when the sea is harsh and
tumultuous.

Person by person the pillars that held up my
childhood are wiped away,

The inside jokes are left unanswered, the familiar
laugh lost to time.

Will I simply float into space, untethered to the
earth?

When the family I have made,

Who do not know of the stories that make me who I
am, be enough?

To hold me here, when the last pillars of my
childhood are gone.

When the pillars are wiped.

The Missing Person

You left a gap,

A 'you' shaped hole.

Like a chalk outline in the middle of my life.

You left inside jokes,

That are forever unanswered.

The laugh I will recall forever, now unheard.

The memories have left me,

A film, a song, a book

No longer tethered to you, no longer understood by
those around me.

Regrets were left by you,

Things that should have been said.

Things that should be unsaid, that will forever hang
between us.

You left a strange grief,

In the shape of your shadow,

The grief of losing you, even though you are still
there to find.

You are a missing person,

Not gone but not here,

A summer, a Christmas Eve, a 3am walk, a lifetime
with you.

Missing because I miss you,

I have missed you.

I will miss you.

Is Mò Mo Ghra Duit

(I Love You More)

Amidst the green, I loved you,
Wholly, without cost.
You showed me places inside myself
I have since forever lost.

Amidst the fields, you led me,
Hand in hand by water's edge.
I followed blindly, knowing not
I was on the precipice — the ledge.

Within the lanes, you took me
And held me in the embrace
Of a lover swearing a thousand lifetimes,
Tangled forever in this place.

Amidst the green, I still recall us,
The words we whispered there.
And my heart ached to return,
To fall under that blue—eyed stare.

The green has since turned muddy,
Smells and sights have left my mind.
And the lanes, fields, and water's edge
Are now impossible to find.

Three of Cups

Three sisters on a card,
Holding their cups up high,
Laughing, cherishing, filling themselves
With magic from the sky.

Bare feet in soft earth,
Hearts open to the breeze,
They are joy without apology,
Light wrapped in ease.

No shadows between them,
No need to explain —
Only the rhythm of reunion,
The washing away of pain.

I watch from the outside,
Drawn to their light,
To the warmth of their circle
That glows in the night.

They toast to belonging,
To love without end —
And I raise my own cup,
Imagining I am their friend.

In this image, I find it,
A joy I've never known,
But in picturing their laughter,
I feel a little less alone.

Through Me

I see them in the tilt of my chin,
the way my hands move
when I'm thinking.

In the sharp rise of my cheekbones,
the quiet defiance behind my eyes.

They are here —
woven into the strands of my hair,
carried in the arch of my brow.
Echoing in the lullabies,
I never learned but somehow hum.

Customs I never wrote down,
rituals I never named.

Feeling something stir in me
when the wind changes.

I am their unfinished story.
Their hopes rewritten.
Their fire, still burning
low and deep.

They walk beside me
without footsteps.
They speak
without words.

And I carry them —
not as weight but root.

This Soil

I am of this soil,
soft with story
and sharp with stone.

Of green that clings to memory,
of mist that hides the hills
but never forgets them.

There's salt in my blood,
from the sea my foremothers watched
with prayers in their mouths
and babies on their hips.

There's fire in my voice —
a lilt, a bite.

The ghost of a language
I never learned
but still feel stirring
when I say my name.

I walk fields I've never touched
and still know the way.
The wind calls me home
though I never left.

They sing through me —
the weavers, the rebels,
the women who knew
how to survive a silence.

And when I speak,
when I write,
when I weep into the night,
they are there —
braiding themselves into my breath,
reminding me:

You are not the beginning.

You are the continuation.

This is the Good

This is the good —
not the loud,
not the triumphant,
but the soft.

The way my child's hair smells
like sleep and sunlight.
The curve of their body
curled into mine
without hesitation.

The hug from my mother,
familiar as breath,
still somehow able
to make me small again.

These are the pieces
I tuck into my heart,
like wildflowers
pressed between pages.

Nothing grand.
Nothing performative.
Just skin,
and breath,
and love that asks for nothing
but to be here.

And I am.
Fully.
Gratefully.
Here.

Andrea

1986 – 2016

At some point I forgot your voice,

The call of my name.

The last words spoken,

Have slipped away into time.

I can see you in images,

Frozen in time, never moving, never aging.

My constant older counterpart,

Now forever younger than my years.

I glimpse you in my child,

A head tilt, a smile, a ghost.

You are here but somewhere else,

Uncharted, unanchored, unreachable.

A treasure lost at sea.

When we meet, you will tell me,

I was with you all along.

My constant,

My glimpse,

My treasure.

Memory

Nostalgia. Longing. Reflection.

Relics of Entanglement

We carry the relics of entanglement,
Tucked deep where light forgets to tread.

Vines of promises, rusted and restless,
Curl around the bones of what once was.
Afraid to cast light into the shadows,
To face what ghosts linger there —
An empty, barren husk of dreams.

We are made of what we dare not name,
A tapestry of vanished things.
Each thread a whisper,
Each knot a broken prayer,
Worn thin by the passing of years.

Learn to Swim

Sometimes memories are like walking on ice —
One wrong step and it breaks away,
A crack, a slip,
And suddenly I'm beneath it,
Gasping in waters I thought had frozen still.

The laughter echoes,
Muffled by time and sorrow,
Bubbles rising to a surface
I can't reach just yet.

Each footstep is a risk —
Do I dare remember her smile?
The scent of that room?
The warmth before the winter came.

I tiptoe across the past,
Wishing it could hold me —
But ice,
Even when beautiful,
Was never meant to last forever.

So, I trace it softly,
Knowing one day,
Spring will come,
And I'll learn to swim
Instead of fall.

We Were Wild

Remember when you were wild —

Untamed. Feral. Free.

When you ran too fast

And fell too hard.

When the wind called your name,

And you danced barefoot through puddles.

You were wild once —

Wearing perfume made from weeds.

Flying with birds,

Running with horses,

Before the nines and fives,

Before the buildings that touched the sky.

Do you remember
The taste of blackberries
Straight from the bramble —
Sweet, sharp, staining your mouth purple?

We were wild once,
Before we grew into tamed creatures —
Domesticated, older, shoe—wearing.
Do you remember?

You're still wild to me.

Blockbusters!

I miss “No Hot Ashes”

I miss pigeon alarm clocks.

I miss learning dance routines

And “Are you coming out?”.

I miss ice cream trucks,

I miss tuck shop treats.

I miss bulldog, stuck in the mud and tag —

Skipping when my body felt so light.

I miss the smell of the video store,

And the smell of my grandparents’ house.

And scratch’n’sniff magazine freebies,

And the smell of plastic toys in my cereal.

I miss not knowing,
And not knowing that I didn't know.
I miss the thought that anything is possible,
And the excitement that anything could happen.

But time moves on
And moments pass
Things cease to exist
But you and I, we will always have 1996.

Remember That

A memory is not the action,
It is the company you kept.
It is the time of day or the weather.

The memory is the sound,
A song, the film, birds at sunset.
The voice you never want to forget.

A memory is a living thing,
Ready to rise up and show itself,
Whenever the conditions are right.

When you close your eyes,
Memory can be a feeling.

That you think of with purpose,

Desperate not to forget it.

To box it up and hold it safe.

A memory can be warm.

Other times it can be your enemy,

Cold and hurtful and you wonder why you cannot
put that one down

Leave it and walk away.

But warm or cold,

Those memories are yours.

They are the stepping stones that form

The pathway of your life.

The sounds of wood pigeons in the morning,

The light coming in the window when you wake up
from a nap in the summer,

The smell of your favourite person.

Each one,

A privilege and a gift.

Time is a River

Time is a river — never still,
no tide to turn, no glass to fill.
It does not ask, it does not wait,
it slips beyond each guarded gate.

It curves through joy, through grief, through grace,
then leaves without a backward trace.
A moment dips its foot, then goes —
no hand can catch the way it flows.

We build our bridges, cast our nets,
we leave behind a trail of debts.
But time rolls on – untouched,
by all we begged for it to save.

No map can find where once it ran,
no clock rewinds to where we stand.
The river pulls, and we must go —
no stillness left, just undertow.

The Scent

It only takes a breath —
a trace of something familiar:
the perfume she wore,
food warm from the oven,
grass after the rain.

And suddenly,
you are there again.

Not remembering — living.
The walls return, the voices,
the feeling of a moment
that didn't ask to be remembered
but never truly left.

The scent fades.

But it leaves a softness behind,
like a hand brushing your shoulder
as it walks back into time.

Keepsake

It fits in my palm.

Light as nothing —

but I carry it like stone.

A letter,

creased from rereading.

A toy,

paint chipped and loved bare.

A pressed flower

that used to be bright.

None of it matters.

And yet, it is all that matters.

It holds the shape

of what once was.

And some ways,

So do I.

You are Light

I do not seek you in stone.

You are not there.

You never were.

You are in the first gold of morning,

slipping through the curtains

like a whispered hello.

You are in the breeze that lifts my hair

just when I need to breathe.

In birdsong,

in the hush before rain,

in the warmth that finds my back

when I thought I was alone.

You are not gone.

You are scattered

in sky,

in earth,

in me.

I do not grieve your absence.

I honour your transformation.

Because every time I look for you,

you are there —

not as shadow,

but as light.

What Remains

Not everything stays.

The voices fade,
the details blur —
what we wore,
what we said,
how the day even began.

But something always lingers.

A glance.

A laugh that belonged only to them.

A feeling that rises without warning,
like mist from the morning ground.

These are the threads
we stitch into our days —
quiet, unseen,
but always there.

Memory does not ask for permission.
It simply settles in,
soft as breath,
steady as heartbeat.

And in the end,
what remains
is not the moment itself —
but the way it made you feel.

About Rebecca

Rebecca Bolton is a writer, poet, and lifelong lover of words.

Based in rural England, she finds inspiration in quiet moments, the turning of seasons, and the deep emotional threads that connect us all—to nature, to each other, and to ourselves.

Her poetry blends softness with strength, exploring themes of memory, identity, healing, and the sacred in the everyday. She writes with heart and honesty, always seeking the light tucked inside the dark.

More of Rebecca's work can be found on her website *Rebecca in Print*, found at www.rebeccainprint.com.

Connections is her debut poetry collection.