

Caroline Carver



Caroline Carver was born in England, spent her early childhood in the West Indies and much of her adult life in Canada. She now lives in Cornwall.

Her career has been mainly in radio, television, publishing and pr - as broadcaster, writer, journalist and consultant.

Caroline has written drama, fiction and non-fiction, but only began writing poetry in the 1990s when she joined the Falmouth Poetry Group. She won the 1998 National Poetry Competition and was shortlisted in 2000 for the Forward Prize best single poem. Her first collection, *JIGHARZI AN ME*, came out in 2000 and her second, *BONE-FISHING*, at the end of 2005. Her writing has been published in many literary journals and she's had a number of commissioned poems.

She's active with many groups in the poetry world, including, in Cornwall, Falmouth Poetry Group and Stray Dogs.

STONE AND GLASS AND AIR AND WATER

**stained glass craftsmen keep their skills
a secret between them and God**

... sometimes I dream that on Sunday nights
the cathedral fills with a special kind of water

not wet
but very buoyant

lifting us so high
we can swim right up to the windows

come face to face with the Saints
framed by delicate tendrils of flowers

on such evenings
even the font trembles

little fish swim in and out
of its coral traceries

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stone pillars never forget the hands that shaped them

like me
they wonder whether
when the hands had finished their work
they fluttered away like pigeons
rising up in a burst of sound when the organist came

perhaps the hands still hide themselves
in that small tower (inspired by ghosts of medieval monks)
where the stairs, sword-friendly,
wind round inside like new-found DNA

perhaps they watch the congregation
from childlike windows reach down
in a friendly way *Come up!* they say
you can see the whole world from the roof

*here it is so high and safe
even peregrine falcons are raising their children to be good citizens*

*If you step from the parapets they say
forgetting they are ghosts themselves
the air will hold you up*

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air and water

the cathedral air is cool and comforting as water
deep full of *te deum laudamus* .

pillars tall as winter reeds
reach nearly to the high surfaces

but their feet are rooted
in a sunlit terrace of moving lights

where coloured windows play like small children
pretending to throw their treasures to the floor

sounds weave in and out of the soft stone
in murmuring ripples of thought

reaching back to join fathers and mothers

grandparents great-grandparents
in a continuing legacy
of meditation
nothing good ever abandons the cathedral
escapes through those great doors
although the watery air hesitates when the organ breaks in
with such majestic purpose
like waves crashing on a not-so-distant shore
only subdued by the other-worldly choir
at these times
the meditative air-water stands with bowed head
before the altar of
this greater waterfall

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Treasures of the Cathedral: the Queen's Canopy

this is the canopy the queen sat under
this is the colour of her sky in summer
this is the richness of royal panoply
this is the guardian of coronation memory

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