

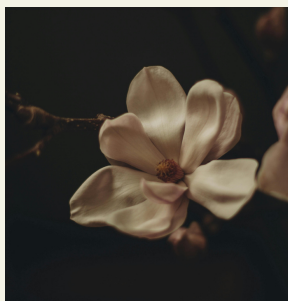
I ATE A BLUE APPLE

A COLLECTION OF THREE
POEMS



CONNELLY ISLAY

CONTENT



03 INTRODUCTION



05 WASHING
RHUBARB



06 PRIVATE
COLLECTION
OF SORROWS



07 I ATE A BLUE
APPLE



08 THANKS

FOLLOW ME

TikTok: @connelly_islay
Instagram: @connelly_islay
Pinterest: @connellyislay

© Connelly Islay 2025 | All rights reserved
www.connellyislaypoetess.com | connellyislay@gmail.com
Cover design: Connelly Islay



INTRODUCTION

Dear reader,

Welcome to this free downloadable ebook, a small collection of three poems crafted to transport you into different stories and heartfelt moments. Each poem invites to a pause, a reflection, a shift of perspective. Whether you find echoes of enjoyable feelings or glimpses of something unfamiliar, I hope these verses open doors to new angles and quiet contemplation.

How To Read These Poems

You will easily notice that I use a bare punctuation in my compositions. Never a full stop in the end. This is because, in my opinion, poems are supposed to remain with you, prolong themselves in your mind, become part of your thoughts, and be enriched with your own story. A full stop would do exactly its work, framing poems in their page, preserving them from the freedom they deserve.



INTRODUCTION

Copyright and Usage Notice

These poems are the product of my creativity and imagination. All names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents, as well as any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events are purely coincidental.

I kindly ask all readers to respect the integrity of my work. This collection of poems, as well as any associated material, may not be sold or utilised for any purposes other than personal enjoyment without my explicit written permission. Such measures help to safeguard the creative effort and intention behind these verses.

Thank you for your understanding and collaboration in preserving the spirit of this work.



WASHING RHUBARB

Tears of water get lost into the ceramic sink
the one my wife wanted so much but now
it is empty for her slender hands are
nowhere in the kitchen washing rhubarb
I can't remember that taste any more
It is rude this silence
breathing only dusty air where before
there was her carbon dioxide
No mashing or frying noises, I made a
habit of the hermetic house in which
old marks on the table matured in encrusted
prominences. Good she won't attend my decline,
a quiet genuflection to absence. I listen her voice
however, scolding for my aborted settlement
into domesticity (my pink shirt, once white,
proves she is right)
What remains of that?
An imagined voice and a dripping tap,
days approvingly spoiled of memories
because it is not what we were that I miss, but her hands



PRIVATE COLLECTION OF SORROWS

I need someone to tell me it is okay,
that I'm doing things the right way
Wrapped into four bare walls I cloth
good choices into uncertainty and
bad choices into dismissed hopes.
Think of my mother's justice over what
is admissible, prescription of intents
Is it feasible? To become one of them
a grown-up. Martin mocks me
"Welcome to adulthood"

I would like to punch him, like when
we were children. But we aren't children
and we are not running into golden fields
This is the big city, where the warmth of the
maternal nest evaporated with the first rental fee.
Do you remember how it was, to be children
and run free? Martin nods, he always nods
I remember how it was, when the midday light
was obedient over oats
The flaking plaster in the left corner
has the same shade of sun



I ATE A BLUE APPLE

I should go to the doctor for my apples are
blue. They won't turn red no matter how
hard I try. Having your table and chairs
re-arranged by a stranger, everybody looking
that is what it feels like having apples of the
wrong colour. I ate one this morning delicious
still can't understand what is the matter
He told me I'm turning blue. Starting from the
tip of my toes to the end of my hair. He told me
there is no cure because everybody's are red
and my apples are blue



Dear reader,

Thank you for choosing to join me through the art of poetry. May these pages offer you inspiration, and a reminder of the beauty found in dissimilar lives.

DISCOVER MORE

TikTok: @connelly_islay
Instagram: @connelly_islay
Pinterest: @connellyislay

© Connelly Islay 2025 | All rights reserved
www.connellyislaypoetess.com | connellyislay@gmail.com
Cover design: Connelly Islay