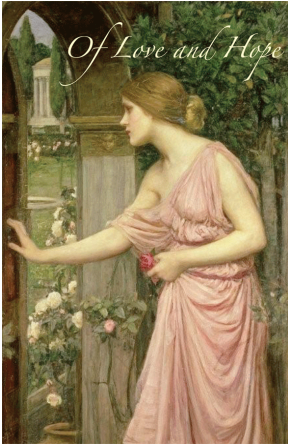


Title: *Of Love and Hope*

Author: Various

Publisher: Avalanche



OF LOVE AND HOPE

Of Love and Hope, edited by Deborah Gaye, is an extraordinary anthology, celebrating all aspects of life and love and featuring many of our leading and best loved poets, who have all come together to support Breakthrough Breast Cancer and Breast Cancer Care, and which will be launched on 20 October, during Breast Cancer Awareness Month.

An inspiring and uplifting collection, combining lyrical poems with light hearted pieces, contributors include Seamus Heaney, Sir Paul McCartney, Chris Tutton, Wendy Cope, Margaret Atwood, Carol Ann Duffy, Roger McGough, Leonard Cohen, Philip Gross, Adrian Mitchell, Paul Muldoon, Helen Dunmore, Lawrence Sail, Myra Schneider, Tom Paulin, Andrew Motion, Owen Sheers, Allen Ginsberg, Mimi Khalvati, Fiona Sampson, Pascale Petit, Sharon Olds, and many, many more, including the entertainers Victoria Wood and Arthur Smith.

This anthology includes traditional much loved poems alongside contemporary pieces, many of which have been written especially for this collection.

There are moving and poignant poems dealing with the affects of breast cancer, by poets such as Julia Darling, Owen Sheers, Myra Schneider and others, with a selection of poems by Sir Paul McCartney.

Many people's lives are affected by breast cancer and this is an opportunity to support Breakthrough Breast Cancer and Breast Cancer Care as 100% of all profits raised from the sale of this book will be donated to these two tremendous and vital charities:

www.breakthrough.org.uk

www.breastcancercare.org.uk

From *Of Love and Hope*

Ultrasound

But I only looked at the screen
when the doctor asked the nurse -
freeze that, will you?

And saw a smoky sea roaring
silently inside my breast,
a kneading ocean of echo-scape,

resonant-surge of sombre waves,

like the Falmouth sea
at autumn twilight, smudge
of grey surfs and bruise-black billows,

grainy shadow-sea inside me,
soundless thump
of seismic wave after wave

breaking over two black rocks,
harmless cysts,

and below, mute, storm-bleak,
the long black trembling scarp of suspect tissue.

Penelope Shuttle

Portrait in Fading Colours

I painted you
Playful in bower shadow
Where whistling jacks grow
Arboured by dusk.
You beckoned me
Reclining clover veiled like
An uncertain bride
From the time when we were
Younger and watched
Lumpsuckers skim the millpond.

Chris Tutton

Snowdrops

As I stare at the small
white heads, their circular bed
set in a bald frontage,
the afternoon swells
with distress. I imagine picking,
imagine pressing layers
of green-rimmed petals
to my chest to cover
the emptiness which will shout
when I lose my left breast.

Though they look weak
beneath a bush's crude
black spread of branches
these are not drops, crystals,
bells that ring thinly,
not hangdog ninnies,
timid girls running out of breath.

They have heaved through
weighty clay lumps,
speared freezing air
to bloom without summer's prop -
are more daring
fiercer than the swimming
open-mouthed fear that wants
to devour me. They stand
uncowed by the north wind,
its sudden bluster, cruel bite.
And as I move on each flower
fills me like an annunciation.

Myra Schneider

(First appeared in *Writing My Way Through Cancer*
Jessica Kingsley 2003)