

Samhain



Over the silver gleam
of tram tracks rolls
a brown scuffle
of rhododendron leaves.
On their surface harsh
lessons, scratches and black
bruises written
with the Cailleach icy fist.

Storm goddess forging
steel sharp branches
to pierce the bleached sky,
to rain rustbleed
on white walls, she prepares
to usher in the new year.

With the light's slow
withdrawal down red
chimney bricks, her shroud
obscuring creation
from spirit thins,
allowing her rough dreams
to touch our world.

Whispers brush by,
mistaken for the hymn
of a distant train.
Their hoar-gray kisses
burning the exposed foliage,
they pursue us over
unedged paths, invisible
footsteps dancing
on frosted blades of grass.

Golden weeds bend
seed heads in time
to their private banter.
We rush throughout
the garden, unaware
of their presence,
their laughter chasing us
as we retreat
to the city's concrete song.

With the haze of dawn
they coil around roots
to sleep away
another year in frozen earth.
The rill sings a lullaby,
closing the circle of the year.



Curiouser and Curiouser

Overtured stones reveal
a nest of pine needles
and skeletal leaves, woven
by the garden's calendar.
With the ecstatic hum
of a bumblebee
in pollen I collapse into
dark-angled crevices,
burrow deep past fallen twigs,
nibbled seeds. I savour damp
compost in my nostrils,
my claws skittering over
gravel. I follow the rustle
of insects within dried flower buds.
Root tendrils twine
in my hair, grip my ankles.
Safe in the dank world
of mice, protected by layers
of autumn's cast-offs,
I hibernate. Winter's false
smile cannot move me.



Inverted Truths

Un
connected,

the inverse reveals an almost
truth
that centres everything in meaning

Illumines beneath a networked maze,
a matrix where slender sticks
and stems assemble loosely
like kindling awaiting an initial
spark.

Leaves echo sky's bronzing.
Orange crepe-paper bows
to softening tread.

back Party pieces of the past come
in the harvest, a cornucopia of words.

A coded language lingers
in the gaps between the lines,
spaces warmly seated in cold
earth.

This performance is without finale,
the masquerade dance to a moon-frost
cry.

Flakes of
yesterday
 Birling up
 North
 and
 East

brown, thin skins
s t r e t c h e d
but not crumpled,
more lined like voices
dialogue on paper
A natural script breathed
into moistened, fertilised earth.

Roots rising and falling
in autumn blow

arranging each leaf

r a
 d o n
l y m

to let veins connect, exact.

