

The Kiss of Life

I rocked cool in a shell at last and said
My wry goodbyes to mayfly hour of youth;
But you arrived with sparking agile mind
And flung such order of release my way
As steals the scene from autumn's russet stage,
And all the ragbag threads of life converge
To strengthen powers that you in me unleash.
The clearest skies are daunted by your blue
All-seeing eye, whose glance precipitates
Baton on rostrum struck to orchestrate
My second spring, like precious hoarded wine,
And set me singing with augmented voice.
O catalyst and steel most damascene,
Now must I lie till dawn, as still as stone
And husbanded by stars, that children words
May rise like fish in inkwells of the night.

A Movement Between Shores

Long did I wait unrecognised in wings
The better to make my starry entrance now
That argument is closed and heart is filled;
All faculties involved, and none deprived,
And false compulsions banished to their hell.

Plants at times can uplift paving stones -
So have I grown inexorably to light.
The dream survives transition into day
And time does not efface the certainties
Revealed at last that solve and satisfy.

Poor words, poor pallid servants of my theme,
Like scattered ropes of ill-assorted pearls,
Why try you so to track and pin those winds
Of blameless suit? Enough it is to know
That avons rise and deserts overflow.