

Light

ripples on the pond
rises in birdsong
shines on my skin
and in my eyes
glitters in a crow's hood
and a fly's thorax,
glows green through spears
of grass, and groups of docks,
fills the sky, turning white
the sides of clouds,
leaving their bellies
grey and deepest blue,
dappled behind a row
of poplars not yet out, ivy
and mistletoe hung on branches,
leading for a stained glass sky.

Nocturne

Even the pale canal turns indigo
and disappears beneath the railway arch.
Blackbirds scatter their last notes
among the brambles and fallen leaves.
A train shrieks overhead then trails away,
absorbed by stillness. I feel my way
into the tender breeze, hear the chippings
crunch beneath my feet. The towpath swerves
to cross the gushing darkness of a stream.
A time to breathe between one footstep
and the next, to seek the quiet centre of things.