

Threshold

Every house has something of a whale at its entrance.
Bleached vertebrae, their jutting transverses
arm-span wide, set at the wall's base
where long grass cords through their spaces,
perched on the stone post as if about to fly,
or carefully alighted into the wall.

A scapula buttresses a wall, a jawbone curves
against stone, each whitened and cracked
in alien air, and a weathered pair of ribs arc
over a gate, lost promise of a heart-cage.

When the wind booms through the lane
and the sea bellows over the rocks to bite the field-edge,
you could think the bones tremble and shift,
yearn together to take their old places. A spine, a shoulder,
the suggestion of a tail-fluke in the bending trees.

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