poetry

a solo voice
shreds a cacophony
of tickertape and ultra-sonics
rises to cloud level
and plays out a line of melody
like the tail of a kite

plunges
then soars again
attacked by an extravaganza
of starlings
breaks away
with violin wail of ecstasy
that steadies into harmony
modulates
and finally
returns to sender
bringing a feather
of fine rain
like an
answered
prayer
dance

a net flings wide
the fishers sweat and pull
and in the moon's dull gleam
the glistening mesh surfaces
knotted with fireflies

deft fingers now release
their golden prize
mend gaps and swiftly send
this gauze trap fluting
skirt-like out again

one solitary weathered man
casts a single line
that arcs balancing in air

he holds a light aloft
and gives a silent shout
as hook catches reel plays out
and quick-silver rainbow trout
thrashes and leaps riffling a chain
of crystal drops that pulls
at his hunter's heart

ripples and mayflies meet
in a resinous mist —
meet part and shape
the coming of the
day
Le Maître "Dumouchel" et ses élèves
music

at first    weapons
wait in quietness —
cupped    hollowed    pierced and strung
oiled    gleaming —

struck or blown into a battalion
of bristling artillery
benign gunfire
a rattle of sabres
shrill whine of shells
as into the tattoo arena
high above the crowd
swings a wild trapeze
suspending froms that loose —
aah! — cross    and somersault in space

now    on a quivering wire
teeters a tightrope walker
will he stay?    will he fall?
he trips

    alas-s-s-s

safe into the net
a human cannon-ball rises
like a shooting star
an explosion of pigeons
slaps at the sawdust air
in burst after burst of color

a string of horses gallops
round the ring    quick-twirling
ballerinas on their backs
who trail from elegant fingers
a fragrance of bird-song
that touches down
light as milkweed seed
to drift

    like a benediction
among the weary soldiers

paddy webb