

- 18     The rage-raked branches by the sea  
lie still, like cerebrums of coral,  
their wiry line seems hardly leaves,  
so punched and packed by weather's worry,  
a fierce frisure, not fioritura,  
the sheer survivance of a tree,  
while 'watercolour sky' of Norfolk  
clouds out the curlew and the seal.  
Brandish and bray what you may feel,  
time like the tempest, rain and sun  
transmutes it into topiary:  
something has died, some thing lives on.
- 19     Onto the carriages leap the children!  
Their parents stoop smiling after. Jack  
curls, furls. Small ferns spurt from the building  
called station; a briar showers its flak  
of hips. We sit in a bloom of black,  
bits of a witch's exbloded cauldron!  
We wiggle to watch a tall man walk  
'...BEYOND THIS POINT' to fetch a scolding –  
but 'BLOW-POINT' blows, the whistle Volde-  
morts him, we slide, we flow, we run  
into a wall of gean and guelder  
and salty steam. To where? Plunge on!
- 20     Oncomes autumn: difficultest  
its dissyllables in first September days  
like this, a sudden, naked heist.

Knurred knapweed passes, cornfields are raz-  
ored bald, partridges huddle dazed...  
A scape, a synergy, is messed  
apart here: red tussles wreck the rose,  
hens, pigs and pheasants wander lost,  
w-harr! whaaar! goes Seton's ghost  
across the land... Destination  
delays, dithers. This still green-drest,  
long hollow's our halt, not station.

21 Oneiric, the station is a church  
locked to platform. Roof and stuck shallot  
are tarnished Tin Man, the vulval porch  
hell-mouth in Easter's icon, wall a  
wheat-store white. But your mind's blet  
is blinded by the sudden launch  
of light within, through simple slots.  
Buy a card here, read visitors' remarks,  
then mount two steps so mindful of murk.  
Apotheoses of the Son,  
coolth and calm of white and dark,  
glints of transfiguration.

22 Tongue he tips to Rizla, rolls,  
and lights. ...*divine master of all that exists,*  
*enlighten and direct the soul,*  
*the heart and hands of your servant...* His chick-  
ens steal through the open gate and pick  
around him. ...*that I may render whole*  
*and worthily...* His eyes and lips  
draw to a smile. He's a person all  
suspended in stillness without hwyl.  
*...to the joy and beautification*

*of your holy church.* He takes a pull.  
*...eleison...eleison.*

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