



Thomas Powell *A Dawn of Ghosts*



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# A Dawn of Ghosts



a dawn of ghosts . . .  
each bend shortens  
the road home

weighed down  
in morning mist . . .  
wood anemone



glancing back . . .  
the purple haze  
of young birches

year upon year . . .  
clay from a potter's wheel  
spatters the wall

green shoots—  
the fallen gargoyle's  
lichen ears

following distant rain half a rainbow

lily pads  
beneath the surface  
... I ask her again

sunlit workshop  
the glow of clay dust  
in every breath

warm dusk . . .  
she carries a moth  
to the window

well-trodden rut . . .  
a line of heifers  
watches me pass



lost horizons this slow day ends in drizzle

sun-kissed skin  
the ghost of her necklace  
on this rainy day

peat bog pool  
the darkness beneath  
pond skaters

low moon  
an earwig on the doormat  
raises its pincers

abandoned shed . . .  
a turf cutter's boot  
beyond the threshold

across the lough  
hillside shadows  
of leafless trees

over old ground . . .  
a dunnock's search  
in winter shrubs

New Year's Day  
the glare of two suns  
along a flood plain



sun-touched gully . . .  
the wool and bones  
of a passing winter

what remains . . .  
reflections of ripples  
on last year's reeds

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