

Thomas Powell A Dawn of Ghosts



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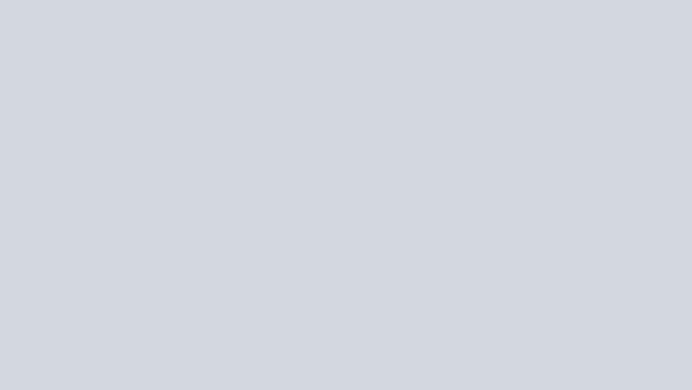
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A Dawn of Ghosts



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

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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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