

the four moons of a harvest



saëns: 4 e

° a ' andante

tiptoe soft speak kingdom to your soul
but you can, fold grace into the work of your hands
knot-bowls, beauty is simple :
a seamstress with her heirlooms

grandfather, calligraphy ink fish ; they silver under .
the moonshine in alignment with tarp and the sliver of a dripping sun
a water colour nocturne .

winter migrants

belles-lettres , the ceramics of earthenwares—glass slippery .
on tile, mothers crosslegged sit + mould soft-paste into minute symmetries
music ; floating princess silk cloaks over a translucent pond

summertimes we cough up umpteen tiny yellow blooms. our leaf-hearts startle. the six-hours
we sleep are threadbare.



my brother has piano glitter on his heart
windowsill rain

things . | rapt. tap. the sky is making things . exquisite

 g a a g a a g a a g a a

blink fast eyelash / fluttering like two sets of wings, *ischnura* wings, quivering
in the uninterrupted the hourglass is still
a steady dripping-down of ice crystals . you can catch them as you might a bus, breathlessly
and in awe .
of something so moving and routine there is nothing like it .



lichen birch root

i shape my prayer into an earthenware jar oil cross

there is a chance of storm but not where the children are x-rays of a dry desert

heat they twist into knots, leave wilted, press flat against the back bones in their neck

mud weaves a tapestry reverie .

mother, how did you hold space within yourself for someone else ?

daughter of giù arco

+

demiflat / interval

(chorus)

daffodils *ppp* sway in the breeze like dandelion seeds

coral rose , it is the cold aglow .

in your reflection the cello an ice-crushed crescendo on the curb

you are younger

breathless ; small hem of a gold-brocade cashmere

sweater-warm .

from the side of the carriageway even the hills roll into the rubble

there is an almond-flower-bud tucked into the corner of your right shoe

white relaced platform

grief is thoughtful

a wreath of staccato drip drop the sky is only as tall as the pink-tinge tree

semiquaver crowns

faodil¹

¹ *Faodil*, translated from *Scottish Gaelic* as 'a lucky find.'