

Sunlight, after Donne

Goe, and catche the fleeting Sunne,
 marvel at the mirror formed
 by sea and sky, boats resting one
 and all on gentle ripples. Storms
 lower rain-full in the western sky –
 I turn my back, thumb my nose at despair.
 Here sun-glim on waves, here stillness, here I
 at the city's edge drink my fill of air.

The Growing Light

Fishers out to sea before morning-five –
 I riding home after a night of revelry
 the world drifting out of dream around us
 in a scatter of birdsons, a looming of dawn
 that gather inside me, resonate
 with a bone-deep joy

Homewards

Past midnight, and the sky's a-stutter
 with remembered sunset.
 The day's heat lingers
 on my skin, these city stones.
 My fingertips prickle
 from half-faded touch
 as I breathe darkness
 and watch the railroad
 speeding away
 into the fading light.

Glimpsed World

Moon half-ghosting in this hungry sky,
 its eyes hazed over
 as it watches the city
 burning and burning
 with such human desire.
 Some days I want to be its twin:
 but mostly I'm more than half in love
 with this charred life, and
 I glow and write of fire.

Watching the City



Sara Norja

Leaf, Bloom, Blackbird

Never mind, the days have lengthened already
 to almost summer-height
 and on every tree's highest branch
 or up, up on the aerial
 there's a bright-beaked songster
 reminding us, day without end,
 of the small secret joys. Listen close,
 whisper like the leaves
 newly greening.

Tram Number 5

Pearlescent, a clattering crescent
 of metal on tracks:
 it's a bright insect
 in this tramscap.

Please recycle... to a friend.

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