

D A P H N E

"looking for the Indications of an Early Spring
I am almost a month before I was,
losing April to May and anticipating
declining visits from neighbours and once-partners.
The shop closing too early and, wilting,
a customer arriving too late.

Come summer, I predict a spectacle
of alarm:
flowers where snow once was,
North going South under hedgerows,
a heat island and every place losing:
agriculture, economy,
and life in response."



PHILOMEL

"To the moon and back:
is that where you go
out of season?
In autumn
in winter
in spring,
raised in abundance and ranging out, off-springing
earlier and earlier,
jumping the gun?"

I am not the same as I was,
now in summer needing
a stronger grip on the earth and
on this thin air, my biology is shifting:
larger beaks growing, fingers swollen,
no time for keeping close eyes on.
But I am weaving you a message maybe
late in the day: predator and prey are out of line;
Here and There are journeys broken and misplaced."



AMPHITRITE

"One whale
three kilometres down
lately bloomed on the sea surface.
Now rich pickings, fallen,
a rotting golden egg.

sifting through islands,
and ruts and deep furrows,
year upon year you would have only
the smallest chance
of finding me: a carnival of
 hagfishers
 shrimplings
 lobbers
 sleep sharks
 worm tube and bristle
 Osedax
 mollusc
in 'numbers past all counting',
a flowering bone, sudden and immense and
waiting."



Poem and drawing by Daniel Turner.