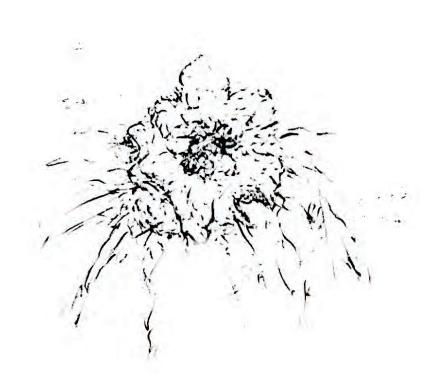
DAPHNE

"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,

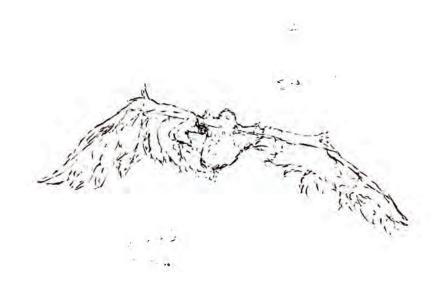
North going South under hedgerows, a heat island and every place losing: agriculture, economy, and life in response."



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

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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
      shrimpings
      lobbers
      sleep sharks
      worm tube and bristle
      Osedax
      mollusc
in 'numbers past all counting',
a flowering bone, sudden and immense and
waiting."
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"One whale

