Bog Oak, White Stones, In the Sea Cave (The poems originally appeared in Poets of the Oestara Anthology of Pagan Poetry, a hard copy book published in 2005. Since many zines etc. are not interested in re-prints I am posting them here.)  
  
Bog Oak  
(thank you to Phil Rickman)  
  
This is the wood's fortissimo,  
this petrification of branches as bones.  
Knowing the trunk is flesh  
preserves druid runes.  
Take the barley and the myrtle  
from mist's pastels.  
Across the moss, bring the pestles  
and the water fresh.  
Drink this transmutation.  
Know the sleep of snows.  
The depths of those are downy still,  
a Jordan going over, an advent  
lit by the moon.  
  
Is to descend here to find  
that souls themselves are prayers?  
Will the God be devouring  
or sow what mercy has been held?  
My, see how these limbs reach out,  
faith-coated, primal eternally.  
They are a crown of antlers  
for the time beyond sorrows old.

White Stones  
  
But with a skin,  
a cove of fossils  
living the liquid…  
  
So I dream & live  
pure light in the depths  
& that radiance  
the whole heart source  
for hues going over  
the thorough wash of you,  
you, beach glass pearls  
kept in these bones…  
  
They hold the whole seas  
feeling, I know, intimate  
as one gaze, as two hands  
becoming, love, the riddle  
of these shores,  
these sands  
of aloneness owned.

In The Sea Cave  
(thanks to Dion Fortune)  
  
  
This scene is set:  
concave quartz, and the whole cove  
rose water oil, or so it seems  
where the funneled sun comes.  
Volcanic cliffs make the circumference  
amid puffins in pell-mell,  
and the sandpipers, and the terns…  
  
Draw a line on the spine’s strata  
amid the hardscrabble and grassy down.  
There is the coast’s pulse, the cairns  
of lintels and dolmens further under.  
  
Enter by driftwood, the sea fire  
of iodized cedar in a whispering hearth  
where waves take the salt’s lambent blue.  
Coppery hues are the inner flames  
and opal-exact the minerals gold smelt.  
  
They are forming the threshold  
set within stone built seats  
and steep shale’s sure steps.  
Embedded shells, coral-carved,  
reveal sea horse fins and the gazes  
of dolphins.  
  
The balconies are balustrades  
ready for the ground swell, tidal  
in the bell head’s knell ringing fathoms  
of surging surf.  
  
Ripple move out. Vinca drips.  
Moss cushions and ivy is strewn  
from jade ledges sandalwood fits.  
  
Kneel for the ritual as no soaked sacrifice  
or priest. No, only as a lover   
spray-kissed by the moon’s milk finally,  
when the spell of siren’s   
roll away the albatross mill.