

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.