

Watercolour on Watercolour

(for Owen Merton 1887-1931)

by

David Scott

Trusting the sliding wet
and mixing it with coloured earth,
you made the fire and air
of Southern France and Africa.

The river of San Antonin
drove through your studio
destroying all you owned.
The authorities chucked away
the sodden, curling books.

Which left you just
the bits of paper on your bed
in London, on which you drew
the faces of the saints.

Leaving the glass of water
a long, dark night away,
you took a pencil and practiced
for the end, for light on light.