

In the Beginning

There was nothing but everything

A robin opened the jewellery of his throat

The moon grew and ballooned the skies

A horse ran through a starlit field

Somewhere a stream sang its own song

Primroses broke from the dark to open their eyes

And someone came barefoot into warm sunlight

The Carpenter

for three years he did nothing but work with wood;
he'd served his apprenticeship, root and branch,
could smooth the roughness from damaged goods
and cut to the living heart

the sap that ran him was pure
flowed through hand and words
a whole song, so they marvelled
at something they'd never heard

except he was just too good:
in the end they took his own tools,
killed him on a hill
with wood and nails

three days he lay
a seed in the sleeping earth, until
he burst open, back and beautiful -
here, and here, and here, and here

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