

BRITAIN ICE-BOUND

From autumn ambush
giant-fisted frost
crushes sky into grey marble
veined with wrinkled trees.

Low hypnotic whispers
mocked the sequined twilight
coaxing darkness to a forlane
until the dawn-dance stirs earth to stone;
song is solid on the beaks of birds-
their hearts hushed
before this moon-fire doom.

Clutch of silent tracks
marks the path where
winter creeps from bush to star,
from star to iron hollow,
yet moves this monstrous metaphysical machine
with neither clank of chains
nor crack of deadest twig.