

MORETON IN MARSH

This poem need not be transcribed
(as it writes itself upon my heart)
into the set metre and syntax
of a song scored for those who part
is not to know you and to love you,
but wings its way directly as, too
seldom I grasp its flight behind
your lighting eye and kindled mind.

Your chair, your cup, fade as I watch
the day passing through your fingers
like sand in idle summer catch-
ing your thoughts breathless as news-bringers
from an alien camp. Your look
recaptures errant words in time
to seal their meaning in a book
bound in coded signs and sublime
myths; I want, yet I want not
to steal the key and know the plot!