

POEM FOR CANDIDA

On your mount
no olive grove
nor cypress, home to your sparrows
but blessed be
your brother bicycle
your sister whistling kettle;
web cobbles under builder's sand
mark your sanctuary as vineyards his –
your plain-chant
reggae round a concrete corner.

Deep in Dorset hollow
mute bones hold secret
your holy namesake's testament
in a dark century hid
when Danes beached and plundered;
yet you
escaping Princess
yourself know her resolute walk back
over a shallow sea to Ploufragan.

Where was the place of your landing?
Not in White flecked track of shingle
at low tide
but down through taut fingers
in a pentatonic mist
mingled with Baroque resonance.

Your hands
sweeten faith's agony with plucked strings
as when at daybreak her stars
moved patient truth to sward-point,
to zenith of your noon,
arms out-reaching, redeems her day.

(circa 1983)