

Ammil

“The icy casings of leaves and grasses and blades and sprigs were glowing and hid in a mist of sun-fire. Moor-folk call this morning glory Ammil.” - *Tarka the Otter*

The bare branches slip on their shifts of frost
And crack their backs to greet the rising sun
When, yawning in the blustering breeze blink
In the golden light burning about them
From those shifts that like gilding enamel
Shine with flecks tak'n from Rosy-Fingered Dawn.

Ammil, when the wet, earthly black branches
Whose buds were sealed in ice blossom bright
And like Prometheus steal fire from the sky
But like Proteus partake in many forms;
Ice shining like fire and fire shining like ice,
Embers dripping and ice dripping embers,
The sky caught on earth and earth catching the sky,
Cold promising warmth and warmth enduring cold,
Death smiling in life and life smiling in death.
That shift, cold gossamer, is permeable
To Dawn's fiery tongue and Winter's quick bite
So that what seemed to seal in fact expands
And breathes and stirs and becomes something new.

Ammil, a beautiful, brief visitor,
Present but a moment for all to see
Before, like a snowflake caught in a palm,
In the space of a breath, melting away

Cold Air in my Lungs

I breath in to feel the cold air lick my lungs.
Breath deep to feel the breeze in my chest,
Hold it in to feel life in my breast,
Beneath a blazing sun
The gentle breeze can stun.
Listening to the song the wind has sung
And feeling swift Zephyr's sweet affections
Meditations becomes exhalations.

Seeing palpable mist fleeing from the sea
And within it's insubstantial embrace
I can feel my cheeks start to blush
Held by arms pale as milk
In a caress like silk
I want to pull away this slip of lace
To hold the quivering goose-flesh underneath
And then melt away with the air I breath.

In the mountains I will meet you my love
There let us mingle in brief bliss
Like the breeze and ocean mist
And between your hot tongue
And the cold tongue in my lung
I will feel a new, universal love
And my fraying nerves will flash like lightning
As I feel blood, earth, and sky all turning.

The Woeful Watcher

Amid the mossy graves
Waits the tired angel
Whose woeful features
Have been ground away
By the gentle touch of wind and rain
Like a stone ground by great cold tides
Solemnly waiting to sink
Solemnly waiting to sleep
Solemnly waiting to dream

After all the sleepers that the Angel watches
Wake and rise
Then that woeful watcher
Might lay its bulk
Among the bluegrass
And crumble as a forgotten
Witness to generations
Never to be seen again
To become the truth
The mortal guardian
Of the truly immortal