

## Three for December

### The Way to Your Door

I have forced a path through to your door  
but even now have no knowledge of your location.  
Had there been a road to this place  
I would never have found you.

It has taken a life-time  
to make my way to you.  
No lesser engine  
would have reached this far.

I never once  
knew where I was going.  
Now that I've got here  
my disorientation is complete.

Here at your door  
I find myself at last.  
Here at your door  
there is nothing left of me.

### Where the Rider Sits

I was driving south west along the motorway  
when the downs to my left suddenly heaved up  
and became a dragon  
poised  
to launch itself into the day.

Smoke drifted from one of its nostrils.  
Steely scales glittered on a tightening flank.  
I came successfully to rest  
on the tarmac verge and  
avoiding that vast hilarious eye

rushed into the fields  
screaming,  
"Wait ! Wait !  
That place upon your shoulder  
where sometimes you let a rider sit –

You my dragon. I your rider."

## Tennyson's Monument

There are landscapes that need heroes in them.  
These cheery picnickers discussing camera angles  
on Christmas Day  
do no harm and doubtless register  
something of the scene's majesty. But they cannot join



it, can only interpose themselves -  
squeeze it into their lenses,  
litter its silences.  
Their departure restores the truth of this place.  
Now it lives. Now it sings.

Spirits lift, seeking communion.

*Rogan Wolf Christmas 05*