

# Three for October

(i)

I have photographed the smell of pine,  
of sea-weed and the long centuries ;  
I shall hold them under my eye  
in the days of shadow to come.

(ii)

A mushroom shoulders its way  
into the light. Earth foams  
round it like a bow wave.  
Soft the white flesh, moist, defenceless ;  
Steely, unstoppable, its breaking forth.

(iii)

A small triangle catches the sun,  
white between blue, 2 planes to infinity.  
Hope for the journey that it may heal  
and lead at length to kindly harbour.

*Rogan Wolf*  
*October 2005*