

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