

St Aldhelm's at 60

The wind cuts when you're 60.

The walls have stood so long
you're bound to wonder how much
more they'll stand.

I made a pilgrimage to this place
on my birthday and looked out
over the waves
like the coastguard with binoculars
a few yards to my left
both of us intensely alert
awake only in passing
to the glory and calm of the winter sunset
dominating this moment.



*Rogan Wolf
February 9th 2007*



Near Hammersmith

“Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song”

Edmund Spenser (?1552-1599)

High tide
this misty
February afternoon.

A small duck
shoulders hunched
indefinite
at river’s bend

permits
the great currents
to pour
between its feet.

May I
not waver

as my sweet song
rushes
to its end.

Rogan Wolf

Le Hammersmith Xa

*“Eto Thames Vava, si, blewuu, vase de esime nye hadzidia
Na wunu”*

Edmund Spenser (?1552-1599)

Et? dze agla
Afu dódó
Le fe yleti Dzódzé fe nyid? mela

Akpakpaxe suade
Le blanui mav?
Le et? sisia fe xaxeme
Hena be et?sisi dze agla la

Si, hetó
Efe af? bide wó dome.

Nye maa tr?
nye susu gbede gbedeo

Esi me, nye hadzidzi vivi la
Le gódóm le nunye
Vase de efe nuwuwu

translated into Ewe

by Grace Kokui Tamakloe and Baffour Abab.

(Ewe is a language spoken in Ghana, Africa)

printed by permission



Simon's Cottage in April

The first daffodils have outed themselves to chill weather.
The bees at the door, savouring the hyacinths,
will die for their feast, if the season falters again tonight.

In the cold sunlight the cottage looks sprightly
with a backdrop still grey-gaunt
webbed in Winter's staying power.

Drops of blood well from the Camellia bush
while bird-song soars into the delicate grey vaulting
like flame, like desperation.

Today the sun-light gilds each tree-limb,
teasing forth the green life which hates
to be delayed. But the fierce purity of blue overhead

will blur as the season turns at last.

Swings and roundabouts play the year round
on this beloved reclusive ground.

Rogan Wolf
April 2006