

The Air is a Sea

The air is a sea against the windowpane
a wilderness awash with spoor and ambergris.
At its heart the violet lilac
stems a tide of absolutions
and in its brain the laburnum
is a virgin candle burning.

Step outside the leaded glass,
the interstices of heart and diamond
wood-cut intaglio of beak and claw. Step
over the threshold and into the jaws of the day.
What doorways stand in the wren's chatter,
in the grave inflections of the straining oak-bole?

It is my fear, it is my obsession
to wake, alive inside the whale's belly!

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