

On the Screen

If you look carefully, you can see the sea. There.
Just a line. You should have seen the shadow
of that gate before the sun went in, as blue
as molten metal. And that's an orchid, only common purple
but a shame it's blurred. Odd how half closed eyes
can give a kind of definition, while the unfocused lens
loses the point. A pity photographs are never right.

I took this shot to try to catch the lark. When I arrived,
you'll not believe it, but those sheep were on their knees,
cropping the grass, of course, but it was weird, that
and a prize wind pummelling the hedgerows, and the way
the sun went in and out, evasive, and the trees
all leaning east, as if they too knew something.

I'm not sure what that is. Could be my hair
blowing across, or just the light got in. And yet
I swear I took it hoping something would show up.
You see, it was the song I wanted — on and on,
cardiographic zig-zag peaks of sound, monitoring
the dawn. The state of the earth's heart.
It made you hold your breath in case it stopped.

FRANCES WILSON