

## The Sky Had Found a Voice

the sky had found a voice  
the iris blue stitched  
a vivid music in my ear  
among the static hackles of the spruce  
(that zig-  
zagging frozen  
electricity,  
the bare rock's oldest dreams  
given life) now edged  
in colourless-blue light  
a bobbin shape  
a plum's weight  
bobs  
a warm waving line  
and treadles and shuttles  
a clean shining needle of song

John Steffler