

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

Mike Lyne

Ploughing

The living flesh of the field
fell away from the blade,
the landscape suddenly
both fragile and solid.
My father walked the opening scars
where green cracked into slabs
of fertile brown.
The grey dragged line
after patient line
through the earth.
I played in the tripping ridges.
Wondered at his strength and
control.

The horse a living power,
hard to gauge, knowing itself.
Yet he spoke and clicked the reins
and Sheahan's grey moved
and stood at his word.
When we rode home
on a back so broad
it seemed another place,
the stiff grey hair
stuck to my clothes
like memories.

Timing

The railway made the city special.

Like a birthday bicycle

or a new watch, worn to catch a wanted eye.

An other's past is a cold war country

with guarded borders and blacked out signs.

Your guide is map and compass and government approved.

I watch as you break restraint

and skip and dance forgotten

towards the taut tuned bridge.

Hoping for the delicious moment

when your hair-tossing progress

crosses paths with the thundering bow

of the local train

You wash in the shower of noise

and the arched shadow

vibrates with the certainty of possible disaster

and funny-bones your laughing limbs.

Echoes

A hand not raised
to stroke a head
or touch a cheek,
praise not given,
love not spoken
ripples through time.

Years later,
echoes return from
a distant unknown shore
and waking
you walk like a brittle shell
through the harder world,
vibrating to the sound
of missing notes
in a ruined hymn.

Early departure

Drab dreary and grey,
the streets sentence broken
by the badly placed
punctuation marks
of umbrellas
that slow down the moment
of passing
when all I want is the city
to numb me with its
constant presence.
To switch its colour
and not follow my mood,
a soul chameleon
of brick and stone.
Traffic that parts
before my tense
shouldered progress.
Shop windows that
are as empty and bare
as I feel.