

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Home

by Steve Brown

with its grey suppressions and its sun-lit hedge,
is in the coming back, the fixed horizon
you never really leave or cross; blank walls
of your chalky chrysalis, and cramped wings;
a congregated silence, and some common prayer;
a Freudian godhead; an emergence
from an ocean; the first dry steps
on solid ground; a life made out of cardboard,
sellotape and string; a miniature diorama
of a vague outside; a prison shakedown,
your name and rank and number; your placing
in a clan; first fears, last flags: ultimate
hide-out, where the witch's heart
is found inside your oven; where wolves pad
across your carpet, howl at paper moons;
a tiger's swooning in a glaze of love;
the forest of disappearances, in whose greened soil
are found small bones; the blasted heath
on which you roar each night, pre-figuring
your end; the smell of fresh-baked flesh;
all your lost teeth; is in the occasion
of its saying, in all the echoes
of its backward drop; the buried city
at the hilltop's root; your shifting mooring;
all accountancy's endless loss-and-gain;
a dream of origins: something undergone.