

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Harbinger

by Fran Duffield

In a troubled sleep,
in a half-dream, I am packing provisions
for a long journey:
turning to reach for more,
my hand feels inert softness,
feathers,
a dead bird, head pathetically
resting on the last of the fruit:
its eyes seem squeezed shut, worried
wrinkled circles, like an old woman

How can we eat the food
now death has rested on it?
I reach slowly to remove
the lightest of dead-weights,
and realise too late that it's a dove

In this new drowned world,
where the horizon has reeled
out of sight,
who will we send now
to seek landfall
with a green branch?