

## **PTARMIGAN**

I embrace now  
certainties of winter  
a snowflake cell.

I purge from my plumage  
the heresy of colour.

In the hermitage  
of my snow-burrow  
small seeds sustain me.

I deny excess of summer.

A cleansed earth  
feeds its worshippers  
ice-bear, frost-fox, snow-owl.

Flying into the blizzard  
I become pure light.

## **POEM FOR A SON**

I have you now  
brave hunter  
your several souls;  
under my whale-bone rafter  
I have you  
the lamp-fat splutters.

Out of the white millennium  
I charmed you  
my potent sorcery;  
you enter  
the pristine body  
with a weary scream.

Beyond  
our cold-trap tunnel  
the weird auroras flare;  
I have you  
I bow my head  
towards the magic North

## **PEBBLE-DASH**

Hardley; the hard lea,  
from Anglo-Saxon *a stony*  
*clearing*; my birthplace.

So ears attune to mouthings  
of marginal landscape,  
the riddled vowels roll;

and with a flick of my wrist  
I toss them across the soft page.  
Facets sparkle on a south-facing wall.