

My Face Is Here In the Wild Fire

And Also The Trees

My face is here in the wild fire
Myself alone breathing in the night wind
My face is here where the moonlight wanders
And the periwinkle grows
I can hear the rooks in their light sleep crow
My face is here in the stone wave
Hidden in the ditches and the holloways
With the pebbles beneath my feet
Shining softly like dying stars

And the dogs bark far from here
My face is here in the maelstrom
My fossil bones jutting out into the night air
And the insects, sacred
whirling through my green black life-riddled hair
My head blows in the wake of plunder obscene
A ghost wildness of pollen and seeds