

# White Tryptych

Code

Night limbs lean out to trace those long roots  
The many arteries of this forest  
And somewhere in its web I can find rest  
Feeling entirely all the fractures of this space.

It shines out on hunters in stasis  
Frozen in the membrane of night  
Rapt under the Moon's cool skin on earth  
And charged with purpose

I trap a fragment  
An echo strapped in amber  
Moth-like and held from home.

You, then, are my reluctant tutor  
And through you I interpret the stark lunar stare  
The mad visitation

Savour - fasting guardians of night  
A black watch on the heath stilled by low currents  
Grace - trickles of scent and heat  
Fissures affixed as petrified twine

Bask - vain sepulchral hairs  
Whose blossom aches and huddles close  
Course - milk-light over hushed hearts  
And breath's crystal hung celestial

For you the bellicose thorns wind  
Like secret serpents from light  
For you the players sway on a stage of alabaster  
Clasping their hands  
Clasping their hands

Bold in rich cobalts  
From a bottomless well  
An amour of ivories  
Sutures of spell  
Don't fade in my prism  
I shall empty your book  
And deliver to midnight  
The majesty took

Shine!  
Flood the fields deranged  
Silver-white stain  
It seems to draw the wonder through the web  
To teeter at the edge

For your gaze turns the cold stone  
And bears a monument out of waste  
For your dead walk ingrains Life with Death  
And makes marvels of the gradients