

Shapeshifter

Richard Dawson

Leaving the path
Lured by an emerald
I wander into the Bog of Names

Now I'm stuck fast
Calves sorry henges
Glued with the silence of newts in the gloaming

My leather flask
Froze to my hand
Globelets of wine rubies on my chin

Away away
Through the soil
Alder roots will draw in me
To forge the bell of the tree
Peal! Away to the hall of clouds!

Out of the gloom
A figure approaches
Wrapped in a garment of northern light

Heaves me free
Gives me a potato
Escorts me to the edge of town then turns on the heel

Failing to hide
A tail striped
Following always the cusp of night

Away away
Through the soil
Alder roots will draw in me
To forge the bell of the tree
Peal! Away
To the hall of clouds! [x5]