

Slip

I think of the tall green and white jug
shaped like a bunch of celery
opening intricately at the frondy top,
and of the hands that moulded clay -
you're laughing at me now *Not clay,*
you daft bugger, slip, it's called slip -
and I slip back into your world
of red Mini teapots, sculpted seabirds,

a barbed wire crucifix, your garden
which was loved to wildness, and that day
when the dragonflies hung like lace
against the darkness of the pond,
and we lingered in the sun on the bench
you carved from fallen wood, you
before you slipped out of reach,
you showing me the red kites overhead.

from **Driving in the Dark**