

Windlestraw

Windlestraw, withered,
wind-shuffled, your weight
is a breath on my hand,

hollow, an emptiness
centred, fire slowing
down into stain,

dun-coloured, broken
and breaking, stems
softened loose

by rain. There were
times I expected
you'd light me

beneath where earth
becomes age. Too late
for oracular

voices, too soon for
posthumous
dreams, only forms

sliding back into bodies
ascend
the blackening grain.

Peter Sanger