

Not by accident but randomly

Here it's deeper than water, depending on
how small you are. Here are spheres of damp
and stickiness of water, water sticking
to the earth in space. And side
by side a crosshatch of dry brambles.

There are toothcut outlines of leaves,
a hub of insect life, eclipses in miniature.
The sun in November is an insipid man,
a faint fob, we sainted few, we sodden vassals
watch rain fall on Tumbledown Dick
while all around us the restraining wires.

Just a string, and a compass
guided me
to this patch of nettles.

Not by accident but randomly,
in the call of a willow tit,
we are collected.

I tied a knot, encircled
a marvellous leaf in string.
We are singing and running everywhere.