

At St David's – Stephanie V Sears

Hyperopia of rock-hard coastline
To nacre and gold leaf horizon
Dedicated to a smuggler's dream of bounty
In the spray of dolphin leaps,
Odyssean seals fed on umbilical algae.

Sheared lining of ancient land and unfledged wave
Tailored by the seagull's speculative glide.
Prey-eyed sheep in spongy parks
Graze on salt shoots of grass
While above drowned seamen
Man their cargo clouds.
Shaggy moor anchored to the tides
Monoliths of silent narratives
Still pulsing to the toll of surf
Slim rain drizzling
Off south Britain's fog.

Bony hill born to brume's mystic plasma
Father to a holy pool where
Once drank the hungry panther.
Cathedral immersed in memory's mist
And the stately decay of virtue.
Winter's end expels a cloud of crows
On an axis of witchcraft.
Naked elm roots fused
To a rift of white whelks and crocuses
Dug by scuppets of season
Branches spin incantations
Weaving shady worship in the sky.