

# PEACOCKS

(for Aida)

Drawn now to Bryn Cerridwen,  
we climb the gradient and you  
flick nervously at your skirt,  
as if the shed the crumbs  
of the virulence you have left.  
Below us, the placid nudging  
sea glints in the unexpected  
September heat, and ahead,  
the final green swagger of the  
fern swirls into the hill's contour.  
I watch as you sip at a brief  
freedom here, your eyes still  
numbed to indolence.

Often I have seen you barefoot  
in grass, your head turned, listening.  
But today you hear no murmur,  
nor the soft clicking of her tongue  
through the gorse pods' scatterings.  
Perhaps it is I, the aura of my  
gender intrusive.

We walk on, and She flickers through  
the hedgerows, calling you.  
Her crooning voices are soft and  
you do not hear or see until,  
leaving subtlety in the care of  
shadows, She flares to brilliance.  
Butterflies, avid for sweetness crowd  
the marjoram's late blooms, flaunting  
colour, a hint of wantonness in the  
blue fringed wingborn eyes.  
She holds your stare, and now your  
eyes live too, as she touches the  
nuance of your need.