

Transition

No dwellings encrust
the great bowl,
and this church on a bluff
stabs deftly at consciousness,
a sombre intrusion here,
like grit in the eye of the psyche.
Hung above the valley's
sensuous sweep,
its pallid arched sockets
watch only the feathered,
the fleeced and the furred.

Being but a fleck in the shadow
of the drawn out centuries,
I too had been caged in my time,
withering with Christ in strange rites
of wheaten bread and bland wine.
But your whisper persisted,
sharp in the yellow rain's slant,
soft in the secret of buds,
fragrant as you pulled down the sun
and opened my ribcage.
O, Blodeuwedd! Christ could not match
you miracle.
Blodeuwedd! blossom of morning
and feather of night,
for you some scarlet drops
in the garden of Gethsemane were shed
for the trampling of your garlands.

Here, shelled in grey stone,
hunched between covers,
he hears your song of flowers
filtering through the ritual of litany.
And deep in his limbo
he awaits the resurgence
when hosts will convene for your coming-
and he will be with them,
bright in his manhood,
with the flowers of the oak,
the broom and the meadowsweet,
the sun in his beard,
there at your rebirth.