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# F I R E

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final issue

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Shadow

When the sun shines there are shadows,  
the brighter the sun, the darker.

In medieval paintings  
no shadows shown,  
just light and dark.

Yet the shadow, the other self,  
is on the far face of the moon.  
Its presence lies behind,  
below our well-lit faces.

Every dog may have his day  
but hell's hounds howl  
at the moon's dark light.

Carillion

An empty vessel  
sounds, resounds  
makes noise of nothing.

No noise either  
when olive oil  
viscous yellow  
slides from the jug.

Be still, sit, listen  
to the sap rising  
to new bark greening  
to the flowers chiming  
a carillion to the sun.

evocation of the ear

the noise of a plane outside  
planes american airlines  
travelling to places  
travel movement  
and I cannot walk properly  
or any distances  
it is lucky my head works,  
if it works  
or tap into it  
tap taps dripping water  
washers  
fixing taps and screwing the heads out  
screwing head on  
head screwed on  
train train engine tooting  
clack of wheels on track  
steam puffing out near the wheels  
and it goes all over the place.  
airplane noise again  
but gradually dying out dying out  
we die out we die  
and what we do is it done  
sound falls upon sound,  
evocation of the ear