

Poems
Christopher North

A Sprig of Marjoram

i.m. Howard Sledmere

We walked the ridge
with our boomy words
and voyages into abstractions
of plastics and paper;
matters physiological,
subjects sociological,
off on offshoots,
defining definitions
splitting split ends -

then on the path down
you plucked a sprig of marjoram
and held it for me to see.

We did not speak.

It was.
It is.
It will be.

Message

Charaxes jasius – the 'Pasha' butterfly.

Sudden chip of night in the flare of mimosa;
seeming to bring a nocturnal silence.
The afternoon valley recedes.

Spread darkness settles on a wine glass rim
quivering until the fan is snapped shut
to reveal tiger stripes and leopard skin.

It's to deliver a message perhaps.
For three seconds all is motionless -
our sun-shade, us, every leaf in the ravine,

then a dash of zags to the lemon tree and gone.
Bubbles silently ascend our pink wine
and the valley returns sound by sound.