

Poems

Diana Durham

Chalice Well

Chalice Well Gardens, Glastonbury, England

The well is also a spring, a square stone
chamber which the water rises in, fills
with solid transparent movement, then spills
down and down again its terraced loam

until in a basin from a lion's
mouth we can catch some, rust red with iron,
holy healing flow from the hidden grail.
Here in this leafy garden, all is well:

the staff struck in the ground still blooms yearly,
the goddess in the ancient yew, circles
on the ground, the lid, never so clearly
but in this place, the joining of the worlds!

Wrought each by the other to be itself
purely, so springs well-being, wellness, health.

Three oak trees

Three large oak trees walking down the hill
at sunset, sunrise, through the greys and golds
of days, they edge the meaning of fields
shore up the sky, and slowly let unfold

the valley view. So sublime and easy
so sailing and dark and tall, they never

arrive where they are going, but in their
towering presence all is already

become and everywhere and they are part
of a landscape, and yet they are the art
of wholeness, hologram, roots, branches, life
breaking robustly out of symbol, they are rife

with coherence, leaves, acorns to scatter
then bare to hold the shape of winter.

The Dark King

Fear-laden, long ago the sky looked dark
enough to fall, memories of monsters,
caves, running horses ruled our blood, the stark
crimson constant molten flow of danger.

The connection was vivid but confused,
half-forgotten - we wanted to kill him,
lift his blight from off the land. From within
now reigns he mostly, a shadow suffused

across the networks, where did this wasteland
begin? A synapse snaps, then the broadcast
far and wide - yet something pushes us past
the past, we are bound to move out, expand

into that dark and find it the setting
for our blue orb, space of all well-being.