

*if we doubted (we doubted),
found in us depth, wove in us a world.*

*you, gnomon of our better lights,
you whiled us, wound us ever-bright &*

*For we, having prized from stone a song
& having gilt the wind—*

*How the span.
How the far shore.*

every heart a pyre

*You were and were—
mothered us, fathered us.*

*The lough, the swan, her nest of reeds
& you—inexorable, apse of our heart.*

*The bracken fronds our wanton flesh—
weir and flume, word & worded.*

*Poem by Devon Wootten
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