

Nel with Cat

for Nel Bonte

i

Gravity, a tamed animal, a cross between
a robot and takeaway food container.

ii

A playground for species of unknown interstellar bunnies.

iii

A fence haunted and broken by all it had to keep at bay.

iv

What is to come, cannot be named ahead of its coming.

v

Light pins the shadow of absence to a field.

vi

Memorial for dead security-cameras
haunted by violence.

vii

Mother-bird praying mantis with web, or
a trampoline for ghosts, or a butterfly
for a new world order.
Movement will cast
turbulence and shifting line.
Storms have to start somewhere.

viii

A king rises, just his crown showing.
An anemone prepares to vent its spawn.
A star pinned to the wall distracts
with its sharp edges of light,
its centre enchanting the gaze
to its black core. There is no colour
chart for this rich light. Set your pick
and aim for its heart, now you are one.
You couldn't know the pleasure
of wholeness until the dark matter
showed you its full spectrum,
its cloaked optics.

ix

An chair pulled away from your desk.
White is the colour of death in China
but you have tamed hell to occupy that corner,
trained it to perform tricks of heat for fuel.
I wanted to say "be careful of the burn"

children are taught never to play with fire
but you have a welder's love of the molten –
acquired the armour needed to protect yourself –
now when I see that little furnace in the corner
of your studio I want to say "stoke it. Stoke it until
there's no more coal left in the world, until
the fire has given up the need to burn."

Jayne Fenton Keane