

Stephen Robertson

Epicycle

Wake.

Feel the water. Push out below,
tendrils into the dark and damp. Now push out above,
buds into the waxing light, the spring rain. Throw open
the fire-coloured temptations, welcome in
the roaming bees.

Feel the fire. Spread out a green canopy
in the warming sunlight. Soak up the rays and the air.
Transform the coloured flower into coloured flesh
and hide a secret inside.

Feel the air. Turn in the four winds. Broadcast the secret
to earth, as far away as it will go. Let the browns
and reds and golds replace the greens. Now throw the canopy too
to the winds, let it whirl away
into the encroaching dark.

Feel the earth. Feel the water return
to the dry ground. Let the cooling dark
settle around and about, under and over.
Complete another ring.

Sleep.