

Isle of Man, September 11, 2001

TORN SHAWL

Shawl of yours

Knitted vee
Draped over a chill
Love scented in wool
Clambering on rocks
Uphill from the sea

Hand of yours

Redemption
Soft touches smoothing
Shredded commitments
Shared shivers of fear
Until healing's begun

Heart of yours

Hearth aglow
Palms fanning embers
Honey mead plumbed
Nourishment drained
Straight into my soul

Flesh of yours

Moist perfume
Red orchids unfolding
Rapture and rhythm
Rising bright as the sun
On splayed winter dunes

Death of yours

Blackened stone
Hard ink on my compass
Dark blood in my brain
Heart weavings rendered
On seabeds of bone