

Scilly Dawn

The fight has gone from Winter's door.
The dark flapping wing on the threshold
Yields to a silent dawn, spreading
Like pale ink on clean paper.
The island wakes up to its own newness;

Wakes up to its winter scarring...
Wind-talons have plucked at slate-scaled roofs;
Broad slashes scored through the tree line;
Great stones tumbled and split
In the sea's wild gizzard.

Today, those scars will start to fade...
Spring's chromatography gently
Blotting out the damage -
A white nurse at the bedhead
Wiping away the annual tears.