

## **Synagnesthesia: Wingletang, Late June**

*(with R)*

The downs glow with nectar.  
Each flower hums with the  
Busy balm scent  
Of a tiny god content about its work.

Each golden calorie drips  
From the vibrating air and feeds  
A hundred rigid winters  
And as we walk we coalesce,

Breaking stride to let  
The cosmos get in step.  
From here we taste  
The ice melting - the avalanche

Which flows at the first explosion of gorse -  
And we are drunk with it.  
Seaborne prisms will split with bliss  
The ringing marriage glass, so

Our consciousness absorbs  
These waveforms wholly now, drinking in  
This painted island's resonance;  
This light energy; this matter of light.