



summer house
morgan downie

a rising of rooks
doorstep rowdies
clouds the trees
bees are a steady
motorway hum
through the spined
thatch of thistle

here in the tumble
of walls, fallen slate
nests on a floor
turfed with bracken
armillary stones
halo'd into
predictive silence

easy to moor
in such a place
become green bones
cast green thoughts
adrift as leaves
while the sun
sleep walks the world
around me



