

FITFULLY DREAMING

(from the paintings of Edgar Ende)

The swan returned as winter, cold and white, buried itself in the distant landscape.

Just as the prophet foretold, the great egg is cracked: oblivion.

The angel rolls the earth ready for another attempt; we will try again to sink beneath and under.

We play skittles with the birds before we are dismissed, drape our empty bodies in repose across the stones, borrow Lazarus' umbrella and attempt to learn the language of trees.

The white horse is aloof but has similar expectations, as well as an ability to ignore the light.

We all move to yesterday through our own shadows. Icarus will learn to fly, just as we will learn to heal ourselves.

We hold language in our mouths or talk to the ghosts that levitate above, play ourselves out of tune, submerged inside our corridor selves.

We decamped to morning, where time was impossible and a thunderstorm blew us out of our own window

The tunnel is of no use and we are not allowed to enter.

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