

Fed by the Six-Fingered Hand

Fed by the six-fingered hand of its origin,
Casually poisoned for centuries,

With patches afire and others of acid,
Scorching the islands and fishbones,

Let it flow on out of all observation forever.
Let the bridge be dissolved into air,

The harbours sunk, the questing boats
Turned back in the teeth of the estuary.

Let the last mooring-ring dream itself
Down to a comma, a full stop, a space

Where it no longer matters what once took it up.
Then let the river no longer be named

And the waters keep rolling, indifferent and vast,
At a steady mid-pace, into nowhere.

Mr Axe, the Old Boathouse, Murderborough

People do murders to live in a house
Where an actual river runs past at the back;
Better still, kill for a house that the river runs under.

*People who murder
And those whom they murder
Are wannabe stealers of watery thunder.*

Holding a cousin's head under the mill-race
Is bracing and frightening, so it is written,
And better, and wetter, than actual sex.

*People do drownings
So those who are drowning
Will loom in the shallows like special FX.*

People whose grasp has exceeded their reach
Require a setting to prove they've arrived,
Flaunting their haunting by floating remains.

*They need to do murders;
They need those they murder
To linger and hang like the smell from the drains.*

The house isn't really the problem. It's water,
The innocent element, green-shadowed, cool.
It licenses too many slithery wishes.
*I murder, she murders, you'll
Murder me. Shall we murder each other?
That way we all get to sleep with the fishes.*