

York Notes

1

Just you wait, you wait and see
how the landscaping matures!
That gaggle of greylag geese
are stopping traffic at Foss Island,
their critical mass a menace
to grass verges, flagstones, cars.

2

Remembered words for a would-be love
about the lake, a bridge and reeds
being far too Japanese
turn out quite true enough—
what with the language spoken
by our two in cahoots
under weeping willow trees.

3

Now those kids chase ducks and cootes
across an old hall's lawn...
Yes, how the landscaping matures
until you hardly recognise
your self, it is so overgrown.

Natural Behaviour

I

That's why entire arrays of things
through hours' variable airs
are bullied by gusts, why evening's
natural colours in storm-light and sun
take on intensities. It's as if repairs
were being made to the day—
like they are to a long wave of pine trees,
big IVF bags strapped around bark;
and nature like a hospital's
all gesticulating twigs, blown blossom,
pointedly stretched-out petals...

2

Now it's the turn of turquoise river sallows,
rose cloud, leaf-tone in April;
blue crows pause briefly on telegraph poles
and a fire escape's guard-rail
is printed in shadow on a pale cream wall
expressing, expressing to the letter
how arrayed things may alter,
alter for the better, and before nightfall.