

P E T E R   R E D G R O V E

*Sonar*

The sonar of spring thunder,  
    hollow boxes shoved across a stage,  
        the percussionist's kit

Moved across the hills;  
    facing north, so the weather  
        emerges from his left,

Thunder makes the noises  
    of torn wood, or of wood  
        thundering with wet leaves

In the gust, wood carved into  
    sonar boxes, new percussions,  
        wooden bells and church organs;

The pre-storm sunshine,  
    the consonance between women  
        in the rain and trees

In the rain, the thundering skirts,  
    the thunder-gowning of a gateway,  
        women chatting

Under a rainy tree  
    in the enormous  
        valley-echo after thunder:

A trough after the thunder-peak  
    and a valley-echo of silence.