

Hartburn divides night on itself  
with a shutter. 'Mildred clamp out the dark.' Cream lace  
embroiders its holes.

The huge energies untwine, and stars  
slither away on the braids. The wagging stems  
of sex slather to inane fruitfulness.

Not a thing to comfort us. The holy's fruit  
taps at the church's stained glass  
where solstice clenches its day,

and small energies out-thorn, the profusion  
of winter at mid-night.

## The Holy Island of St. Aidan / Jon Silkin

Primitive light streaks the sky.

Lindisfarne: wreckers clang their matins  
and shine the guided light; the sea gulps.

Dawn lowers its leaden rose, the negative  
sinks in the developer's tray. If men  
are pierced by want

Holiness conceives murder. Midsummer  
storms the sea and the hulk under  
the long shook rope of waves

surges on Northumbria's teeth.  
Mortal things. The flop, the cracking of them. Day  
wipes clean that slate. The mild castle,

church, priory laced with Ionan  
leaf, chevron, and the stone grape  
smile to the sea. Mortal things.

The moon in its system, the connections snapping.