

Flow

in memory of Stuart Brooks

(i)

Time has no meaning in the exhilarating
expanse of emptiness flowing to a horizon
encircling the north star. A liminal dream
immediate with the flick of an eye to skyline
or the blast of winter in its grasping race.
Of infinite pull is the impossible reach
to the edge for those tethered to, who
tread this wide stage, breath the air, inhabit
drowned layers for life and sustenance.

(ii)

How long ago was the dark substance laid?
Perhaps when forests flooded or a spongy
layer cake of sphagnum submerged
compressed slowly long after the wave
of earth's creativity. Ancient amber
and black life decomposed, a faint recall
reaching above waterlogged surfaces
of breezes, scents, sun and photosynthesis.
A homecoming from unknown to familiar.

(iii)

On a smaller scale, hosting tiny plants
creatures, fragments of an interconnected
world alive from the same heat and pooling
oily water. Energy exchanges in minutiae
growing millimetres each decade
delivering a mesh of midges that pursue
the blood of people and ranging ruminants.

iv)

Sundew, birds, cotton grass and storms
dwell in this fragile dreaming peatscape.
So old, slow and long suffering
saturated with the heft of memories.

Now humanity works hard to contain its heart:
overhead a skylark's joyful rising song.

Rachel Tennant

