

Prospect

Night sits upon the black paths of the moor,
bring out your shrouds to lay upon the stones
or build a house with bracken for a floor,
claim the land, a roof – first fire breaks day.
Split the heart wood, haul and crush the ore.
Drive the steers through winter's icy moan.
Here's the droves the granite lifters wore,
here the lines of prospects searching for their clay.
The dead rook, moss cushions a bleaching claw
fusing into earth, black feathers, bone,
read the lines of streams – runes, an older law,
pray for the return of light, the blooms of may.
The moor's an engine, beating without flaw
Moon rises, the paths, the stones hinge the door.