in the Yorkshire dales an armful of hay,  
a kemming or literally a combing, is  
racked over onto another kemming to make  
a clump, a hob.  
Dentdale, Summer 1971

Down by Rash Bridge  
I come to a primrose bank  
by shaded wood garlic lanes  

first flowerings, gorse  
the color of fresh butter  

lilac out

No leaves  
on the walnut  
near High Lathe  
yet

Heron in  
the corner of my eye,  
hid by hedge, gone,  
a glimpse  

the spread of wing  
& green thorn
Thin smoke over fells,
scented rows of blossoming whin

bumblebee hums in bright poppy cup

The lapwing calls
soft by rainfall on window
in summer’s early night heat

shadows pollinate dreams

Polygonum bistorta

cloud - red
simple & erect

on moist meadows

A green

finch
dips

I walk to the field with sugar
for the blue & white mare there

may that much of the god’s favor
be granted me today
Dreams swarm an image,
build dry, dark nests, feather
hollows

night thrives in
whole & unwithheld

The last mays gone,
a still pause thins
out red campions

no meadowsweet yet

Roses for shepherds, honeysuckle
hung in air & eye, azure harebells
tremble on slender green stems,
stiff wild orchid spurs cluster

the first ling blossoms
above thick lush bracken

A swift sings
from a wire on barn roof

a song whose first note
echoes the curlew’s cry
Today

as excellent as
the Dee’s water
as bright as gold

brilliant as
its own noon

Midge caught
in sun’s dew

scarlet tentacles
bend to cage

digest it

My hair cut, no longer center
parted, in my eyes nor on my nape.

My skull suede, a thin fringe laid
across my brow -- there for sorrow.

Loss hangs in my belly. Barley,
linseed, clover, knotweed, yarrow,
nightshade, camomile, gold of pleasure,

no trace of summer, no berries,
apples or rose hips, no leaves.

The Last Meal. The Age of Iron.

*
My skull suede: hide or fodder ...

A riddle's answer,
a rune rubbed by wind, blurred by rain"
cap / turnip
(eight pieces of suede sewn hairside
inward to a point, two laces fixed
at the temple, tied off, tucked in ...)
swede a neep, yellow
winter root

Guardlock & charm

nord / node

Ekki er langt um at gora

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Ekki nytr solar

[To make a long story short:
the sun ain't gonna shine no more]

Mistletoe. Oak bough. Brains boil,

skull bursts, flames wash flesh to

sea, smoke black with man-fat

beacon, boat

[Reading Copy Only: facsimile available at http://english.utah.edu/eclipse]
eunuchs
slaves
boys
brocade
beaver
skins
martinpelts
swords

vandals took by land or sea, returned with

muscat
aloes
camphor
cinnamon

On their way to Jerusalem
they broke into the Orkney barrow.
Out North they hid much riches,
left it, died. Hid much riches.
A lucky find for any man.

The best rune-man west overseas
cut these runes with Gauk’s axe:

Trandil’s son (from the South)

by one-eye
by one-hand

by Wednesday
by Tuesday

I seal this
dealed struck.

Shake.
a stranger on horseback with
a stick, a broad-brimmed hat,
a long cape, asking questions & thirsty

---------------------------------------------------------
a chain made out of
a woman’s beard
a bear’s tendons
a mountain’s roots
a bird’s spittle
a fish’s breath soft & supple as

a silk ribbon

Ymir rots

Worm grubs:
dwarves (flesh of his flesh)
rock, dirt

---------------------------------------------------------

Fenrir runs Iron Wood,
her son will fill with
all men’s flesh, will
swallow the moon

& sprinkle
Ymir’s skull, all air,

with blood
where stars were.
Weep all shapes

Only his death survives in the old stories
& the legend of his beauty, his hair

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flint  bronze  bone  horn
wood  wickerwork  bark

oak

bow

plectrum  (strum)

sanctae crucis lignum

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comb