Wetink

Robert Boomfield

OWLS TO ATHENS

here the grass grows more complex every day
thrusting up its passenger dew on an occasional green spear

in uncertain moments eyes uncover more than beauty
as they fix crisply to the watery dawn
in search of grecian passages

too pale beneath their tan
they entertain the wind to walk through dangerous riddles
their uninvited myths and bored invisible terrors
are still beneath an earthly ochre
they have holes in their history that bleed like knives

and when they arrive in athens
with new-grown wings that spread to fill its splendid name
they orchestrate the luminous falls
and neat flurries of feathered ink
that revisit the vapours of this thou and thither

Robert Boomfield is incapable of being serious. That is why he writes poetry, a selection of which was published by Friendly Street in 2005 (*New poets 10*).