

Fox

I creep through remote nights of wormhole darkness,
my body sleek, seeping through freshly-painted fenceposts
and garden gates,
onto the deeply-divotted potholed road;
my fluffed-out tail dusting the double-yellows clean.

Pausing. I lever my head skyward,
my pinholed black-buttoned eyes tampering
with the silhouetted shine of the stars;
I redirect their warm glow onto unkempt windowpanes.
Vulpine lovers occasionally slope by,
ghosts from a spoken suburban life.

I seek these ghosts by upturning cracked dustbin lids,
avoiding propped-up half-full beer bottles, and by
following flavoursome deposited pheromones.
But recently, the human interference found
in the bellowing of car headlamps has mellowed.
For a while now, they have not whitened my
black button eyes nor have they made me
meander into nearby scrubland.

I am a vagabond. A thief. A subtle drifter of time.
The grassland crushed, parts effortlessly between my paws.
My velvety nose stalks the sounds of roundabout yammer,
but, then, an inconsequential breeze rustles an army
of red hairs. Dawn.

The white sphere loses the shine of my eyes, as
purple splurging of sky dots the horizon.
I unsettle the bramble bush's branches,
sloping serenely off – it's morn – I'm gone.

The Pheasant

Scrubland and furrow clutching the sky,
of morning dew that congregates and overwhelms.
The indeterminable cock pheasant readies his walk,
shaping out his wings by the yews and holly.

He majestically peacocks the mud with upturned throat,
to survey what may close in.
His warbling call ricochets off walls – double notes
that are heard by houses at home.

The lock-downed world around him speaks in a softened silence,
and the glow of headlights are now in slumber.
The pinprick raindrops patter on moistened grass,
and onto the pheasant's burnished feathers.

The pheasant struts up a wicker garden fence,
dividing what has sodden every feather.
Subdued suburbia looms close. He wants to inspect
at what has clasped the air closed.

His concerns like trails have evaporated,
on what was once a wet floor where now nothing shows.
The rising sea of fog, always to his taste,
and the wind nor the rain dare dream of what he now knows.

The Kestrel

I witnessed the morn's mythical subjugator,
nobility of daylight's dawning, first-light freed falcon, in his harnessing
of the lock-downed levels below, steady air, and hanging
high there, how effortlessly he steadied himself on wondrous wing.
In his utter exhalation, then gone, gone again, flitting
as a fish's tail wipes around the river's bend, the sliding and the drifting,
controlling the voice of the wind. The world's heart opens,
inspired by a bird; the aptitude of, the sheer brilliance of him.

Unbespoken beauty and courage; the purile act of his hunt,
unrelentent; claspings claws punishing and piercing,
rodent's head and torso solemnly separate.
Halt! He hangs there, no headlights illuminate his path,
the embodiment of flickered flame that breaks from him,
a thousand time more brilliant, more daring, my paladin!

In a current world, where abandonment fills farrow fields,
his shadow whips skilfully, skating the sun's glow,
an outline of ornithological opulence and freedom.