

Elusive Possession

Overcast Saturday,
Pondering,
What , and how to say it.
So much to squeeze onto
A single grey tree leaf.

The tension of trying
To confine the thicket
Of a winter clematis
Into the boundaries of a dried flower press.

Pressing myself to perfect,
I suspend the breath which
Joins the inner and outer worlds.

Engaged now
In the excitement of writing,
The indelible hammer of the past
Falls square on the present moment
Shattering
The burden
Into constellations of creativity.

Missing the truth of the moment
Longing for it, longing
Yet banishing it like a primitive
Book-keeper,
Who reaps away and tidies up
The loose ends of joy and love and touch.

So, forget the slippery veneer of
Capturing the moment,
Instead, savour and
Drink in the rich bouquet
Of touch and connection.

Tony Donaghy