

Mark Goodwin

Pray Hope Will Fringe (a cycle of five poems)

*at a corner of
a strange
twig in
holly's
crisp thick*

at a corner of
a wet wood

orange silence

a robin on
an oak stump

now orange

splintered song
hot orange wobbling

throat feathers

.

a strange
light makes

moisture's glances

twinkle through
twigs

across grass
a fox barks

abrupt

.

twig in
east corner

that's base

trickle of
saliva from

east edge
to west's

frilly fray

that says
things

clearly &
slowly to

a

swimmer or
wader

one ripply
smear of

fox

shit just
off

scentre

represents
a mass if

with a peak
so unclimbed

it s

tinks

to high
heave

n

.

holly's

green-sheen shar
ps cradle

red wet moons

that this win
d's tidings shake

each prickle a tip
ping point each

berry of blood

and holly's cren
elations hide

a rob

in &
wren spent

and tat
tered from

battling

pray hope will fringe

each leaf &

berry with frost

.

crisp thick

ening dusk
vibrates as

f r o m

across
valley a

breathy *bark*
of fox

-bark

stre tches