

Black Agnes

at the end of the town where the hill falls
and the sudden sea catches children
the sun is a clear crystal on the grass
and morning has painted lines on all the walls

and at the town's brown gate where a wall leaps
and the green hill folds and the sea melts
the creased grass opens and the sun's door swings
as morning and a bird fly round and round and burn

my girl is full of light and has no shadow
her hair is yellow and her face is gold
she walks where the sea sings and rocks dissolve
in the wordless fields she looks from her red tower's window
and when evening is here she smiles and puts aside her shoes

the houses shine with light and the sea wind breaks through them
the red walls ring and cry with chains and ships
and through a doorway runs the empty sea
and girls' soft faces slowly heave and lift

and down among the streets the harbour wanders
the harbour where the sun shakes out the rocks
and walls are heaped with sand and ropes and ropes
the harbour underneath the castle's broken eye
where round boats drop like lobsters
and the ashen gannet settles in the sky

down there the water foams with music
and watch the deep cliff riding out into the sea
where far below a spring rings with water
and small fish reel among the waves
and the hard wind is weeping like a child

there is music whirling in the tree-green water
where wind whips up the grass into a rainbow
and my girl walks laughing in the morning
and the wind weeps white tears of birds

Copyright © 1981-2017 Uan A Ferguson

and the crashing wind springs into the castle's green ears
where the strict gannet shouts at the laughing morning
and my girl weeps and her tears are white and turn to birds
and her hair is yellow and her eyes are ice
through the shining houses runs the empty sea
the heavy wind the ashes and the sun
through the empty castle climbs the shining sea
and my girl leaps and her hair is yellow
and the boats drop gently on the tide's green wall
and the hard wind weeping like a child comes up to dance

Ian A Ferguson August 1981