Cricketing

Those words were written under the stars
To the tune of crickets
That are voices of the stars
To the kisses of dew-fall
That are teardrops of the stars

So that,
If in this island yard
Where the very thistles grace stars
These words mean nothing at all
And my only accolade the wind –
Still that is exceptional . . .

And with the tip of a pencil
So hungry for the dry gist of words
It skitters across the page
So edge of the teeth can be heard
Down this island road

Down this hard island road
Where darkness is coloured
By the excruciating composure
Of soft words

I will call out
My little black nothings
I will scrawl out
These little black nothings
Till they expose a nerve
And the stars cry out in silver shrieks
Everywhere dark grows