

The Sky Had Found a Voice

the sky had found a voice
the iris blue stitched
a vivid music in my ear
among the static hackles of the spruce
(that zig-
zagging frozen
electricity,
the bare rock's oldest dreams
given life) now edged
in colourless-blue light
a bobbin shape
a plum's weight
bobs
a warm waving line
and treadles and shuttles
a clean shining needle of song

John Steffler