

GAYATRII

FOR THE MOTHER OF THE SISTERS' MORNING FARM

Early Dawn. The prophethess waddles to her wishing well and smuggles her little

bucket of runes and spells

whilst the town rogues deride and ostracize her.

Four and twenty robins bob and flit in waves from pebble to bough

as she slips along licking anew the faint lips of desire.

They are handfuls of soft grey whistling bliss.

Occult hurricanes would sometimes blast her wild bush sky with grasshopper plagues

of omens about her pupil's capacities

and she'd cool her head with a thundercloud

and sip a potion of stomach herbs

and savour the pulsation of sentient

hope.

At times, aghast, she would watch her patient work go to seed with the fall breeze

and she would wither a little and promise not to cry.

Like the wishing well in the dry season, she is

a plaster white naivety, of

hope

yearning for success to press her sides.

So then, a shaft of gum-tree-diffused morning sunlight would pour listlessly into

her austere bedroom like molten gold in the eye of earth

and turning the cogs of intuition

fill the spindle of her artistry, with their

multicoloured threads so daring.