

Andrea Sherwood

BATH-TIME, EGYPT

For the sister spirit

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently
as any sucking dove; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale."
Bottom, the Weaver,
Midsummer Night's Dream

You have wept a vision
for the night, and now the moon is full,
it's time to play the faery's dance
and Jazz the blues away

You have made a light
of human essence; a colour's
maestro. From a box of tissue

a child creates a home
where secret purple shadows run
and red balloons begin to burst
in rows of setting suns—

Lily, sweet as crystal
in the bath,
and mirrhed by water,
she can cast a bow of rubys
out of reach.

I, too, have seen the terror
of self-destruction, rocking to and fro
to and fro, against
the silent stroke.
Here it is a peak of sensitivities
torn to shreds, and felt
in every cell.
A ringing web of pain.
That is the edge, a cliff, over

the sea's mountain,
a flight of Skylily.

let's play the game as far as we can
paint some blue here and there and everywhere
and then the sky,
your mirrored silhouette
in a centrefold of sea.