

She rose
a movement in time
a graceful awakening
an everlasting flow to heaven

and looked at her doves

and looked at her lover

and walked on by
to greet her first dawn —
a primrose shred

IAIN C. BIRKS

THE RAINBOW AND THE SEA

Have you seen the moon awash above
At shores of its own oceans so washed out?
Seen a brave crystal measure out the cup
Of virtue in its own brave, silent shout?

Have made a witness of Pythagoras?
Or close at Euclid's hand when first he drew
That tentative triangle of his love
Or Newton's colours prism'd to his view?

Were there cold logic fingers of a grasp?
Gravitic centres of arithmetic?
Or torrid channels of straight-mindedness
Implied in every word of didactic?

To each unbalance — powerful response.
The strong demand survival, not the weak.
No sooner and no later than a need
Instill'd in form a meaning that we seek.

But have you seen the moon awash above?
At shores of its own oceans so washed out?
Seen a brave crystal measure out the cup
Of virtue in its own brave, silent shout?

P.E. GARDINER