

Winter Journey

Everything frozen solid. He can't believe
wastes of space, light years from light,
could be colder. But the sound is the spark,
the voice the word that creates the world.
There is breath – he can see it. His words
materialising, realer than anything
he ever touched or held. Motion
becomes possible, the world a journey.
He bears heat to thaw bergs, melt glaciers,
to unfreeze tears. Houses, fields, trees and stars
wake from cryogenic suspension.
The engine splutters to life.
As he moves through the miles, the hurdy-
gurdy of the radio is just a denser
silence, and the motorway lights
are a myriad false suns.
He takes no backward glance, but fog,
half way is a will-o'-the-wisp, back-lit
by a glow whose dancing light is all
he has for a signpost out of the night.
The morning star winks, briefly, before
eclipsed by the city: its clamour of signs –
Savills, Foxtons, Hotblack Desiato –
promising impossible other lives.
Still he follows the words of the magic spell
(Holloway, Highbury, Corsica,
Calabria), to end beneath
the frozen sap of her linden tree.