



Beltane

Whin and primrose and keen knife wind
so aconite and daisy huddle in hiding
The gorge has sprung a waterfall and broken up the rock
sighing (*hush – a vulva*) before the mother water comes.

She rears, North sea, to vault snow sails over black rocks,
where white cracks of spume play bluegreen brightening
and wind is bracing water and stone
then – a sudden movement brown, his thick tail low to the ground
scarpering in a clumsy gracefulness left right fast to the sea –
Otter.

Two or three times his head breaks the bed of water and he peers.
So I'll make him my welcome,
my North,
threshold on the edge of things,
wild startled muse,
first in a calendar of wonders.