

## Amber

Sometimes the sea gives away its miracles,  
washes them onto the shores,  
translucent gems of  
yellow, orange and brown.  
Handled with care and gently polished  
these gems reveal  
lives and worlds  
in mellifluent light.

Standing barefoot at the edge of the sea,  
I feel the softness and the light  
of the amber, warm and fondly  
touching my heart  
like a little sun touching my skin  
as your hand holds mine.

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## **Cheese Haiku**

(written for Cheese Rolling Day)

Creamy golden moon

over a Somerset gorge

Feel a bit peckish

## On the Difficulties of the Creative Process

Catherine-wheel sparks  
that cannot light  
my fires,  
crazy kaleidoscopes,  
splinter patterns  
that make no sense;  
neon scribbles  
under a dead sky:  
a script I cannot read.

I run from  
the starless glare;  
the bright confusion,  
down dark alleys  
where sudden doorways  
shoot shafts of light.

Then I come  
to this quiet place  
of green slow-breathing hills,  
nurturing a road that  
dreams between fences  
and whispers through trees

I do not know  
where the road goes:  
the trees hide what lies beyond.  
I could take the road,  
or chase butterflies over  
the hills.

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Or I could stay right here  
and sleep,  
but never dream.

## In Memoriam

Now you have gone,  
and all meaning with you,  
I light my candles:  
your people my people;  
your God my God.  
But where you go  
I cannot go.  
The map is useless -  
it only shows the roads not travelled.

The candles burn in the starless night;  
The darkness deepens.