a silver hair
    woven into the nest
  winter light

the calf’s fur
    licked into curls –
  wood stove smoke

morning moon
   a spider staggers away
   with her egg-case

slowly,
  the earth moves –
  snails in love

the blossom  wind...
   even broad bean flowers
   tossing their heads
rusted hinge
the butterfly’s wings
close, open

early heat –
jacaranda buds burst
into sparrows

snapper run –
his red cigarette tip
bobbing on the bay

fish story
a cormorant spreads its wings
w i d e r

longest day
dust galaxies slide
through the shutters

snake country the length of the shortcut

heat shimmer
the kingfisher’s wings
answer the river

scorched garden...
enough water
for the birdbath
red moon
the calligraphy
of charred trees

into the black—
the drift
of a currawong feather

a home
among the gum trees
among the ashes

derkness –
deck class sparrows claim my ferry seat

seashells –
I sort through
my childhood
cicada husk...
also clinging
to a straw

lunar eclipse
a moth taps circles
on the ceiling

harvest moon
the sideshow alley clowns
open-mouthed

pomegranates
the tang of her secret
on my tongue

a few notes
from an untuned piano
autumn rain

on a bare twig rain beads what light there is
unswept leaves
my foot brushes
a sparrow

grey day
the iridescence
of a housefly

fading light...
his voice in the crowd
of shadows

starlings thicken
between the chimneys
a deeper twilight

the bent nail
where garlic hung...
winter moon
Acknowledgments


Lorin Ford
what light there is

A 3lights Gallery Presentation

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