

A room or a shroud of a room
Charlie Hamish Jeffery

1

The sound of water running
Is it the toilet in the bathroom
Or a stream in some secluded valley far off in memory

2

So you think you've had this dream before?

Its a dark night and you are standing there
On the edge of the beach
At the space where the water moves ever teasingly
And the land dissolves

Where the water laps and the sand grains reorganise,
Disappear in the flow
And your shoes are wet.

You have no shoes, just wet toes ticked by the lovely
Refreshing water.

There is a breeze on these shifting sands

The sea roars in and you are soaked
Knocked back by the ferocious force of the waves
Crashing into the land

Churning up sand and rocks
Seaweed and microscopic life forms
You are drenched in plankton

Your body covered in heavy wet sand

The day is sharp and dark
The clouds racing to know each other,
To knock each other off course.

This is an early spring day off the welsh coast

Winter has decided to stay longer
As you slip back down

Floating slowly down the meandering river
Beneath the damp trees,

The water is dark brown and black flecked with reflected gold light

Your body gliding as if not truly in the water
As your eyes navigate slowly
Waking in the mid afternoon of a late winter day

You slip into a hedge row

3

When evening falls and eventual calm parades across the veils of land
Willing dew to rise up.
Birds on bone like ash tree shorn of it's leaves

The autumn sun at odds with the time of year
Impressing on surfaces and burning harder than used to

4

Blackberry starlit sky
Blackberry night sky

Insects flop off
Casually drooping to lower spaces as the human hand approaches
Flicked by the fingers
Dropping wit much fuss further
Into the undergrowth,

Making their way back to berry position
To renew their juice sucking activity

Hard exoskeleton
Tough brown shell,
Sharp springy legs
Piecing tube like proboscis to juice extract

A blackberry is as good a hide out as any
A swelling food source, hardy and resistant as any
How they sun capture starlight on darkest of nights
And gleam as earth bound stars

How they must enjoy their own growth
On nights of full moon
When the light so intense seems to be a huge artificial light
Pulling on the heart strings of every living thing,
Making us bulge towards it
As its gravity pulls us away from the surfaces and ground
From which we come.

Swelling
Swollen by moon power
The moods of all creatures change and transform

Moonlight is an escape pod into the unknown
Or semi known

To escape the earth in the taste of sweet choices of blackberries
Shared with insects, spiders birds
and moonlight alike.

5
A Candle reflected in two opposing windows
In the dark of evening
Finding the point, the angle from which to see the light reflected back and forth
Over and over
To a vanishing point of infinity
Unseen

6
Grope in the dark
Hands forward
Eyes open
Feeling surfaces
And things

As darkness velvets the eyes
Searching as they do in conjunction
With the hand, mind
The feeling of spaces telling of
Themselves