

The Tambourine Prayer

When you speak to me...
when your eyes speak to me...

when cymbals spark light
across the sky and the sea
and dunes run bare-toed to grasses disporting
the evening-ebbed warmth of sand

and a curlew loses its tongue from far away
across a flight of bog-lands
as if intervalled mountains were nothing
but resonant chords and sound space
where time pools as lightly as memory
of a melody heard in childhood

or wings settling to re-found nests
for another day gone
spent breath-lightly enough
to coax sunset-dragons
to pantomime the hill-sighing-day-light
with surplus skins
that ember the shriven colours
to velvet and grey
and so the stars are sown...

When you speak to me...
when your eyes speak to me...
then.

Gareth Alun Roberts