

A Son of Saint Elegius

I found you 'ploughman' -
four steps back in the family tree
Clasping horses, saints days
and quarter days
Counting the curves of the clouds

A St Barnabas foal was born
on a dry day in June, whelped
into a soft-hearted summer
a golden cradle of horsehair
the mare's echo your own

You spent Lammas looping
corn, raising your colours
with the year on its pivot,
a blessing of bread in your mouth
and the promise of rain

A blood month swallowed
the edges of the year, faster
than your yoked drays
Leaves metallated to the trees
on Martinmas, the harvest stilled