

Christmas morning

Before I fluffed the roast potatoes, I looked
outside, tasted the frost. Mysterious night!
Violas tiptoed from the tub, hooves on ice
clued by teardrop droppings (we checked the book).
A bus stop rumour of one among the sheep,
a dog walker who glimpsed shy contours.
Now wildness had stood by our kitchen door
and moved on while we dreamt story, asleep.

In this mill hamlet, above the urban straggle
of chemical process, imprisoned chickens,
we do not expect great light, angels, an agile
roe deer broken free from wintry fiction.
Seas rise, land mammals fade away;
we touched the deepest world today.