

## THINKING STONE

comfortably weighted  
glossed with memories of water  
it moulds the palm's ocean-bed  
fingers continue the work of waves  
slow caress of my thumb  
touches a time-span  
this tiered amphitheatre of a fossil shell

## COMING OF AGE

Child whom I know so well, yet never knew,  
today each heart-beat echoes back your name.  
Though years recede, I keep you still in view,

feeling the weight of empty days, in lieu  
of life's experience you could not claim;  
child whom I know so well, yet never knew.

This gathering of your namesake rose, I do  
once more, to hold remembrance just the same.  
Though years recede, I keep you still in view;

for comfort, birthday's salving rites renew,  
illuminate your night with living flame.  
Child whom I know so well, yet never knew,

charged with this ever-present sense of you,  
the hurt translates to words within a frame;  
though years recede, I keep you, still in view.

Between these lines, your essence filters through,  
a distant star-shine steadfast in its aim.  
Child whom I know so well, yet never knew,  
light-years recede; I keep you still, in view.

## **ST. PETER'S BY NIGHT**

Known constellations  
cast their mesh  
over an unfamiliar skyline;

Above the Vatican,  
Ursa Major dangles  
its tail-end star.

Bernini's colonnades  
draw imperceptibly tighter;  
seine-net in stone.

The dome, wrapped in light  
the colour of a halo,  
shelters the fisherman's tomb;

shoulders the universe.