

Sonnet I

I want you to recall. Cast your mind back
And begin the walks you made as a child.
To the dense grasslands that were not so wild
And let once lost-shattered memory unpack.
Cast off ... and remember the starting stich
And long shots and the tumbling of the dice,
... To the layers upon layers of ice,
Tiny frozen pools on a perfect pitch.
Return. Replay. Rejoin. Relay. Decay.
Search and seek the everyday, the sublime.
To and fro, flow and ebb. A lost forecast.
Away from flocking crowds the castaway
Looks at nothing. Alone he wastes more time.
Everything clear: futures locked in his past.

