

Heirloom Pendant of an Ash-Tracked Snow

by Iain James Robb

If I do not hear you leaving by the door...
The nearness here of this yet questions when
I know you will not come so back again,
Nowise the same as you were there before.

My own reflection, centred at its core
On knowing each trace of strangeness, will disclose
At day's height deviation less morose
From what it knew of you to what you were:
If you re-enter, lost before the rose
Before the rainyard seeks its prised floor.

And if the bud bows down before the bow,
Through myriad sapphire grasses' cobalt trance,
Could one slow beat that blew return the dance
Of what you were translated into show?

My mirror's mine, that prised each mischance
The room breathes, register, each second soon ago,
Calls seasons centuries that sky askance-
And weave you weft there closer, when you go.

