

Seasonals

by Iain James Robb

Jasmine as skeined skins...
of liquid hers, by willow courts,
the lychee's water wains:

as apple-moats flush fawn
in russet light, through cherry floats,
the leopard-dots of dawn.

Branch to branchlet green
secreted more, than deeper brown
between soliloquies:

a syllable thus swims
into its own illusi6n..
skiffs my white sails.

