

WILLOW

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bloom & catkin
sallow & willow
bees' thunder
honey river
water song

KNOCKSHANAWEE SOUTERRAIN RIDDLE



it is cold
is there frost

there are thorns
are they pricking

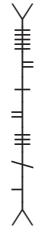
there is a resolution
is it legion

there is clamour
is there silence

the wood is ancient
is it withered

there are crypts
is it an effort

CHURCH OF THE 3 HOLY BRETHREN
LOCHGOILHEAD



H M U D A L I

bees have their own pollen auguries

there are thirteen

of blanching night

of swarming death

of chilling earth

of propagating plants

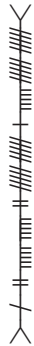
of lustrous herb

of the infirmity of tone

& six contained

in the thicket of letters

BIRSAÿ



M O N N O R R A N R R

her mouth music
mo norn

the breath she loves
 voice wave

her horses & bands
 the boast of peace

her great sorrow
 what she leaves

a glow of anger
 not her calling

POOL



R O T A T R

manifold the wheel
 honey bees dancing
 blush of the dying
 breath of mares
 wood brands burning
 warriors at the breast
 trees green leafing
 world wheel whirling