Northeasterly

Driven by sleet and hail,
snell, dour and winterly;

it fills the unwilling sail,
empties the late, green tree.

Something of husk and shell
lodged in the dusk of me

empties itself and fills.
Like that sail. Like that tree.

*John Glenday*
King Oscar Land

This is land of spoke too soon.
The land of spoke too little.
This is the land of never spoke at all.

I promise, should I find
I’m the first one ever here
I’ll hoist my white flag at the place

where nothing at all begins
and shout out to myself: I claim this land.
My love, I claim this land for you.

John Glenday
Windfall

In those days the stars were green. They hung like fruit from a sooty branch, tense, ripe and sugary.

What is love if it is not a gathering in of sweetness? In the meadow between river and house, remember how you stood with your arms open to the night, under every tumid star; waiting for one to fall.

*John Glenday*