SMALL IS QUITE BEAUTIFUL
sun in the face of the one time sky
walked up town for toiletries
and all that money dazzles
in warm dark dirt pulled up weeds
stuck my fingers into it
over and over into the chambers of the earth
– I tried not to lick them,
you can get worms like that
or murdered by a stick of rock
for a novel of religious feeling;
hell? well, not for me it wasn’t

I sang my Thomas Campion song
as April air descends in
amarillis, apple blossom, ground elder
white roots intricate and tough,
chthonic wires live to touch
the social atom who remembered
repelled the tory canvasser;
all my life telling you
every window open, hands up
red sky streams inside out,
save the erosion into knowledge

the last message comes first
I can’t return from here,
from the edge of day I’m telling you
we don’t know where we are but we do

it can’t cut out at any point;
there’s no king in or out the box
just grainy limb characters run about
making approaches to one another

the town stands above and below
men and women together;
it’s heaven in another language
the day rising on your shoulder

I scratched this secret plan,
itemised the heart fed on wonders;
feel their shapes in my hands
common as talk and light released from every border
Ted Hughes, the Poet Laureate (second from right).