

## SNAKY VEINS

The measured tones  
of water, hillside, cloud  
the red of the rowan

glistening berries  
in a thrashing gale

storm at the window  
white moon unavailable  
instead a fire

abandoned trenches cross the moor  
a lone bird singing

nine poets huddled  
the ampitheatre encircles  
a drama of things

at first nobody can quite  
believe it – Zidane's head-butt

splash! bodies plunge  
like stones into deep dark pools  
escaping the sun

pebbles litter broken ground  
strewn as with a careless hand

was it only this morning  
keys were left behind?  
the day opened before us

snaky veins, rough palms  
a life lived well

milk and honey  
running and shifting together  
complete surrender

lost battlefields marked on  
the family breakfast table

white cups of tea  
waiting on the ground  
for the break

boots fill up with water  
the ice was too thin

thaw?  
the skating minister  
is still unconcerned

do the faceless ever heed  
the sound of timbrels?

fiddle and dance  
choirs of angels  
sparks fly upwards

undertakers lie in the sun  
buried bulbs point green fingers

toads calling  
by the yellow celandine  
looking for a mate

the wind may yet bring sleet  
no pity for the new born.

a nijuuin renga in autumn  
An Tuireann, Portree, Isle of Skye  
28 September, 2006

## Participants

Ken Cockburn (master)  
Caroline Dear  
Grace Macdonald  
Cathie Macleod  
Margaret Ferguson  
Alice Fraser  
Mark Goodwin (host)  
Morag Henriksen  
Rosaidh Phillips  
Wilfrid Prasher  
Rebecca Ronald  
Flora Strachan  
Danielle Tupet