

HOWARD WINN

DOVE COTTAGE

Here sister Dorothy sat
describing spring daffodils for her journal.
Did William see with her eyes?
Mist dropped about the crags
as wet as rain upon faces and hair.
Grasmere with June mallards
turned black under this sky
where clouds boiled up before the sun
and broke away again.
Lambs called in boy-soprano tones,
watching across wild carrot
and stiff ferns filling fields,
for the muddy mops of mothers,
also in black face, who eventually
answered in alto.
Foxgloves ripen upward into shafts
of blossoms,
colour climbing the stalk,
one turtle head flower at a time,
mouths opening to bees and light—
light filling the air as softly as water
running down Rydal Fell
with the liquid sounds of doves.
Art was the consequence.
By whom?
Where does the real poet reside?
In the scene or in the mind?