

MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER

November 28th 2007

Even now it seems
the dragon might prove elusive,
but ten more minutes are nothing
after years and months.
Rabbits and hats have nothing on this.

Lifted proud of its plain plastic nest,
it's placed at rest on the table,
in multi-dimensional here and now
and I think of snow
or hard-packed ice, gritted with dirt
and dust and how it must
have travelled through space and time
to be so very present.

It's the greyness surprises,
and the thoughts of water and flint
and the cold, hard glint of it under rain,
as if it was made to match our northern light,
but it was a longer flight
brought it to this world,
conceived in a comet's womb,
a dirty snowball
of silica and ice.