

## MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER

November 28<sup>th</sup> 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.