

Hazy, Massed, Dappled

after Jean-Baptiste Lamarck, Annuaire Météorologique 1802

Hazy, massed, dappled, their cotton shifts, their furs and velvets; bringers of lambs' tails and almond-blossom, suspended ceilings of heartbroken thunder and storm-damaged childhoods – you are never as alone as you think you are. But in the walled garden all that fills you is sky and the wisps of someone else's weathers: spring snow, a rag of fire in a bare tree, roofs smoking with dew-mist. A cirrus of midges. Then sunlight bursting each pane of glass as it passes, like a housemartin crashing softly against the picture-rails. Afternoon darkening in all its parlours and pigeon-holes of grey. Now move hands like clouds (seven times). Carry tiger to mountain.

Lesley Saunders