

Sussex Poets Competition 2015: Commended

Nocturne

by
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the swan sleeps,
the mistle-thrush sleeps.
the hind sleeps,
my lover sleeps
but my twentyseven
my 27 senses come alive
in the formaldehyde night –

slow things bloom, push
(push: push) free from loam,
push (up: push) up from
earth, push into moonlight
scrape against a thorn

.moonlit mushroom lusts
moth-white .growths
from other kingdoms
dim .fruiting bodies
and mycelial gropes for
unseen mist and moan, lowing,
moan on slow, to scrape
against, again, against a thorn

slow things bloom, push:
we die and we are born: we
(push: push) free from loam,
die in heartpound headthrob
push (up: push) up from
hydrocarbon leafmould moist
earth, push into moonlight
and we are born

the mistle-thrush sleeps,
the sparrow sleeps.
the whale sleeps,
the jackdaw sleeps.

*slow scrape again, against
again a thorn.*
the tanager sleeps,
we die and we are born.