

Helen Holmes

Renewal

Good time for it, autumn.

Now we've stooked up in a corner and shed a skin or two,
old feathers and splinters litter our floorboards.

Ooh go on then, treat ourselves to a fancy dress daydream
and puff that renovation brick-dust from our lungs.

Blown away through our empty sails, over the fields.

We're right grateful feeling that evening sun through an embrace
of scaffold. And why not wriggle our toes in bits of old bran and chaff
mixed up with sawdust from our new cut beams!

We're a curio. Grain shovel is propped up all ornamental,
dusted cogs very still above sleeping bodies. Our grist is long gone
and we're lighter, quieter. Let us rescue you from the daily grind.
We concentrate on renewal, us lot.