GLIMPSE

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Sky’s plot unfolds
in each windblown revision
of the instant and the unattainable:
mists, pathways, deepening greens
and graying hills – the same elements,
but reconfigured so,
all I can do is sit, entranced,
as the array transforms
by irresolute degrees.
Will the threat of blue in the east
be repaired by a chance cloud?
Who, I ask, installs the wind
in sunshine, who turns the bird
volume to Yes? Now something
else swirls its introspective mist . . .