Deeper Into Clay

Ashley Maher

the birth began in winter
before the spring had risen
the black crows kept their wings aspread
the butter had run out for bread

Christmas warmth, it came and went
we spent our coins
and sang our carols
snuffed the candles one by one
then watched as it began

the little trucks
are beetling
along these paths of Holland park
above them,
trees teem leaflessly with crows
their wings aspread

the earth is dead
the die is cast
â€œthere goes the last of thatâ€• they say
their fingers pressing golden seeds
down deeper into clay
deeper into clay
deeper into clay

my boy is in a pumpkin jumper
offering me twigs to take
another twig to interrupt
the rolling of this pen

his head is crowned with confidence
among the mottled leaves because
his innocence can sense the seeds
weâ€™re back at birth again

the little trucks
are beetling
along these paths of Holland park
above them,

trees teem leaflessly with crows
their wings aspread

the earth is dead
the die is cast
â€œthere goes the last of thatâ€• they say
their fingers pressing golden seeds
down deeper into clay
deeper into clay
deeper into clay

counting the fires
among the flying leaves
pressing down
pressing down
all is life in the making
silent and tireless
the earth as she conceives
the crow circle knows
how she goesâ€¦

above them,
trees teem leaflesssly with crows
their wings aspreadâ€¦

Lyrics submitted by Ashley.

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