

Set out
In search
Of hidden treasure

To find
A garden
Of fading blooms

White
And brown
Autumnal specks

In weeds
The arch
Of lion's teeth

Lay there
In wait
In spite of me

Approach
The flight
Of kindly men

Who ride
Their bikes
At blemished dusk

Ask one
The path
To a stolen court

He warned
That I
Should skirt the bridge

I found
The cove
Behind it all

And saw
Her dying dress
Of leafy spall

She spoke
In stone
The timeless tongue

Her peace
Bitten away
In algae sleep

The skin
Was gashed
With pinprick lines

A nook
At rest
In foreign climes

But there
Across
The pebbled shore

I heard
Lion's roar
A diving plane

The crash
Cold worry
Screeching waves

He'd fallen
All to see
Into the street

We leapt
As one
To pull him safe

Beyond
A warning flash
And squealing brakes

The cove
My quarry
Halved the day

For I found
A second treasure
A stroll away

A spared life
Laid prostrate
In spite of me