

Actaeon

And again, how the morning light filters down, splashes
through hornbeam branches

through birch

green and cold.

How a bird somewhere
out of sight
searches through leaves.

The dogs casting round for a trail.

And how, suddenly, a notion that
something is rushing towards him.

What, then?

Nothing is rushing towards him.

All around, the quiet trees.
A little glade some way ahead.
Light splashing down like water.