

## Estimations

Two magpies on an electrical box,  
one wren in a pillbox,  
a couple separate quietly on the beach  
as the tide arrives with weeds and stones  
and leaves with their footprints.

Boatmen are out fetching creels.  
Their vessel bends from watery string  
the sweet notes. Soon, a jet will circle round  
and carve the sky as if gutting a beast.  
It is all quite nice.

The quiet morning's salt lethargies  
sook at the harbour wall. They sook,  
too, the village, all those precious souls  
the big minister said should be God-fearing  
lest he seel their eyes in their own muck.

Gods everywhere.  
Yesterday, the suicide ants exploded  
protecting theirs,  
a bell rang deep in the house of another,  
the farmer pleaded with his for water.

The cat is not worrying about hers.  
We have tried to learn that from her  
and we are failing.  
We try to not take things so gravely.  
We try to coast but end up beaching.

Each day a new one is born.  
They spring up, the purest crop-heads.  
We have never been very good  
at letting them be.  
We stuff their mouths, fashion pedestals

from the bones of others.  
Hard work being a God.  
Wouldn't wish it on anything.  
Seas and fields are drenched in them.  
They say the sky holds an old white one.

Pigeons peck at bread  
and rifles peck at deer.  
A farmer beeps his horn on a backroad,  
keeping the herd moving.  
The herd chew, look to their God and say *Baa*.

(40 lines)