

Súgán Rope

I ask this perfect, gold, súgán rope
to tell me of its stony heritage.

It shows me lightly, how the strength of an acre
is the difficulty of an acre.

I ask it to make a skep's coil, a chair seat, a spancel,
it shows me these luminous, magical objects of the house;

and a straw ring, for carrying on the head
a halo's iconography, a corona under burden.

I ask it to make the last bed of a dying man,
that especial, woven matting of insinuated sunlight,
to lay him out on.

And to make a rope to hold down a grass roof
with its spidered cosmos,
to stop the wind scattering
that insulating, indigenous black box of the voice
where the drama of intimacy happens,

the normalcy at the hibernaculum of fire.
It must be the same as the brídeog's straw,
ambassador-artefact of the year's goddess.

I ask it to unravel into the straw girdle
with its three crosses,

and the straw hat of the wren-killer,
and the straw clothes of mummers

standing at the door, when the winter sun
is a falling spark of essential indifference,
when death seems beautiful,

after the knife-cut,
killing the algorithm of wheat's auto-poēsis

to be human, numeric, braided, a meitheal
of a few strands twisted to a line of fate;

be born from a craft of the umbilicus,
animal, worked, the afterbirth of granaries.

Sean Borodale