

## FIVE PATHS

In the morning I crunched ash  
scattered from my father's fire  
into five sacred paths.

The first led alongside vegetables  
buried secrets  
like the carrots orange.

The second led through mantles,  
high gold roses searing  
shading with robes my hiding places.

The third spread outwards,  
ceremony of handstands on open grass  
curved around the regal Pear.

The fourth leapt  
over stones  
under the arches of scramble roses.

The fifth was overgrown.  
The quiet way to the Silver Birch.  
A pale lamppost shadowing snow;

An evening gateway to other worlds.

