

## **Incrave**

### **"Veshengro"**

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Moon of the berries is waning to clay  
Bavol the wind leap on the whale's way  
Sing for Veshengro, oak ash and may  
I will not flash the day glance on the strong  
King's shield  
Nor yet the moon glance on the frightened man  
Bring her sweet peace ere she rests on the  
Breast of God  
With the nutrnogs and oak-apples of her rosary  
That counts the praying sand  
Who cradles earth and water in the hollow of her hand

I was a wasp on a nettled hill  
Ten thousand brothers in a nest of fungus paper  
And every sopping apple held it's cider sweet for my  
thin tongue

I was a swineherd at the court of Fionn  
I wore the coat of patches with Jalal beneath the stars  
Sang at the black court of Ain  
I baked sweet pastries for the Quenn of Spain  
I hid my alchemy beneath the stone of lies  
Burned at the post my boiling brain  
Made craters of my eyes

The mystery of history it is not revealed  
We hear not clear but only with hope and fear  
And the pomp of crime, and the pride of the time

I was a monk repelled by a woman's smell  
I sailed in Darwin's ship, a mouse that gnawed the  
grain  
Trapped by the cook on one dark day  
I have spoken with the Thames in much sweeter times  
And with the Medway where she rolls her waves

The snake-weed is hissing the wind of the morn  
The mountains are mouthing where Albion is born  
The light rays are gathering where Horus is shown  
Sing for Veshengro. oak ash and thorn.

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