

HELEN FARISH

Six Hen Pheasants in My Garden Last Tuesday

Watching from windows – back bedroom, dining room,
kitchen, stairs – following the nervous progress
of the birds from the old blackcurrant patch
to the snowdrop slope, the plum trees, the shade
between the leylandii and the sycamore line
where, it's hard to imagine, in no time
crimson cherry blossom will fall with the grace
and innocence of snow in an upturned paperweight.
I heard no ticking clocks as the winter afternoon
was absorbed by the flock's intent foraging.
Who would have thought age could make time
feather-light? Who would have thought snow
could weigh down a page and never melt?
All my life I've felt hurried, chased and afraid.