



Ken Cockburn



Fallings

Clearing the shelves
I come across a jamjar
I empty onto the table.
Acorns roll and fall to
the floor, soft thuds

recalling an October
far from home when
I walked in woods
and couldn't at first
grasp what I heard.



How many thuds have
rooted since and grown,
ready to release a future
in which everything I had
in mind that day is gone?

Ghosts

This room was my study
where once I translated dreams
through a harsh winter.

By spring you so disliked what was
happening you scored through
everything I wrote in red.

After I left it became
your spare room where you keep
mementoes and ornaments.

Shadings on the long wall
recall the flatpack bookcases
I assembled and cleared.

Sometimes I wonder if I should
clutter up your life again
but I stay elsewhere now.

Verses from *The Road North*, 2010–11

as the wind picks up
the map begins
its own journey



A 'fallen" tree

news of defeat
hasn't reached the canopy
life goes greenly on

My daughter said

don't the black sheep
look like silhouettes
of white sheep?

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the riches of the world
the paucity of language
leaves all poets beggars

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the beach is a poem
the moon rewrites
each day

for Holly

if you were called Alder
I could have written hundreds of poems about you
instead of just this one



*

all these forms that love
the ebb and flow
in their element in either

*

the sea that divides us is
the sea that connects us –
wild geese fly overhead.

On the day of a royal wedding

the song of the skylark
the song of the rowan
the song of the gorse
res publica

Ken Cockburn is a poet and translator based in Edinburgh, Scotland. New publications in 2018 include a collection of poems, *Floating the Woods* (Luath Press); *Heroines from Abroad* (Carcenet), translations from the German of Christine Marendon; and *Gleann Badraig* (DISTANZ Verlag), a collaboration about the Isle of Jura with photographer Charl <https://kencockburn.co.uk>