

## Owl

Phoebe Hesketh, 1909 – 2005

The owl's a clock-face without fingers,  
two keyholes for seeing,  
striking silent as frost.

Soft, unexpected as snow,  
its flight a wash  
through trees without flicker of leaf,  
a pocket of air  
bulging with warm swallowed blood.

Out there the wood grown stiller  
than winter with spring breathing blue-  
bells and fern under cover;  
each feather pinned; fur and whisker  
twitching in the windless night.  
And Time flying white from the clock-tower  
screaching the hour of death.