Seahorses

# Hazel Frew 

## Seahorses

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To Joy, Tom and Graham.

## Seahorses

## Seahorses

Hopes are
seahorses,
elegant urchin.

Bubbles in glasses treble clefs.

There's a spring of them bursting
Ka-pow-ing daily.

Despite the furrows
in my face.

## Clockwork Scorpion

I dreamed I had<br>a clockwork scorpion<br>who scuttled slowly<br>about my limbs<br>in black shiny armour.<br>Japanned like<br>a sideboard,<br>rock hard<br>in my hands<br>but friendly<br>as a budgie<br>on my shoulder, a remotely controlled conversation piece.

Upturning
this black turtle
I switched
my new pet off
at the belly battery
like a walkie-talkie doll.

But the scorpion
who gained
in confidence and stealth
chattered and spun
quickly around the room
too fast to track
with the naked eye.

Rally driving claw clicking
snap-jawed
a set of false teeth
incising
across carpet.

Then taking to flight
it launched itself
at my neck
and knocked me
clean off my feet.

## Spiked On a Spindle

Meeting on<br>the street<br>to listen to you<br>and watch your<br>large lip quiver<br>succulently<br>(from wetting<br>the skein my prince<br>from whetting<br>the thread)<br>spiked on a spindle<br>you pay the ferryman<br>and dream of a<br>moonlit crossing.

## The Virago

They knitted corn dollies and pentagrams in their spare time and cast spells on visiting tradesmen<br>blowing them off roofs or rolling gas bottles at them splintering fingers in slammed doors<br>those two sisters<br>darning up fate<br>like odd socks<br>stretched across<br>knobbly fingers<br>making effigies in wax<br>and talking<br>with familiars,<br>malevolently<br>scheming termagants<br>sharing the eye<br>in liver spotted hands<br>and leaving<br>woven misery<br>on boilers.

## Hale-Bopp

Projecting a dusty beam<br>At the earth's cinema;<br>A falling snowball<br>Waiting to be caught.<br>You open your bright eye at us but never wink.<br>A hole in the sky<br>spraying an iridescence<br>of question about you.<br>Your two tails sail on the tide of felicity around the cosmic pancake which is your heart.<br>A dropped scone in the night sky.

## Bucephalus

> Positively prehistoric.
> Arched on all fours
> in the rays of the moon.
> Cancroid limbed.
> Sprouting hair then elongating,
> Wolf-snouting.
> Bison backed and heavy shouldered painted onto cave-walls in the dance of flame.

Spear carrying nomad Bedouin Boudicca.
Bucephalus beneath thigh.

