

Still Life

Roy Harper

Jackdaw watches sunset
From the telegraph pole
At five to three in yellow light
As black as shiny coal
Still life
The world is stopped and waiting
The clock has frozen still
Except for half a million eyes
That wander to the thrill
Of still life
Fading primrose turns to pink
Shadows play dark hand
To mark a place he floated
When he knew he couldn't land
Still life
There's preserved forever
Still life six below
The most perfect impression
Of a wingbeat in the snow
Still life