recently i heard that creativity blooms in bodies that are prostrate &
it was while i was testing this hypothesis i decided to ask you to help me flesh out & develop a poem around an image that has sat rather sulkily i have to admit somewhere in a corner of childhood memory maybe waiting for this small snippet of research to reach my ears as i drive home on a monday morning in the middle of may my head swimming with ideas about the making of concertinaed books, of haikus or senryus & maybe the first in a series of sonnets arising from a sifting through of photographs taken not so long ago inside a sanctuary down south where not constrained by lists of things to do we remained indoors just reading or chatting about the things that really mattered & stirring only to feed the fire or watch the lizards scrabbling over the rocks outside & the antics of a pair of ming-blue wrens who flitted about never still & later in the evenings after bowls of minestrone & hard crusty bread we rediscovered the pleasure of exploring bodies already known to us but reconfigured in the soft glow of constellations that filtered through the skylight which set me thinking about orion & his dogs & this in turn triggered the image of the white china bulldog bookends smooth to the touch & sitting rather sulkily i have to admit somewhere in a corner of my childhood memory gestating yet to hold books.