

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/1

Robert Nisbet

Unfenced

The sky has no fences, certainly not
on this evening of shifting cloud.
Our local hillside glows with heather
and the sky above portrays a world
in which there are nuances
dotted in atolls about its map,
in imagination's principality.

If you turn inwards and backwards,
you read and hear of liberations
by package, deal and Act and mandate.
Sculpted, set.

And back then to the unfolding map,
there, above our purple mountain,
imagination's reassuring flux,
in worlds of gryphons, unicorns,
warm seas, Pacific islands,
maybe (if you so read the runes)
pacific towns and peoples.