

## Impressionist Skies

Jets sketch lines in vapour trails  
across the skies of gold – in gold;  
bright morning touches the clouds with alizarin tints –  
beloved Impressionist skies,  
and moments of beauty glitter and wink  
like jewelled stars on every leaf and  
spiders' webs that shimmer and glint  
in breezes light as breath.

The dawn of another day arrives,  
born to pass away through noons  
of yawning lunchtimes and afternoons  
of high light clouds rippling foam-like across  
the empty wastes of blue;  
and lower now the sun sinks, golden-bright  
to drown in vermilion hues –  
and Impressionist skies again for one fleet moment  
light the cottony clouds with alizarin tints  
across skies purple as passion or ancient mourning.

The cold of another evening steals forth now with shadows  
across the land,  
and stars in their multitude gleam in points  
of darting hope from now-black  
deepest luminous velvet of nothing in the high beyond –  
another day gone, lost to another night.

So the circle of Time's relentless turning  
slips beyond my reach  
my grasp of understanding –  
days into weeks, months into years  
that lead from childhood into age;  
each life itself but a day of turns and turning,  
water through useless clutching fingers ...

Only this I know –  
when the faint cold air touches my lips  
with a light chill kiss  
and the scent of far-off hillsides greets  
my restless senses;  
when the lazy coo of ring doves  
lullabies a weary afternoon,  
or a robin's sweet and poignant song  
serenades a passing moment  
I know eternity has touched me –  
a fleeting tap on a passing shoulder,  
a half-heard passing whisper  
and always when I wasn't looking,  
turned the other way –  
Impressionist moments,  
painted on the canvass of another day.