**Line's Odyssey**

*for Dave*

These are outhouses poised for flight

or tense with a force about to spring.

The country bustles like the city,

and everything shouts its origins

in lines that will not rest

until the thrumming energy

of stillness is manifest.

This is line's odyssey

through colour's archipelago,

marks on paper that condescend

to wear the temporary mantle

of what's at hand,

shape-shifting in their elemental

permanence to become a swollen stream,

trees in a circle

of seasons, dockland;

to feed the wiry strength of marshgrass

or cut cranes down to size,

fatten to pregnancy, midwife birth.

Equal to anything on earth,

marks that remain themselves in all.

**Ciaran O'Driscoll**

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