

Only haunting moon song

Only haunting, the Moon said:  
dancing, fibrillations point  
over the sound of night.

Only tide - tinkering, he said,  
pulling waters  
from out the mouth of night.

Come: pass my way . . .  
above the sounds of night !



## The Magic of the Fern - Dwellers

Voices in the tall spines  
& catching winds,  
creatures of a small earth  
flit leaf sharp fins . . .

Voices in the tall spines  
and catching winds;  
mist gather'd mystery  
where substance begins.




Valley of the Dry Moon  
where sky  
squeezed fast & tightly knit  
holds hard cloths  
upon this virgin soil  
no summer sun  
no light  
nor man  
shall come  
this land  
its beauty spoil

photographs Jim Topping

published by the Mid-Pennine Association for the Arts,  
28 Back St. James Street, Burnley, Lancashire

# 3 POEMS

---

 **N. S. THOMPSON**