

GREY – *Lesley Saunders*

I fall out of thin air
on your wrist or the page,

felt, if at all, as merest
or finest. I'm your first:

save me. I glint in the light.
I'm the tough stuff of hoof,

horn, feather, nail, claw;
I can be harvested, cropped,

shaven, shorn; I'm a hare's
breath, a pin in a hayrick,

was once a black thread
in a black veil. In the dark

I spill from your skullcap
like spider-silk or shaken salt –

someone walking over your grave.