

Snettisham

The golden torcs

Are buried between water pools

Huge silver swords, glinting in the sun

The green, heady fields

Which stretch in untold ways

Are dancing in the sunlight, a myriadic way

The barren, bony trees

Which sit among the sword-pools

Are steady in their blackness, and holding many crows

The sparkle of Electra

Blue as the ocean's mime

Is half-zapped with goldness, in rippled, tinny rows