

A KING'S MANIFESTO

A scape of stone
Ground from ochre tones
In shapes that mimic life
But cold, hardened, petrified,
Its motion a wild lie
Of waterless flow
Through sandstone growth.

A fisher king
Perched on stonescape's rim,
Its gaze on outstretched beige,
Not pursuing ghostly prey
But lost in thoughts of ways
To nurture therein
Some verdant spring.

A princely plan,
To recast drab sand
As alluvial loam,
Wherein seeds of hope are sown
That kingly acts bestow
Through wells, canals, dams
More fertile land.

A sea of green
Chequered by bright streams
That bring vigour to soil
So thousands can freely toil
In fields of grounded joy,
Making hopeless dreams
Reality.

Such visions shine
In Kingfisher's mind
But only have real form
Through imagining by all.

Nicholas Vines