

The Made Mourns its Maker

(after Nic Fiddian-Green's sculpture, Still Water)

Its little groom, the artist, currycombs
the god-horse,

pressing his whole length to its vast
muzzle.

He brushes bronze, readying the great beast
to drink

from the waters of time, to outlive him,
future rain

greening it from ear tip to whispery whiskers.
Its eyes

brim pity for its tiny smith, its briefest bit
of a first father.

The Made Mourns its Maker

(after Nic Fiddian-Green's sculpture, Still Water)

Its little groom, the artist, curycombs
the god-horse,

pressing his whole length to its vast
muzzle.

He brushes bronze, readying the great beast
to drink

from the waters of time, to outlive him,
future rain

greening it from ear tip to whispery whiskers.
Its eyes

brim pity for its tiny smith, its briefest bit
of a first father.