

# A TIP OF LEAD

A tip of lead  
in the heart  
spreads.

Pencils down the veins  
weights the guts  
with the fear of change.

Apollo ran at Daphne,  
gold sparks in his eyes,  
his paint-explosion trousers  
a rainbow blur.

The lead in Daphne's eyes  
wanted only grey.  
She fled like prey.

Apollo sped towards Daphne.  
Gold dripping from his mouth.  
Lyre strumming in hand.  
A stringed cacophony.

The lead in Daphne's ears  
wanted a molten hush.  
She pushed through her rush.

Apollo flung himself at Daphne,  
gold sweat dripping.  
His stethoscope threatening to diagnose.

The lead in Daphne's blood  
wanted no healing.  
She ran to her father-river appealing...

*Take my sheen  
from his eyes  
turn my form into wood  
I have no need for colour  
for music or science  
I want nothing of change  
hear my defiance  
I wish to be rooted  
to be truncated, laureled and lopped  
I wish never to grow  
I want everything to stop  
to stay  
to always be the same  
my father's river-daughter  
forever stuck by his waters.*