

## *Really?*

Elfin? Really? That's how I'm seen  
By her? This blubber-laden bone-house  
She calls elfin? What is – what can she mean  
By such a weird word? Just think: a mouse  
Is elfin, a mouse brings in the wildwood  
Wonder and mystery, its ins and outs,  
Its weakness, shy confidence that something good  
Will come by trotting through the inlet path  
Of our cracked brick – but me? Elfin? I would  
Have doubted any other voice, I would have laughed  
Except it came from her and you, who weave  
Your mutual truth round me in honest craft  
These long years gone. But elfin? I can't believe  
Anyone could see me so; I would have sworn  
That I was dull, mind and heart on sleeve  
What has she, have you – what have I not seen?