

Before the Influx of Visions



Many months before the visionary influx,
she had him learning songs and stories.
'To pass the time ... whilst you stir the gruel'
At times, he accompanied her on rounds, met
poets and healers - all colours of attainment.

Heard songs dolorous and festive, martial
and restive - songs of healing and songs
to guide departed souls. Songs on all
the human dramas. Songs offered in dells
gloomy or sun-brightened - as she assessed.

Although his mind was churned to the black
gruel (masa confusa) he mastered the wyrd
curriculum - absorbed the rudiments of metre
and melody, plucked, blew and drummed in
solid accompaniment: the days felt pregnant.