

***Familiar***

*'This is the true effigy of that strange prodigious monster which our woods did range' ~  
inscription Holy Rood Church, Mordiford, Herefordshire*

I dislike dragons' new age porno kitsch  
but think I get where Maud was coming from  
- about how  
monotonous the wild cherries, dead the wood  
(that inevitable oak), how the buzzard's surveillance  
drove her into passing as a wyvern, green as brambles,  
green as a parson's envy for her furnace-throated  
wanderlust, wings like leaded windows  
with an appetite for flesh, about how she  
slaked her thirst at the Lugg and Wye, knew the rills,  
the grayling slip between her legs, her jaw  
a river's load of iron and horseshoes

but I disbelieve that bravado brutal killing -  
see how her spine still bears the wooded hills?