

the body', but also hope in 'a power we recognise'. We can feel the breathlessness when the wind hits our nostrils, the drawing in of breath when we can. In 'Flight Paths', the geese are 'black wriggling points against / the blue of the sky, a liquid thread of writing'. This one made me look up, and realise how much time we might spend in our own eye-line. Finally in this section, 'Storm Gods of the North;

and about belonging, as much as they are about place. We visit cities and countries - Dublin, Budapest, Paris, Kosovo, Ukraine - and there's a sense of walking, of pacing out these places, finding history - with its war and destruction - in our steps and bringing it together with the present. In the end, we are 'civilized' by our knowing of place, its history, its buildings and its people. In 'Labyrinth in Larnaca', a poem of just fourteen lines, is what seems to me a final summation:

*Like everybody else so I imagine
I'm looking for the moment that will stop me
in my tracks - that's not composed
of time, passage and change.
Since I know that it exists,
I look in warehouses, lockups ...
... and not, supremely not,
in the hidden, tucked away back alleys
of the human heart.*

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