

Mr MacCaig

Most mornings,
I'll amble down to my shed
and see what Norman has to say.
Norman MacCaig the poet, that is.
Not Norman at the shop,
where I pick up my paper –
who always has plenty to say
and none of it ever poetic –
but the poet Norman
who'll always stun me
in some way.
Today, for instance;
a poem called 'Escapism'.
Good. Very good.
Especially
how he nails it at the end,
with that raven,
and the sun's painterly dot
in each of its eyes.