

**Perhaps there are times of inherent excellence**

A peacock rung the dawn at Llanstephan once  
and I got up and trod the balcony. Slate underfoot  
was damp and cold in the cold blue air, and I stood there  
looking at the lawn in morning pallor. It was slick  
with dew's facture, although I knew that before long  
it'd regain whatever languid verdancy it had had.  
I couldn't see the peacock but now and then cries swung  
up from the forest, as a memory might heave  
in the periphery of sense when you least expect it.  
Standing there however it seemed the early breeze  
would wash transpiring memories from my skin,  
as you might wipe sweat in less cold air. So bereft  
of apperception and almost naked I remained  
still on my balcony, as though waiting were intransitive.  
The morning felt reluctant to assume its proprieties:  
I understood this, enjoying too the looser mores  
of first light. But naturally delay's a delaying tactic,  
and soon I turned and stepped inside.