

## Still Life

Roy Harper

Jackdaw watches sunset  
From the telegraph pole  
At five to three in yellow light  
As black as shiny coal  
Still life  
The world is stopped and waiting  
The clock has frozen still  
Except for half a million eyes  
That wander to the thrill  
Of still life  
Fading primrose turns to pink  
Shadows play dark hand  
To mark a place he floated  
When he knew he couldn't land  
Still life  
There's preserved forever  
Still life six below  
The most perfect impression  
Of a wingbeat in the snow  
Still life