

'Points'
Amanda Bell

From 'First the Feathers'

(after Kathleen Jamie)

My arrowheads, no harsh tongues these
but tiny points for felling forest birds -
folsom and clovis, in creamy stone,
black flint and splintered chert
bound to a shaft by hide.
Arrayed before me here by hue and heft
as I renovate a printer's tray -
drawing a blade along each joint,
fine-brushing every nook and crack,
spirit swabbing to ensure a grip
for backing papers chosen to offset
the colours of each stone, cast light on
hard-struck angles.
Tools fallen out of use,
they take their place in ink-stained wood,
nestled in the abandoned bed of words.