

**'Rowans'**  
**Kathleen Jones**

In the hopeful half-light  
of early morning

berry-red beacons torch my way  
up to the moor like promises –

easing emotions rubbed  
as raw as weather.

Is love anything more  
than chemicals swirling in the brain?

I imagine you, on the other side of time,  
every touch, kiss, word, exploding like quarks

in the atomic soup; our selves  
dissolved into a universal whole.

Can the smallness of us  
and these feelings,

the scarlet berries and the tree,  
be codified in mathematical equations?

Or have we missed something important  
not expressed in numbers? Something present

in the way uncertain light changes  
as the sun approaches the horizon;

the unseen, uncalculated  
matter that contains us;

the knowledge every atom has  
of its mysterious beginning;

the sap that trees share underground  
root to root, nurturing each other

in a way that is like love, if such a word  
could be scientifically proven to exist.