

Towards the autumn equinox

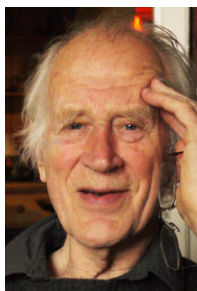
With no terminal hint from the sun's height
I do perhaps detect slight straining
in the unkempt pear and rogue buddleia,
still green in garden and siding,
and for release as sloven house-ends
wait out another year's decline.
The weathered rigging of make-do halts,
their wires, grime, slats, bramble, pylon, willow-herb,
allotments and a litter of backyard industries
are by infinitesimal degrees
silenced by the sky salaamed by poplar tops.

How had this wanton youth's resort
Hardened and become his confinement!

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Lyon Blair was born in Preston, Lancashire, in 1935. After National Service in the RAF, he studied English literature and moral philosophy at St Andrews University and theology at Edinburgh University, and was ordained as a minister. He has exhibited his paintings in galleries in Edinburgh and London and won acclaim for his photographs. He began writing poetry in the 1960s. Lyon subsequently trained as a therapist in London. He practises as a psychoanalytic psychotherapist in Edinburgh and is a member in the Forum of Independent Psychotherapists under the UKCP. Lyon claims to have experienced since childhood unexpected and enriching revelations that inspire his creative process, count every bit as much as theory in his professional life, and amount to a rich voyage of discovery. The above poem came to him and was recorded while awaiting a train at Camden Road Station in September, 1989.

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