## The Pearl Works

O slow coach, freeze-mode yellow solar yoyo O hand-thrown old gold snow globe

O rose most blown O whole whorled 'out there' lodestar de l'aube

О

O glory hole *l'aurore* O bowl-of-cored-sloes stone-cold low glow

O homophone O grown son showboating solo over our known world so moments ago

О

O heliotrope O blossom bole O trompe l'oeil orange grove we home in

O old soul, no bones glowworm without whose strobe we'd mope eternal gloaming

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O closing words O lovely hopeless song (one more!) invoking love gone south

O storeroom door that's on a slope & opens outwards O open mouth

Conor O'Callaghan

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