

From the Foss

In the dawn garden, dark with damp and starlessness,
my dog sniffs grass, intent
on her own business. All's quiet.
No creep of distant cars. No footstep in the street. No birdsong.

Loud overhead, a sudden clatter. A great ungainly
thing, all angular wings and weary
languid flaps. Fog-dazzled and disoriented,
a heron. You never see them here.

Fixed in flight, not veering right or left,
all landmarks lost. The river far behind.
Further still wet froggy marsh, fox-crossed fields,
lone trees. Bare nest. All past.

The heron blunders on. No place to land. No journey's end.
No haven. We watch it out of sight
then turn to home and breakfast.
All day I think of death.