

Hill on the A454 between Swancote and Bridgnorth.

Those years passing by you, mornings climbing
workward, evenings tipping homeward, I watched
you laze on your side, headless but alive,
sloping breasts on show even when snow fell.
All winter you were naked, clayed skin raked
taut about your hip bones, but in April
you'd put on vintage Chanel, a marvel
of leaf-shoot bouclé piped with tractor earth.
I miss you in that jacket, but one day
I'll come back, leave the car and take the path
where winds gather round you, lie beside you,
drink sap with you, be quickened by the hares
that dance on your moon-lit belly and let
myself be sewn into your tapestry.

Sharon Ashton