

Martin Robertson

The Grass Road

I stepped out of my thoughts
and saw the grass road straight between dark hedges
patchworked with green and grey
and flecked with white of large convolvulus caught
among blackberry-flowers with torn edges
and honeysuckle drooping antlered sprays
pink, gold and white, sweetening the light stillness
by bird-notes pierced but not dispersed
while easy coolness
lay aloft against my skin.
Why are we always thinking
since being is so pleasant?
I thought, and the door closed as I stepped in.