

White Grass

Passing through one of the little birthdays
In nineteenforty-something...
The sun was hotter than he could ever remember,
And from his lookout
He could see grass below bleached
To creamy blades, like little patches
Of dried milk, and how the afternoon

Would stretch out in front of him
Along the branch he was looking
Down from, into the fly-rimmed eyes
Of the cows looking up without despair,
Their jaws rolling sideways
On and on... and he could not imagine
How he had ever got here,
Or indeed how he might
Get back down, even now.

(Darkness Inside Out; Carcanet)