

The place, the place itself

This is not a Norman sky
Standing here by the white gate
Surrounded by the last of Albertine
The dry brown leaves falling
In tiny pieces on the Autumn grass,
Ancient beeches born beside the church
Dip their branches in the silent lake
Beyond the canopies of oaks
Gather like armies in an antique haze
O Tansonville O Quarles
They only shade the distant hills.