

### **consciousness on a bank holiday**

unrepeatable day light hurting the eyes  
the rare harsh sunshine like crystal  
on the adoring leaves and life itself  
hypnotised by rivers of heat  
sweeping the lonely valley air  
what am I, what am I doing  
here is my vegetable top all-seeing  
and if this sunny day should cease  
its image is imprinted on the universe  
sensation not lost but transfigured  
except for one who waits for your decrees  
yet as she kneels beside the waters edge  
let me take one memory of her  
on my knees