

## departure and return

there is no let up  
moving more slowly  
into the inevitable  
but ones little fate  
against hector or achilles  
seems trite  
one is hardly more than  
bilbo baggins  
and of course less good  
the little circle breaks  
but will reform  
as the gap in the carpet  
is rethreaded;  
though one sees it falling  
thronged and exhausted  
though its trees and hedgerows  
weep for guardians  
though its ways are known  
when like mystery  
the path was unknown  
when ahead will now be always someone  
still let me see her  
climbing oer the hill  
let me  
walk once more upon  
an english road