

respite

twelve years of the ken valley
looking into its face
across pylons and a distant mast
the norman tower in the trees
where the red cross of england
flutters on a freemasons mast
manned by a new lady
new houses in the glebe
and other fields planned
for retirement
a few sheep and horses
mainly corn and beet
rise together in the mist of april
as the softening sun
relents for high suffolk
this sustaining view
unexceptional
leads back to the spring garden
wondering if another summer garden
will be mine
still we have seen perfection
the ducklings are born
the ironing is proceeding
handel gives us caesar
ready for death
there is no I