

summertime

standing on the green lawn
of nothingness
the garden of past and future
where a bridleway passes
there you see the endless feet
of that declivity
still moving still possessing
the ground the house
where they must cast
so many eyes in passing
unremembered
strangely the garden is their memory
the peasantry of suffolk
walking forever
down the avenue of time
into the unknown country
beyond our valley
remote and timeless
where villages sleep
and unlit fires wait
frozen by death
here you can sleep
among the ancient past
until the kiss of music
sweeps the land
reality broken by art
so be it