AZB

Sidings

The spirit of gorse Is in the grass That grows in the sidings.

And houses have hollow Fishbowl eyes Looking over sidings.

Their peeling paint Maroon Against the odds.

From the sidings He cannot see The sea

And yet he knows It cannot be Less than close by.

This poem is reprinted from Not Averse, the Girton Poetry Group website, at http://poetry.girton.cam.ac.uk