## **Harry Camp**

## **Crummock Water**

Wend your way
Towards the edge
Where fell breaks
On nothing but the shiver
of your fresh skimmer's
river-hewn back. Now bend...

It hums

it skates! It falls away

Through water's edge

To depths unknown (in feet at least) To Mellbreak's deepest crest

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