

A small haunting by David King

Obvious to say water coats
me when I step from the sea

and in the lush green everything
of this oak lined spinney, pure air

does the same, a coating so precise
its swaddling makes of me a mould

into which my tiny days are poured,
each one identically different, each

filled with my noise, old silences.

On I tread to leave, not footprints
but evaporations, of my passing self,

small hauntings, rear-view ghosts
glimpsed at this particular now,

cold harrowed fields, startled rooks,
a girl who walked away, sharper still,

Peter Hull, Woodford Valley 1961
and swallows, a taste of summer blue

up hills made green by long gone rain
and all the colours of autumn still hidden

in the leaves, all winter's waiting crammed
into this elastic noon of our last primary day

stretched between Pete and me, then and now.

