

Kilkenny

by Anne Lauppe-Dunbar

Trees.
White against the pale sky; reaching for warmth.
We follow the bumbling green lorry, and talk of:
Lyme Regis —
nearly miss the car park.

Delicate snow grass stalks the fog. A transmitter station hums,
near the kissing gate.

We kiss —
cheekbones ache.
In the fields, wrapped horses blow warm air, and stare.
Ice over the valley.
A tiny robin hops in our heat.
Over the sty; two fresh mole hills and sheep shit.
A farmer ploughs worms for crows to squabble and dive.
Sheep crowd tight.

Horizon of giant pylons, hiss...
Here it is warm —
 one lonely bird struggles across the sky.

Sitting on the valley wall — hot tea and ham sandwiches. A lone
walker stands.

Two vans roar by.
 A volley of shouts, '*how many have you shot?*'
spaniels, retrievers, and ruddy faces
In love with outdoors and
death.

A green felt hat remarks, '*beautiful day*'.
Dogs bark, pheasants run.

Pooh sticks on the bridge
I win twice and lose — once.

Green hands
wave
in freezing water.

Twelve shots

White feather
hangs
on a spiders hair.

Walking out of the valley, I remember the wild orchids in the
spring.

