

# 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.

