

Loose Monk

I'm talking about oranges rolling
between hedges, the flank of a lorry.
I'm talking about the Canadas, facing south
and remember the chevron of snow geese
waving like cotton high over South Side.

Home now, the fields have returned
to normal, their informal layout familiar
after the prone rectangles of America.
I'm talking about him being good for me,
showing me the open door, where before

in the middle of nowhere I drank
tea without thought. I'm talking about
the pullovered man, walking not talking
behind the screen of autumn. He nears
the shed, offloading its cladding.

I picture him striding through
rhymes and accents which elude me.
It's a short walk, but he stops where
I tell him. I'm talking about tongues
which stand in support, yet say nothing.

© Fabian Peake 2003