

After

She's out again on the moor
and the stream shows her
it has different rooms:
pools where the flow backs up,
snags on stones;
bends where its silence
rips between boulders.
Sun finds the water's depth,
picks out fresh tones of green,
a hanging rope-swing.
At a gate still standing,
though the wall has gone,
she steps through, walks on
in the river's company.