

### 3.2 Mythe End (1985)

Up towards the  
black tree line  
at coppice stand  
against dark margin  
of the land and sky,  
I called you.

Wind snatched  
dark drowned  
my voice and eye:  
climbed up  
the wet field  
to find you.

Where clouds race, trees sway  
night holds  
the secret of  
your white thigh:  
at pheasant's cry  
I loved you.

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