

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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