

Up with the Spring

If we dismantle can the wild revive
around us? Cows paddle in this canal
clogged with no cargo now. Foxes crisscross
this ex-train track: rail-less nettle-lined trail,
soot-black from decades of coal-dust and grit.
Muddy trail where mares trot, dogs walk, I run.
Wild riverbank garlic; coriander
scent. The weir fizzes the air with freshness.