

ABBEYDALE INDUSTRIAL HAMLET, 31 AUGUST
by Bronwen Barber

A 22 of ducklings on the water
A wasp reads a poem over my shoulder

Sunlight bomb-blast flashes on the dam
Seed husks hug the millpond's edge like scum

Beech leaves jangle in the half-hearted breeze
Swallows swoop open-mouthed at flies

Silence broken by a waterwheel's creaks
Hart's tongue licks drips in dark-filled nooks

Beating wrought-iron hooks with rhythmic clangs,
a blacksmith wakes the past with hammer and tongs