

“Between Vertical and Horizontal”

Granite Lines – Yarner Wood

I walked a dialogue
Between vertical and horizontal:
Living beach flanking dormant granite
Clad in shades of copper brown and ashen green.

Men of our time carved
The upright pillars where fledgling and flower
Mirror bat wing and battered axe,
And sculpted
The granite bench which entices
Like a recumbent reptile.

But it was nature that seamlessly
Tailored the tall trees with
Lattices of creepers and balconies of fungi,
Which shadow tracks of granite
Hugged skin-tight by lichen,
Muffs of moss and fascinators of leaf and bark.

Now look closer -
It was masons of bygone days
With sweat and tear who
Arduously feathered and tared
The crudely spaced button-holes,
The severing edges of each stone sett.

As if in sympathy for this toil:
Moss clinging to a staunch trunk
Relieves itself of saturations of rainfall
In parallel trickles of descent;
A hollow tree embodies the semblance of
A woman, as guardian to every hoof, wheel and load.

Beneath – the granite reclines silently -
Yet reclines with pride, swallowed
By engulfing soil, submerged
In memories of a potent past which linked
The burden with the benefactor,
The rawness with the renown.

So History endures and imaginations suckle
But man still adds to this impressive tract:
A newly created horizontal bench
Honours the sad name of "Trist",
And a singular defiant vertical of
Granite displays the number "5".

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