



## POEM

### SKYLARK RISING

*For Colette*

An early evening bike ride with my middle child,  
Out of town along the railway trail.  
A hidden wooded path behind the chippy,  
between the flats, onto the bridge, high across the motorway.  
A city gate of sorts.

The cow parsley has grown taller,  
since last week,  
the elder grown more leaf.

We look back across the Downs,  
to the silver puckered sea.  
A skylark singing, twirling, in the air above.  
Spring dusk spreading golden over fields below.  
The muted sound of cars still rushing home for tea.

The view is clear, shadows long and crisp,  
trees along the golf course, hedgerows stitched.

Still unaware, I marvelled then,  
I took it all in,  
a shared moment with my teenage girl.

We cycle back, along the brambles, past the stile,  
over the bridge and through the woods,  
the track speckled and lacy.

We whizz down the big steep hill, and smile,  
past the park, the dog walkers,  
blossom in the gutter now.

Through quiet suburban streets,  
with tidy gardens and faded tulips,  
the windows all like mirrors in the evening light.

We reach home.  
Then find the phone had rung,  
to tell me you had flown,  
just now,  
gone,  
with this dying sun.

Here now, as I sit bereft,  
on my sofa with a beer,  
thinking of your son and daughter,  
I look up through the window,  
see the silhouetted trees  
against the darker sky.

The big cherry tree  
with each raggedy leaf outlined,  
seems to reach up and stretch,  
pointing to the moon so new,  
sliver of a crescent  
its luminescence growing,  
as the dark comes too.

**Olivia Moune**, 25 April 2020