

## HIGHAM FERRERS

In pure expanse of January sky  
far off towers and steeples ring.  
Across the flood-soaked meadows fly  
rumours of some long-forgotten Spring.

New meanings attend old words  
like larks on eagles' backs; and if  
in labyrinth of lives no birds sing  
they leave a dust-etched heiroglyph.

Here, where ice-dulled hollows thaw  
From distance-blue to limp unsealed  
Aquatic fronds, briar and haw-  
thorn weep for this across the field.