

Millstone Grit

Stanton Moor wields its own kenning

as loess windscrambles molasse
threads Hillcar Sough

the slant kiss of scarp to fault
through lead-glace seams
and casts

Cork Stone

Gorse Stone

Oundle Stone

an alliteration of glacial erratics

stillness hoisted into holiness
anchoring cairnfields harvested

for quoins.
harmonics rise
sown husbanded severed

Larch

fir overtones of Spanish chestnut
and fall
Shire horses are treen-bearers
tread the rails

into heather.
shivers still for its fellows
in Nectan's Glen
sickness

Wishing Tree

oak dandles its ribbons
in Janet's Foss
braced in human hope and

pinioned in a bone-shroud

of coins.
strip the willow
a thousand years of times

Nine Ladies

and their Fiddler King
five times
fancy a stint with the druids
so lay an altar stone

as hint.
to Eight Maidens
corseted in concrete

Sisterhood

crackles south-southeast
of Ratcliffe-on-Soar
*When will we become the
Way of the Spirits?*

a five millennia wait.
of footpaths of holloways of

Packhorse

tracks catch the cadence
rabbit underways
of steady tread

The flat stumble of a delf-hole whistles
Tread me under and still