

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

England

by Sue Hitchcock

The plane flies over sunlit clouds, then dives
Like a gannet seeking fish into the gloom beneath.
It is England.

And in the dim, green landscape many thrive.
What weird fish, odd balls can we find?
Crabs scuttling into their houses?
Doubters seeking truth,
Drinkers looking for joy,
Men in sheds inventing,
Mothers birthday baking,
Yodel drivers delivering,
Shouters with a bee in their bonnet,
Kids who can't remember kings and queens,
Remembering every song they've ever heard,
Walking, oblivious with earphones?

Wind blows rainclouds, flooding valleys,
Winter homes for Arctic birds.
Warm, wet weeds climb every wall,
Hedges, ditches, homes for all,
Except sad souls who cannot fit
The safe convention of their homes.
Now, look up, the clouds are breaking!
Can you love the sun today?

I find it hard to feel sentimental.
I am me, here and now,
But my dot on the planet is only an atom in time and space.
Once a neanderthal eating mussels on the seashore,
Then an alien archaeologist, studying life on earth.
My love for sparrows, chirping the hedge to life,
For jackdaws flying their spiral assembly each afternoon,
Could have been for dinosaurs chomping on ferns.
Maybe I was Moby Dick angry at whalers
Or a pine tree burned by meteor impact.
We are all stardust, many times remade,
Now plant, now insect, now animal.