

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Meadowfield Park

by Juliet Robinson

A tanker slips up the Firth  
Seeming not to move but Fife drifts by  
I stand at the slide and watch her go  
Wonder where and when she has been

Not long ago many boats sat out there  
Cruise ships, containers and tankers  
Anchored fleet of metal seabirds  
Still like the world, if not the waves and sky

Funny to think of that time  
No trains, no planes, all the boats stilled  
And us tucked away in our homes  
A stayed and quiet world, only in appearance