If you were here
I would show you those ways
through wheatfields, saltlakes
and salmon gums to my country.

HORIZONTALITY
ON DARTMOOR
(for Anne Born)

it was a bitter wind with rain
among stone circles of verticality
and tussocks bent low, flattened
along sight lines of stone rows
[the email said dear anne]

it was a white gelid fog
upcurling there through barred gates
and around lintel, buttress and arch;
swirling between lichen spotted
headstones, pointing accusations
[the email said dear anne]

above were the masked, starred
heavens, the same constellations
hidden from prisoners taken
from bonaparte’s armies. like
captives of nazis, they made
their own graves of the granite
[the email said dear anne]

so they battered blocks of gray stone
into walls and yards and cells,
spreading this granite cancer
over the swampy moors under
the lowering dome, that extruded
its igneous mushroom cloud
[the email said dear anne]

but the dark stars were often hid
from those blue-daubed mystics,
the men who sighted along
standing stones, trying to match
solstice sunrise with a notch
in the matrix of felspar, mica, quartz
[the email said dear anne]