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by Lawrence Upton

An impression is of forest, without contradictory clear signs of a garden nor the well-kept fields in view. One doubts though any deliberation. It just is.

The trees near in are cut back, disallowed from taking charge as in folk fantasy where a realm of growing wood excludes one and self-interested regulation.

Down among such deep green, the one pigeon is chanting; and, far across the valley, chorister-voice birds outloud the gull screeches.

None here though. Palm trees are not really them. Urchin gangs of tits, not the soloists. Wind, the distant song, the sea – all half still.