

The Tinnors' Way

Titian winding gear stiffens to the Westerlies across Pennwydh.
And cold-dusk chimneys puncture a sagging sky.
The islands were out today.
Below,
Frayed patch-work lives blanket the land; sewn with stile and hedge.

Steeped with tired nettle, bramble, and flesh of rotting Gunnera,
Autumn mizzle weighs heavy on Count House, crugyn, karn.
Beneath,
Silent sour floodwaters fill darkened adits of echoed banter croust flame-
flicker, and bad air.

And on No-Go-By Hill, Galloways slump in loosened belts,
Bellies warming the thin black humus,
Turn their dreamy gaze to lanterned ghosts.
Paths bruised in umber, russet and silver-black trace days and lives
Between
Reclaimed homes, like stannum in cassiterite.
Through lanes of gnarled growth up granite and wood,
Hireth for some and damp for many, they wind themselves home.

By Simon Blackburn