

The Tinnerns Way ~ Love and Loss in Flood

What wild and wet and wail,
As I trudge on the trail;
High ridge, high chin,
Deep mine, gold glints;
And far below, the rough Atlantic swell.

What heather, rocks and stones!
Such tired, aching bones;
No trees, no shade,
No soft and gentle glade;
And far beneath, the tin-mines' tunnels moan.

What years and ancient blood!
The Celtic stones, the mud;
Old dreams, new thoughts,
No change, all's naught!
And in my spirit, love and loss in flood.

Jackie Carpenter

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