

## **THE ROAD PAST WINCHELSEA**

*For Anne*

In the evening we walked  
next to the mounding shale  
and whispering wind,

gathering sea kale,  
and oval stones  
so our pockets bulged.

A warmth sifted  
through the air currents  
surfed by gulls,

crying into the silence  
that had become our road.  
Our words dropped into stillness

scattering idle dust.  
The sound of our walking  
echoed the waves.

The day was almost over.  
We curved away  
from the narrow road

trailed back  
into dusk  
over the wet lands.

Returning to our families,  
and evening meals,  
our hearts burned within us.