



Caroline Gourlay

CROSSING the FIELD



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ANTHONY HARRIS

1994-1995
1996-1997

CAROLINE GOURLAY

CROSSING
THE FIELD

with drawings by

ANTHONY MANWARING

The Redlake Press

Clun : 1995

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the following journals in which some of these
poems have appeared: IRON, OUTPOSTS,
TIME HAIKU and THE BRITISH HAIKU
SOCIETY JOURNAL.

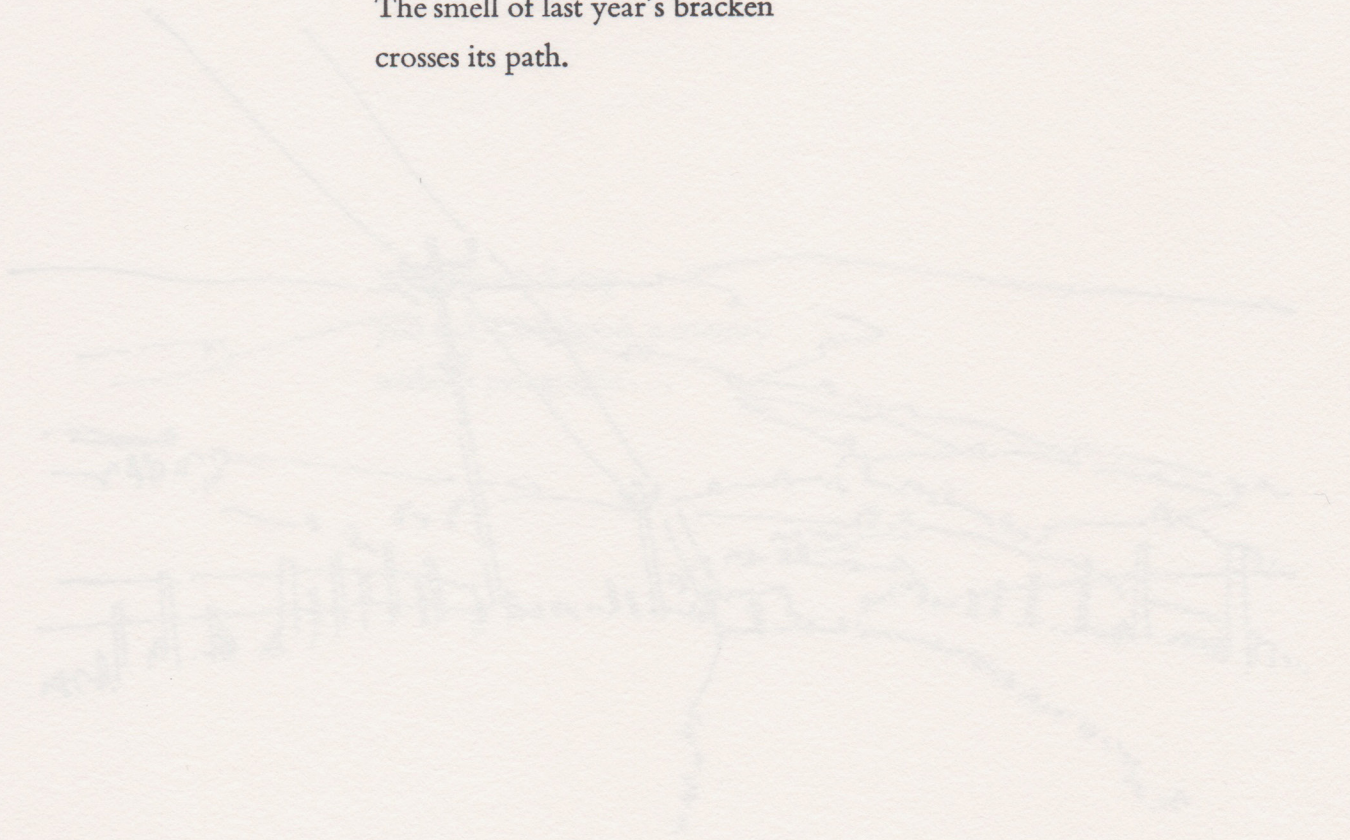
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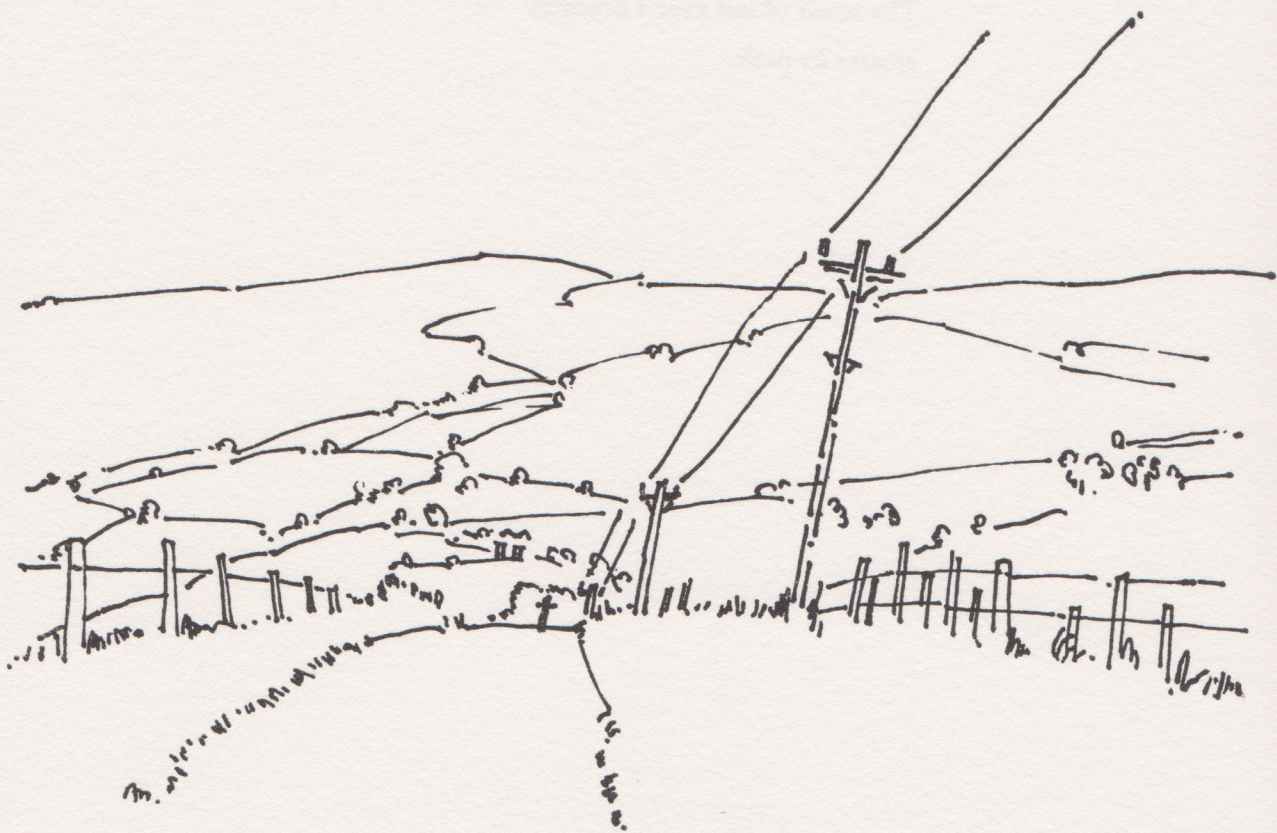
for Simon
with love

Anthony Manwaring's drawings are the perfect visual expression of the spirit and place of these poems.

Anthony died tragically early, and we are deeply indebted to Monica for so generously allowing us the use of his sketchbooks.

Spring moves up the hill.
The smell of last year's bracken
crosses its path.



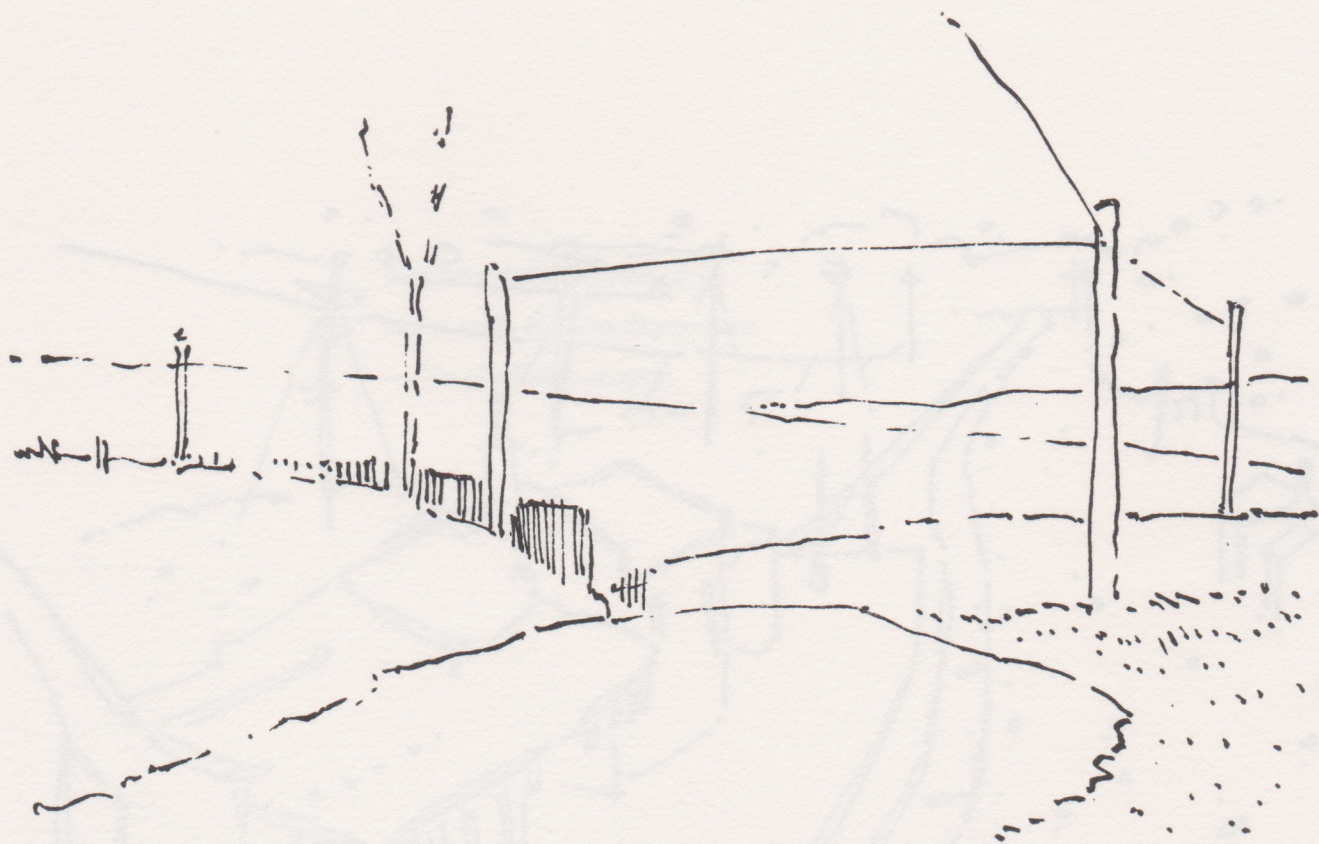


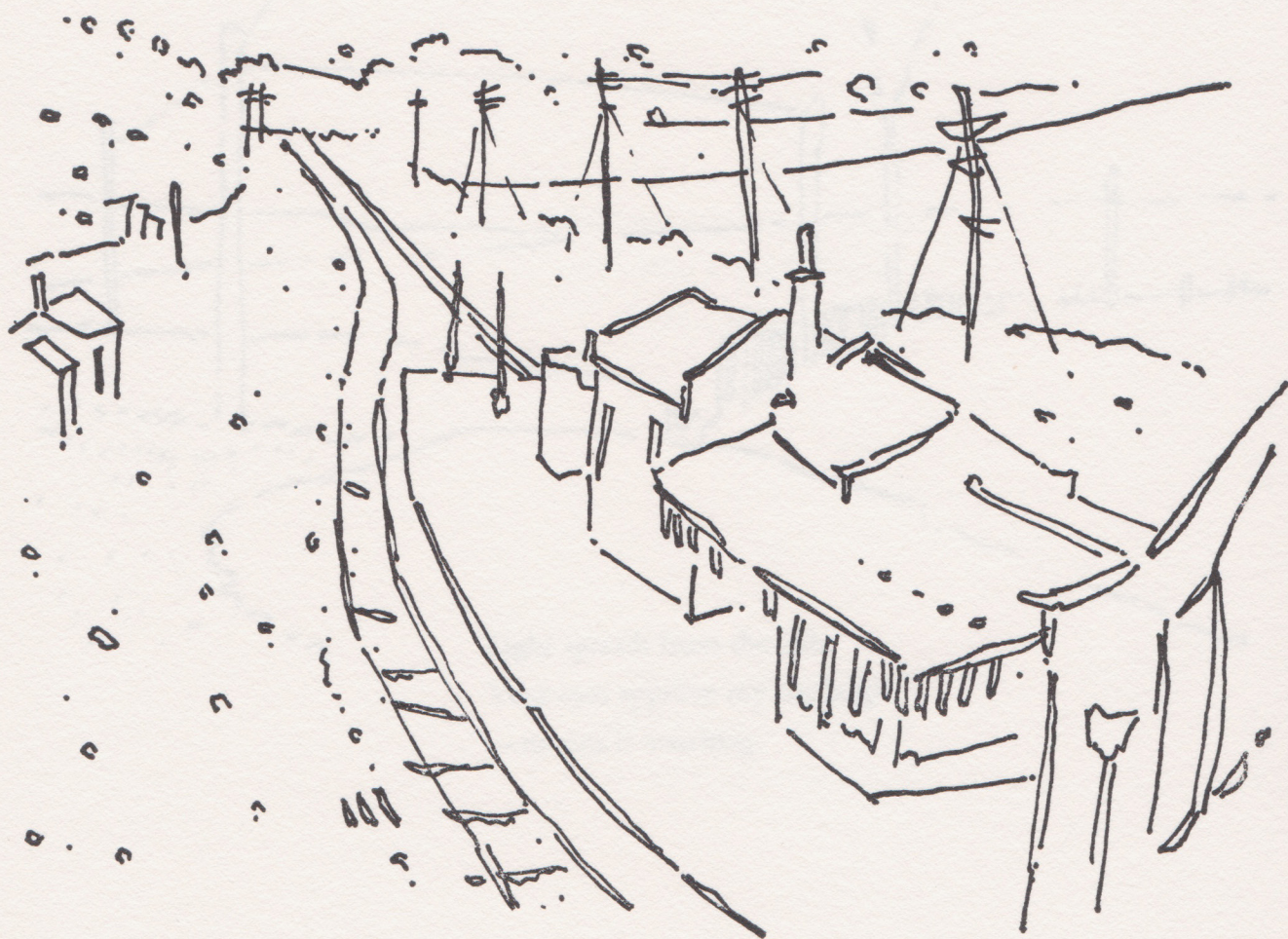
Without a full stop
you run. Childhood, a country
without paragraphs . . .

Spring won't bring you back.
I watch a flight of wild geese,
both feet on the ground.

Shadows cross the field
leaving this corner till last
— the sun in the pool.

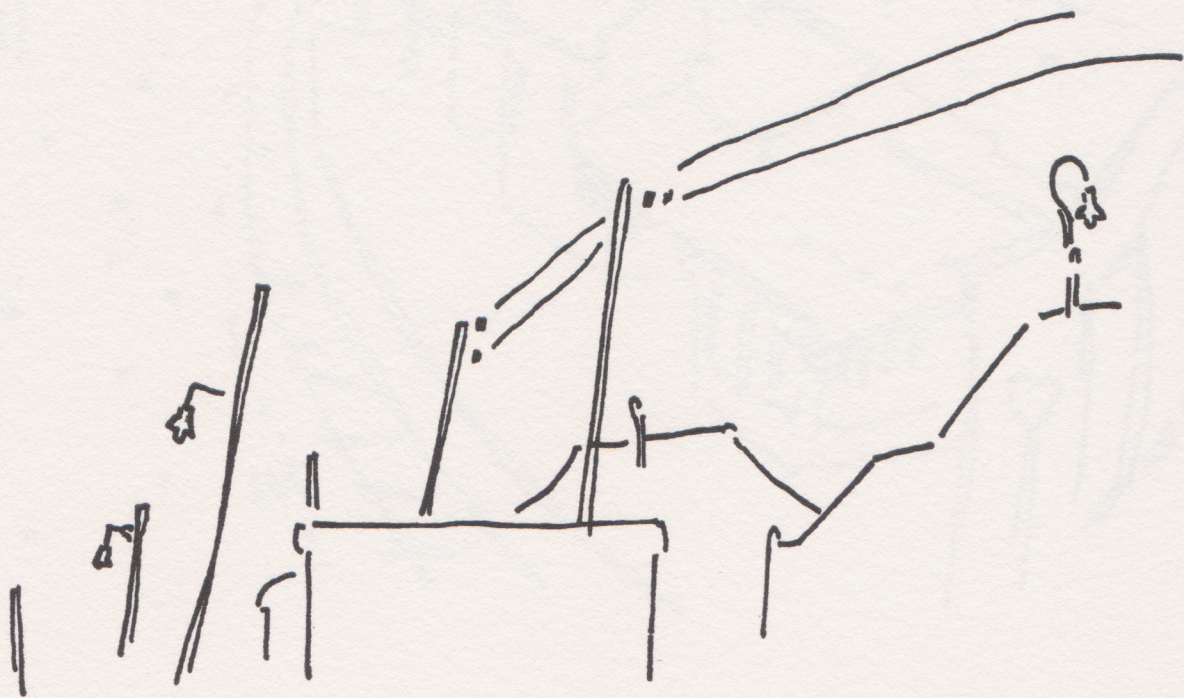
Light spreads from the hills.
Your eyes approve my landscape
— no one is watching.



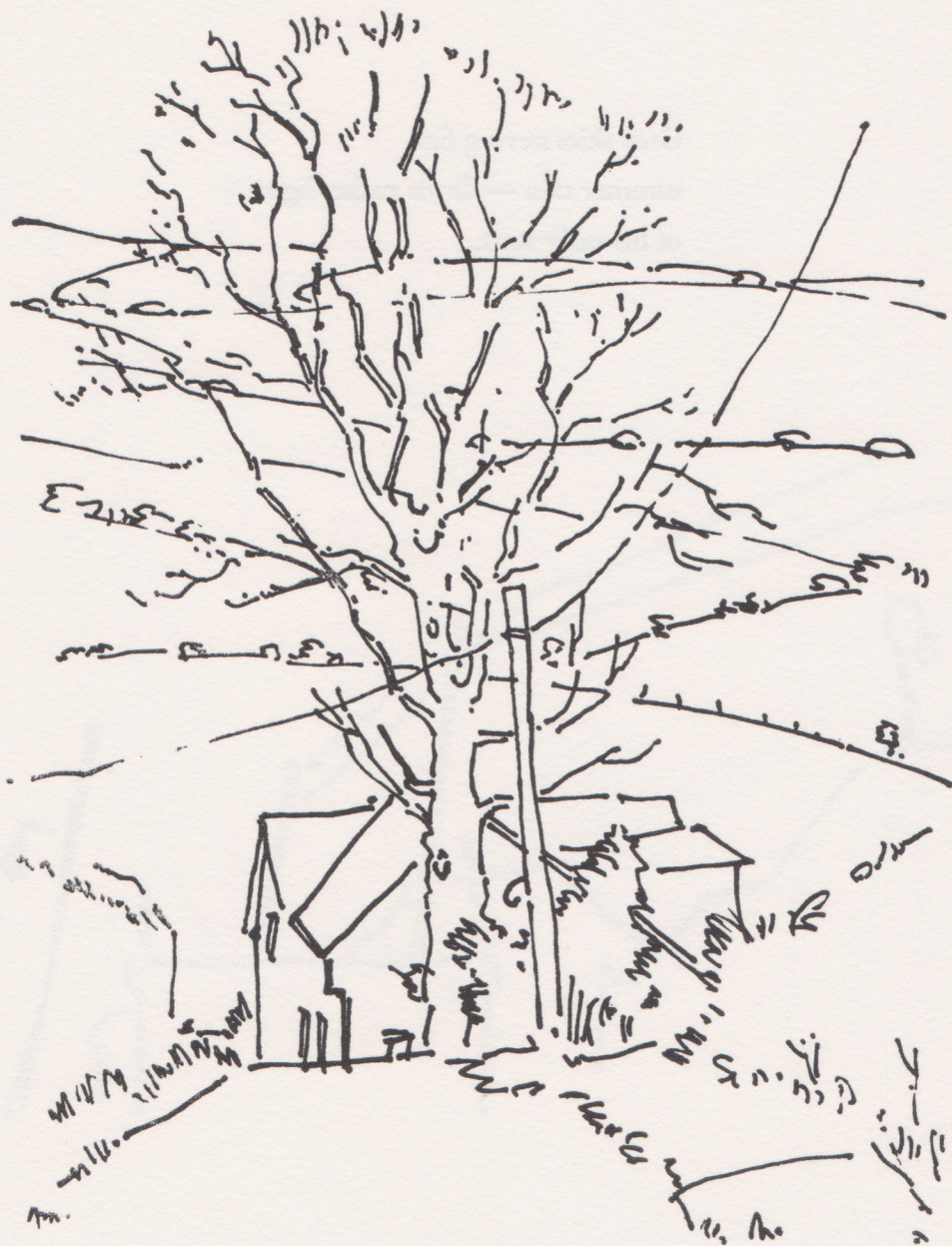


Her words fast-forward —
leave with the ten thirty-two
— his platform empty.





Grey skies sieving fine
summer rain — dawn makes light
of his early start.



Fishing the brown stream.

Long summer days

drop

their line

into the stillness.

Roadside campion.

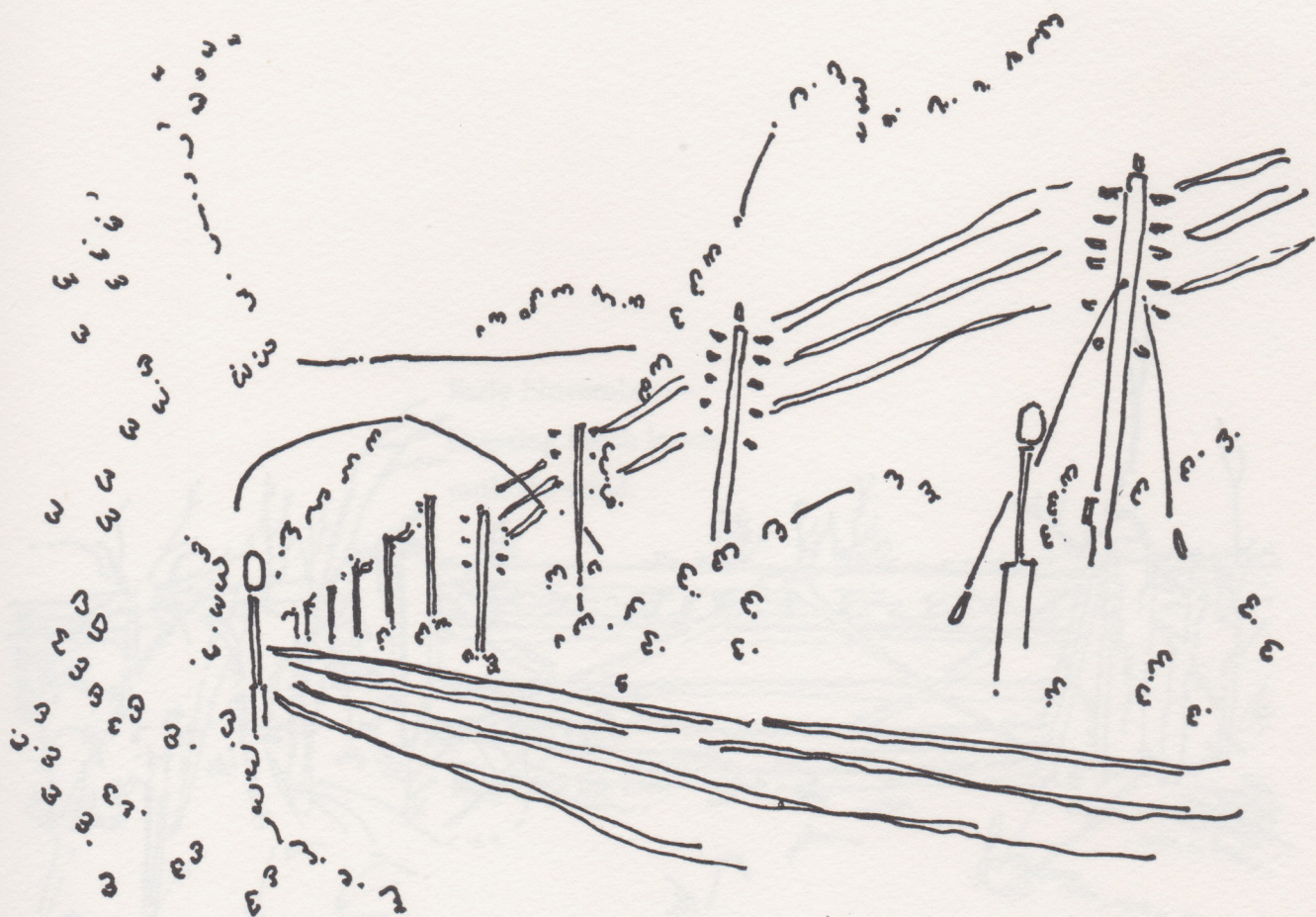
The last corner left behind.

My feet walking me.

Old age approaching.

The next train signalled.

Grass grows up between the tracks . . .



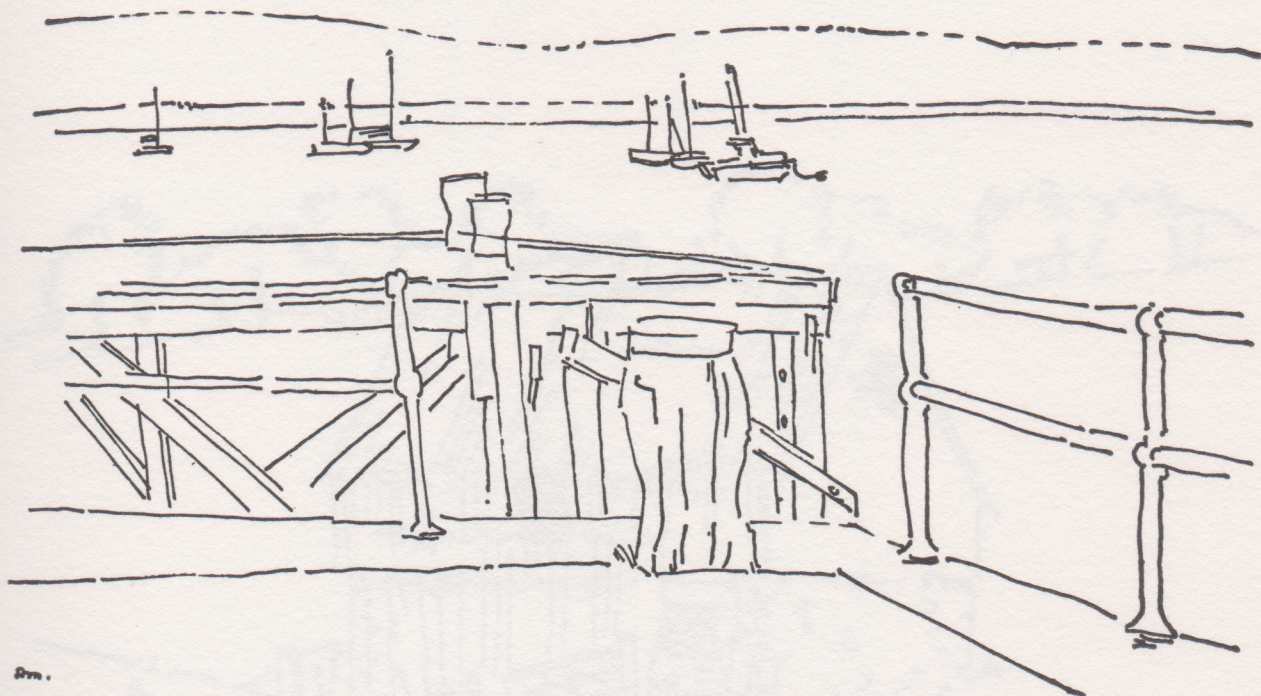


Am.

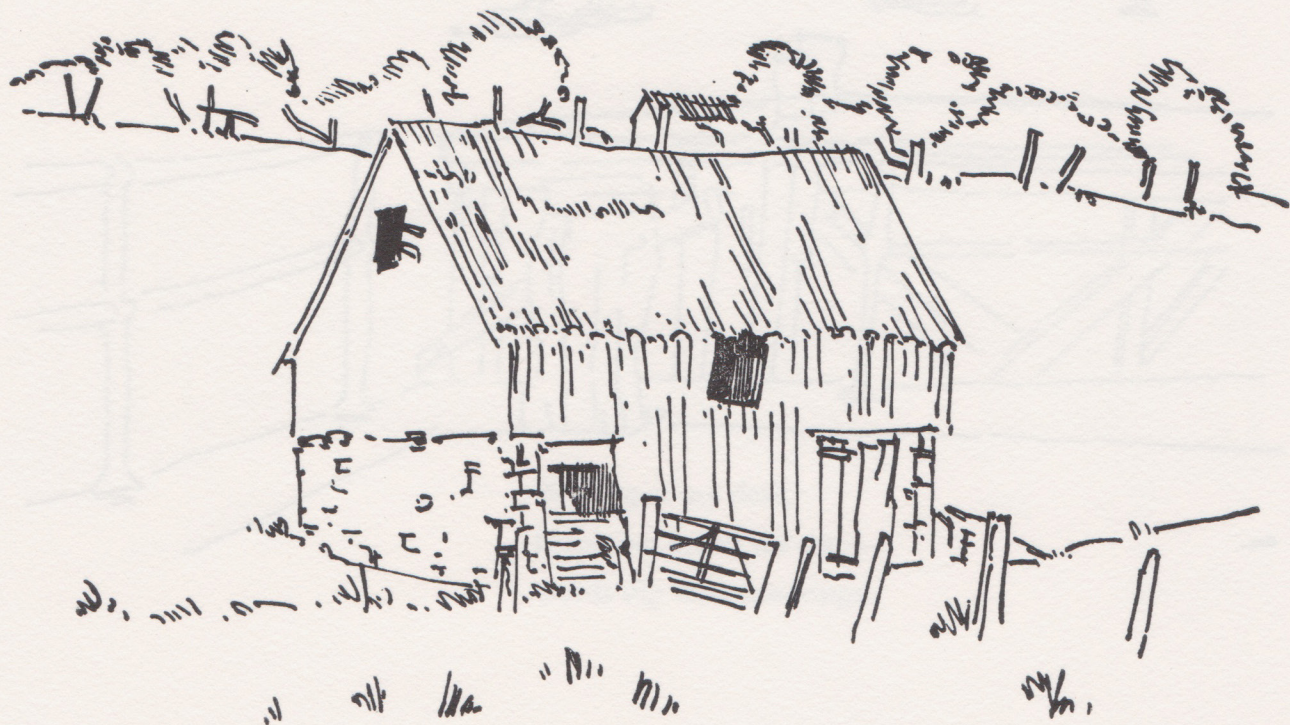
Early November —
lingering beech leaves
rattle the wind.

Daylight fading —
a curlew's cry
lengthens the hill.

Writing at my desk,
I look out across the sea —
words slip their moorings.



27m.



Barn door swinging shut,
the darkness left inside
until next summer.

Leaving the room
he notices the bowl of roses
still
waiting in the mirror.



Am.

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Caroline Gonsky.

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