Dreams of Buttercups

Tethered to the silence of her stall, cow cuminates on summer hay while in her wintered mind drift buttercups and sun. Outside, the January day creeps in cold and grey, drawing pewter lines on puddles, waking birds on small black boughs.

In the house a light goes on, the stove and kettle hum. Wellies wait beside the door. The dog creaks old bones and stirs like settling logs, one eye aglint. Boots abot the farmer steps into the down through spits of rain to where dreams of buttercups and sun in breathy bayre, wax and wane.

John Kemp:

More than Shape

If this lane were nothing more than tar and gravel laid for easy travel from anywhere to anywhere through here; and if these hedges set beside were nothing more than leaf and branch and stem; and if the sky in any weather were nothing more than seasoning, and you, if you were solely nothing more than shape and form and face, defined by them, then, my love, all would be nothing more than absent-minded mutes that chanced upon a vacant lodging place and lied, and there would be an end to them. But, see how now the lane leads away the loving eye to where our way dwindles to the infinite, further, further even to the sky.