

Kearsney Abbey

Glint of wedding ring in the bubbled pool below the bridge.

Shifted gravel, tiddler, curling weed.

I sink calf deep in the ooze to finger sieve it out placing it damply, pungently on my relieved finger.

Above ice house and orangery, shades of Minet, Fector and Crundall hover the weeded lawn surrounding the crippled Cedar.

By committee they converse with the Swan Lady and her sack of corn, bequeathing the space to Dover, to her picnics and dog walks and the cries of the boys at football.

Gavin Wright