

WATERCRESS IN KEARSNEY

Eider ducks float along the Dour
as a summer-kissed girl nets water-lillies.
Sun bursts between cumulus cloaks,
highlights the many-leafed canopy
founded on mature trunks
where hideaway games jostle
with footballs and a day out
for the elderly, infirm and the family.
Gulls parade by the lake's edge,
where the weir-step of water curls,
carbonates. Kent flint-stone
is baking on the Kearsney walls.
Armed in our piquant flavouring,
we avoid liver fluke and eristalis flies
that hover as we cluster,
blossom in green and white,
in a chalk water home
as our hollow stems sway
in this ancient cressonniere.

Jeffrey Loffman