

Mount Doom

A rain-walk, dismal, crepuscular.
I trudge, drenched and distracted
But the smell-bound mutt forges ahead
Bewitched in a confusion of trees.

A dachshund's mum, on rain soaked holiday
Asks "Where does this path lead?"

Up and round the back of the forest
And onward to Mount Doom
Or used to, till storm Arwen
Flattened all the trees three years ago.

Storm Eowyn last month was worse
Now all the paths go there.

Chris Adie