the prediction

At Summer’s end the undark morning mist has slept over fields

to dream back gardens

and here’s the soft of it,

hushed up my windows.

Above, from my bedroom, a near field gate’s painted in

the scrape of stubble that falls away

to ochre, green-gold and light.

As ordinary light,

faint music, a gift like grace appears,

things become:

the lilt of a shed roof,

a distant scribble of trees.

Then, in a clearing, a blaze of lawn ignites a hope.

*This is how it might be.*

As I number magpies

busy dibbling

sorrow.

Joy.

Girl.

Boy.