ordinary xxxxx[[1]](#footnote-1)

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.

1. version 9 test [↑](#footnote-ref-1)