

Tethered

This place, with its navy waters
and coral skies, its invisible brush strokes,
dictates the landscape,
this place, drives me far from peace.
Again I hear the murmurs,
rising from inland, echoing through my soul,
inaudible to the masses.

This place, that waits with wanting hands,
outstretched towards the children playing,
in those lonely fields.
This place that haunts my aching memory.
Faint I become when youthful spirits seep
from the rolling mountains,
the quiet clouds dwell over abandoned houses.

This place, gleaming with fruit and blossom trees,
pavements awash with empty footsteps,
this place, its years passing away,
dares to rest.

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