NO END OF FRACTURE  
from/for Lawrence  
  
'when we do not know *where* we are,  
we do not know who we are.'  
 – Mark C Taylor, *Recovering Place*  
  
Looking down from the wooded edge,   
the villages of my heart were never   
tied to place, remain vividly detached,   
fictional communities out of reach,   
atmospheres moving on or left behind.  
  
A forward light draws us through  
sequences of woods, field, lanes  
towards the pub’s tranquil garden   
or the maze’s quiet end, chatter   
in the apple and cherry orchards,  
  
all blossom denied. High summer   
and more than 80 years have passed,  
a pillow-cloud of dreams before panic   
in the morning light, friendly barns   
and proper eggs with air-burst rose.  
  
Do not sing, spare me your tears;  
Shropshire's deep country was ours   
until yesterday, landlocked far from   
every tide which fills and empties  
the head with detached indecision.  
  
No windows face things never seen,   
only sensed: a shadow in the corner  
edging backwards across the mind,   
mislaid doorways and unclear lives,  
atmospheres moving on or left behind.  
  
  
  
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