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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