

To Salfleet Marsh



Jane Air, July 20 2008

Just 12 miles to the sea
Along Louth road
And across country
With camomile scented air
Brushing through our hair
We cycle there

Roads are as quiet
As can possibly be
For a July day
By the sea

Wind turbines tick by slow
Hypnotically round they go
Statues standing in a row
Milling a wind that barely blows

The marshland is at low tide
Along the footpath we slowly ride
How much longer will it take ?
The sea shore is still opaque

Golden ragwort lends
Its sunny colour
To this sullen dull day
Where the persistent mist
Never ends
And sand drifts
Across marshland cliffs
And dune bends

Wispy weeds whisper
In the gentle whipping breeze
We push through beds of reeds
Along walls of tall long grasses
Sea-buckthorn and rushes
And orchids of the marshes
Species-rich hedgerows
And sea-lavender meadows

Back on the road
Creeping villages
Edge into view
Sleeping under veils
Of sweeping summer fog
And sea clouds appearing
Clearing and disappearing
Back into the wetland bog

Time stops.
There is no traffic
At the traffic stops
Only tractors
Delivering crops

Onto Crabtree lane
Then Church lane
A different way
From the way we came
And stopping by
The haunted church
To take shelter
In its door frame
From a shower of rain
That suddenly came