

## Gone .... Like the Swallows

### And Also The Trees

Balancing on the wind  
Leaning on the cliff edge wind, in limbo  
He watched sand running through the fingers  
Of his left hand into the palm of his right  
He sees someone walking in a hot dry wasteland  
Young, hesitant steps  
Recognised her crooked fringe and narrow eyes  
Threadbare, summer patterned, dirty cotton flowered dress  
Scratched ankles and nail bitten hands  
Wanted to touch her cool brown hair  
But she was gone...  
And his old tired face was as still as ever  
An aeroplane hummed high up in the sky  
Way up above the clouds

A green teapot, a pair of boots  
A broken pocket, watch and chain  
A born dead baby pig  
Lying, pure white... bloodless  
Soft and smooth as a gloved lady's hand  
A spinning wheel, a bill hook  
An umbrella, empty bottles, a tin bath  
A hat stand and a slate grey pill box hat  
Sailed past his grabbing hands  
And were gone... like the swallows

Stuttered words, stuttered words  
Voices asking questions he cannot hear  
Come and find us  
Step back or you'll fall  
But the aeroplane is humming so loud now  
Trying to cling to the summer cotton  
Light threadbare patterned sleeveless  
Flowered dirty carnation sunflower  
Sweatstained primrose threadbare  
Dirty disappearing decaying flowered  
Fading cotton forgotten fucking summer dress  
But it was gone...  
Gone like the swallows