

Dog Walk in a Cloud

Blancmange

Let's go for a walk
We can take some food
Have a talk as we walk
Let's go for a walk

Past lunatic dogs
Heads full of moons and teeth
Along a long lane
We can talk as we walk
Take our own limping post wasp
Stung canine, canine
Deaf as a post
And to this world, world
Passing random scenes of fly tipping
There's got to be money in that we'll say
But there isn't but there isn't
One day let's go back with power tools
Charged and make something of it
Make something of it
Make something of it
Make something of it

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Open the gate then a diagonal setting
Across any field that's vibrant velveteen green
Towards the dark woods and murderous cuds
Young cows tracking us myopically
As we pass through the second high pasture
At the gate, sanitised
A view reveals too few
We reached the top
No need to hoist a flag
This land isn't ours
The moat to our left
Not a moat to boast about
The river, an estuary now silvery pingled
A way, way below
We pause
For photos of oaks and the like
Swapping phones which screen crash
And for our breath
We pause

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Down then down we and Audrey limping tread
Cut across to the old church climbing a forbidden fence
A single bone signposts the churchyard gate
I guess the owner couldn't wait
Plenty more hidden beneath grave stones

Under soft ground sinking
An official letter from a bishop
I think pinned to the door of the church
Forbidding someone somewhere to enter for some reason or other
It wasn't that clear
Closing the gate the dog on the lead
Sanitised hands down the church drive
Back to the car then?

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