

Hocking

Cosmo Sheldrake

Bring back hedgerows
Lost in echoes
Found in shadows
Gone like sparrows

Where do roots go?
What do birds know?
Why the elbow?
Who goes there?
How now?

Yes no maybe
It's all gravy
More haste less speed
Like an oak tree
Sweet pea tendrils
Creeping scent filled
Wafting slowly
Over you and I