

*Crossing the Humber**i.m. Philip Larkin*

In the car again, I'm alone.  
It's January, and the water beneath  
Is a choppy, murky brown.  
In the mist, it seems only a ploughed field,  
Arched back of clay, tractored  
Into deep waves.

The bridge shows its silver,  
A dance of mad steel showing off.  
It seems to know I depend on it,  
Solitary in my workmobile, radio chuntering,  
The word that saves.

Not like the trip between  
The spare end of Lincolnshire  
And the dour sulk of Hull bank  
In the *Lincoln Castle*, whose wooden  
Comforts offered light ale or coffee,  
Springy sandwiches and morning wit.  
Cosy. You had to talk or think  
In the *Castle's* little frame.

Our human journeys remember you  
And all our fears were like  
those brassy pre-noon reflections  
on the waters between ends and beginnings.