

*The Quarries*

The day we stoned dogs to their second burial  
under the ægis of rock we did not know  
that a mother ran through the fields  
and screeched against her son's drowning.  
While we stood in water with sticklebacks  
she tore her clothes on barbed-wire fences.  
Later we saw the shreds hang useless as speech.

That quarry still murmurs with the sound  
of those who ran through the empty fields  
and I know now what they could not bear to see—  
a face floating under an amber nimbus  
beyond the reach of all out-stretched hands—  
in seepage water that lies dark and relentless  
where nothing grows among granite chippings.

Though no-one asked how those tiny fish got there  
we threw them back or left them in pots sunk  
to surface level and they found their own way out.  
Then we skimmed our stones into the middle.  
Only now can words still the ripples.