

Walking ahead
By Richard Lloyd-Jones

The day when a serrated knife of light
smacked down onto the pathway.
Drip of the metal gate
dripping with instantaneous sorrows,

flowers, candles dripping.

It was an afternoon of paths and dogs
and trees around Cardigan, with just the
very subtlest hint of smouldering in a blue sky, nothing
to worry about, yet for once, strangely, he worried
yet, strangely, walked ahead.