

BEN WALTER

Pads

not Frost, this embrace
of dotted routes, knives
and dragon feet paving
blank acres,
toppling from
gated attic hills (green
voids in guides to
respectable streets)
this gravel track
is a nameless bastard
scarred by the wash
of fleeing rain - but
a highway beside
its distant footpaths
speckling scrub
with mud-steps,
stone mounds and
pink ribbons in tea-tree hair,
where mock arrows
lure bauera fools;
careful, your brick boots
shatter those cushions of
glass where sundews are
lipstick on mud. such miles
of wild hedge, loop and return.
around the corner,
the same world.