

GRAHAM KERSHAW

Standedge, Illuminated

How warmly our passing illuminates the snow,
black crags breaking through each side
as our bus bustles through the night toward
the stars of distant strangers' windows.

How broad, how dark, how lovely
the moors stretch out from narrow roads;
the passing glow would be anodyne
without their soft and cold expanses.

Blue snow, black crags, the unwinding road;
there would be no road at all,
without the lure of strangers' windows.
How warmly our exile illuminates the snow.