From the river bank she saw the fields
with ditches round them full of water.

"The mist had gone. Where were we?"

Striped woollen dress
all morning made our order breakfast
still hungry for more toast and coffee.
The tea-urns bubbled in a corner.
We were together on stools and benches,
at snack-bar counters near the window,
in bars soon after they were open.

"Tell me. Where were we?"

We were inside
both our pasts
and our future
where our paths crossed
in a crowded hallway
and the gas-fire of a furnished room
and an early fenland autumn
are our memory,
where the light hardened
into a shape
and in all directions
earth and sky met.

We were where we have not lost
each other's separate power
as if at once
to see together . . .
the simple tenderness
of a heifer licking a post,
forever lost . . .

forever to be lost.