

STRINGS

I walked without you in the woods.
The artist gave us strings.

I saw the ants upon their mound.
The chestnut palings piled around.
The crunching beech leaves on the ground.
Were all as they had been.

The popping of the pods of broom.
The meadow browns, the bees.
The hieroglyphs upon the bark
Around the ribboned trees.

And then the strings they brought to mind,
The love, the memories that bind,
That will outlast the passing springs,
The Artist gave me strings.

Jane Hart - July 2017

I wrote this after a walk in King's Wood, led by an artist, which was supposed to make us look at the woodland differently. At the end of the walk, she gave each of us ten strings to make something from. This is what I made!