

## Field

Today we walk your frosty skin  
our boots skid on deep, solid furrows  
find oak leaves in your borders  
their brown dampness stolen by hoar  
tiny silver cones cling to veins  
each leaf a lavish version of itself  
The only warmth our foggy breath

as we talk of your vast wardrobe  
a lime green rash of early winter wheat  
then heavy chocolate earth turns again  
makes home to a shout of yellow  
and rape's pungent scent, or gold-ripe barley  
every head part of the swaying dance

Awake at two, the moon's bright orb  
makes long black shadows  
a barn owl's screech invades the stillness  
of lofty oats in night's pure glow