

across a

small raging

burn

swollen with the  
night's rain

into tree cover

snatches  
of

a *Bon Jovi*  
song

not  
for itself  
but as a vocal  
direction finder

no clear words

just

the timbre of a  
woman's  
voice

in the green gloom

*rushes*

*thorns*

*primulas*  
– the little first ones

*ferns*

*sphagnum moss*

*lichens*

*bracken*

*grasses*

parcels

of

newly

laid

frog-spawn

in

a

small

rill

rotting  
wood slash

over-taken by  
vegetation

no target

no *shieling*

to be found