

A Wilding

One willow is a breezy post.
Two are a shadowed light.
Three are a blackbird's roost.
Four are a copse at night.

Five are a moon's prison.
Six are a snipe flying over.
Seven are a field's division
Into shelter and exposure.

Eight was where he said
A blackcap would nest.
Nine a deserted shade
During his final illness.

Ten were never his,
But they are wilding now
With bracken and brambles
Under running clouds.