

Footsteps in the Park

A woman in the park
Alone on wooden bench
Perpendicular among kids and dogs
Afternoon shut eye in sun bathe
Resonating sounds of laughter
Excited sheep dog bark

Acknowledging the park keepers toll
A nod to man manipulation
Controlled perfection of the species
Clipping snipping box branches
Unwanted discards fated to rot
Stub stump all misshapen

Out to catch the passing gaze
She heard them swarming
The noise before the silent stares
Hooded hoards performing
Hullaballoing clan invading calm
All peace deforming

Rows of beech tunnel vision
Scanning for some stimulation
Self deflect with cruel derision
Weaving running stopping starting
Sticks and stones in rocky stream
There is no water

Night falls behind their eyes
Young beholders found not splendour
Abused her body with mouth and mind
Tourette staccato profanity
What they failed to understand they despise
Sunless in cloudless sky

A man with mind of perfection
Aged oak with rounded wisdom
Circumscribe his line of beauty
Brushed and branched around
His woman of triangular purity
Impenetrable fence entwined

Light breaks where no sun shines
Whispering word that never harm her
Flowers reignite to fragrance
The bird return to sonnet sing

Waking life free shadowlands
Left behind them in the park

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