

A Thread Winding

Engraved in the landscape
some shimmering, snaking waterways.
They link the past to the
present, bestowed as a communal gift.
The canals, the rivers, and streams
herald time as a union.
Carry favourably on, buoyant
upon an ever-lasting flow.

In an ancient and modern place
This, the town of Reading.
With its towering flats, sitting
opposite the popular pathway.
There is a cape of peace
wrapped around the walker,
as she strides out by the Kennet.
October leaves follow in the wind.

The swans, the gulls and mallards
gather in their feeding swarm,
at the first bend where the walker
spies the swooping pigeons joining.
Pacing onwards she feels the
autumn air catch in her lungs.
Passing the aged gas tower,
looming as a ghost of the 1960's.

The Kennet path leads its
faithful pedestrian onto and
around the treasured curves,
opening onto a wider expanse.
This, the passing place, gives onto
a fresh landscape filled with kayakers,
youthful in their advance,
with barges as a background.

A sight other than this cements
the walker in her small-footed tracks.
Her eyes fixated on the grass, with
drying mud well-used by the waterside.
A herd of different feathered folk
grazing, in the emerging sun.
Eyes keen and seeking any new food,
they approach the walker warily.

She thinks of geese and remembers
some are named Egyptian, they
eye her for some sustenance
as she is immersed in the moment.
The scene is now complete
as she claims a bench as her own.
Midday has come, the rays
of the solar source glimmer on her skin.