

## The Old Place

No one comes  
by way of the doughy track  
through straggly tea tree bush  
and gorse, past the hidden spring  
and bitter cress.

Under the chill moon's light  
no one cares to look upon  
the drunken fence-posts  
and the gate white with moss.

No one except the wind  
saw the old place  
make her final curtsy  
to the sky and earth:

*and in no protesting sense  
did iron and barbed wire  
ease to the rust's invasion  
nor twang more tautly  
to the wind's slap and scream.*

On the cream lorry  
or morning paper van  
no one comes,  
for no one will ever leave  
the golden city on the fussy train;  
and there will be no more waiting  
on the hill beside the quiet tree  
where the old place falters  
because no one comes anymore  
no one.