

## Old Lane

Like an old friend you  
greet me each day with  
a something new.  
A carpet of shadows,  
mossy wall and a cool  
retreat under the shelter of  
ancient trees;  
sycamores I think.

The deepest flood puddle  
from the drain that's never  
cleared properly; a thrill to splash  
through what's almost a ford.  
And every time I drive down  
I imagine the echoing footsteps  
of mill-workers striding across  
the cobbles; a last smoke or word  
before clocking on.

The secret whispers of the past  
blow reassuringly through the  
overgrown Elderflower reality of now.