

22 September 2017 – Autumn Equinox

A Day of Public Actions for Freedom and Democracy

Wind and Stone ~ Southwest Coast Path, Dorset, UK

The path today's
Beside itself with mushrooms.
Urgent, overnight, silent
Pressing, opening, widening, shedding, passing over
Into decay.
Eros and Thanatos
Both in a parabowl of fungus spores
And mould.
A metaphor for something weighty,
Surely?

And I, writing, writhing,
Beside myself with dying dog, hot beside
And rock and manmade paving slab
And book and pen and rope
And coat and bucket

And a half-a-dozen ideas
To write of countless times
I've sweated up this field
With sand or clay
Or stone or lobster pot
Or picnic things and babies,
Spades and buckets, a
Fire-extinguisher once,
And all the other impedimenta of a life –
The burdens we take up
To make our lives a
Little less easy
But still a lifetime easier
Than those of the dispossessed, expelled,
Tortured, displaced and excluded,
Longing, perhaps, for some freedom
And some ease.



She is in Venice.
Responding to Frances
An artist's call for a Day of Public Actions
for Freedom and Democracy
We add our voices from here and there
Condividere
Time and Space
Appreciating differences
Feet, cloth, stones, black and white
The freedom of the wind.
The democracy of stone.
The beyond of the sea.
Moving. Public. Together.

Out of the corner of my eye
I see some walkers in the distance
Divert
To avoid us.