

The Last Page

Burrough Hill

They raise the dead here, sifting earth,
grain by grain, shard by shard. They've found
those dark stains that mark the pits and posts
and shadows of an ancient town—below,
a whole Iron Age skeleton, his head
resting on an arc of stones like pillows,

more real than ghosts of you I bury daily
that fade to centuries now. There's something good
in this, as if our hurts and griefs were pouring
out with ancient blood and bone to merge
with grass and stone again, our buried light
flowing on. Old friend, across the miles
I send you grains of earth, these flaking stones
and soaking rain, and everything that's in us.

Charlotte Innes