

The Golden Hour

By Alison

The fields glow in a warm golden haze, hushed, expectant,
Greenly silvered barley is set in motion rippled by a tender breeze,
And in the distant marshland geese rest midst sedges and grasses,
Closer on the mirrored surface of the mere swans and downy grey cygnet's glide
The sky above me, a cloudless miraculous hue of lapis blue,
Filled with movement as rising from the watery depths,
Insects emerge like motes of dust, glimmering, shifting,
Mayflies, wings flexing adapting to the new element of air
Suddenly swooping, from left and right come the crescent shaped wings,
Iridescent petrol blue and cobalt feathers,
Rusty red throats, and splayed long tails,
The swallows have come to feast after their migration,
They bank and tilt in dizzying ariel acrobatic display,
Black silhouettes descend skimming the water's surface,
Criss-crossing weaving patterns, fractals,
Reflections merge, birds appearing to fly through water
And air simultaneously, in the golden hour,
The swallow's arrival is a harbinger of summer, symbolising hope
For those like me who wait and watch as the seasons and years pass
Now their return is touched with melancholy,
In summers gone by there were never so few
Unbidden I recall as the mind is wont,
To bend and flex the present and past, a memory

Where within the pages of a book long ago

A swallow and a statue brought my child self inexplicable pain,

I had no words then and I have none still.