

Parish Visit

By David Scott
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Going about something quite different,
begging quiet entrance
with nothing in my bag, I land
on the other side of the red painted step
hoping things will take effect.

The space in the house is ten months old
and time has not yet filled it up,
nor is the headstone carved.

He died when he was twenty
and she was practised at drawing
him back from the brink
cajoling in spoons of soup.

We make little runs at understanding
as the winter afternoon
lights up the clothes on the rack;
we make so many
the glow in the grate almost
dips below the horizon,
but does not quite go out.

It is a timely hint
and I make for the door and the dark yard,
warmed by the tea,
talking about things quite different.

David Scott, *Beyond the Drift - New and Selected Poems*, 2014, Bloodaxe Books