

A GHOST WALKS WITH TIME

Trends blow in
Trends blow out
Like my clouds
There is never any doubt.

For I stood here
in this space
362 years ago
To sketch the place

Beside me, a milkmaid,
White linen, sleeves a blue,
The church bells ring out
From the spire of new.

No sign of smoke
The fire long gone
In the morning clear
Only birdsong.

Commerce awakes
Ships of the world
Tea, lace, jewels,
The market swirls.

The sun has moved
People now stare
The painting
For they do not care.

And so it is lost
And hung and thieved
Detached from frame
Lost until retrieved.

You now call it masterful
A topographers delight
Cartographers agree
The layout was right.

Back to the milkmaid,
Domestically forgotten,
Taken in hand,
The poor wretched woman.