The Final Bend

A hiss then sigh

Of a door soft-closed

We settle our seats

Tired

Too soon

By the early start.

A lazy plane banks

An easy roll

Into the late evening sky

The coach park cleared

And we're on the road.

The lulling begins

Of tyres' low rumble on cooling tar

And murmured talk

That swims and twines

To fill the spaces of my mind

Slippery words

Too hard to grasp

A dreamy mix

Of school books half-forgot.

I doze and fight

The flick of eyelids

Spars of shadow

Long and soft

Windmills

Standing still and sad

Their flimsy webs etched

Into the fabric of a thinning sky.

Long minutes stretch

Then pass

Lost to the road

The distant hills staying distant still

This land a puzzle of dry-stone walls

Guards to rivers

The memory of water

Fading fast.

No warning given

The sun’s no more

Moonlight dancing

On a rocky shore

And palm trees bent

Against the breeze

Bright boats bobbing

In the quays

We’re almost there

A final bend

The scent of sea

As our journey ends.