

## **Time walking**

**I walk through unknown paths, as if in dreamscapes,  
through mist, Mother Nature adds soft focus to the landscape,  
am I lost, or do I simply fail to see the landmarks,  
signposts and purple walk-way markers missed,  
city towers of gleaming steel and glass evaporate,  
a century has slipped away from me,  
no traffic noise or aircraft howl pervades my peace,  
In the distance, can I hear the horns of ships,  
as they navigate their way along the treacherous Thames,  
or are the guns and sound of warfare from across the water,  
a locus of sprits, the memories of every body laid within this place,  
two hundred years of London, come and gone,  
lost but not forgotten, engrained in every stone,  
I wipe away the leaves and winter debris,  
and there I see the history look back at me,  
inscribed in carved letters of love,  
husbands, sons, wives, daughters,  
uncles, aunties, cousins, friends,  
all remembered, all communing with nature,  
but once in a while brought alive  
as fog isolates this special place  
from the commerce and the noise,  
it is only now I notice the moisture on my face,  
it has started to rain, from the inside,  
and I wipe away the years with the back of a glove,  
the spell is broken, the dead return to rest.**