

**'Haggards'**  
**Elizabeth Rimmer**

These are the places in between,  
between the field and the mountain,  
between the cattle and the sheep,  
between the orchard and the road,  
between the heather and the sea,

places where growth is curbed  
by salt, or drought or altitude,  
by rocks beneath, by standing water,  
by wind, by fire, by lawlessness,

places for forgotten things, and things  
no longer valued, the weeds and black bees,  
the wrens and thrown roots of Latin  
the boys were taught in secret.

These are the places in between,  
too small for the rich to care for,  
where things grow stronger for neglect,  
where questions thrive, and dreams, cut down  
to the roots, grow hardy, come back strong.