

Lime Kiln Close
Harriet Truscott

I live on the borderline of chalk
and clay, where chalk crumbles in the soil,
gives way beneath the spade.
The signs of chalk are this:
what's green becomes gold. A hot summer
holds no reservoir of rain. White roots
meet white chalk and fail.
It's seen in what doesn't grow;
in what, transplanted, fails;
in what plants, passed on by family,
die; what green gifts cannot be accepted.
At the very end of my road are cliffs
(occasionally I think I should head that way)
from the old chalk workings.
How can I be such a fool
as to ignore that bowl of flaking white
with all its sometime flowers?