

**Vacation'**  
**Ian Seed**

More and more we think of what might have been  
though we put on a show of carrying on.  
It takes finding to show what it was  
we were looking for. How blue the sky seems

once we've got a clear picture. If I could run  
towards it, take hold of it. In patterns  
recurring, the old times bring their worn lines  
and figures. The sun rapidly darkens.

Its rise too was speedy. Hang on in there,  
story. Between the opening and closing  
there are still episodes to be discovered,  
not yet consigned to a back number

where the print is smaller and greyer.  
Now we've arrived, I wish to make friends  
with the little town, in the places where  
it isn't faded, where the sun is just so.