

## COUNTRY WALK

### ROBERT PEAKE

Black pig in silhouette, ploughing a tea-saucer  
snout, the neck bends low like a martyr at the chop,  
but closer up, peering through wire via tiny black  
dots, she seems to know our voices by now, know  
that we bring blackberries to scatter in the mud.

Now the three sisters arrive in white satin,  
telling us off through their sculpted orange beaks,  
inspecting us sideways from each blue marble eye,  
long necks at the ready in serpentine curves  
the smallest concealing a splayed broken wing.

The Shetland can see us through a long shock  
of fringe, but decides that we aren't worth  
the long trip across the ankle-high heather,  
so she stands at ease on four pillars, swishing  
the ropes of her tail and grinding her teeth.

The berries have stained our hands to a bruise,  
but the pig in us keeps rooting our pockets for more.  
We see with a glassy-eyed clarity now the clouds  
gathering white in the Provia-toned blue, ourselves  
becoming a memory, formless shape in an unnamed field.