In the Grip of It All

Chris Wallace-Crabbe

Greenly, intensely, oddly
It is the day you wake up walking in
A scape you wandered bluntly through
Several hundred dreams ago
or so:

The same tin sheds and staggered hedge,
Identical diagonals and chosen fork
Into the trampled path: somehow
Also bone-grey asphalt soon enough.
It’s tough

The way you know you think you know
How the yellow creek warbles leftward;
That upwind railway siding; or
Was it a tinny, ruffled shearing-shed
with red

Paint flaking from the window frame
On which you’ve always leant. Those vines:
Someone, you think, has often picked their fruit.
How deep you know this valley,
bleakly, sadly.

There has never been anywhere else.