

Mare

Today, the autumn clouds
arrived, prolonged night's cast on the moor,
the shadow that chases
sunlight up and down hills,
dark hooves galloping through, spread like marmite on a piece of bread-

you can sit along Mariner's Way, meandering above Frenchbeer Farm
when dusk calls the animals to respond noisily before
sleep-

and watch it run across the land, hibernate
the fields' colours, horizons obfuscated.

Tania van Schalkwyk

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