

Dunwich Woods by Jayd Green

rain fell all around us
indiscriminately
fog descended
dulled the autumn hues
the man-made forest held us
our bodies cradled in thick hooded coats
drizzle fell
all around the trees
blanketing their branches
protecting the mark of men who planted them
Dunwich Woods, a farmed forest
neat rows of bark and leaves
parting to display new paths
that ascended the hill.

rain rolled down around us
mud climbing our boots
clinging to our shins
Dunwich Woods was just for us
laid bare its history and guided us
away from felled footpaths
to marshy hostile fields
and horses with synchronised steps
as the rain lifted, night seeped in
winding through the gaps in copses
finding its way to us
then Dunwich Woods became the darkness
the horizon disappeared
Dunwich Woods clasped its arms around us
and instead of trees
were stars.