

Greenheart

A short rod
handy for the beck
where a sideways flick
of either wrist
was for the most part
all that was required.

It had been his rod
since he was a boy;
I was allowed to assemble it
never permitted to fish with it;
as far as he was concerned
it was sacrosanct.

My rod was split-cane, whippy, too long for the beck.

What made his rod special?
Perhaps great uncle George designed it
and that was why it retained its green heart.
Where water rippled over shallows,
in deep pools under willow and alder
it seemed to live.

When it became mine I lent it
and it was broken.

Kingfisher, dipper,
scent of wild crushed mint remain.
Gone
the greenheart.

Sheona Lodge.