

Up the Border

If they come asking, tell them I've gone to walk the border,
where eight-year-olds used to know how to smuggle deisel
past the dragon's teeth, as one field opened onto another,

up where a fly-tipped fridge bristles a ribcage of bluebells,
and you're as like to find schoolkids taking a feed of cider
as a hush of forty-odds men urging bloodlust from pit-bulls,

where hedges hide porn and barbed wire dangles knickers
and Nelis swears he once got a girl fresh out of Marseilles
to stretch bareback on the tarmac in the middle of summer

and the winter the Foyle froze over, submerged to its middle,
he found a fox in the shuck, its entrails and spine uncovered
by jackdaws, ear-tufts and tail-tip blooming out of a puddle

and even though its small face was frozen intact underwater
he got the sense that if he hacked out and thawed its pupils
they'd be sharp as lasers with the focus of crossing over.

