

Frost on Cobwebs

Early morning, frostbound ropes, link and lace
ridges and valleys of my kitchen roof -
miniature mountaineers have climbed and spun
their intricate cats cradles, while I lay
blanketed, dreaming of seven league boots;
hillsides crossed in single leaps; miles travelled;
cloud shadows racing over rippling grass,
or ploughed fields' February icy folds;
my father's hand, holding mine. My father,
crouched, myopic, specs on top of his head;
on his knee, an open spread Bartholomew's,
a world in small, canvas-backed; a finger -
pilgrim, tracking coastlines, high peaks, best routes,
expeditions to come, voyages done.

Fiona Shillito

Hilly Cansdale Local Prize Winner in the Open Poetry Category

2021 International Competitions - Wells Festival of Literature