

## On Loughrigg

Our path  
is a watercourse  
the pearl-grey colour of pear.

An autumn lake  
is drubbing the fells

watering  
the ancient Briton  
under the hill  
under harebell  
and bristling restharrow.

What has fallen without ending  
lifts suddenly away.

Fugitive streams  
vanish like snakes  
into the moorland,

rain and people rest under the same quilt.

Hidden in the wind  
like birdsong on the mountain

we climb  
bright emptiness  
stepping over lost rivers

their tails and their long cascades  
disappear between the terrier's paws

washing unseen fossils on their way  
down to where the earth remembers  
a time before all flowers.

**Arthur W Allen**

**Highly Commended Award in the Open Poetry Category**

2021 International Competitions - Wells Festival of Literature