

Daniel Hardisty

Away

On the last dram of petrol, the last mile,
I pushed the gate and by the slated stile,
paused, and looked up to see a bright-lit moon
confirming us with its brittle beauty:
the bonnet panting, the side-door open,
the fixed radio playing its treble key.
Your new, thin-shouldered shadow at the wheel
and the mountains and empty miles unreal.



Say then I saw my true self between stars,
mountains, nodding ferns, and a few sharp bars
of *god only knows* from the stereo:
so small in that landscape, like a teaspoon
rattling in a valley. We had no home,
just this stolen trip away, a white moon's
homely light to our roadside break, my pause;
my upturned face; a washbasin of stars.