

MAASAI IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Oil in canvas

We swam up the fell.
My legs buckle,
Feet sliding on moss and stone.
Flies bob about the droppings.
I guzzle warm air;
Let the faces of strangers
Fly past; and, like a beached barque,
I drop anchor.

Pollock never ran.
He let the paint run for him,
Shoes skidding on blues and reds.
Gloss bubbled where bright lines shone.
He drank down colours;
Spewed them at critics;
Drove on; till, like a tall ship,
He crested the wave.

I look to the summit.
My eyes sting,
Tears trickling through wind and sun.
Clouds dash across the mountain.
A single maasai waits;
I grasp his arm, but he, wordless,
Thrusts me forward; so, as with all endings,
I begin to set sail.

David Holden
www.davidholden.org.uk