Freiston Shore, Lincolnshire (across the years from Summer 1967)

From a pill-box - concrete, rusting iron, smelly, muddy, small-boy magnet underneath the widest sky deep blue, uncomplicated by white clumps of cumulus or streaks of cirrus -I can still hear at my back the August sun a comfortably baking presence skylarks bubbling above the cornfields wheat and barley, well along from green to golden and before me, out across the seeming flatness criss-crossed by a twisty net of creeks and pools unseen from here there echo - lonely and heart-tuggingly the rising-falling cries of curlews.

(first published in A Restricted View from Under the Hedge 2, 2018)

© Peter J. King