A footpath remembered

It's a pattern out of time
I'm told: a continuum
that's been cut

(at 30,000 feet over the South
Java Sea;
Bali - Darwin - Equator - Singapore)

and a hard-cool-earth footpath
as smooth as the palm of your
hand, under my hand -
Pat down by the feet of...

I see it right now
a clearer than airline-white
wine-skyshop vision
sort of grey, says me, five-year-old master of words
sort of colourless, says me now,
remembering.

[*Ping!* Seatbelt sign]

No colour
like water reflecting a sky
the colour of sweat (no colour,
no sky)
No colour
like topsoil grown old,
grown tired, and gone off to bed

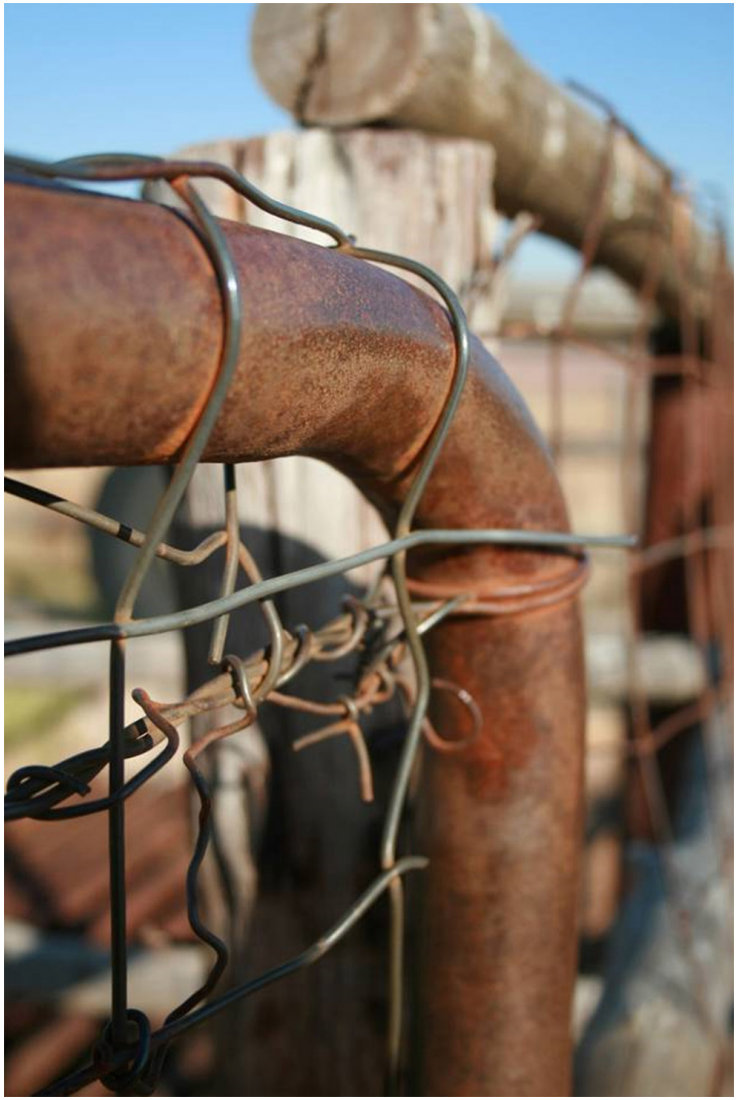
No colour
like old movie dreams

sort of grey, with cracks; no
grass
hard
cool
dry
Pat down by the feet of ...

and a meandering
[*'More tea, anyone?'*]
meandering route,
like a lurch that's enshrined, and
repeated by rote
from a house to a
house
and a sky full of stars
(have some stars extincted
themselves since the nights of
my youth?)
Pat down by the feet of...

these people I remember in
smells and in sounds
(what happened to names?)

Take me far back
find the space in the time
to center the wheel
to strings that will stand
to tie down the mind
of this man



and a boy

[*'Our flight path will take us-'*]

to a footpath that calls us

Pat down by the feet of

generations before us.