

POETRY

# Great spotted woodpecker

I heard him knocking, quite persistently,  
Not drumming but knocking, like a man  
With purpose, come all the way from Porlock  
To disturb me as I doze in the spring sun  
Among violets and celandines wakening  
Under bare boughs of oak and sycamore;  
Here by the orchard stump and hollow tree  
I hear him knocking on the dark lapped-barn:  
And in that time, above the grey flint church,  
I see again the wooden spire that hosts  
Among the sterile blue and aerial height,  
Above this human ambit far below,  
All that I know and feel must end at last:  
So shall I live this present in the past.

Ivor Bundell

