

## **I Shall Be**

Deep down, in a dark  
place, fast asleep in the bed  
rock, precious jewel.

Praying, casting spells  
Erimus, oh, Erimus,  
whispering wishes.

Never dreaming of  
the skeletal angel drawn  
in blue filigree

that I would become.  
This distant, fragile beauty -  
delicate finger

tips outstretched for a  
kiss in the middle. Trailing  
tendrils in the Tees.

Graceful cat's cradle  
wind sighs in the sinews of  
my boggy car blue

gondola sailing.  
Born a hundred years ago  
I stand, sentinel -

an open book for  
the waking. Grade two listing  
towards Samphire Batts.

Floodlit in winter  
an aerial ford. Railway -  
inverted reality.

Salt-sprayed by sea my  
cold feet, shod by the granite  
city, stand while the

tall ships pass under.  
I straddle wide estuaries  
and cantilever

twin towers that meet  
in the middle. Anchor spans.  
No gaunt giant. Sole

survivor - siblings  
lost cleave back to the  
land of my ancients.

That magnetic pull  
I resist the siren lure  
of sister bridges

calling me back home,  
molecule, by molecule,  
to drowsing ore mounds.

My iron draws me  
Eston Hills? Steelopolis?  
Back to the dark womb.