

Kevin Jackson

Hold safe

A Nikon camera
holds safe a world I don't yet see -
Corner store with pink-peel windows,
old man on his tipsy bench,
river, too thin for naming,
glorious in its fifty shades of blue -
Two lads, two rollies, one sex-bright moped,
Gran stir stirring of stew, holy bible,
her faithful guide.
It clasps the rich brown smells,
layers them fatly.

It's a camera,
and it adds height to
to a heap of cabbages
of a village I'll miss one day.
It lays out the road ready for me
And the one beyond,
we will learn to tread together,
for a while.