

## Down By The Folly Bridge

On a distant tree  
the Sun peeled.  
And little seeds of sunshine  
spilled over from its rupture.

The frost still hugged the grass close  
For the grass was cold.

Smoke rose from the river:  
What fire blazed within?

A swan streaked over the water  
White as the December day.

The regatta played.  
The water quivered  
As the oars ran their blades  
Over its now arching, now dipping form.

And the ducks, in faithful pairs,  
Wove lazily between racing boats.

Voice struck against voice,  
Winning and losing by their might.

Indifferent,  
A pale slender form ran past  
With the blue sky in his eyes  
And went quickly into the white horizon.

Sonia  
Oxford 1989  
(when playing cox on a boat)