

Mail Crossing the Border
and the postal Order
letter for the poor
ner and the girl next door.
k, a steady climb:
st her, but she's on time.
and moorland border
am over her shoulder,
s she passes.
wind-bent grasses.

NIGHT MAIL - WELAUDEN

Birds turn their heads as she approaches,
Stare from the bushes at her blank-faced coaches.
Sheep-dogs cannot turn her course;
They slumber on with paws across.
In the farm she passes no one wakes.
But a jug in the bedroom gently shakes.

NIGHT MAIL - WELAUDEN

