

I have travelled all over the world
And yet have barely moved.
Still the child seeking approval
Drawn by the urge to reconnect
To those dead
And the carefree childhood
(Was it really care free?)
Replaced by a church window
And gravestone
Frozen in time
And cold.

I have done something
With my life
But not enough
Where will the unknown
Imperatives
Lead me next?

Is 'home' the point from which one
Goes out into the world
Or is it the retreat
One longs to return to?
Is it a place at all or is it rather
The endless journey to feel
Truly comfortable
In one's own skin?

In yonder green valley

Changes under Britten's searing treatment
The harsh insistent note
Suggesting the blackbird's agony of loss
Cutting into melodious song
Delicate feeling
Pristine articulation

*I hear those voices
That will not be drowned*

The poet, Crabbe,
Peter Grimes, the fisherman,
The scallop sculpture
A tribute to Britten
Proud and defiant
On the shingle beach
Resisting the tempestuous sea
But not the
Spray cans
Of the new
Philistines.

*This place is like a magnet
It draws me back*

It makes me wonder...
Where is the magnet
That will draw me
Forward?



Aldbeburgh, Suffolk, 2012