



## Sauntering

by Stuart Finegan

He took her hand and  
Over the fields they went.  
Through cow shit and brambles.  
Overhead skylarks cried out  
as trespassers amble below.  
Clambering over drystone walls  
his hand always awaits hers  
as she lowers herself down.  
Factory girl, farmer's son  
exchange few words, while  
Up ahead grey clouds clear.  
Only one shadow emerges  
From a welcome winter sun  
As the skylark returns to ground