

THE CRASH

We searched on in the moonlight, climbing higher
Through stunted birches till we came on fragments
Scattered across the mountain, glittering,
Or dulled by windswept pools. We found our bodies.
The blast had thrown us clear against a boulder.
We lay there, huddled, solacing each other,
As if the night had caught us far from home.
We sprinkled earth above the faces, left them,
Returning sadly, but the sound of water
Falling somewhere before us held us
And seemed to lift our hearts. There was a force
Of urgent strength. It flung a silver pillar
Far down beneath the road. We heard it splinter
In its own scoop of darkness, and the water —
Like birds arriving in their tree at evening,
Or music entering the courts of silence —
Spurned by the rocks in some strange, ritual torment,
Rose to be welcomed by the night as spray.

— *John Lingard*