

AUGUST

By the bleached shoulder of the motorway
The August traveller released to holiday
Sees suddenly a portent perched in air,
In meditation aloof near the lethal tarmac
The moveless flutter of the fragile kestrel.

THE AUGUST TRAVELLER



THE TARMAC

What's preoccupying you?

Quickly, write down whatever is on your mind
(or draw a picture).

THE KESTREL

Look up.

Let go of your thoughts.

Find an object nearby, somewhere above your head.

Let it hold you aloft.

THE TARMAC AGAIN

Look back down at your paper.

Return to yourself and your thoughts.

How have they altered?