

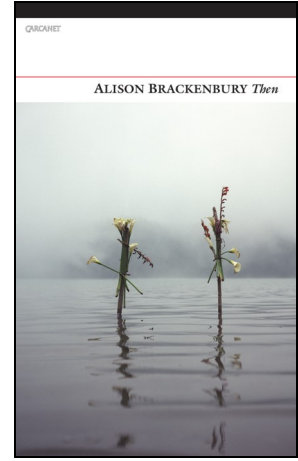


Then

Alison Brackenbury's poetry might walk the old ways, in its gracefully contained rhymed forms and in the country life and landscape it describes, but its sensibility is acute and present – even when part of that presence is the past. Philip Gross

Alison Brackenbury loves, lives, hymns and rhymes the natural world and its people like no other poet. Gillian Clarke

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Alison Brackenbury has published eight collections and a Selected Poems with Carcanet Press. Her poetry has featured on Radios 3 and 4, and has won an Eric Gregory and a Cholmondeley Award.

www.alisonbrackenbury.co.uk

At Needlehole

How lovely the land lies in October,
still as the moon.
The new wheat is planted.
The drivers are gone
to pile up their wood
or be soothed by a screen.

The felled tree is sawn,
the robin's cross cry
now liquid and long,
uncannily high.
The cold finds my fingers.
The moon finds the sky.

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