

THE WETLANDS

Paddy Hughes

More and more of the land
is stealing a second hand sky
and hiding under reproduction clouds.

More and more of my boots
dive into unplumbed oceans
between tousled islands of mud.

The night has raised sea levels,
ice caps plotting from afar,
glaciers stealthily melting the weather.

My labrador splashes with relish;
she's descended from a seal.
I have a hole in my boot for tepid squelching.

The cycle track's been drowned
by the golf course and has stopped
wriggling. The deer need raincoats.

Parts of the Park
are almost joined to the Amazon.