

Fogbow

When its fragile arc appeared
against the misty hills

I saw that my father stood
beneath the fogbow's curve

a shadow within deeper shadow
yet him in the tilt of his head

the dip of his shoulders
the hands of a man who worked

with spanner and wrench.
He said *I'm cold. So cold.*

I tried to reach him
I can make you warm

but only heard the words
You can't be where I am.

Then he was gone,
all the colours

of the world lost
in that rare white rainbow.

from **Beyond Satnav**