

## **Movement 1**

### **Naming the Field**

We here call this *grass*, you can pick it  
like this, it is the earth's *hair*, feel *hair*  
on your head. Pick a *strand*  
of *grass*, one of the earth's *hairs*,  
you can whistle through it like this,  
you can chew it and, spread out,  
it is a kind of *carpet*. This is what we call *rock*  
sticking through the *carpet*, the rock is not a *strand*  
but is *hard*, like my *head*, you see, if I tap it,  
but *harder* than *head*. This, flowing through the *field*,  
we call *stream*. *Field* is *carpet* between *hedges*  
and *stream* divides it. Is this place the end

of your pilgrimage or are you passing only,  
have you become astray here? *Hedge*  
is what we call this *flowing* upwards of *shrubs* and *bushes*,  
of *runners* and *nests*, of parasitic *blooms*. The *field*  
in its *flowing* to us through *time*

is named Saint Alphege's, who was beaten to death  
with ox *bones*. These, under the skin, we call *bones*,  
you see I am thin, my *bones* stick through almost  
like *rocks*. This all around us, invisible  
we call *air*, see when I *breathe* my *lungs*  
fill with *air*. I have had my place here, I wash my *bones*  
under my *skin*  
in the *stream*, so as to be *clean*  
when the *earth* claims me back. This—*splash*, *splash*—  
we call *marsh*. These *reeds* in the *marsh*  
are the long thin grave stones  
of those who went straight *down*  
thrilling to the call of the steep deep,  
their *bodies* long thin needles—'This won't hurt,  
this won't hurt a bit.' I cannot explain *home*,

it is not *room*, nor is it contained within *stone* walls. The *stream*

is at *home* in *field*, *rocks* are,  
*air* is, *grass* is, *honeysuckle* is—smell it  
and *I* am.

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