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looking out is available to buy from Dominic Power

## Vantage Point, Trenarth

It's said that if you aggregate the landscape art of every culture, reduce it to the barest elements, you'll find yourself looking out

from a high point on a wood's edge, with a tree – cedar or gingko, or this sycamore – giving foreground shade, and in the mid-distance, across open ground

such as this meadow of tall grass and docks, a glimpse of water, and sure enough at the bottom of the valley is a round pond fringed with reeds; further on

a rise pulling the gaze up to a long horizon; and isn't this what it adds up to: you can take the boy out of the forest

but not the forest out of the boy, who reached the edge of that wood, eyed that far margin, wondered what lay beyond it, but felt

and feels still the embrace of the trees behind him, the homely gossip of their branches, wanted to stay a while there, just looking out?

## Looking Out

...jigharzi an we

... a collection by Falmouth Poetry Group to celebrate the eightieth birthday of

Caroline Carver, Flushing Poet



The Hovel Press 2016

Crossing the Helford for Penelope Shuttle and Caroline Carver

Be good, said the man to his beagle Be quiet, said the woman to the seagull

Move, said the wind to the water Stay, say the roses to the old wall

Walk, said my mind to my feet Come, said the path, stop, said the fence

Remember, say the poems, remember, remember Listen, says the wind, hearing our voices

Leave, says the boat Let them go, says the wind, moving away

Stay, say the roses on the cottage wall Hush, says the water to the wind

Blue, green and black says the sky to the river and all this time, the good beagle said nothing at all.

Victoria Field

This poem was written after, at Caroline's suggestion, the three of us had a day out crossing the Helford to reminisce about our trip to Toronto and New York in 2008, where we'd enjoyed such a warm welcome, due in large part to the wide circle of friends Caroline has there.