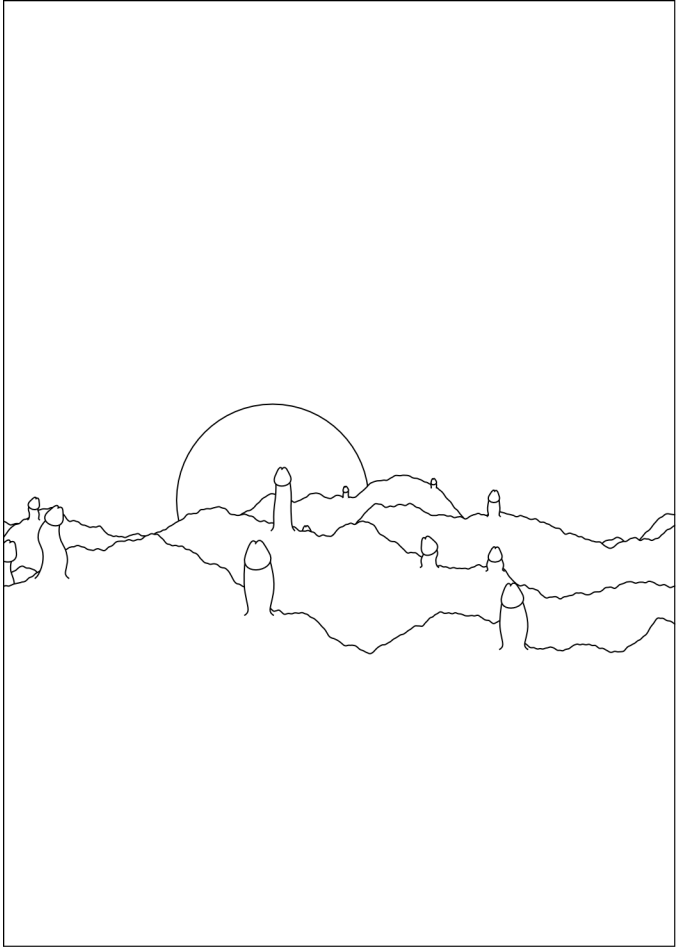
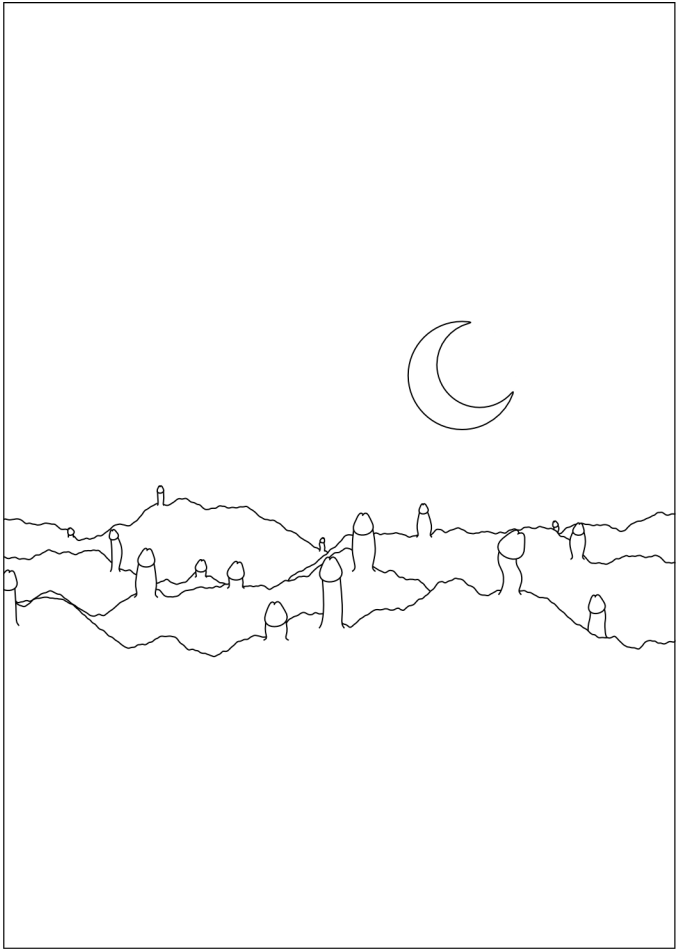


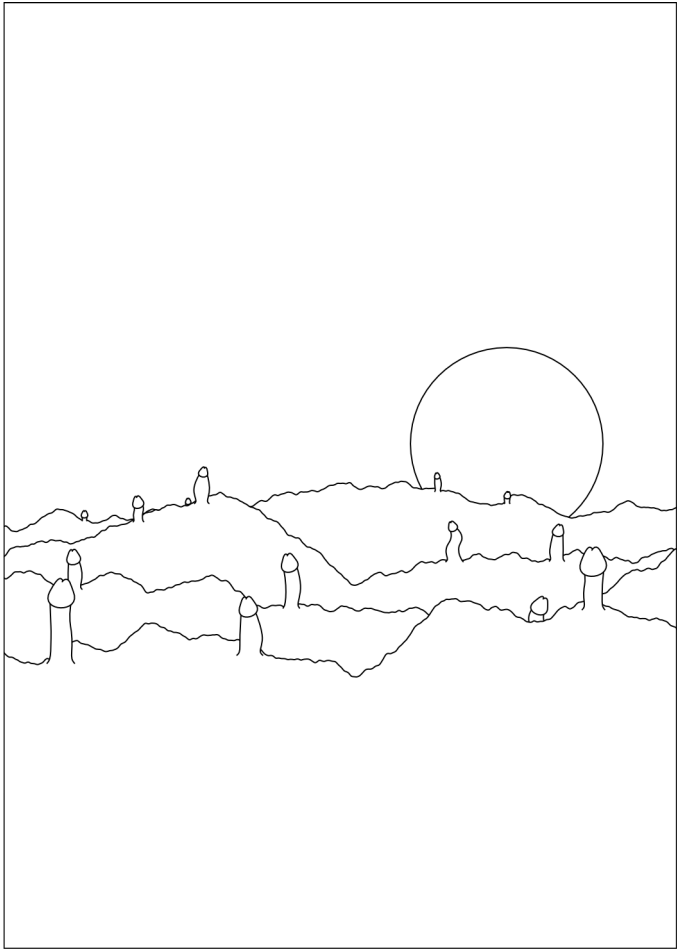
gregor weichbrodt
dickscapes



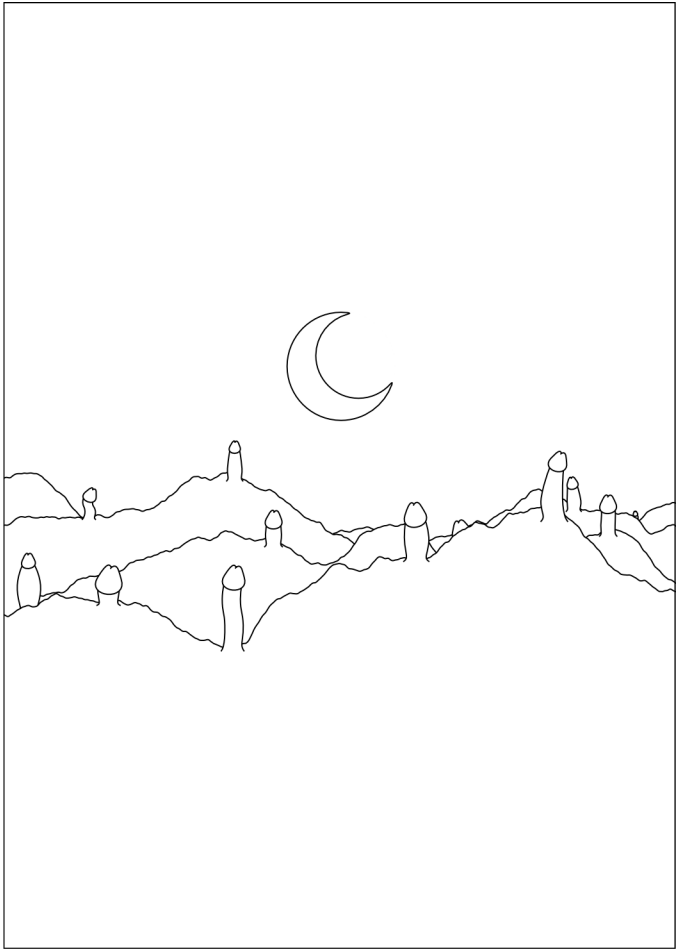
East of my home, the long ridge lies
across the skyline



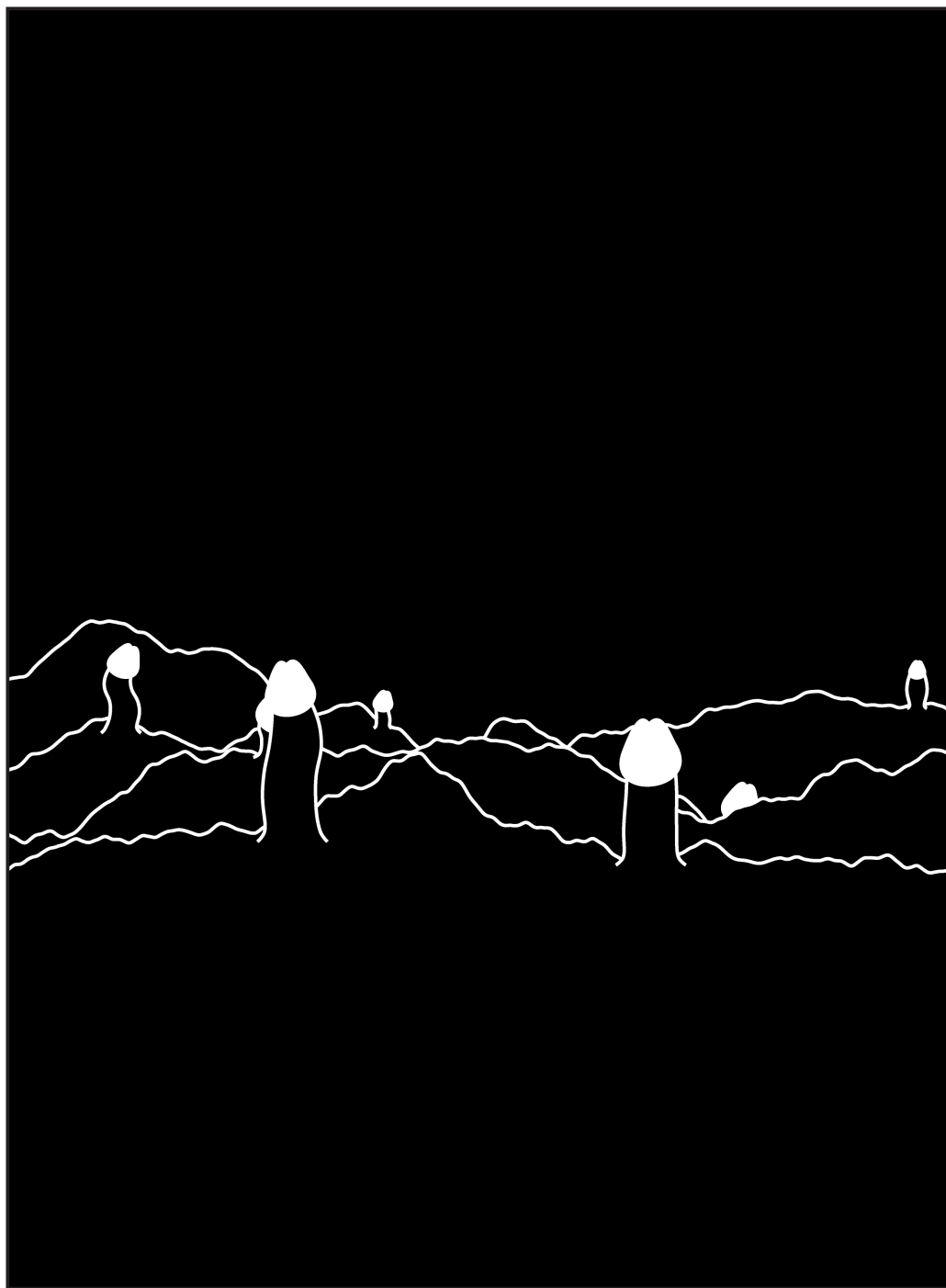
like the low hull of a submarine.

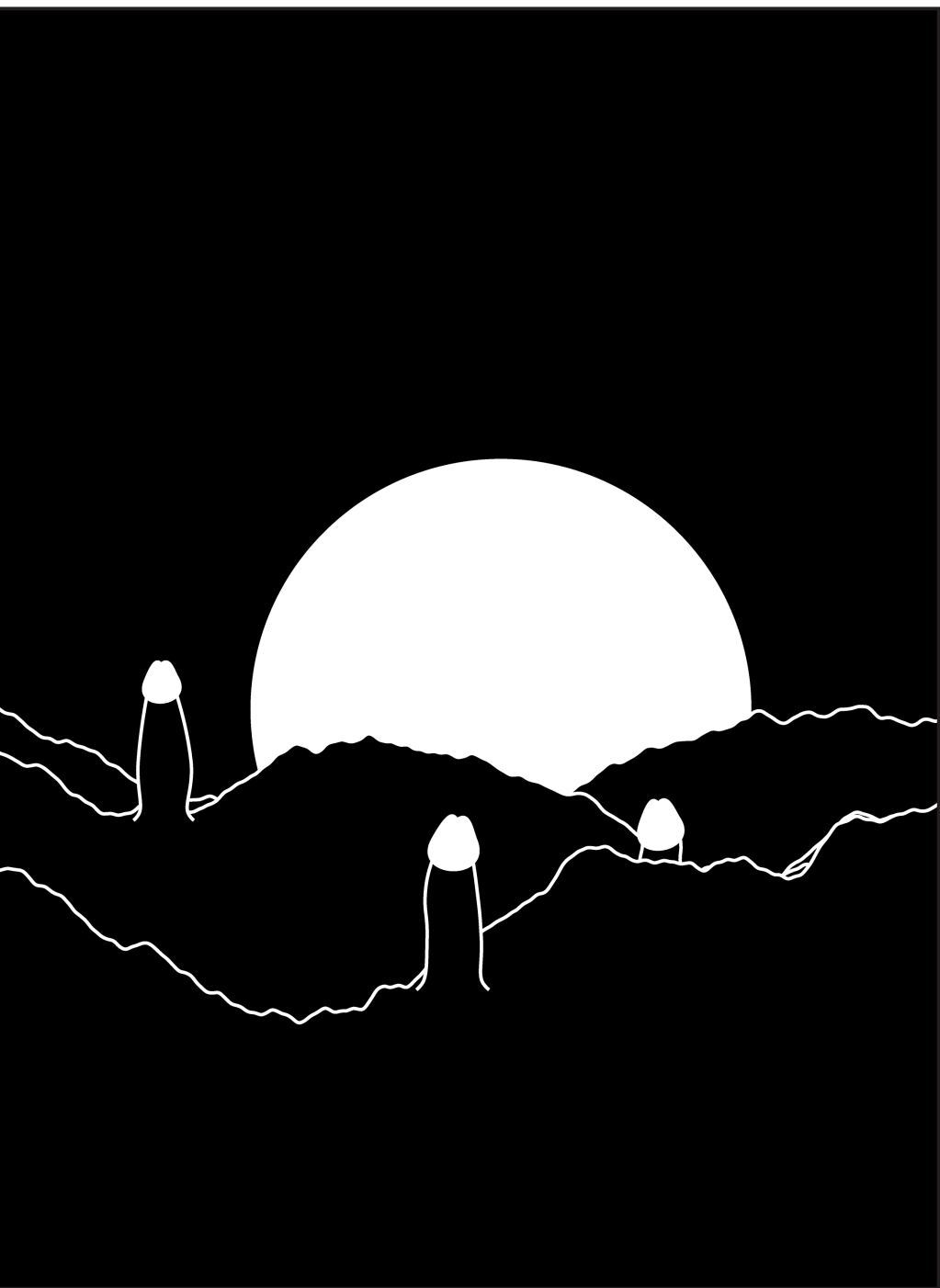


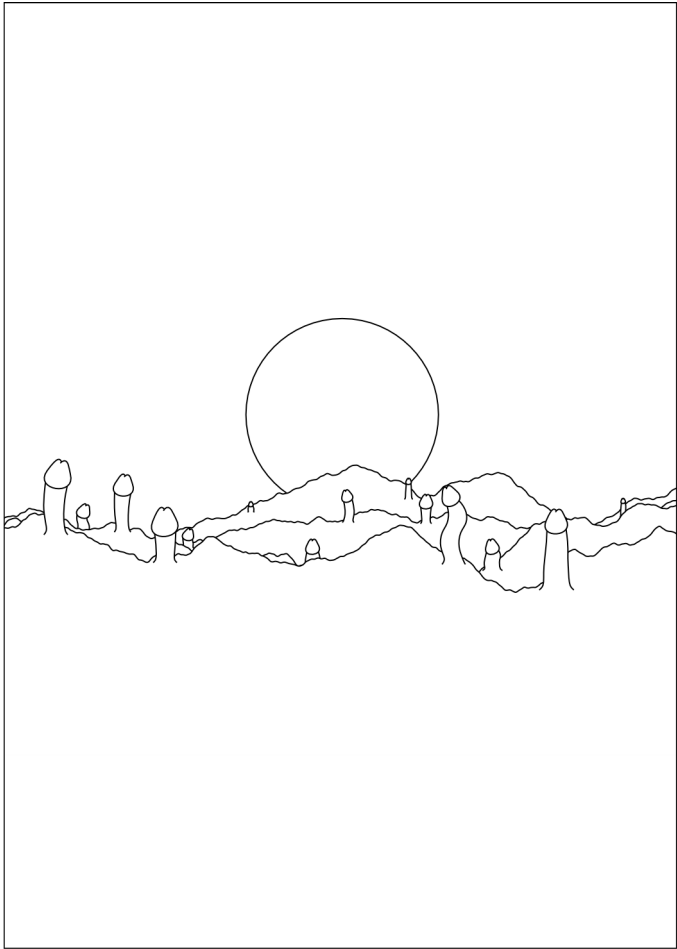
Above it, the eastern sky is bright with
reflections of distant water,



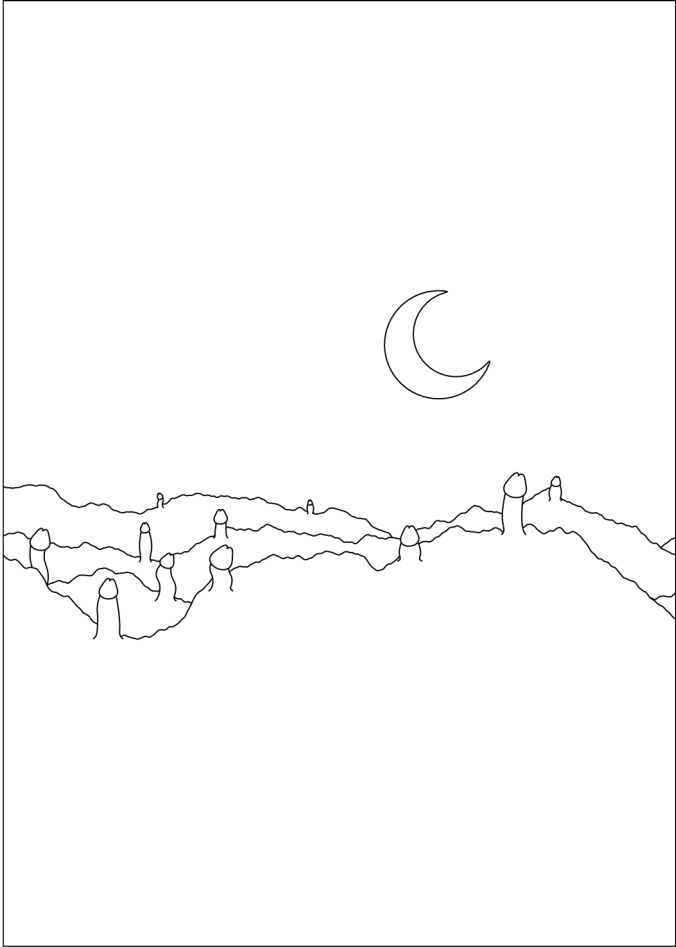
and there is a feeling of sails beyond land.



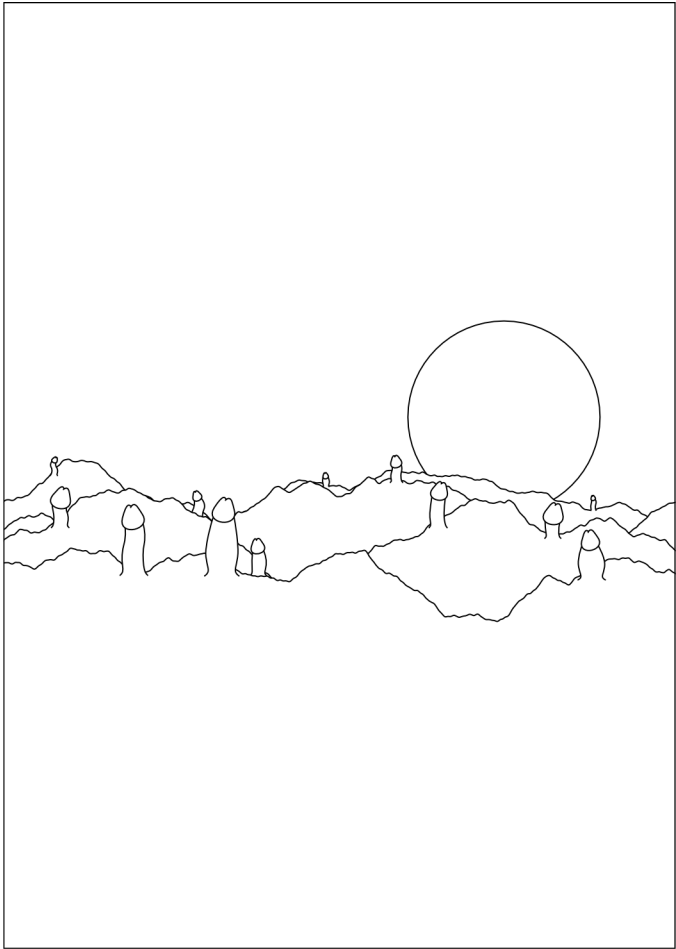




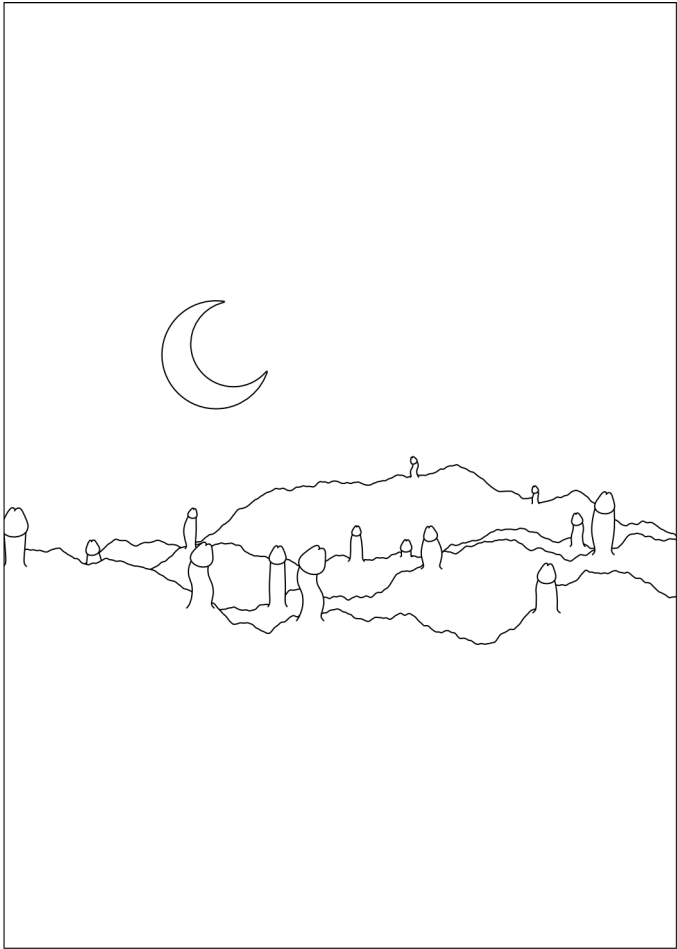
Hill trees mass together in a dark-spined forest,
but when I move towards them they slowly fan apart,



the sky descends between, and they are solitary
oaks and elms, each with its own wide territory of
winter shadow.



The calmness, the solitude of horizons lures me
towards them, through them, and on to others.



They layer the memory like strata.

Text taken from J. A. Baker, *The Peregrine*, 1967.
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