The Last Page

Burrough Hill
They raise the dead here, sifting earth, grain by grain, shard by shard. They've found those dark stains that mark the pits and posts and shadows of an ancient town—below, a whole Iron Age skeleton, his head resting on an arc of stones like pillows, more real than ghosts of you I bury daily that fade to centuries now. There's something good in this, as if our hurts and griefs were pouring out with ancient blood and bone to merge with grass and stone again, our buried light flowing on. Old friend, across the miles I send you grains of earth, these flaking stones and soaking rain, and everything that's in us.

Charlotte Innes