

## *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