

M62

Tearing down the motorway in pitch-night winter,
each set of streetlights slicing up moorland,

ice-scorched star dunes of Rishworth;
hear the silence broken by snow chains.

A murmuration of blackbirds,
skimming the reservoir like gems;

by Moselden Heights, devil eyes dart by,
throwing off fresh rain into oceans of dark.

Through knuckle valleys I speed down the grey stretch,
igniting cats eyes, candle towns snuffed,

smelling the cinders of night,
crystallising in air through open windows.

Swept on by wishbones, like an ox-skin wind bag,
miles still to get home. I halt

by Hartshead Moor, shocked by the sharp
stillness of a white hare, in amber.

By the flagpoles of a nocturnal service station,
light begins to leak—

the hare stays there, motionless.
I leave the car, kneeling by the payphone.

I tried to imagine being as still as a constellation,
chased by the huntsman's dogs.

The hare just stared, snuffling,
knowing I would always flee from something.