San Antonio Review

Willy Lott’s Cottage

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Published on: Oct 21, 2020

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I skimmed my eyes over the algae to Flatford
And breathed in Constable's lungs. Dirty
Clouds and gaps in the treeline rest, obscured by hands

Our East Anglian-Indian summer bounced in place
Of water-bound dogs and haywains. Painting in
Pastel over well-revised frondescence and clay. I thought
Forward from my memorial
Bench to how I might discolour
This moment in more than observation.

As a duck dragged a cool blue seam through
The pond's green felt, the stillness jumped.

British writer Sam McDonald is a graduate of the University of Lincoln's MA Creative Writing course.
Previous places of publication include The Raven Review and The Dead Magpie.