**The River Holme**

It runs through the now,

threading place to place

past to future,

marking time

along the valley bottom,

tracking the green ways

of pack horse and weaver,

streaming past steam

smoked from the mills’ stacks,

gracing the greyness of

liminal asphalt as …

cart became car,

shepherd turned shopper,

penfold drifted into pavement.

It has swum deep

in the eyes

of quarrymen and carders

spinners and dyers,

hikers and bikers.

Its course is a source of solace:

a reminder that those we lose

pass on like water in a stream,

but live on

in ever present flow.

*Susan Clark*