***The Path by the Wall***

***Darting*** *along a facade of earth and briar,*

 *A border that separates what we don’t know*

 *From here, there is a path. It serves*

*Hares with twitching noses,*

*Emerging now and then to*

*A babble of children running by: while*

*Men and women stick to the long, dusty road*

*On which nothing happens,*

*But the quiet rustling of their shoes,*

*And what the children say.*

*The path, coiling like barbed wire,*

*Oozes on. Forayed and raided by even*

*The thinnest blade of grass*

*But the road is houseless,*

 *and leads not to a beach.*

*To see a hare is rare there*

*and the eye has but the road.*

*And the path looks like it goes to some*

*Fabled place, where women have wanted to go*

*And be: till, acute, it ends where the wall ends.*

*Sophie Marshall, Year 6*

*Coastlands School*