



Swire Ridgeway Arts Prize 2022
Written entries

In the nick of Time

Wide track striped across high grass
wedged between high ground and rolling plain
edged and encrusted with time's memorials
entrances to unremembered dead

Here the trees are vigilant
slender pillars that stretch to the sky
pulling down clouds, scratching at her blue
with green leaves that whisper secrets

Murmurations swoop and glide over ancient earthworks
crows dive-bomb a lonely buzzard
yet more trees cluster dark on round barrows
like spiky crowns or solemn guardians

They all glow in my mind, they call to me
if space and time are truly multidimensional
could we not walk another way round
sidle through and back
to meet our neighbours?

Where branches above them speak the wind
flayed by rain, they lament
a trunk uprooted, upended in disarray
they must fetch new stones
to appease the screeching air in the night

As they prepare to shape the sarsen
murmurations swoop and glide
crows dive-bomb a lonely eagle
a hare watches, huge ears erect
they respect and salute him

He stays to see us go

Kim Whysall-Hammond
