



Swire Ridgeway Arts Prize 2022
Written entries

Beech Wood in November

'Nothing is certain, only the certain spring'.
Laurence Binyon

Cast adrift, leaves float
through dazed light like motes
in a mind's eye biding time
since the greening. Gold,
brief gift to the old
year, awaits the biting rime's

silver grip on paths
that stiffen, then half
drown in soft rot at the core
of life's alchemy.
Surely, artfully,
earth dismembers, rests, restores

credence in decay's
transformative ways.
The world turns. Scuffing we go
on through memory
into reverie
drifting free from all we know

Vicci Bentley
