



**A**ND NOW I TAKE TO THE ROAD  
again, holding on south-westwards  
for many a long and dusty day; till at last  
I reach the little grey sea town I know so well,  
that clings along one steep side of the harb-  
our. There through dark doorways you look  
down flights of stone steps, overhung by great  
pink tufts of valerian and ending in a patch  
of sparkling blue water. The little boats that  
lie tethered to the rings and stanchions are  
gaily painted as those I clambered in and  
out of in my own childhood. K.G.



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