The Devil's Elbow

Andrew McNeillie

I could show you where it used to be,
the left one anyway, where the road
home hairpinned in among the trees.
And winter and its wild night-weather
drowned the beat of Tammy's hooves
above the swollen Bladnoch.
What shade was there but yours,
what story but your own enacted there?
Unspoken because no need to say
when raising an elbow what was afoot
in that world still in living memory.