

Undiluted Joy: Grand-daughter at Grafham Water.

'Ooph,' she said, her tiny lips
blowing the joy of the word
into the blustering wind.

'Ooph,' she said, again, her one-year-old gift of a word -
extended like a long and billowing song -
was tossed up towards the winging clouds
then swift-danced and looped its way
back to earth
where it encircled us with its soft delight.

Behind her, as she took her unsteady,
wide-gapped steps along the path,
were two kites, soaring,
tugging at the lines
which rooted them to the ground.

Her word, plucked from the birthplace of all words,
was an exhalation of bright beauty,
capturing for one infinite second
the sound of the waves
lapping against the meadow's shore
and the sight of the boats careering
in ecstasy
across the blue-whipped surface of the lake.

She had launched her joy
unfettered
and her word became ours.