

The Fast Train to Assen

Deer almost as common as cattle,
foals lying flat in the afternoon sun,
a hare lolloping alongside a ditch,
hundreds of waterbirds probing mud,
all passed at astonishing speed.

Towns flicker by,
brief settlements with coloured doors,
clusters of prison-like shops and factories
celebrating the right-angle.
Street trees at regulation height.

The passenger beside me is still busy
watching porn on his mobile.
I return my gaze to the window.
Three traditional windmills;
here, gone.

Steve Evans