**Distillation**

I tell you of my failed attempt to write poetry

About eating lunch in the college gardens in all weathers

with the robin that accompanied me and was one day bold enough

to swipe a bite of my sandwich as I lifted it to my mouth

About watching the rain running off the leaves and dreaming

of passing my final days in a cottage with a mulberry tree in the garden

like a return to a childhood nursery rhyme

About where to find these elderly bushes

and the confused feeling of having only eaten fruit from each once

despite my decades in the city

About how hidden corners became familiar haunts

but retained an air of belonging to another time and place

and left me with a lingering sense of promise and possibility

About the notion that this process of discovery could go on forever

like this place has an infinite number of paths

waiting to be walked and explored

Your crisp words capture these experiences

and leave me wondering if they were ever mine to begin with