

Out of Bounds

The Pleasure Gardens with the stream,
its foot-bridges lit on their flanks
by bits of green and orange marble,
the monkey puzzle tree a parasol.

Further down, padlocked, the ruined mill:
its wheel, the pool where leaves went round
and round. One day a dead dog joined these,
rags of black and white fur hanging loose.

We threw stones at it. A drop or two
of dog water splashed my lips. I retched.
Aged ten it served me right for going
somewhere I knew we weren't allowed.

**Coed Coch, Dolwen,
Abergele, North Wales**