

extracts from *Catchment*
Ruth Wiggins

School Lane, Molehill Green

I am a dog between two doors looking for your source blue padlock of the Ebenezer Chapel thatched setsquare of *POP YS COTTA E* Back & forth padlock | setsquare Rodings Rise adds a tip to the triangle no apostrophe just a nettle-choked puddle Map says here but back to the chapel I trouble the peace by knocking for access doors unanswered You hunkered down in somebody's garden intermittently visible Many *Rodings* then rising severally the nod of that missing apostrophe How does a heart kick-start faint pulse beside the sewage plant Yellow Δ on chain-link DANGER Deep Water implausible swimmer I drop into a ditch flailing By the etch path a concrete inflow inscribed BINDER You bubble up between my feet shifty undetected sneaking away through airport lets & pretty gardens At first the ground holds you in solution then a press of oaks & wayfarers lifts you guests at the baptism A puddle font & weed robes for the greening yours an imprecise arrival where the invitation had implied *specifics* The thin blue line starts here by the chapel

[51°54'02"N, 000°16'22"E] 15:31 4th May 2019

South of Crumps Farm, through which you run

Here a deep course in which you sit low but quick vocal between tender sleeves of nettle You hold clouds birds an agricultural bridge clumps of iris Your surface dips 'round each reed or stick You pass a pond mostly moth-blown-jacket continuation of windrow composting Then a mossy plank well bedded-in announcing FOREST SCHOOL signs of shelters being built by kids an oak secured by posts wire-sheathed To your left above a field repurposed [poly-tunnel doggy day-care] the church of All Saints Little Canfield beware the ACTIVE BADGER SETT Here lie Ravens May & Ernest Henry Rose the Bushes & the Stones STEFAN WASHCHUK GRANDDAD Beside the church a copper beech commodious as the nave its roots are opportunistic which means you also offer shade In the porch Rural Stress Lines Am I really as tough as old boots Farm Crisis Network *This week we have been loading out wheat a task partly because of climate change* Here a litter of bunnies orange blue white & green An egg shell from which cress in moistened cotton wool In wood gold-lettered a list of rectors Walked & Wilding Hill & Branch Gallon Walker In coloured marble *thou* shalt not but still away you steal

[51°51'53"N, 000°18'05"E] [16:26 4th May 2019]

Poetry

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Susan lets me in, but just for a minute
 St Mary the Virgin, Great Canfield

I duck in quick flint rubble occasional Roman brick Booklets & bibles
 under plastic soiled by roosting Currently without vicar [for pastoral
 support see agricultural chaplain] brass-rubbers must obtain *written
 permission of the incumbent* Traces of heelball wax & lampblack pre-
 Conquest burial *Gather by the Lych Gate* Fylfots on the Western
 reveal capitals carved with masks Two birds gleaning from a Green
 Man's beard Angle-shaft with chevron-fluting red ochre fresco on
 plaster Running foliage Mary and her boy once whitewashed *This
 treasure the very kind of thing destroyed assiduously* At the north
 door a rough basin remains of a holy water stoop where once you
 might have By the flint wall of the graveyard a box marked *Plastic,
 Oasis, Wrappings* At the back a dry moat to which you were once
 diverted I find you in snatches here glinty stuck with reeds a votive
 You falter at a makeshift bridge a field of beans nitrogen-fixing Some
 of your attention sneaks away towards the many-moated Roothings
 On the bailey ragged robin nettle Pink smudged over apple seeds of
 the wych elm Lawnmower with makeshift cover 50L BETAGRO
 Beech self-dappling on the steep at its feet a ribcage no larger than a
 leaf North of the motte a final vestige you mud-ribbed by farm vehicles
 the fretwork of light-footed waders A pheasant's tailfeather given to
 flame at the margin

[51°50'17"N, 000°18'48"E]

17:18, 4th May 2019

Rendezvous at the Queen's Head, Fyfield

You push on through the Rodings | HIGH | AYTHORPE | LEADEN
 [ABBESS | At BEAUCHAMP you consider swinging west but slip instead
 behind the old Queen's Head Soggy parasols druids Waterproof
 notice on a tree tacked with drawing pins reads ASSEMBLY You
 loiter beneath a willow thick ripples moving through you this your
 puppy fat stage Somewhere out of sight a lamb with colic You speak
 in static with the rain At Fyfield Bridge you slip beneath then spread
 beside a sign that reads Keep Out Private A small upturned boat pale
 blue & gracefully keeled nosing through brambles *The Fyfield Pea
 used to live round here* fragrant crimson tasty tubers Was frequent
 now scarce decline due to ditch infill hedgerow removal In any case
 it was naturalised came from somewhere Herbicides

[51°44'20"N, 000°16'25"E]

18:48, 4th May 2019

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Church cluster
St Andrew's Willingale

Disused but therefore accessible graffiti in the chancel Aerial views of
the village prefab with bicycles Marble lid resounding in the nave
cockerel weathervane Ladder wound with roses chenille plait of the
bell rope Very bright suffer-the-little-children window the boys of the
rector that RIGHT YOYNG DID SCORN BASE CELLS OF EARTH now
FLOVRISH IN HEAVEN'S GLISTERING On same site St Christopher *his*
wife Vera New limestone finials the old much mangled fleur de lys
and oak leaf enamel Diamonds of glass and a cloud of gold dust field
and tractor a gutter of wind-tumbles Abstraction-licenced into
channels you are here all pond and awkward angles

[51°44'31"N, 000°17'54"E]

16:09, 22nd Sept 2020

Poetry

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