

*Hedgerow.*

*Greenness.*

*Verge and leaf and grass, long seed-headed grasses.*

*The light gold, dark gold of the fields spreading back away from the sea, and the green of everything, green, dark green, the trees ahead down the road throwing long English shadows, like if you imagine a summer.*

*The patches of sunlight that come through them in the distance down the road, shining on its surface like a road shines after rain when the sun hits it.*

*Her inner grammar comes apart. Sentences don't have to comply. It's nice.*

*The swaying fullness of those trees.*

*Look what's happened to her in just twenty minutes roaming about under an English summer sun.*

*She's come over all thoughtful.*

*But that's summer for you. Summer's like walking down a road just like this one, heading towards both light and dark. Because summer isn't just a merry tale. Because there's no merry tale without the darkness.*

*And summer's surely really all about an imagined end. We head for it instinctually like it must mean something. We're always looking for it, looking to it, heading towards it all year, the way a horizon holds the promise of a sunset. We're always looking for the full open leaf, the open warmth, the promise that we'll one day soon surely be able to lie back and have summer done to us; one day soon we'll be treated well by the world. Like there really is a kinder finale and it's not just possible but assured, there's a natural harmony that'll be spread at your feet, unrolled like a sunlit landscape just for you. As if what it was always all about, your time on earth, was the full happy stretch of all the muscles of the body on a warmed patch of grass, one long sweet stem of that grass in the mouth.*

*Care free.*

*What a thought.*

*Summer.*