

Setting Out

They are half-prepared for the demanding trail, equipped with trekking poles and boots well-worn, to walk the walk, two pensioners in Palestine. Awkwardly, systematically, they hike around Isca's rough outskirts, circling the whole city by way of bridle paths, green lanes, fields, marshy ground, marking the traces of that place they thought they knew.

But such new knowledge is best learned on foot. So you and I, as *bien-pensants* maybe, stick to our trawl, map the small items of love's psychogeography. Stray faces, trees or stones, facets of treasure found – what dreams recalled! Seems like it's never too late to mend old fences nor confront that fearful Wall, years ago so remote, now looming in plain view.

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