



## Ghosts

We set out that morning  
Bright and determined  
To make our mark  
On this frozen place,  
To capture  
And claim it, make it  
Our own, note the trees,  
The glistening lake,  
The bog-brown streams,  
Assess its great potential  
And create pointers for our return.

We had been so busy gauging  
Distances and light patterns  
From a low, watery sun  
That it was sometime  
Before we realised  
We were following the path  
Of a pair of foxes;  
Overnight hunters  
That in daylight had become  
Ghosts of themselves  
Leaving only an impression  
Of survival and fierce parenthood.

One branched off into the forest.  
We followed the other  
Up into the high plain  
Where we lost him,  
Or her,  
Though they had only existed  
In our imaginations

Like dreams.

We were silent  
On our way back.  
As silent as the ghosts  
We too were destined to become.

**Teresa Godfrey** is a freelance writer with two children's dramas broadcast on Channel 4. Her Allingham Award winning story, *The Jackdaw in the Attic*, was broadcast on radio. She is the recipient of the EU New Media Talent Award for her screenplay adaptation of the novel *Black Harvest* by Ann Pilling and she has written five feature length screenplays on commission. She was the founder of the award winning TIDY Theatre Company, and has been co-ordinator for a number of television documentaries produced by Besom Productions. Teresa currently lives in Enniskillen and is working on a poetry collection and a stage play.