

**Not knowing how his presence here changes anything ... or a reflection on yet another fruitless journey to the Palace of Westminster**

Knowing from past such occasions how little his opinions matter - or those indeed of his peers, those earnest 'experts by experience' who had mandated his presence here amongst the great and the good gathered together in body, though, it would seem, not sufficiently in mind, to seriously contemplate the changes necessary to manifest a difference in anything outside of their bubble of privilege and entitlement - his attention wanders, and his mind, always, if he were to be honest, prone to musing, drifts away ...

*to the smell of silt and salted air,  
to the cries of waders carried on the wind,  
to mudflats, and creeks, and the  
shifting forms of light on creeping tides*

... and he finds his spirits lifting, once more, open, even at this distance, to the healing power of those all-encompassing skies, under which his sense of insignificance is, unlike here, justly so.

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