

Yorkshire Sculpture Park Revisited

When I awake and look at my watch, I see it is morning, yet it feels like the sun hasn't yet risen. Still, we breakfast and dress and leave the house. A short drive and we arrive for our walk.

We try to keep up with the movement of clouds, but on such a windy day they spin around us like a zoetrope. I take shelter inside a crystal and come out to see twelve beheaded animals of the Chinese zodiac.

Further on, three blocks of stacked stone stand, along with a crate of air, where my grandmother questions what the point of all this is, if you can't climb it like trees. Six mourners and one alone look out across a lake while a duck follows us until we cross a bridge to see a giant white flower with a dragon's tongue.

White writing on the fields imagine a gallant in distress and his saviour with breasts, stuck out like sensationalist headlines, but this time in favour of free movement in glowing neon against the trees.

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Five years later, the prophecy from the lake is realised. New meaning emerges from it as the six of us make ourselves into a parachute for my grandmother to fall into as she hopes for the afterlife I'm not sure I believe in.

We still haven't been back there without him, but when we do, I know there will be more messages to decipher, more patterns that I will try to unpick, more dead than I can count on two hands in these unprecedented times.