

*Julie Leibrich*

## LEAVING AGAIN

Flung into another place  
I draw on what's in the blood.  
A handing down of legends  
familiar to my skin.

The knife which lies untouched,  
the new moon crossed with silver,  
the thirteenth loaf. Everyday beliefs  
as old as witchcraft.

Deeper, beneath the skin,  
I try to feel the pulse.  
But history is on a bookshelf  
and I need to fill my bags

with tales of Lancashire.  
I reach out for the oldest.  
Something to hold on to  
on the long journey home.

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