**Bob Dylan waits for the ferry at Aust** *by Deborah Harvey*

The tide is so far out it’s over the horizon.

You are far out too, dressed in black and wearing shades

against the quibbling English rain

Electric Dylan, stalking the slipway

hands in pockets, shoulders hunched

your feathers ruffled

waiting for the ferry to tie up at the pier

your back to the river, facing land

while I frown, trying to work out where you’re standing

but the wooden café’s rotted, gone,

the moorings silted up with mud,

the turnstile entrance to the Gents rusted shut.

Even the bridge being built behind you

replacing this passage of two thousand years

is underused now, left to drift among the clouds

as the warth fills up with rising water

and a heron straggles into flight,

turns and trails its spindling legs across the Severn.

*On 11th May 1966, the American photographer Barry Feinstein photographed Bob Dylan waiting for Aust to Beachley ferry at Old Passage, Gloucestershire.*