Stephen Robertson

There must be moonshine

Fin de siècle. Ethel Sargant, botanist (Girton student 1880s) builds a lab in her garden in Reigate, on her way to recognition, fellowships (Linnean Society 1904, Girton College 1913).

The Reigate lab, of course has a source of pure water: a still.

Garden shed with a still? Local excise officer takes to dropping by unannounced. Catch them at it — there must be moonshine.

This poem is reprinted from Slanting Lines, the website of the poems of Stephen Robertson, at https://www.slacktide.site/slanting_lines/