In Bed at the Churchill Hotel, Ambleside

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Our window reached from the wainscot to the top
Of the west-facing wall. Its view unveiled
Loughrigg Fell looming over us and clouds
That rested on the mountain like a spread.
We’d hiked the trails up to the ridge that rises
Ramp-like and rims a field full of sheep
Weathered as ancient stones; we’d even crossed
A running creek to gain the point of vision
Looking down on the tarn and, lower still,
The Elderwater lake. But now we saw
Just the peak, forgot the rugged rocks,
The mud, the loss of breath: So when you rolled
Over and the robe snowcapping your breasts
Fell open, I rose to a yet greater height.