In the year he turned 85, Peter Bland suffered a stroke. An actor and poet, he’d always had a facility for writing and speaking, and now both were no longer easy. But Peter started writing again, slowly by hand at first and then on his trusty electric typewriter. His daughter videoed him reading his work to post on his Facebook page.

The poems Peter wrote are *Nowhere is too far off*, a collection where memories of past journeys jostle with the immediacy of living on a hill in Mount Eden when there’s shopping to do and no easy way to do it. It is as if the borders of his life are dissolving: wolves lick his hand, bored angels are waiting and his home has become a wilderness.

Peter Bland’s 25th collection, packed with this poet’s curiosity, humour and warmth, is a signal to the world that words haven’t failed him yet.