

Through Somerset Fields

Down ancient path sweet scented flora grow,
by gurgling stream whose ripples flow
alongside brambled fields, where cattle low.
And lamb who cranes through gate to show
enquiring face, bleats as wont to follow.
Now shades of evening purple shadows throw
And roosting birds, in final fanfare, crow . . .
Time then to head for home by twilight glow.

Audrey Coldrick