

A Woodland Walk

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A gravel track winding thru' the trees
Rustling leaves from a gentle breeze.
Crunching footsteps break the calm
Squirrels hide from potential harm.

Minor paths off to the side
Some are narrow and some are wide.
They disappear amongst the ferns
On routes that follow twists and turns.

Pigeons, magpies swoop around
Some seeking insects on the ground.
We pass a bench with bin nearby
To sit and watch the clouds go by.

Around a bend a vista new
A meadowland we now pass through.
Tall dense flowers one can see
Reaching up to touch one's knee.

A little copse stands all alone
What's inside is still unknown.
A lily pond now greets the eyes
With moorhens, coots and dragonflies.

Reeds surround these waters cool
A dark, mysterious, quiet pool.
Waters sparkle in the light
Through the trees the sun shines bright.

A heron stands in search of prey
Giving up, he flies away.
Back onto the gravel path
Around a bend and to the end.

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