

A Countryside Walk

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Venture from those busy roads, noisy towns and cities.
Go into the countryside to hear birds sing and creatures hide.

Walk along those country lanes with hedgerows high and a clear blue sky.

Breathe the air so fresh and pure; ignore the whiff of farm manure.

The green fields stretch for mile on mile; over yonder is a stile.
A signpost says it's a 'Right of Way'; off we go, we've got all day.

Walk across those open spaces with their horses, cows and sheep.
Here's a bridge across a river: a chalk stream and it's not too deep.

Now we come upon a churchyard, quiet with its rows of graves.
A sad reminder of the people who lived their lives in a long gone age.

We've found a pub, let's stop right here; for a rest and a pint of beer.
Onward through a field of corn and hedges full of prickly thorn.

Hold on though, which way now? We've lost the waymark, don't know how.
Satnav brings us back on track; I'm getting peckish for a snack.

Over hills and into dales following the winding trails.
Nearly back - a welcome sign; now some food, with a glass of wine.