

Country Poetry Corner

Dry Stone Walls by Lindsay Waddell

They surround every field covered in lichen and moss
Pulled to that spot by a long gone horse

The men who built them are enjoying a rest
Years of back aching, they gave it their best
Many a waller toiled long and hard
Wasn't the taxman, but starvation they fear'd

Mile after mile round the edge of the moor
A gate now and then like a welcoming door

Sometimes on soft ground, sometimes on sound
Matters not what the bottom is, one's to be found
'Twas the only material they had on hand
'Twas the only material they could get to stand

Shelter they give to any who want it
Stand in the winter, totally undaunted

The 'stock in their keeping is all safe and sound
The farmer he knows where they can be found
Many a bird has a seat on the top
Good for a rest, good for a stop
Inside the interior many find home
Safe from most enemies, dry as a bone

In places they rest straight as a furrow
Unlike all of us they'll be here tomorrow

The best thing about it, if it's a ruin
Build it all up again good as a new'un



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