

# Country Poetry Corner

## Forty Years by Lindsay Waddell

Forty years-having just shown someone round the Dale who had never seen a curlew!

The sands of time have trickled through, my time on Raby's done  
But many more years I'll watch the Tees and enjoy the setting sun  
Stoats I've trapped, foxes too, crows and many more  
Feral cats with ears like bats, black backed gulls galore  
They'd all eat my feathered friends, the birds I hold so dear  
What will happen if the keepers gone-that's my greatest fear?  
In my homeland to the north these birds they are no more  
The keepers' gone, there's no bird song, predators by the score  
But here and there sense has prevailed and keepers are still employed  
Curlew and lapwing fly the sky, and bird songs still enjoyed  
Wales may have its' silent Spring, and sadly others too  
But where the keeper still holds sway, there's joy for me and you.

