

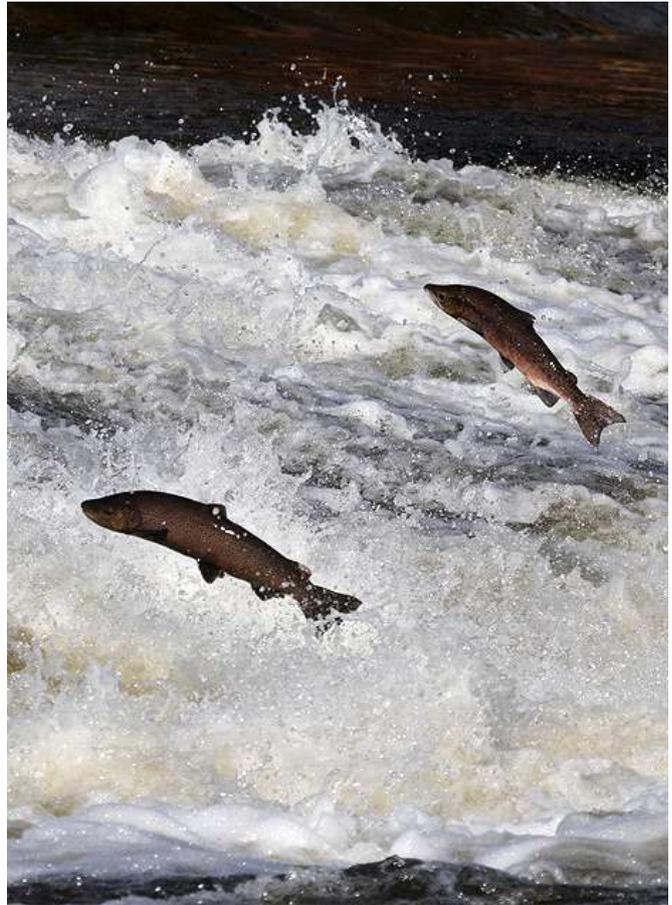
# Country Poetry Corner

## Home Run by Lindsay Waddell

Into the river, the mouth of the Tees  
Testing the water, never the breeze  
Up to the barrage – no way through  
What on earth am I to do?  
Scores of seals are waiting there  
And salmon is their favourite fare  
Plundering them below the dam –  
If I escape a lucky fish I am

At last I'm through and heading west  
Up to where the river is best  
I can tell the water's getting better  
Past the people and all that litter  
Past the flat lands and the Roman remains  
Past the fields and gravelly plains  
Westward to the rock filled gorge  
Westward I do stubbornly forge  
Many an item I see float by  
Could be a spinner or maybe a fly  
Ignore them all they might spell trouble  
I'm off up the river where it does bubble  
At last there're falls and powerful streams  
This is the place of all my dreams

Resting on a shelf of rock  
They're others around me; we are the stock  
A few days break and on we go  
It has rained and it does show  
The river's up and frothy brown  
And I am past old Middletown  
The upper Tees is at its best  
But I've not come to have a rest  
To cover some eggs and hope they'll grow  
That is my purpose and on I go  
A nice hen fish I lie beside  
I think of the time I might have died



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But here I am my aim fulfilled  
Neither she nor I have yet been killed  
And now those eggs they are secure  
They are salmon – the real future.

Now I drift back to the sea  
Along with others just like me  
Out to the salt where the seals await  
Trying to get us at the gate  
But on we go, the water's good  
We're off back out to get some food

And if I'm lucky I will return  
I'll be so big I'll fill that burn  
As mighty a fish as some have seen  
And they can dream of what might have been.