

Country Poetry Corner

The Lone Ash by Lindsay Waddell

It stands on the hillside gaunt but fair
Where it has been many a long year

Survived another winter, survived another thaw
It's seen Nature in the raw

Watched the ewe one winter's night
Snow too deep, lost the fight

The moon between it's branches rises,
Month after month there're no surprises

It's May before it's cloaked in leaves
Like a waistcoat, complete with sleeves

On one of its boughs a mistlethrush rests
In a split trunk it tucks its nest

The country was at war when it broke through the
ground
Reaching for the sky with nary a sound

As it got higher the wind took its toll
All those around it fell to the cold

No friends it had on a cold winter's night
The rabbit and hare they all had a bite

It made it through to grace the Dale
Stood in the wind, the snow and hail

And in midsummer bedecked in green,
A welcome sight for many to be seen

The cattle on a summer's day
Shelter, keeping the sun at bay

Won't be long now 'fore the first frost
And once again its coat'll be lost



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It'll stand again on the hillside alone
Bare as a skeleton, bare to the bone

Waiting for the sun to rise
Once the moon has settled in western skies

And another day it will grace the Dale
Fast against the westerly gale