

Country Poetry Corner

Waiting by Lindsay Waddell

The fingers of cold creep into your bones
As the frost appears on the nearby stones,
The moon creeps over the crest to the east
The fox is out, he's off for a feast

The last grouse calls, says his goodnight
In the distance a curlew-she's had a fright
The light fades fast from the evening sky
Even the skylark says its goodbye

The midsummer night is not very long
Soon will back to the light of the dawn
The lark will be up singing on high
And the plover will take to the morning sky

It's been quiet tonight on the moorland fringe
Nothing to make the young birds cringe
The old grouse sits there listening hard
Night after night he's on guard

The chicks he'll protect until they're grown
Watch over them 'til they've flown
Nothing will get past his watch
After all, they are his clutch

He'll see them through until they split
Then alongside him some of them will sit
Watching the sun as it sets in the West
As the daylight fades giving darkness best

The year draws on and the autumn comes
And so it has been for countless times,
The old grouse sits there listening hard
Night after night he's still on guard.



Photo credit: David Mason