

Country Poetry Corner

FLAMING JUNE by Lindsay Waddell

It's Ascot week and partridge are hatching
In the high peat hags young grouse should be scratching
Young pheasants in the meadows catching flies galore
Down on the river count ducks by the score

It's flaming June and I have a frown
I'm watching the river and it's running brown
Top of the Dale the rain's been pelting
Look at that river, think snow'd been melting

The calves are hunched up behind the wall
Across the Dale, another nasty squall
The Lapwing she sits brooding her chicks
Stopping the hail pounding them to bits

Midsummer nearly, no sound of a bee
I sit there thinking, 'Is it just me?'
Water in rivulets running down the road
No weather for chicks; better for toad

As evening draws on in the West there's a glimmer
Do we deserve this – we can't all be a sinner?
The rain eases up, the sun it peeps out
Perhaps tomorrow we are in with a shout

A warm breeze blowing, the sun up high
And all my poor chicks can get out to dry
Chase those flies 'round sweet meadow fields
Surprising what ills good weather heals

A keeper with a smile on his face –
The happiest man in the whole human race

