

Country Poetry Corner

SUNDAY by Lindsay Waddell

I'm on the road and there's no bustle
Not the usual weekday hustle

No sign of the rural commuter,
The new environmental polluter,
Out from the city with all its vice
To the green fields where it's nice
So to the countryside, it is the place,
Go many of the human race
And off to work they must go
Always fast – never slow
And on the road they speed their way
At either end of the country day
To work on time – never late
Lest the bosses they do irritate.

The pheasant, the partridge and the hare
Lie on the road with bones laid bare
For those who run both to and fro
Have no time for those who're slow,
No time as well for the long lived local
Too much like a country yokel?

But those of us who've lived here long
Appreciate that spring bird song
And when we venture on the road
Whether it be bird or toad
We give to them the time of day
That they may go quietly on their way:
A second longer it would take
To put your foot upon the brake
And give that bird another chance
That it may sing and it may dance
And much pleasure it may give
For those who have the time to live.

