

Country Poetry Corner

A MOMENTS PLEASURE by Lindsay Waddell

The sun dappled Dale like a leopard's coat
Across the azure sky the clouds do float
The day is warm, the day is calm
How can it be after such a storm?

The flower spangled meadows they are ablaze
As the sun passes over; simply a haze
They'll soon be cut down 'neath the blades of the mower
As haytime passes the summer ne'ar over

For the time though it's all till here
The scent of the meadow sweet hangs in the air
The beck's brown and full after all the rain
How long will it be 'fore it comes down again

The dipper a'top a stone does stand
The only one left on which to land
Beneath the brown water are now all the rest,
Putting his underwater skills to the test

The lapwings and curlew are probing the grass
Finding those worms is easy at last
The ground is soft, the food it is there
The cattle and sheep have grazed it quite bare

The pheasant and her brood on the gate she sits
They're all fluffed out, drying their bits
She's done really well to get six to this size
A brood of that number it is quite a prize

Now on that far skyline – what's that I see?
Some really dark clouds are heading for me
My sun – dappled dale is banished by rain
As that grey dismal blanket hangs o'er us again



Sunshine in the Dales by Keith Tilley