



Poem

Home farewelled, the running race
This time a gift, to slow the pace
Heading west across vast space
Weaving tracks, like fine red lace

O ancient land, stories of place
Your gentle leaves form the base
No sense of guilt, or sense of waste
Thought nor deed from past to face

Wind and water, shaped rocks trace
Grasses spring from sand then brace
Through morning light and evening grace
It dawns on me, a love of place.

Katherine Roberts