

A WALK IN SUTTON PARK

(The walk is from Banners Gate to Longmoor Pool, taking in Lord Donegal's Ride, the Butts, Rowton's Hill and Queen's Coppice)

Looking down to Longmoor,
taking in the view

Seated beneath the golden gorse,
its petals fresh and new



The trees cast lengthening shadows across the scrub and grass
While bright and cheerful dog walkers are smiling as they pass

A solitary crow surveys the land
Where ancient oaks still proudly stand

And all along the woodland's edge
Lie pools of water fringed with sedge

Beside the lake beneath a cloudless sky
The lonely heron keeps a watchful eye



Tall silver birches stand between
The tangled bracken brown and green

Dead tree branches clutch the sky
And here and there run rabbits shy



Passing the butts from before the war
We enter the coppice with cone covered floor



Bordered by holly, in Rowton's wood
Nothing remains where a cottage once stood

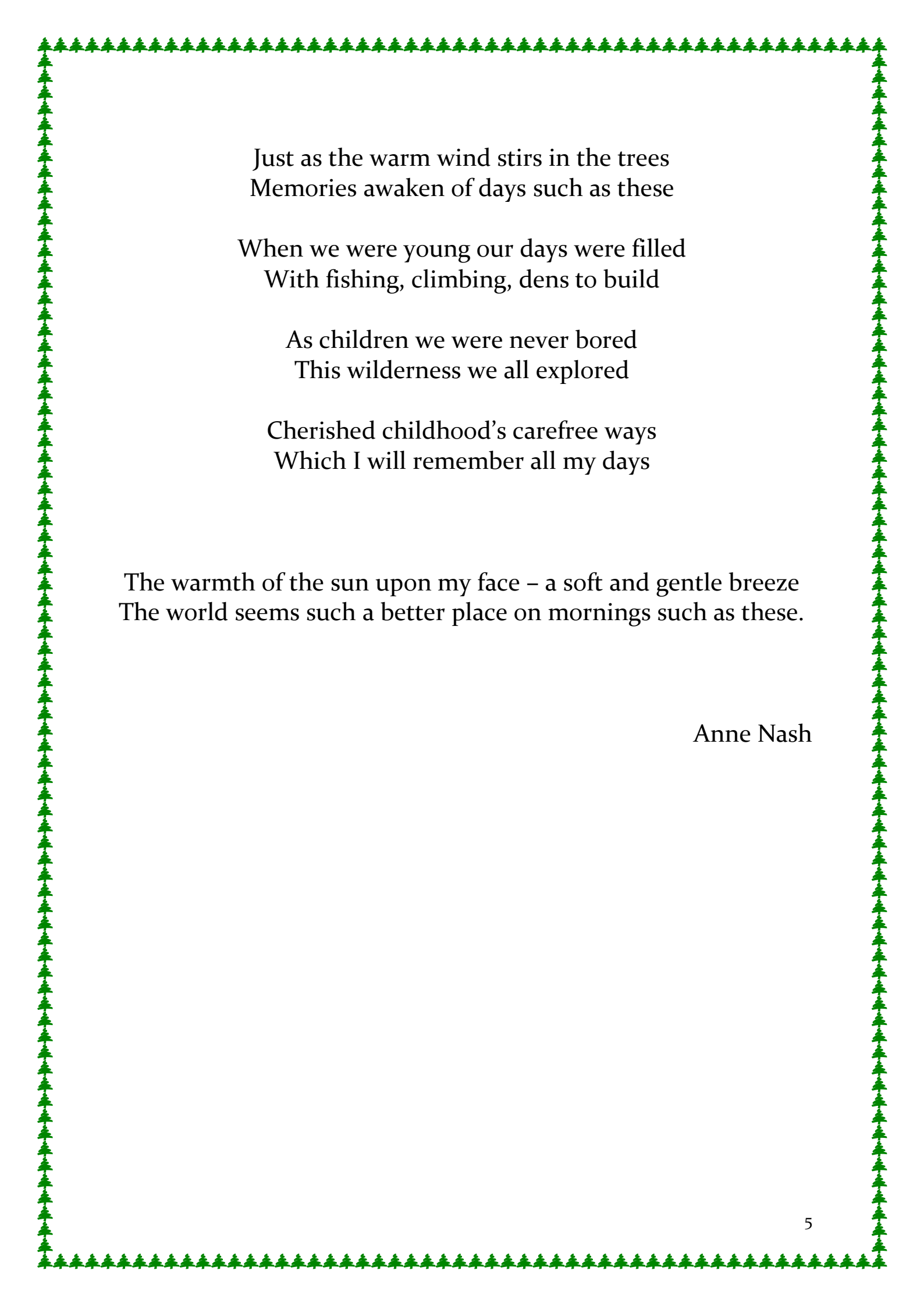


Below the bridge the stream runs clear
Skimming the stones to reach the mere

Taking the path through muddy ground
Rowton's well can still be found



From Queen's Coppice where squirrels play
The view beseeches us to stay



Just as the warm wind stirs in the trees
Memories awaken of days such as these

When we were young our days were filled
With fishing, climbing, dens to build

As children we were never bored
This wilderness we all explored

Cherished childhood's carefree ways
Which I will remember all my days

The warmth of the sun upon my face – a soft and gentle breeze
The world seems such a better place on mornings such as these.

Anne Nash